

JESUS TEACHING.

By Azambre.



A voice from the Tabernacle.



- F**ATHER, *the way is dark, all dark and drear.*
 "I am the Way, the Light, child, canst thou fear?"
 "Father, my burden seems a grievous weight."
 "Think, child, thy Saviour's cross was burden great."
 "Father, along my path the thorns wound sore."
 "Child, thy Redeemer's head a thorn crown wore."
 "Father, my weary feet seek only rest."
 "Child, through Christ's sacred feet cruel nails were
 pressed."
 "Father, the far waves roar, with fear I thrill."
 "Child, they have heard My voice—Peace, be ye still."
 "Father, the fierce storm beats, I scarce can stand."
 "Poor child, dost thou forget I hold thy hand?"
 "Father, the road is rough, I faint, I fall."
 "Child, thou canst rise again, to rise is all."
 "Father, the road is long, I see not end."
 "My child the goal's in sight toward which you tend."
 "Father, I'll struggle on, nor more complain."
 "Heaven, child, shall recompense struggle and pain."

MARY E. CAREY.

The Gospel of the Eucharist

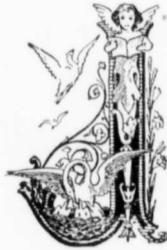
The Public Life of Our Lord.

FIRST PART.

Cures and Resurrections.

*Go relate what you have seen, the
blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear,
lepers are cured, the dead arise again.*

St. Luke VII, 22.



JOHN the Precursor in irons sent His disciples to Jesus to ask Him if He were Christ, the Messiah. The Son of God before answering, cured in their presence all the sick gathered around him and then said: "Go, tell John what you have seen, what you have heard: the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, lepers are cured, the dead arise again."

Such is a recapitulation of the Saviour's miracles worked in favor of humanity during His public life; which it behooves us to apply to His Sacramental life; for he now works in souls and in the order of salvation, what he then did on bodies and in the terrestrial and natural order; but, first let us make a general reflexion.

In the Church of Jesus Christ there have always been sudden, unmistakable, striking conversions. These conversions suppose in the soul all the miracles we have just enumerated. Only yesterday one of those newly-converted said to me: he who stands before you was deaf and he hears, blind and he sees, paralysed and he walks, dead and one word from on high brought him back to life. Not one of these conversions but is operated directly or indirectly by the Eucharist. It is the beginning; a



Lord, Have Mercy upon us!

Mass, a remembrance of First Communion ; always It is, at least its perfection and its crowning. All was made for It, all is done by It, nothing without It.

The Sacred Host is the heart of the Church ; it is from this Sacred Heart that comes the blood and the life ; from this foyer that warmth and love radiate ; from this source of life that all graces flow. We shall now enter into details, cite facts, recall the principal miracles and see how they are renewed and continued by the Blessed Sacrament.

The blind see : St. John has given us a touching and instructive account of the cure of the man blind from birth. The Son of God caused him to be brought before Him and letting fall from His Sacred lips to the dust of the earth a little saliva, he mixed it and put in on the blind man's eyes saying : Go, wash in the fountain of Siloe and you shall see... He did as Jesus has commanded and returned cured. The Jews hearing it, questioned him, enjoined him to keep silence, persecuted him and finally drove him from the synagogue. When they had expelled him Jesus met him revealed Himself to him and acknowledging that Jesus was the Son of God he knelt and adored Him.

Since the commission of original sin we are all blind from birth : Jesus Christ has come to cure and enlighten us. He is the light of the World and it is generally the most simple or the most contradictory means, in appearance He employs to make us see clearly. In curing the blind man he used what could naturally have destroyed his sight ; but for Him, everything is a means, even obstacles, and to open our eyes He casts in our faces His mysteries, His humiliations, His voluntary weaknesses—a little dust transfigured, spiritualized... His Sacred flesh gives us light, His body life to our soul. Then comes persecution ; we must expect it more or less, when we try to be true disciples of Jesus. You return to God, you make your Easter-duty. It will be noised abroad and you may be twitted or questioned about it. Do not mind. If it is not necessary to write it on your forehead, neither is it always right to hide it. Have a little less human respect. Serve God openly joyously and He will come to you, make Himself known to you, show you His infinite

mercies, and cause you to rejoice in His grace and in His love.

Our Lord also worked a second miracle in favor of another blind : Barthemus. The Gospel tells of the poor mendicant who was one day groping his way from Jerusalem to Jericho, and hearing the great multitude passing by knew Jesus was near and cried aloud : Jesus, Son of David, have pity on me ! Some one tried to stop him but he cried the louder and Jesus making him come near asked : What dost thou wish Me to do for thee ? Lord, that I may see. And instantly the veil fell from his eyes. His faith had made him whole.

You hear the tinkling bell announcing Jesus passing through the temple or the streets. If you cannot join His escort, at least kneel and say : Jesus, Son of David have pity on me. Human respect may keep you back, heed it not. What is it compared to Jesus blessing ? If the noise of the world or of your passions try to strifle this cry of your heart, or prevent you from breathing a sigh, an aspiration towards Jesus, cry still louder and the Son of God will say to you as to the blind man : What dost thou want me to do for thee ? Lord, that I may see ; that I may see more clearly, more fully...

The lame walk : the lame who walk with difficulty and paralytics who drag their useless limbs are included in this category. How many souls resemble them ; " limping on both sides " as the prophet Elias said in speaking of the Jews. Spiritual paralysis is the most dangerous infirmity, because it is human weakness which the Saviour thus specifies : " Without Me you can do nothing..." Do you know what will cure it ? The Eucharist ; visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Mass, Communion. I blame the Jansenistes for trying to keep us at a distance from Our Lord. The Eucharist they assert is the crown of the perfect, the food of angels, the victor's manna ; even advising as long as you are not a saint do not go to Communion. The Eucharist is the bread of the strong. Yes, but also the tonic of the weak, one must partake of it to become strong. You communicate (just enough to keep you from dying but not enough to make you strong) at Easter. That is why you are so lukewarm and languid. Communicate oftner, as often as pos-

sible and you will be full of life and vigor and like the prophet you will walk courageously to the summit of perfection to which you are called. Do not make the fatal mistake of asking as preparation for communion what can only be its fruit.

Lepers are healed: Spiritual leprosy is venial sin. It does not kill but disfigures the soul. It is the traces of sin and evil habits still living in their consequences; it is concupiscence, that miserable tendency inherent in human nature.

The most sure and powerful antidote for all these evils is the Blessed Eucharist. It makes us avoid venial sin, washes away the effects of sin, purifies heart and senses, quenches inordinate desires, imposes silence on culpable instincts. It is Jesus that curbs passions, overcomes their impetuosity and governs the powers of our soul.

Jesus descends from the mountain when the leper comes to Him and falling on his knees buries his face in the dust as much to hide his unsightly wounds as through humility and implores: "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make Me whole." And Jesus moved with compassion, stretching out His hand touches him and he is cured.

If the Eternal Word remained in the heavens we would not dare approach Him, so He came down from the heavenly mount to the Tabernacle where He waits for us. Let us cast ourselves at His feet, that His blessed hands may touch us. Jesus could heal with a word, a look, but generally He prefers to touch the sick to heal them, in order to show us all the virtue and efficaciousness of His adorable flesh, in order to make His humanity participate in the benefits of the divinity; in order to give an outward expression to His acts. Likewise in the Eucharist He makes use of His sacred body to sanctify our souls. Draw nigh the altar you who are sick, kneel at His Sacred feet and in all humility say with the leper: "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst cure me." Behold my miseries, the dangers to which I am exposed, the mist of passions obscuring my soul, the evil tendencies drawing me to perdition. Lord, if Thou wilt!" Jesus does will and touches us with His divine Host. O holy touch! O precious and salutary contact! O efficacious and all-powerful Sacrament! The lepers are cured: let them not

forget to show themselves to the priests, and to offer thanksgiving to Jesus their benefactor.

The deaf hear, the dumb speak: A deaf-mute is brought to the Saviour. He draws him aside puts His finger in his ear, touches his tongue and instantly he hears and speaks. It is in the confessional that the priest, in the name of God opens the religious sense, makes truth heard, while Jesus Himself at the Holy Table touches the tongue and gratitude unlocks its muteness and makes even childish tongues eloquent. Verily by the Eucharist the deaf hear, the dumb speak.

It often happens that we do not know how to speak to Jesus because we do not know how to listen to Him. We do not listen enough to Jesus in prayer or Communion, so His voice as well as His inspirations pass unheeded. If we listened more, if we were more recollected we would hear Jesus, we would answer Him and we would pray better and more fully enjoy His presence.

The dead arise: The Gospel only relates three resurrections though the Son of God must have operated many more. Still these suffice to recall and figure the different degrees of spiritual death of various souls in mortal sin.

The first is that of the Prince of the Synagogue's daughter. She was still on her death bed but had breathed her last. This typifies a recent sin, a first fall. A good director, a spiritual father seeing that girl forget herself and fall, goes to Jesus tearfully imploring: "Lord Jesus my daughter has just died, deign to raise her to life again." Jesus answers by arousing in her during a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or Mass graces of compunction, she weeps her fault and arises again.

The second, that of the Son of the widow of Naim, who was in his bier when Jesus restored him to life, figures an unfortunate young man carried away by his passions, whose wicked habits lead to perdition, perhaps even to death. But his mother still lives and like the widow of Naim weeps and prays for his resurrection... Believe it, Jesus is not insensible to those bewailing spiritual deaths. It is impossible that the Son of so many tears and prayers be lost forever. Jesus will give him back to his mother, will raise him from the dead as he did the widow's son.

The third that of Lazarus who is already two days in his tomb; instances, an inveterate sinner, an almost hopeless case; one who spreads the contagion of bad example, evil words. Nevertheless because some charitable Martha, or fervent Mary have offered their labors and their prayers for him; have rolled away the stone, removed the occasions of sin dangerous companions, obscene pictures, bad books, Jesus Christ commands him as He did Lazarus to arise and come forth from his tomb. But Lazarus' grave-clothes still clung to him and encumbered him and Jesus said to His disciples: Free him from these bonds.

Grace, conversion, resurrection come from Jesus—from the Eucharistic Jesus, who touches and vivifies hearts, but, the priest in the tribunal of penance must free this other Lazarus from his bonds, must absolve and complete what Jesus began.

Lazarus risen becomes an Apostle and preaches the true God. Great sinners often become great saints, those who have been close to hell's gate and whom some special mercy has saved, enter into the heavenly way. The Jew, Hermann is an example of this. He scarcely knew God and only knew Jesus Christ to blaspheme Him. One day he entered into a church, without exactly knowing why—but God knew.—An arrow straight from the Sacred Heart smote him, he fell on his knees and arose full of faith... He is now a priest wholly devoted to the Blessed Sacrament. He preaches everywhere and sings in his glorious music the great tenderness and the infinite mercy of Jesus in the Sacred Host.

Thus the God of the Tabernacle continuing His course adown the centuries, forgives sins, chases demons, delivers from evil. Truly He passes in doing good; moreover this august Sacrament deposes even in our members a germ of life and immortality.

And we also shall have our share of His benefits. He will ever be the Saviour in His Sacrament of love and His sweet mysteries our joy and our consolation. To meditate, love and receive Jesus is earthly happiness and the sure means to contemplate Him, love Him, and bless Him eternally in heaven.





SAINT PETER OF ROME.

The Jubilee of Pius X.



IN the eighteenth of September 1858 in a small city of Italy named Treviso, a young man gave himself to God by sacerdotal consecration, and, in the fervor of his soul begged for Apostolic zeal, fatherly love for souls and the grace that makes saints. This priest is the August Pontiff who now governs the Church and is about to celebrate

the 50 th anniversary of that consecration.

Five years ago called by God's voice to succeed the illustrious Leo XIII, His Eminence Cardinal Sarto, amid universal joy ascended the pontifical throne under the name of Pius X. Heralding the dawn of a new reign in the superior world of souls, where the sun that sets must invariably be replaced by one that rises.

Born at Riese, the second of June 1835, Joseph Sarto retained all his life the simplicity and piety of his childhood, After a brilliant career in the seminary of Treviso he was ordained a priest by Mgr Farina. He was ap-

pointed Vicar at Tombolo in November 1848, and Cure of Salzano in 1867, where he remained for years unknown to the world at large but idolized by flock. In 1875 he was made a Canon and spiritual director of the Seminary where he had pursued his studies.

But he was destined for higher honors and consecrated Bishops of Mantoue in the Consistory of November 1884. His first care in his new diocese, and the aim of his life, was to restore all in Christ, and soon the clergy of Mantoue became the admiration of all Northern Italy.

In 1903 the Patriarchal See of Venice being vacant Leo XIII considering the sterling qualities and admirable works of Mgr Sarto named him titular to the See.

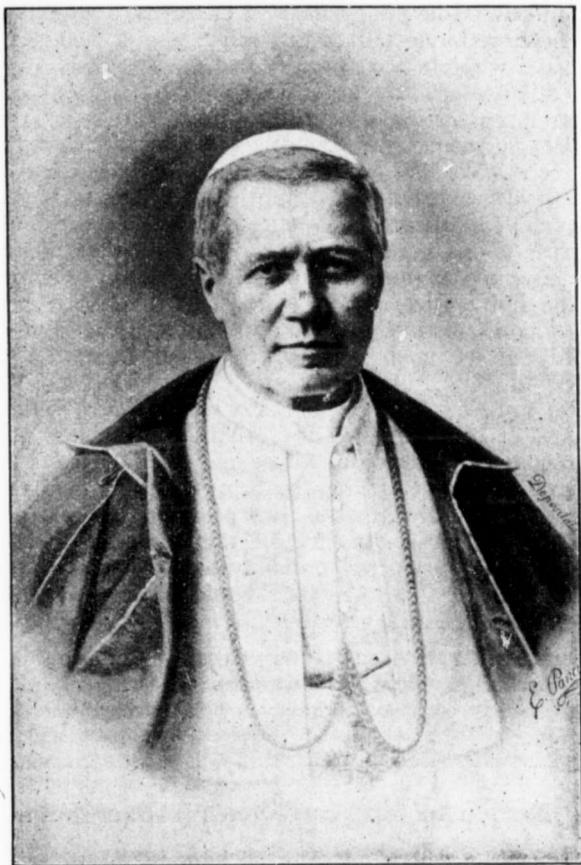
Three days after the purple had fallen on his shoulders, the Cardinals assembled in Conclave elected him successor to the illustrious Leo XIII, the fourth of April 1903.

Such was the way decreed by God for the exaltation of the little peasant-lad of Riese, the humble priest hidden for eighteen years in an obscure country-presbytery and of verifying anew the Scriptural axiom :—God exalts the humble.

Pius X's chosen motto confirms the mission he received from heaven : To restore all in Christ : individuals, families, society. But how restore all things in Christ ? Who can accomplish this gigantic task ? Who, but Christ Himself. And, Christ, herebelow is as we are aware, the Eucharist. Yes, the Eucharist preached, adored, well received will engender heroes, martyrs valiant Christians. Pius X realizing this seeks Christ where He is in the August Sacrament of our altars. Since his accession to the Pontifical Throne what has he not done to make known and give to all this divine soul-food. To us and to all lovers of the Eucharist his name recalls the many benefits his great devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament has lavished on us. Since the Eucharistic Congress of Rome, held under his auspices the Holy Father has not ceased to multiply favors in order to further throughout the world the cult of the Most Holy Sacrament.

Therefore we entreat our devoted clients to petition heaven for the prolongation of a reign so fruitful and so beloved.

His solicitude is universal and his practical just judgment admitted and admired by all. In proof thereof let us cite one or two of his actions. That famous Encyclical



HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

of the 15th April 1905, on the teaching of Catholic Doctrine, where in language terse, clear, even sad, he depicts religious ignorance as the primary cause of the evils of

our day, and of its corrupt morals, and points out divine teaching as the source of the holiness and of the prosperity of the world and imposes on Pastors, as a capital duty, the teaching of Catechism to children and youth... That other admirable Encyclical "Pascendi," which alone would have immortalized any reign besides being a real treatise, wherein are eternally and energetically avenged and vindicated, the doctrine and the traditions of the Church against the attacks of all times.

What principally characterizes Pius X is his fatherly goodness. Yet like His Master he unites meekness with firmness, sweetness with strength. This wellknown gentleness and cordial goodness joined to an inflexible firmness imparts to his government two qualities that blend admirably, and at the same time bear a striking resemblance to the divine government itself. This is clearly exemplified in the history of his Pontificate. If this sun is so radiant at its dawn what may we not expect from its meridian.

Let us be loyal to the successor of St. Peter. Like His Master he has the words of eternal life. When all passes, he remains like the Word whose ineffable echo he is. This sacerdotal Jubilee of Pius the X should be a family feast for all Catholics. It is the feast of their Father's priesthood, and as it is question of the Sovereign Priest, to whom Jesus Christ has confided the plenitude of power in his Church, this solemnity should also cross the threshold of the domestic sanctuary.

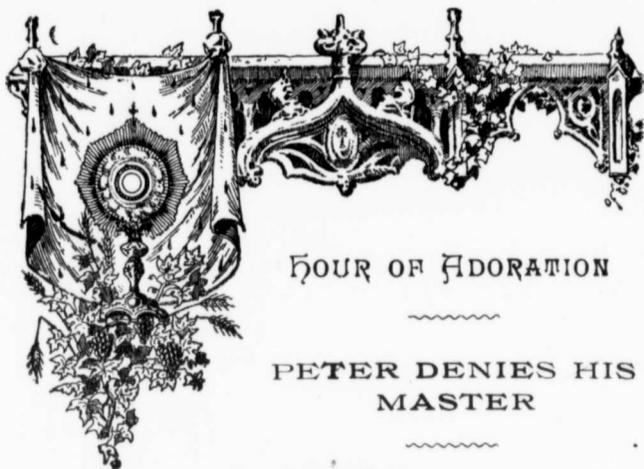
PRACTICAL RESOLUTION : Receive Communion for the Sovereign, Pontiff's intention on the 18th of September, the 50th anniversary of his sacerdotal consecration.

Notice to our European subscribers

For various good reasons of administration, we request all our subscribers residing outside of America, to address directly to our offices. From next January we will be obliged to discontinue sending the review to any person who neglects to forward his subscription price.

THE EDITOR.

490 Mount Royal Ave., Montreal, Canada.



HOUR OF ADORATION

PETER DENIES HIS MASTER

I. — Adoration.

How rare a thing in this world is fidelity to friendship, ! In prosperity, one counts many friends, but let misfortune come, and abandonment and isolation follow in its train. Jesus loves not merely as man, but still more as God, therefore is His friendship faithful. Peter denied Him at the moment when His Heart had so much need of consolation. In spite of all his solemn protests, of all his faith and love, Peter denied Him.

Will Jesus abandon him, deny him in His turn, dispossess him of the prerogatives with which He had formerly honored him ? This is what any prince would do who, when in misfortune being betrayed by one of his favorites, would at last regain his throne. But Jesus loved His disciple, and He was faithful to His friendship even to His last sigh. This God of all power, who "looketh upon the earth, and maketh it tremble," loves to terrify sinners, but with fear which, instead of confounding them leads them to penitence. "They upon whom Jesus looks," says St. Ambroise, "beware their sins." The glance of Jesus is so good, so sweet, so merciful that it restores life to souls. Jesus looked upon Peter, and that look enlightened the mind of the poor sinner. It could not be otherwise. Could he remain in darkness and error whom the Light of the World had looked upon ?

That look moved Peter's will, inflamed his heart, stirred him to tears, tender, sincere, penitent, to tears which became mute prayers, which merited pardon without asking for it, and defended his cause without pleading it. Oh how powerful and full of love are the eyes of Jesus !

To prove to Peter the strength of his affection and the sincerity of His pardon, the Divine Master preserved for him his title of Apostle and friend. He conferred on him the keys of His kingdom, and established him head of His whole Church.

Poor human affections, how you pale before those of the Heart of Jesus ! No, not the heart of a simple human creature, but only the Heart of a God can love with such disinterestedness ! It was, indeed, that Heart, O Peter, which looked forth in that loving look of your Divine Master, and brought you to recognize and adore. With you I adore that most amiable Heart inclosed in the tiny Host. I recognize It as the Heart of a God, the most loving, the most faithful—what do I say ? the only truly loving Heart, the only Heart whose fidelity I can never doubt.

Again, I adore with you those tender eyes at the moment when reflecting the love of God, they changed your heart.

I recognize Thee, O Divine Master, under the veils of the Host, and I proclaim Thee the great God of heaven and earth, the true Messiah, the only Saviour of the world. I behold with the eyes of faith that look which converted Peter, and which still converts the wandering sheep of Thy Church. Before the Eucharist, I repeat with Peter who, in a moment of weakness, denied instead of adoring Thee, this beautiful profession of faith and love : " Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God. To whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

II. — Thanksgiving.

Peter, in the short space of one or two hours, thrice denied his Master, The first time they spoke to him of Jesus, he pretended not to understand, and that was an indirect denial ; the second time, he swore with an oath that he *knew not the man* ; and the third time, he denied Him with curses and imprecations.

To deny Christ is an enormous sin in itself, and it will be punished by eternal death. Our Lord Himself has told us this : "*He that shall deny Me before men, I will also deny him before My Father who is in heaven.*" "*I know not this man.*" Liar ! This man, He it is whom not long ago you looked upon as the Son of the living God. This man is He upon whose Flesh you have just fed. Your lips are still purpled with His Blood. This man, He it is who has just consecrated you Priest, Bishop, Prince of the Church.

To a lie and to disdain, Peter added perjury. He dared affirm with an oath : "*I know not this man !*" To perjury, he added imprecation and anathema, grave sins, sovereignly injurious to God. And, singular coincidence ! at the very moment when Jesus was calling on His followers to witness for Him, when He was saying to Annas : "*Ask them,*" Peter, the head of the Apostles,

when questioned by servants, was replying: "know not this man!"

St. Thomas teaches that, by this triple denial, Peter not only lost faith, but gravely sinned against the confession of faith, besides losing grace and charity by a mortal sin. And, let us remark, Peter not only denied his being a disciple of Christ, but he really denied Christ Himself, as Our Lord had warned him that he should do: "Thou shalt deny me thrice—*Ter me negabis.*" Moreover, this abominable denial Peter uttered in the hearing of a crowd of menials who detested Jesus: *Coram omnibus!*

At the tribunal of the High Priest, Jesus was more taken up with the desertion of His Apostle than with His own cause. The rock upon which He counted to build His Church, behold it broken, crushed, gone to dust, and who can restore it? If the mere foresight of this fall had made His agony in the Garden of Olives pale, what must have been the affliction of His Heart on seeing it accomplished? Those three denials were more grievous to Him than the lashes of His enemies. They were like three nails attaching Him to cross more degrading than that prepared for Him by the malice of His enemies.

The arm of vengeance must punish the guilty one in the same degree in which he had been loved by Jesus. But the thrice-faithful love of the Master had prepared a means of conversion for the prevaricating disciple. Peter saw that same look full of tears which had met the kiss of Judas, Who will say what passed in Peter's soul at the sight of the Master? He recognized his fall and, seized with repentance, he at once escaped from bad company, fled to some secret corner, and gave himself up to grief and bitter tears.

St. Mark says he *began to weep*, and tradition tells us that his tears flowed without intermission until his death. St. Clement, his disciple and successor, writes that St. Peter his whole life long, bewailed his sin. Every night when he heard the cock crow, he fell on his knees shedding torrents of tears, and implored pardon of Jesus. His constant tears wore deep furrows in his emaciated cheeks.

How many men, through fear of raillery, dare not declare themselves the Saviour's disciples by fulfilling the duties imposed by religion on every Christian! Ah, yes, human respect makes numerous apostates! It causes great vacancies around the Eucharistic Table. How many, though believing in the Real Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist, who would esteem themselves happy to fulfil their Paschal duty, and even frequently to approach the Holy Table, yet abstain through human respect! They are afraid of a woman's tongue: "Thou also wast with Jesus, the Galilean!" Or if they confess their faith in the Blessed Sacrament, they deny it by not wishing to receive It, by not wishing to

visit It : "*Confitentur se nosse Deum, factis autem negant*—They profess that they know God, but in their works they deny Him."

And I—am I not exposed to the danger of slandering the reputation of Christ, or of blushing at Him by uniting too closely, even under good pretexts, with His enemies ? " He that loveth danger shall perish in it." This was Peter's first fault.

Have I always had the courage to witness to Jesus when He was attacked in my presence ? If not, Oh, how His Heart has been saddened ! "*He whom I loved most is turned against me.*"

Pardon, Jesus, in the name of Peter, for all renegades, Bishops, Priests Christians ! Pardon in my own name ! Pardon for all souls that are now in purgatory expiating their infidelity !

Peter "*began to weep,*" says the Gospel, and he did so all his life. I shall weep with him, for tears of love and repentance efface sins.

III. — Reparation.

The Heart of Jesus, broken by sorrow by Peter's denial, does not abandon the poor sinner. It watches over Peter. It procures for him the occasion for returning promptly to It. After the first interrogatory before the Jewish Council, Jesus was led to prison, where He was to remain till morning. When passing through the court, He turned toward Peter and, His eyes filled with tears, He looks upon His renegade Apostle. The cock began to crow, and the Master's prophecy was realized.

Jesus looked on Peter ! Was it a look of anger foretelling chastisement or death ? No, that look breathed only clemency, pity, and love. That look enlightened his soul and gave him to see the greatness of his sin. Oh, the goodness of Jesus ! The dear Saviour has already been declared worthy of death, but "He forgets Himself amid blows and mockeries to think of His Apostle and to save him. That look (Peter understood it well) he will never forget no more than he will forget his grave fault. In the depths of Jesus, eyes, all bathed in tears, he reads only a word of love. The look transpierced his heart, agitated his soul, and of a great sinner made him a great penitent. He wept, he wept hot tears, *amarè flevit*. Happy tears, tears of love and repentance, that can wash away his crime ! The salvation of the disciple was due to his belief in the love of his Master.

Unite with Peter in thanking Jesus for a like benefit. Jesus might have abandoned him to his unhappy fate. If He had not cast on him that merciful look, it would have been all over with the sinner, who would have fallen into discouragement and despair. Jesus makes everything serve to His mercy. That fault will turn entirely to the advantage of the Apostle. Pastor of the Church, he learns from his own sad experience how merciful he should be toward others.

What an example for us ! The rumor of that fall has resounded throughout the Church, and it will make itself heard in the ears of priests and Christians till the end of ages, to remind them of their weakness and their need of God's constant assistance.

Again, Jesus permitted Peter's fall that we may know how to console ourselves when our friends abandon and deny us.

Is not his fall and conversion something like my own ? I denied my Divine Master by committing sin, and that much more frequently than the Apostle. Like him, too, Jesus has always roused my soul to repentance by remorse of conscience, some good inspiration or sermon.

Vigilant Sentinel in the Eucharist, He foresees my falls and prepares for me the means of conversion. When I have had the misfortune to sin, in order to strengthen me against discouragement, He looks upon me with the same look of love and mercy which broke the heart of Simon Peter.

I thank Thee, O Heart of Jesus ! I thank Thee for myself, and for all who have been converted by that look of love !

IV. — Prayer.

Who does not tremble at sight of the fall of this pillar of the Church ? It is Peter who denies his Master, Peter, the holiest of all the Apostles, the most devoted in love, the most robust in faith. It is Peter, who had openly confessed that Jesus was the Son of God. It was Peter, who not long since energetically protested his fidelity : "*Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both into prison and to death*" . . . "*Yea, though I should die with Thee, I will not deny Thee.*" It was Peter, who an instant before had drawn his sword to defend his Master. Who could have believed him so near to such weakness ! The voice of a simple portress cast fear into the heart of him to whom the keys of the kingdom of heaven are going to be confided. Peter thinks himself a lion, and he trembles before a woman. He had counted too much on himself, and the Master's warning had not inspired him with diffidence.

If the cedar of Libanus is overthrown by the tempest, what may I not fear, I, a weak reed ? I acknowledge my weakness, O Divine Master, and with Thy grace, I wish to shun the causes that concurred in Peter's sin. Deign, O Divine Jesus, to warn me in the moment of danger ! Rouse me to vigilance and prayer. Grant that I may never confide in my own strength and resolutions. Give me the grace to shun evil company, always to have the courage of my religions convictions, and to glory in being recognized as one of Thy intimate friends.

If, unhappily, I should ever deny Thee, follow the demon, and turn my back on Thee, cast upon me a look, one of those looks of mercy which transform sinners into saints, renegades into Apos-

ties. This same Peter who now trembles at the voice of a servant-maid, will soon boldly resist kings and High Priests.

For Thee to look, O Jesus, is to pardon. Make Thyself known to all sinners in the Sacrament of Thy Love. Is that not the gift to earth not only of Thy eyes, Thy look, but of Thy Heart, instituted by Thee especially for the conversion of poor sinners? There Thou breathest goodness, love, and mercy. From the height of Thy Eucharistic Throne, look upon all renegades and convert them. Give to us all holy tears of penance to wash away our faults. Accept them as confession, heartfelt prayer.

In order to guard against the misfortune of losing Thee, I will go to-morrow to the Holy Table, to strengthen myself with Thy Flesh and Blood, and to repeat to Thee this prayer: Lord Jesus Christ, who didst cast upon the renegade Peter a look of mercy, and didst favorably accept his repentant tears, deign to grant to me, a miserable sinner, the pardon of all my sins that the Communion of Thy Sacred Body and Thy Precious Blood may not be to me a judgment of damnation, but a remedy to procure for me eternal salvation! Amen!

RESOLUTION.—Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask the Saviour for the grace rather to die than ever to deny Him.

Precious Indulgences

GRANTED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X IN FAVOR OF
THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS OF LONDON.



AT the request of an Apostle of Eucharistic Congresses, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius X. has just granted precious Indulgences to Christians throughout the world who shall interest themselves before God for the success of the Eucharistic Congress of London.

First the Apostolic Blessing and an Indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines every time they pray, for five minutes, before the Blessed Sacrament for the success of

the Eucharistic Congress of London and for the conversion of England through the salutary practice of frequent and daily Communion ; secondly a plenary Indulgence for every Communion made for these same intentions.

These spiritual favors are more worthy of appreciation since the success of supernatural works always depends so much on prayer.

His Lordship, Mgr Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster has sent his congratulations as well as his blessing to the author of this happy request. May numerous Catholics profit by these indulgences for the triumph of the Most Holy Sacrament in every country but especially in England.

PETITION.

Humbly prostrate at the feet of your Holiness and encouraged by former testimonies of your great kindness toward the Apostles of the Eucharist H. Durand, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament, the undersigned, implores certain spiritual favors on behalf of the International Congress of London, as he has already obtained for that of Favernay.

He respectfully petitions Your Holiness to grant Your Apostolic Blessing and an Indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarentines to Catholics throughout the world, every time, that, during five minutes, they pray before the Blessed Sacrament for the success of the London Congress and the conversion of England through the salutary practice of frequent Communion ; also a plenary Indulgence, applicable to the souls in Purgatory for every Communion they make for these intentions.

Quod Deus... etc.

HENRI DURAND, S.S.S.

member of the Permanent Committee of Eucharistic Congresses,
21 June 1908, octave of Corpus Christi.

*Juxta preces in Domino,
die 26 Junii 1908
Pius P. P. X.*

*Granted according to the
demand 26 June 1908
Pius X Pope.*

Love's Victim, Prisoner, and Mystery.

HEAVEN opens and into the white host
Descends the Word, the Incarnate God;
With rapture on your lyres of fire,
Angels of heaven, sing the Eucharist!

By His splendour the earth is embellished,
Transformed by His aspect so pure...
Scintillating sentinels of the azure,
Stars of God, sing the Eucharist!

He is ours! My soul annihilated,
Before its God, dares not lift its voice...
O earth that dying on the cross he saved,
With glad thanksgiving, sing the Eucharist.

Sun of love! Thy genial rays brighten
Our hearts heavy neath the stress of the day...
To celebrate among us His abiding,
Christian people, sing the Eucharist!

Spouse divine, Thy love invites us
E'en herebelow, to the happiness of the elect...
Come, I wait for Thee! For I love Thee, O Jesus!
Sing, heart of mine, Sing the Eucharist.

O Bread of the strong! Manna sanctificator!
Flesh of my God, Blood purificator,
Jesus beloved! I give Thee my heart
May its every pulsation sing the Eucharist.



Beautiful Feast at Reparation Grove Pointe-aux-Trembles.

 JULY sixteenth was a memorable day at this renowned shrine, where, in union with Lourdes (France) the anniversary of the last apparition of the Immaculate Virgin to Bernadette was celebrated by a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the grove adjoining the temporary chapel.

The day opened by mass at half-past-six, followed by others at half past-seven and eight at which a great many received holy Communion. High Mass was sung at half-past-nine.

The afternoon's programme announced a beautiful and solemn ceremony : Jesus to be borne in triumph and receive the homage of His people, or in other words the renewal of His triumphal march on that Palm Sunday long centuries ago. As early as one o'clock crowds began to collect and soon filled all the avenues of the grove. Numerous were the fervent souls that mounted the Scala Sancta ; the compassionate Veronica's that consoled the Saviour in His dolorous way, the loyal clients that knelt at the feet of the white Madona with her radiant brow and girdle of gold who from her grotto dominated the immense crowd and to whom all hearts turned.

The way through which the divine King of the Host would pass had been artistically and lavishly decorated. The green of the trees mingling with the brightly colored religious and national emblems made a very pretty picture.

The Repository erected on a hilllock presented a lovely sight with its back-ground of green and frame of bannettes, flags, and draperies.

The procession began about three o'clock, nature generously providing her quota towards making it a success. It was headed by a number of children from the different colleges of Montreal, followed by the Sodality of the

Blessed Sacrament with banner of the Blessed Sacrament and of the Sacred Heart, the members of the Guard of Honor and of our Eucharistic Works with the banner of the Rosary, Ladies single and married with banerettes repr senting the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, male members of various societies with St. Joseph's banner, then Sanctuary boys scattering flowers and swinging thuribles before the Blessed Sacrament. Rev. Father Corbeil, Rector of Assumption College carried the Ostensorium assisted by Father Brousseau, S. S. S. and M. Morneau, Eccl.

About 3,000 persons took part in the procession. Reciting prayers, singing hymns, the pious cortege advanced towards the Repository. From His elevated throne the Divine Master's gaze lovingly rested on those pilgrims of every age, sex and condition prostrate before Him and especially on the sick (in a certain spot) ranged the nearest possible to Him and silently imploring : Jesus, Son of David cure me, heal me.

Father Jean, S.S.S. the energetic and devoted chaplain of this shrine of Reperation, delivered an eloquent and touching sermon that went straight to every heart and found its outlet in prayer and good resolutions :

After Benediction the procession returned to the chapel where this never-to-be-forgotten-day was brought to a close by solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE EUCHARISTIC HEART OF JESUS.

BY FATHER TESNIERE.

Published by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament,
New York. Price \$1.00.

The reverend author of this book of devout meditations may be called the theologian " facile princeps " of the Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament. His greatest work, " Somme de la Predication Eucharistique," ranks with St. Thomas' Opusculum, " De Venerabili Sacramento," and is an inexhaustible mine for the teacher or orator who would learn and desire others to learn the depth of the riches of the wisdom and love hidden in the Eucharistic Lord.

In the little work before us the author seems to build up his whole treatment of the Eucharist on the revelations of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, and the thirty meditations are arranged for the days in the month of the Sacred Heart.

Cardinal Gibbons gives it his approbation in this language: "These pious thoughts will help souls to know the Heart of Our Saviour better, and, consequently, will foster love for the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ residing in the Most Blessed Sacrament. We gladly give our approval to this little book, for we feel sure it will enable the faithful to spend the thirty days of June in close communion with the Eucharistic Heart of Christ."

From the Pittsburg Observer.

Jesus Teaching.

(See frontispiece)

THE Divine Master is seated amongst those that He has come to teach and save. From His divine lips fall words of life and salvation: He speaks to them of the kingdom of His Father and the place he has come to win for them. He gives Himself as the Redeeming Messiah. He gazes on them with a look of love, and, with His hand that shaped the universe, points towards Heaven. With what a merciful tenderness, He speaks to them. His words are simple, clear and easily understood by all, and with what eagerness He is listened to. They can hardly keep their eyes off His adorable person. Even the little children are motionless before Him. Happy souls, with their hands joined as in prayer, so much have our Divine Saviour's lesson made them forget the world. Would that we had been there. Still I know a place where Jesus still lives, always ready to receive and teach us. All, without distinction can come to Him. He will receive them with the same kindness and love. Here His words do not strike our ears, but they go straight to the heart. Christian souls, go and kneel beside the tabernacle: you shall hear the word that starts from Jesus heart to come to ours. Above all come to the Holy Table; then, you will receive not only the Divine Master's teachings, but the Divine Master giving Himself to you in a good communion and leading you, as it were by the hand, into the kingdom of His Father.

Blessed Marie-Madeleine Postel

Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy.



ON the eight of December 1907 the decree declaring that the process of the Beatification of the Venerable-Marie-Madeline Postel might be continued was promulgated. The ceremony took place on the eighteenth of May of the present year.

Born in Normandy on the 28th of November, 1756, she exercised her Apostolate at St. Sauver-le-Vicomte. Her rare virtues and great sanctity

were the direct outcome of her tender ardent love for the Eucharist.

Even as a little tot when taken to Church her eyes instinctively sought the Tabernacle at which she never grew tired of gazing. When her mother returned from Communion she laid her pretty blonde head on her breast to enjoy the presence of her God. She had the happiness of making her own first Communion at nine years of age and shortly afterwards of receiving every morning even during the reign of terror. At Mass she was surrounded with a halo and remained perfectly motionless as if in ecstasy. Not only was she first at Church in the morning but obtained its key from the sacristan and spent many nights prostrate there in loving adoration.

At eighteen she began her career as a school-teacher. The Revolution was then at its height but this young virgin with her intrepid soul and unflinching courage walked unscarred through its many perils. The Churches were closed so she succeeded in obtaining permission to erect an oratory in her own home where Mass would be celebrated and the Blessed Sacrament reserved. Love renders ingenious as well as heroic and she built in her own house, under a stairway that still exists a small chapel.

Towards the end of 1791 a priest who had not yet left the country blessed the humble sanctuary, celebrated Mass therein and consecrated several Hosts for the Reserve thus putting the King in possession of a secure refuge where He remained unmolested during the persecutions of the reign of Terror and of the Directoire.

This permanent co-habitation with the divine Host to whom every moment of leisure was devoted, became a time of wonderful sanctification for our heroine, who



A MASS UNDER THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

made up for the shortness of the day by nightly vigils and who always spent the whole of the night from Thursday till Friday prostrate in prayer and loving adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

In spite of her efforts to maintain secrecy, her pupils sometimes witnessed her raptures. Her niece became one of her pupils lived with her and often got up at night and softly tiptoed to the little chapel window to, as she in her childlike simplicity said: "just watch Aunty who I am sure is a real saint."

When in other places loyal men and women paid by imprisonment or beheading the hospitality they had accorded Christ's ministers or their adherence to certain religious emblems; it is remarkable and truly providential that never under that privileged roof had profanation or violence to be deplored, notwithstanding the domiciliary visits it was subjected too. Our heroine herself tells us: while the emissaries of the law were searching the house I stood with my back to the oratory showing them every courtesy while inwardly praying: Lord I implore Thee, guard Thy Tabernacle. Do not allow it to be profaned, or only after I shall have shed the last drop of my blood in its defence."

One night the priest had just finished Mass when the inspectors arrived. Scarcely had he hidden behind the altar when the dreaded: "Tell me Citizen where is the priest that was here a few minutes ago, harshly sounded in her ears: Taking up her post of guard she calmly answered: "Search carefully Gentlemen, but I am sure you will find no one." They went through the house searched every hole and corner but found no one. "Let us go," said one, "and leave her in peace. She does good to our children and interferes with no one. Let us go"—and they left her victor at her post.

In her process of Beatification we read: fugitive persecuted priests received hospitality at her hands. At the risk of her life she gave them food and provided the means of saying Mass. She managed so that the Eucharistic sacrifice might be celebrated either in her own home or under some other hospitable roof. "What glorious midnight Masses we had in those days" she often remarked afterwards in alluding to these times.

Every Sunday her house was open to all who wished to hear high Mass and enjoy this day of prayer and rest. Many were those who availed themselves of this blessed opportunity.

In the midst of her multiplied occupations she remained above all the loved and respected teacher. She taught the children to the best of her ability. She prepared the boys and girls for their First Communion as carefully as if no dark clouds obscured the religious horizon.

Sometimes the beautiful ceremony took place in an humble chapel, at others in a country barn and generally at night when it was no risky undertaking to guide the childish band safely through the darkness and tortuous streets.

At the age of 49 she went to Cherbourg and founded a Congregation devoted to teaching and with her three first companions pronounced her vows on the eight of September 1807. She was always a model for her sisters and their mainstay and helper in the numberless difficulties they encountered at this time. She received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction on the 14th of July but the next morning courageously arose and went to the chapel where she heard Mass and received communion amid the general emotion of her little community.

On the sixteenth as she had herself predicted she gave back her peerless soul to its maker at the age of ninety. Her long life was an enthusiastic loving Eucharist paean.

Sunday's Communion



OME years ago," relates Father Fessart, S. J. "I was preaching the Lenten sermons in a certain parish in Paris. One Sunday I went to my confessional towards noon, a few minutes before the last mass and almost immediately a young girl entered the box. Thinking to help her more efficaciously I questioned her concerning her state of life. 'Father, was her straight-forward unabashed answer: 'I sweep street-crossings in the mornings, and, earn a little extra by coarse darning in the evenings. She said no more; worthy poor, like real saints, are chary of their words. She began her confession and I saw into the sanctuary of a soul as humble as pure judging and condemning itself by the divine light that finds flaws even in the Angels.

Deeply affected by the wonders God had operated in this chosen soul and realizing the pitfalls that surrounded this treasure of grace and angelic purity I said : ”

“ By what means, my child, do you keep yourself faithful to God environed, as you constantly are, by lawless unbelievers whose hearts generally hate God and whose lips only too often and too sadly give expression to this hatred ?

‘ I go to Holy Communion every Sunday ’ she answered.



“ Less artless than this guileless soul, I did not, at once, grasp the direct relation, truly existing, between the life of Angels and the Bread of Angels and continued ; but what you hear, what you see among those people, does it leave no impression on your soul ? ”

‘ Father, was the seraphic reply ; ‘ I see nothing, I hear nothing. I live in my heart ; and there, there is only room for my communion. Jesus came this morning, Jesus will come next Sunday ; that is my only thought, my precious Sunday absorbs me completely. “ Have you been to Communion this morning ? ”

'Not yet, Father, I find it so hard to earn enough to support my poor mother that I am obliged to sweep my crossings even on Sunday ; only on that day, I leave off at eleven o'clock and after my confession am ready to go to Communion at the noon mass !

"Could you not child, thirsting as you do for holy Communion, could you not receive it every day?" 'Communion every day she repeated in a kind of glad amaze. Oh ! that would be too great a happiness. It would kill me and I can not die just yet what would become of poor mother without me.'

"Her tears were falling fast. Too much moved myself to speak, I remained silent a minute or two and heard her murmuring : 'Jesus ! receive Jesus every day. Oh ! what a happiness that would be.'

"Shortly afterwards she regained her peaceful serenity and said : 'No, Father ; God does not want me to have the delight of daily communion. He makes me feel the bread of suffering must purchase the Bread of Happiness. Do not pity me, suffering makes up for not communicating.' I did not pity but admired her, and after getting her address, let her go to the Lord Jesus who had ravished her heart."

A few days afterwards, at my request, one of the Ladies of Charity sought out the address and found a small poorly furnished, but scrupulously clean room in the fifth story of a high gloomy building whose very aspect breathed poverty and misery. After repeated fruitless knockings she entered and saw the only occupant, a woman scarcely fifty years of age stretched on an iron bed near the window. One could see at a glance she had been beautiful before sickness and sorrow had left their painful impress in sunken cheeks, white hair, and lovely wideopen eyes now suffused with tears."

"The visitor approached the bed and only realized as the invalid asked in a faint whisper is that you Angele ? that she was blind. Full of kindly sympathy she sat beside her, gently won her confidence and led her to unburden her heart, and tell her story which was much easier to do, than to listen to the pathetic recital unmoved."

"Married very young to a lad not much older than herself, but, unfortunately more of a dreamer than a

financier, she saw without being able to prevent it her fortune disappear, yet found in her love for her children, the courage necessary to face the difficulties of her new position. God had evidently destined this mother and her eldest girl, Angele, to tread the path of suffering and carried out His inscrutable designs.

The two older children died and shortly afterwards a double sorrow fell upon Angele. Her father died suddenly



and on the day of her First Communion her mother was stricken with blindness. Angele though scarcely twelve years old undauntedly faced the dark future. Bidding adieu to her teachers and schoolmates she returned to her bereaved mother, and with judgment far beyond her years endeavored to arrange business matters so as to provide a small income for her mother. But creditors were pitiless and inexorable and shortly afterwards dire poverty compelled her to seek lodgings for her mother in this cheap district."

"This was in substance the story the sick-woman told ; but observation and questions asked of neighbors disclosed moreover, that the mother's blindness allowed the heroic girl to hide their extreme poverty from her, as well as the uncongenial work she had undertaken for her support ; that she was up at four in the morning and never left the streets until noon ; and, at night frequently remained at her task long after curfew had rung ; that her bed would not have disgraced a hermit, not her food either which consisted of brown bread and water ; that she had begun this life at fifteen and unflinchingly pursued it for eight long years."

"When tactful charity sent help Angèle gratefully and gladly accepted for her mother ; but, for herself continued to eat the bread of suffering, laughingly saying. Leave it to me : it tastes of Jesus."

As soon as the hour of deliverance sounded for the poor mother, I directed Angèle to a religious community where pure loving souls find their only congenial atmosphere herebelow. She was not there long ; but under the Eucharistic rays, and in the crucible of suffering was consumed like a pure victim and was often heard repeating : Suffer and communicate every day, it is too much happiness, I cannot survive it."

"The day she was admitted to daily Communion she wrote me : " ' Father in future it will always be Sunday for poor Angèle, who sees in this grace the dawn of eternal communion as without a miracle no one could live under such a stress of love."

"She breathed her last sigh on the Heart of Jesus in an ecstasy of loving desire to see God... She had long waited for this visit of her well-beloved... Come ! Come ! she implored so often... Come and let us set out together for heaven ! There I shall love without dying ! Then speaking to the blessed Virgin and the Holy Angels : Pleasetell Jesus to hasten. Oh ! let Him come !..Come !.."

And moved with tender pity He came and changed her earthly longing into heavenly reality forevermore.





CHY
FATHER'S LOVE.

*As man doth bear his little son
 Within his strong right arm
 To shelter him from harm
 So unto thee thy God hath done.
 With tender love He carried thee,—
 Who made thee all his own,—
 Lest thou against a stone
 Should dash thy foot and wounded be.*

*But thou didst murmur at His care
 In fretful, childish tone :
 And longed to walk alone
 Where bloomed earth's flowers in gardens fair
 Unheeded all his kind commands ;
 And grieved His gentle Heart
 To have thee stray apart
 From Him. Those restless, wilful hands*

*That plucked forbidden joys are torn ;
 Roses to thorns but led ;
 On thy defeuceless head
 The storms of life have fiercely borne.
 Forgive. No father loves like this !
 At first repentant word
 To tendër mercy stirred
 His lips imprint sweet pardon's kiss.*