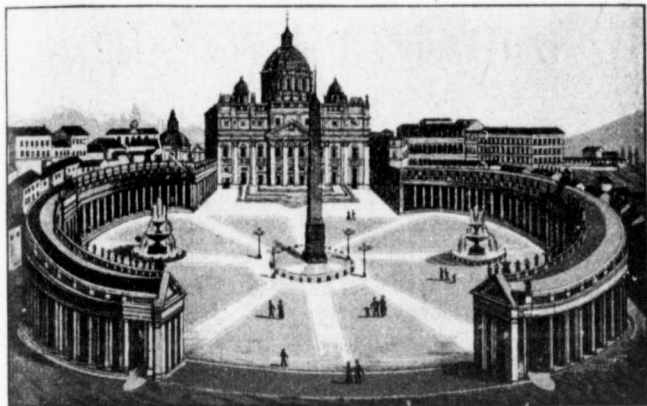




Mother Mary.



Pontifical Rescript.

*fructus qui ex hac Sacramenti
publicae adorationi exposte vertentur
hanc ejaculatoriam: Dominica in pro Sui
Sacramenti ora pro nobis "Indulgentiam
Trecentorum dierum concedimus.*

Die 30 mensis Decembris An. 1905

Pius P.P. X

Translation :

To all who say before the Most Blessed Sacrament exposed for public adoration this ejaculation : "Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, pray for us," we grant an Indulgence of 300 days.

PIUS P.P. X

December 30, 1905.

Our Lady's New Year's Gift.



PRELATE of Canada, whose devotion toward the Holy Eucharist is equalled only by his benevolence, Mgr. Gautier, Archbishop of Kingston, was recently in Rome. The Superior General of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, Very Rev. Father Estèvenon, whose headquarters are at the Church of Saint Claude, a spot well known to the pilgrims to the Eternal City, suggested to His Grace to petition the Holy Father, in behalf of the Faithful of his diocese, to grant an Indulgence for the recitation of the little prayer: "Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Mother and Model of Adorers, pray for us!"

Pleased with the idea, His Grace drew up a petition in writing to present to His Holiness in an audience appointed for him on the 30th of December. The new title was to be "Our Lady's New Year's Gift."

But behold what happened! During the interview, having obtained from the Holy Father permission to read his carefully worded petition, the Archbishop could not find it. In vain did he search his pockets, in vain were those of his overcoat, which he had left in the antechamber, turned inside out. Great was the embarrassment of the good Prelate, and he began *viva voce* to lay before His Holiness the substance of his stray petition.

At once, smiling and earnest, with that kind and obliging readiness habitual to him, Pius X took up his pen and, without an instant's hesitation, wrote the text given above. Then, after signing it, he handed it to Mgr. Gautier, who was greatly touched by the favor received, as well as by the cordiality with which it had been granted.



Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament.



HOUGH the title may be of recent origin, yet it bears letters of naturalization in the church.

Bestowed on Mary in the year 1868 by the piety of a great servant of the Eucharist, Father Peter Julien Eymard, Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament ; it was approved in 1872 by the Bishops of Arras, Angers, Marseilles, Tarbes, Valence in France, Salamanca in Spain ; who granted their diocesans an indulgence of 40 days every time they said : " Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, Mother and Model of Adorers, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

The Month of Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, one of the most beautiful among Père Eymard's soul-uplifting works, has been translated into all the principal languages and has had a very large circulation within the last thirty-five years.

Many Bishops have erected parishes and blessed churches under this title ; others from the pulpit have exalted and glorified the name that sums up the relations of the Blessed Virgin with the Blessed Eucharist.

Little by little the number of Prelates enriching the invocation with indulgences increased until now it is the Sovereign Pontiff Himself who thus encourages the devotion.

Whatever its apparent newness may be, this title expresses a very ancient truth founded on divine revelation as well as on the most solid theological doctrine.

It shows the necessary and indestructible union established by God Himself between Jesus and Mary : the closest, deepest, most perfect of all unions that Divinity ever cemented between two beings here below, the hypostatical union excepted. That union, this title affirms between Mary and the Eucharistic Christ because in His sacramental state as in that of His former mortality and of His present actual glory in heaven, Mary is still the Mother of Jesus, and Jesus still acknowledges Himself as Mary's Son ; because the flesh and blood with which the Eucharistic Christ feeds the world is still the blood received from the Immaculate, the flesh formed of her virginal flesh and nourished by her milk : *Ave verum Corpus natum de Maria Virgine* ; because Mary, sovereign and universal dispenser of grace, holds by virtue of her spiritual maternity over all men the duty and the power to give them the best and the most necessary of graces, " the Good Gift " or the Eucharist, with the means to prepare them to receive it worthily and live up to it faithfully ; because Mary after having received the Word in her Womb by the Incarnation and offered Him in sacrifice on the altar of Calvary, moreover, participated in the sacrifice and in Eucharistic communion during the years she still lived on earth after the Ascension, persevering, as the Acts of the Apostles relate, in the adoration of her divine Son more hidden still under the Eucharistic veils than in the swaddling clothes of Nazareth, or the ignominies of Golgotha ; because Mary having discharged towards her divine Son in the Blessed Sacrament all the duties of religion with supreme perfection, her virtues, her example and her merits form a rich treasury from which we may draw unceasingly to accomplish in our turn our duties towards the Eucharist, to supply our deficiency and to complete that which we can never but inadequately conceive.

Such, briefly enumerated, are the links that bind Mary to the Eucharist. Do they not in all justice allow us to say : Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, as much for the welfare of our souls, as well as for the glory of her who being the Mother of Jesus is truly our mother also ?

Ah ! but this blessed name will be sweet to invoke when having to discharge the great duty of adoration towards Our Lord, to receive Him, or to consecrate Him in His stupendous mystery, confused and trembling at our own unworthiness, and the insufficiency of our dispositions, at such moments how sweet to hear Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament come to our aid with those



The Virgin and the Host.

touching words : “*Venite, comedite Panem meum et bibite vinum quod miscui vobis*” (PROV. IX, 5.)

And what glory will it not give to Mary ! Is there any among all the names glowing in the diadem placed on her head by Christian piety, — apart from that of Mother of God, — which can exalt her more than this name of Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, recalling

not only a virtue, a grace, or a special privilege, connecting her not only with a fleeting mystery of her divine Son's, but declaring her maternity itself over Jesus in person, over Jesus always living here below uniting and continuing in "the Memorial of all His Wonders," all the mysteries of His life, at the same time sacrificed Victim and victorious Redeemer, reigning over the world He feeds with His immolated flesh.

Finally, this name shows our valiant and merciful Mother actually co-operating with Jesus, the indefatigable artisan of the divine work throughout the centuries, to the glory of the Father, to the salvation of the world, to the guiding of the church, to the sanctification of souls, as it is in the Eucharist that since His return to heaven until His glorious coming Christ personally superintends His great works.

We hope the Sovereign Pontiffs' new indult will stimulate and encourage the faithful to repeat before the Blessed Sacrament exposed the invocation as pleasing to the Blessed Virgin as to her divine Son: Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, pray for us." Fidelity to this pious practice will cause the Virgin Mother, model and help of those who wish to draw near to Jesus, to develop in their soul a devotion full of love and confidence towards the Blessed Sacrament.

Mother Mary.

(See frontispiece..)

During the beautiful month of May let us, breathe in Mother Mary's spirit. It is the same as that of Jesus. She inhaled it from its divine Source. She is full of His grace, in order to communicate it to us. She is the only true and perfect copy of His virtues. She labored for three and thirty years, the Divine Original before her eyes. She possesses all the secrets of the Saviour's love for men. O like Mary, let us tenderly love, let us love devotedly! She loves us as Jesus loves us. She loves us as only a Mother so good and so powerful can love.

Our Lady of the Bl. Sacrament.

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**S**WEET LADY of the Eucharist !  
 With thee we kneel in prayer,  
 Before the altar throne of Him  
 Whom Love has hidden there.  
 Thy sinless heart the chalice was  
 Whence first was drawn that Blood  
 Which now in countless Masses flows,  
 The world's redeeming flood.

Thy breast the pure ciborium  
 In which He hid from sight,  
 As on our altars He resides  
 And watches day and night.  
 But when He gave His Flesh and Blood  
 As "meat and drink" to thee,  
 What wondrous bliss thy spirit thrilled !  
 "Not THOU didst live—but HE !"

O'er Jesus in the Host concealed,  
 Thou holdest queenly sway,  
 And to His gentle Mother's wish,  
 He never answers "Nay."  
 So teach us how to worship well  
 Before His veiled Face,  
 Like angels visible to be  
 Within His holy place.

Our souls adorn with virtues rare  
 To welcome our great Guest,  
 Who deigns in each Communion sweet  
 To dwell within our breast.  
 Dear Lady of the Eucharist !  
 Grant us this blessed grace—  
 In death to rest our weary souls  
 Within thy Son's embrace !

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D E C R E E
 of the Sacred Congregation of the Council.
 ON DAILY COMMUNION.



THE Holy Council of Trent, in view of the ineffable riches of grace which are bestowed on the faithful who receive Holy Communion, says (Sess. 22, C: 6): "The Holy Council would desire that the faithful assisting at Mass should communicate not only spiritually but sacramentally." These words clearly show the desire of the Church, that all the faithful should be strengthened daily by the Heavenly Banquet, and receive from it more abundant fruits of sanctification.

Now this wish is in keeping with the desire with which Christ was inflamed when He instituted this divine Sacrament. For not merely once, nor obscurely, did He intimate the necessity of frequently eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood. It was especially intimated when He said: "This is the Bread which came down from heaven.

Not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead. He that eateth this Bread shall live forever" (Jno. C. 6, V. 59), For from this comparison of the Bread of Angels with bread and manna, the disciples could easily understand that just as the body is daily nourished by bread, and just as the Hebrews in the desert were daily fed by manna, so the Christian soul can be daily fed and strengthened by the Bread of Heaven. Moreover the injunction of Our Lord in the *Our Father*, that we should ask for *our daily bread*, is almost unanimously taken by the Holy Fathers as meaning not so much that material bread, or bodily food, but that the Eucharistic Bread should be daily received.

The desire of Jesus Christ and of the Church to promote daily Communion is based chiefly on the fact that, by living united to God through the Sacrament, the faithful receive strength to control the passions of the flesh, to do away with the lighter faults of daily occurrence, and to avoid those graver sins to which human weakness is exposed. It was not chiefly to honor and reverence God, nor to be given as a reward of virtue (St. Aug., Ser. 57 on Matt., De Orat. Dom., V. 7). Hence the Holy Council of Trent calls it "the antidote by which we are freed from our daily faults and preserved from mortal sins" (Sess. 13, C. 2).

Understanding such to be the will of God, the first Christians approached this Table of Life and strength every day. "They were persevering in the doctrine of the apostles, and in the communication of the breaking of bread" (Act 2, 42). That this was done in subsequent ages of the Church, to the great advantage of sanctity and perfection, we learn from the Fathers and writers of the Church.

When piety grew cold, and especially after the dissemination of the error of Jansenism, discussions began about the dispositions necessary for frequent or daily Communion. Each one surpassed the other in requiring excessive and difficult preparation. The result was that while some maintained that very few were worthy of daily Communion or capable of deriving more abundant fruit from this saving Sacrament, the rest were satisfied with once a year, or once a month, or, at most, once a week. Some

went so far as to exclude merchants or married people from communicating more than once a month.

Others, again, went to the opposite extreme, and insisted that daily Communion was enjoined by God, and among other things contrary to the accepted custom of the Church, they insisted on giving and receiving the Eucharist even on Good Friday.

At this juncture the Holy See intervened; and by a Decree of this Sacred Congregation, which begins *Cum ad aures*, February 12, 1679, with the approbation of Pope Innocent XI., after condemning the errors and putting a check on abuses, it declared that people of every station in life, married people and merchants by no means excepted, could be admitted to frequent Communion, according to their piety and the judgment of their confessor. On December 7, 1670, by the decree "*Sanctissimus Dominus Noster*" of Alexander VIII., the proposition of Baius was condemned which insisted on the most pure love of God, without admixture of any defect, as a preparation for those who approached the Holy Table.

The Jansenistic poison, which had infected the minds of even good men, under the spacious pretext of honor and veneration due to the Blessed Eucharist, had, however, not been completely got rid of. The question of what dispositions were necessary for frequent Communion survived the declarations of the Holy See, so that some reputable theologians were of the opinion that daily Communion could be allowed the faithful only rarely, and under very many conditions.

There were, on the other hand, some who were distinguished for piety and learning, who were easier in permitting the adoption of this salutary custom, so acceptable to God; and they maintained, on the authority of the Fathers, that there was no precept of the Church with regard to the greater dispositions for daily than for weekly or monthly Communion, and that, moreover, there would be more abundant fruit from daily than from monthly or weekly reception of the Sacrament.

Discussions on this matter have increased in our day, and have been carried on with considerable acrimony, resulting in the disturbance of the minds of confessors and faithful; to the great detriment of Christian piety and

devotion. Wherefore a petition was made by distinguished men and pastors of souls, that the Sovereign Pontiff Pius X. should deign to determine, by his supreme authority, this question of dispositions for daily Communion ; so that salutary custom so acceptable to God, might not diminish among the faithful, but rather be increased and propagated everywhere, especially in these days when religion and the Catholic faith are universally assailed, and genuine piety and love of God are so much to be desired. As His Holiness, in accordance with that solicitude and zeal with which he is invested, desires so much to invite the faithful to come to the Sacred Banquet frequently and even daily, and to avail themselves of the great advantage it procures for their souls, he submitted the above question to this Sacred Congregation to be examined and defined.

The Sacred Congregation of the Council, therefore, on December 16, 1905, in full session, subjected the matter to a most rigid scrutiny, and after weighing the reasons on both sides with the greatest care, decreed and declared as follows :

1. Frequent and daily Communion, which is ardently desired by Christ Our Lord and by the Catholic Church, is open to the faithful of whatever degree or condition, so that no one who is in the state of grace, and approaches the altar with right and pious intention should be kept away from it.
2. The right and pious intention consists in this, that he who approaches the Holy Table is not doing so through custom or vanity or for merely human motives, but because he wishes to please God, to be more closely united to Him by love, and to apply that divine medicine as a remedy for his infirmities and defects.
3. Although it is most expedient that those who go frequently or daily to Communion should be free from venial sins, or at least fully deliberate ones, and from attachment to them, it suffices nevertheless to be free from mortal sin, and to have the purpose of avoiding sin. With such a sincere purpose, the result must be that daily communicants will little by little free themselves also from venial sins, and from attachment thereto.

4. But since the Sacraments of the New law, although they produce their effect, *ex opere operato*, yet produce greater effects, in proportion as they are received with better dispositions, great care should be taken that assiduous preparation should precede Holy Communion, and suitable thanksgiving follow it, according to the ability, condition and duties of each communicant.

5. In order that frequent and daily Communion should be made with greater prudence and more abundant fruit, the advice of the Confessor should be followed ; but confessors should beware of diverting any one from frequent or daily Communion who may be found to be in the state of grace and who receives with right and pure intention.

6. But since it is clear that, by frequent or daily reception of the Blessed Sacrament, union with Christ is augmented, the spiritual life more abundantly nourished, the soul better equipped with virtues, and the pledge of eternal life even more firmly bestowed on the communicant, parish priests, confessors, and preachers therefore, will, according to the approved doctrine of the Roman Catechism (P. ii. C. 63) exhort the people by frequent admonitions and with much zeal to adopt this pious and salutary custom.

7. Let frequent and daily Communion be encouraged, especially in Religious communities of every kind. In this matter, however, the Decree *Quemadmodum* of December 17, 1890, issued by the S. Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, must be observed. Let the custom also be promoted as much as possible in ecclesiastical seminaries, whose students are looking forward to the service of the altar, and also in all Christian educational establishments of every sort.

8. If there are any Institutes of either simple or solemn vows, in whose rules and constitutions, or even calendars Communion are fixed and enjoined for certain days, such arrangements must be considered directive and not mandatory. The prescribed number of Communion should be regarded only as the minimum that the piety of the Religious should be supposed to require. Therefore, more frequent and even daily Communion may be freely accorded them, according to the rules laid down in the above Decree. And in order that the Religious of both sexes

should know the rulings of this Decree, the Superiors of each house shall see that each year it be read to the community in the vernacular within the Octave of Corpus Christi.

9. Finally after the promulgation of this Decree, all ecclesiastical writers will refrain from contentious discussions about the dispositions needed for frequent and daily Communion.

All this having been referred to Our Most Holy Lord, Pope Pius X., by the Secretary of the undersigned Sacred Congregation in an audience of December 17, 1905, His Holiness ratified and confirmed the decree of the Fathers of the Congregation, and ordered its promulgation, regardless of what opposition may be made. He also ordered that it should be sent to the Ordinaries and to the Regular Prelates, that they might communicate it to their Seminaries, parish priests, religious institutes, and priests, and that in their reports about their dioceses and Institutes they should inform the Holy See about the execution of what has been determined.

Given at Rome, December 20, 1905.

VINCENT CARD. EPISC. PRANESTINUS,

C. DE LAI,

Secretary.

Prefect.

A DECREE

↻ Urbis et Orbis ↻

On Frequent Confession



UR Holy Father Pius X. desires very earnestly that the praiseworthy custom, and one most acceptable to God, by which the faithful, in the state of grace and with proper dispositions daily receive Holy Communion, may be more effectively and continually propagated and produce more abundant fruits of all the virtues. Graciously and willingly receiving, therefore, the supplications of many people offered through His Eminence Cardinal Casimir Gennari, he has deter-

mined to bestow a very special favor on all those who already practise this above mentioned custom or desire to begin it. Clement XIII., of happy memory, by a Decree of this Sacred Congregation, dated December 9. 1763, "to all the faithful, who, desiring to purify their souls by frequent confession of their sins, were accustomed to approach the Sacrament of Penance at least once weekly, unless lawfully prevented, and who were not conscious of having committed any mortal sin since their last confession, granted the privilege of gaining all the Indulgences of every kind even without the actual confession which would otherwise have been needed to obtain them. Nothing, however, was to be changed with reference to the Indulgences of the Jubilee, ordinary as well as extraordinary, and other Indulgences granted in the form of a Jubilee, for acquiring which sacramental confession, as the other works enjoined, must be performed in the time prescribed in their concession." Now, in addition, our Most Holy Father Pius X. grants that all the faithful in the state of grace and who are in the habit of communicating daily, even though occasionally they may abstain from Communion during the week, can enjoy the above-mentioned Indult of Pope Clement XIII, without the obligation of the weekly confession, which otherwise would be needed to rightly gain the Indulgences available during that interval. His Holiness furthermore has declared that this favor will be perpetual, all things to the contrary notwithstanding.

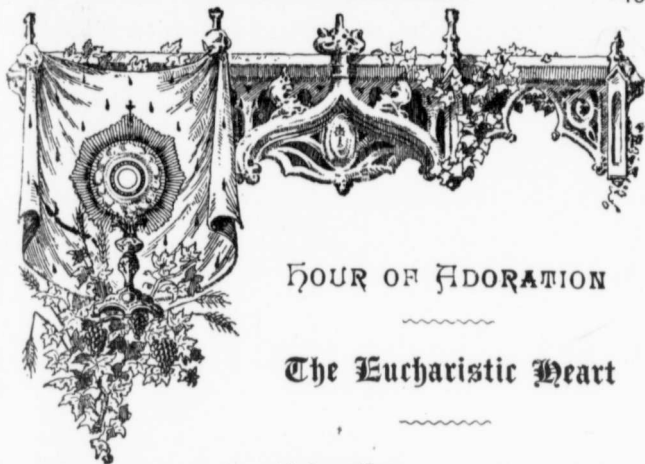
Given at Rome at the Secretariat of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Relics, February 14, 1906.

L. † S. A. CARD. TREPEPI, *Prefect*,
 D. Panici, Abp. Laodicee, *Secretary*.

Pilgrimage to St. Ann de Beaupré.

The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament will conduct this year again the Aggregates and Ladies' pilgrimage to St. Ann de Beaupré. The day fixed for departure is Monday, June 25th at 4 o'clock, p. m. The "Beaupré" will stop at Cap de la Madeleine and at Quebec for several hours.

For full particulars kindly apply to the Rev. Director of the Pilgrimage, 490, Mount-Royal Avenue, Montreal.



HOUR OF ADORATION

The Eucharistic Heart

I. — Adoration.

“Behold this Heart that has so loved men!” said the Saviour showing His Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary. The Blessed Sister tells us: “One day, the Blessed Sacrament being exposed, Jesus Christ, my sweet Saviour, appeared before me sparkling with glory, His five wounds brilliant as five suns. From His Sacred Humanity shot forth flames on all sides, but more than all from His adorable breast, which looked like a furnace. Opening it, He disclosed to me His loving and lovable Heart, the living source of those flames.”

In this way does the Sacred Heart present Itself to the adoration of His creatures: in the breast of Christ really present under the Sacramental veils. It is the furnace of the glorified life lived by the Sacred Humanity in the Sacrament, and of the life of grace that It pours into souls by the Eucharist. All this is clearly signified by the flames issuing from the Sacred Heart, which shine like suns in the wounds of His hands and feet.

It is, indeed, true that, in virtue of the Sacramental state, to which it is reduced by consecration, the Sacred Heart, as is the whole Body of Christ, is, as it were, annihilated, without extent, without form, without physical communication with the outward world. But, again, like the Eucharistic Body, It retains the integrity of Its substance and intrinsic life. And because in man the heart is the symbol, as well as the principal organ, of life, the Divine Master by showing His Heart, proclaims that He is living in the Eucharist; and that His mode of material existence does not prevent His being a human composite, resulting from a soul and

a body personally united to the Word, who deifies them, and re-unites by immortal resurrection never again to be separated by death.

No manifestation could better reply to Protestant heresy, which pretends that the Eucharist is only the symbol of Christ's Body, but not the Body itself. By showing His Heart in His breast, by showing It glowing like a brazier, Christ declares the integral reality of His Body and the truth of His corporal life, for a living heart means a living body. He proclaims the truth of His moral life, for the human heart can beat only under the impulse of a human soul. He manifests the truth of His divine life, for never would the Body and Soul of Christ have existed if not borne by the Word. Whoever sees the living Heart of the Christ, sees the sanctuary in which resides the Word incarnate, deifying the Sacred Humanity of Jesus and causing It to live personally of the life of God Himself.

But as life necessarily manifests itself by action, the Heart of Christ revealed in the Sacrament, reminds us that, under the appearance of death, the Eucharistic Christ operates, acts, spreads abroad the radiance of life. His is the life of a creature the most devoted to his master, the life of a son the most loving toward his father, the life of a priest the most faithful, of a religious the most holy in view of the majesty and sanctity of the Most High. His is a life of all the virtues in their most intense perfection. They arrest and fix upon themselves the complacency of God, they form the infinite delight of God.

"Behold this Heart!"

Behold the Heart *par excellence*, the unique Heart, the Heart of Jesus and our Heart, also, which the living Sacrament of Jesus offers to us that we may acknowledge, adore, and exalt It with piety, attention, and fidelity: — "With all watchfulness keep thy Heart, because life issueth out from It."

II. — Thanksgiving.

"Behold this Heart which has so loved men that It has spared nothing, even to exhausting and consuming Itself, in order to testify to them Its love!"

The Heart of the Saviour in the Sacrament is the object of our thanksgiving as well as of our adoration; for if the heart is the furnace of life, it is, also, the source of love and of all the benefits that manifest it. And as "from the *heart* of a good man cometh forth good things, new and old, so is the Heart of Christ in the Sacrament the ever open source whence flow forth the goods new and old, brought to the world by the Redeemer.

The memorial of ancient benefits, His Heart repeats to us that God so loved the world as to give to it His only Son in the Incarnation. It tells us that this Son, although we were His enemies,

after having lavished upon us all the treasures of His prayers and virtues, His teaching and beneficent power, His pity and mercy, loved us so far as to deliver Himself to death. It tells us, again, that having loved us to that extreme, He willed to love us to the end, by giving Himself to us in the Eucharist before returning to His Father.

These ancient loves His Heart incessantly renews for us in the Sacrament, since the Sacrifice that Jesus daily offers, is the perfect reproduction of His death as Redeemer. Communion gives to every soul the Flesh and Blood, the life, the strength, and consolation that He imparted to His Apostles at the Last Supper. The abiding presence in the tabernacle is the prolongation of His beneficent and protecting presence among men when dwelling corporally in their midst.

III. — Reparation.

“Behold this Heart that has so loved men! In return, I receive for the most part only ingratitude and forgetfulness. That grieves Me more than all that I suffered in My Passion. If they would make Me some return of love, I should esteem as little all I have done for them, and I should wish, were it possible, to do more. But by coldness and rebuffs they meet My eagerness to do them good! Do thou, at least, console Me by supplying for their ingratitude as much as thou canst.”

The Divine Saviour proposes His Heart in the Sacrament as the object of our reparation, because, in reality, it is that Heart that is struck by all the sins of mankind. It is the direct object of all sins formally committed against the Eucharist, such as irreverence, sacrilegious Masses and Communions, profanations, the violation of the day consecrated to the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and the contempt of the Paschal precept. It is the object of the ingratitude shown Its ardent and eager love in the Eucharist by the tepidity, the coldness and indifference, the disrelish and abandonment with which we too frequently respond to its advances.

But every mortal sin being a sin of ingratitude toward God, which extinguishes in the soul the love that the creature owes his Creator, every mortal sin is a sin against the Heart burning with love in the Eucharist. Mortal sin is so much the more dreadful as this Sacrament is the sign, the memorial, the most eloquent proclamation of all the love that Christ had and still has for mankind. To repel Its love is, then, to repel the Heart of the Eucharistic Christ. To extinguish love in the soul of a Christian, a member of Jesus, would be to crush life out of the Heart of the Saviour Himself, if such a thing could be done. But most certainly, it was of those blows that He died upon the Cross, Every sin attacks the life of the Sacred Heart.

Again all the less grave sins, venial sin, the habit of venial sin, affection to venial sin, and tepidity, which results from it without actually killing love, weaken its life. They enfeeble its action, tarnish its brilliancy, dull its sentiment, render it, in fine, so heavy and languishing, so disagreeable and repulsive, that the Sacred Heart cannot support such a soul, but threatens to cast it forth,

It is, indeed, to the Sacred Heart, the Sacramental Victim of the sins of mankind, that reparation ought to be directed as to its first and immediate object. The Saviour Himself calls for it in behalf of "sinners, to obtain mercy for them ; and for tepid souls who continue to inflict upon Him the bitterness that He experienced from the sleep of the Apostles during His agony. The reparation of the devout can alleviate that bitterness."

IV. — Prayer.

" My Heart shall remain there forever — *Et erit Cor meum ibi cunctis diebus* " — said the Lord when He accepted as a house of prayer the Temple which Solomon had built to him." He gave this prophetic image of His Heart to excite confidence in all who would come to pray there. It was to be, in advance, a pledge of His watchfulness over their needs, and of His loving care in providing for them. When revealing His Heart truly living and always present in the Sacrament, the Saviour said to Sister Margaret Mary : " Help shall fail thee only when power shall fail My Heart." This shows us how anxiously the Sacred Heart awaits our prayers in order to answer them.

The Sacred Heart exists for our prayers. It is the sanctuary in which they find God personally present, in which they are offered to Him and heard by Him. The Sacred Heart is the adorable object which we ought to invoke confidently, because It is love, goodness, compassion, riches, providence and power.

The Sacred Heart is the assured means of rendering our prayers efficacious, if we offer them through It, for It is the Heart of the Holy Priest, always heard by the Father. That Heart perfects and sanctifies our prayers. It is the Heart of the innocent Victim, who delivered Himself to purchase in advance all the favors that we beg of God in His name.

We must, then, enter into the Sacred Heart and remain there to pray to the Father, to pray to Itself, and to pray through It.

Let us, then, in all our needs, in every affliction, however desperate, in every necessity of Church or State, let us go with confidence and perseverance to the Heart of the Eucharistic Christ hidden in the Sacrament. Almighty God will be glorified by all the favors, all the victories that He shall be pleased to grant us : "*Accedet homo ad Cor altum, et exaltabitur Deus !* Man shall come to a deep Heart, and God shall be exalted."



THE little village of I... was buried in slumber and in darkness as intense as reigns at night when neither moon, stars, electricity nor gas lights up its gloom. Occasional gusts of wind swept moaningly through the bare, leafless trees, hurried down dim alley's, narrow zig-zag streets, ever and on in its mad career like a restless spirit knowing no goal.

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It is past midnight, bitterly cold, oppressively quiet, the weird silence unbroken even by a bird of prey or a fluttering bat; the hour when all living things are completely annihilated and the whistling winds hold undisturbed and undisputed sovereignty.

If the moon were to emerge from those dense clouds and light up the scene just for a moment you would see two slim figures, whose clinging robes make it impossible to say whether they are ghost, goblin or human stealthily creeping in the direction of the church. On and on they go, undismayed by wind or darkness until they reach one of the side doors of the quaint old church where they halt quickly throw off their disguise and with deft fingers too skilful by far to belong to sceptres make short work of bolts and bars and enter.

They light a lantern whose dim rays shows up their sinister faces, plainly stamped with the greed of their

nefarious work, and enables them to examine the immense nave at the end of which they see glimmering a little red light. Glad that the object of their quest is so easily found, noiselessly they walk down the aisle ; but the nearer they approach it the more formidable and gigantic grow the marble pillars supporting the tabernacle and guarding the precious door with its beautiful tracings of gold.

The man who walked ahead stopped in front of the iron-wrought railing separating the sanctuary from the nave. For the last twenty-five years he had been a stranger to fear : but this peculiar, mysterious silence never felt before, those massive pillars rising up like formidable giants, those statues looking so stern and accusing on their marble pedestals have their effect on him and while not actually afraid he is, to say the least, astonished, puzzled. He grasps the lantern and tries to see things more plainly, but its uncertain light only increases the weirdness, and like a flash remembrance springs to life and lays bare before him a past he has completely forgotten : once again he is an innocent, happy child ; he sees his mother, a good roble woman, busy at her work in the old homestead and amid those halcyon days one stands out prominently, that of his First Communion, with even its minor joy of being dressed like a prince from head to foot through the kindness of the little Count de B's mother, his church companion. This holy table at which he now stands makes him think of that other where he knelt radiant, his heart as full of sweet harmony as the melodious chords gently ascending with the perfume of the incense and echoing his joy as the venerable old Curé descended the altar steps and advanced towards him with a golden ciborium. Under the communion cloth his hand touched that of the descendant of the Condés and both the nobles and the laborer's son received the God of love for the first time into hearts equally pure and beautiful...

And this notorious criminal, despised, outlawed, tracked by the police, scorned by society, had there at the foot of the altar known his day of purity and regal honor and the unspeakable gladness of possessing the " Good God." Ah ! ages ago he had forgotten what that meant but now

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he remembers and realizes that this God he is about to molest is the same "Good God" he received in his First Communion. At that time he was called Andrew Gerbois, but unfortunately this Andrew died when his mother did. Left alone at twelve years of age, with an unworthy father, he saw nothing but revolting drunken excesses, want and misery of all kinds. He lived in this new atmosphere with no one to save him from its pernicious effects, and little by little the innocent lad was so



fully initiated and profited so well by his training that he was nicknamed "Hardy." He committed crime after crime and served more than one term of imprisonment, while at this very moment the police were searching for him and his confederate called Hammer; a man of fierce temper, dreaded alike by friend and foe, a monster who never scrupled to use violence when necessary to accomplish his fiendish work.

* * *

The oddly matched pair had plied their unholy trade together for years but this was the first time they had ever set covetous eyes upon the gold and precious stones

of sanctuary fame. Withal, now that Hardy remembers, he hesitates and draws back. Hammer, who is watching him, says roughly.

"Hurry up! Go ahead! What's the matter with you?"

Quickly making up his mind, Hardy answers:

"Oh, nothing! But let us rifle the alms-boxes first."

"Not much! Are you crazy? There is what we are after, retorts Hammer, pointing to the tabernacle.

At the sight a fierce spirit of determination possesses Hardy. No never will he allow that golden door to be opened for robbery. Never while he has power shall any one lay guilty hands on that ciborium from which came the God of his First Communion.

Hiding his feelings as well as he can, he reiterates in no gentle tone: "I say we shall go through the poor-boxes first."

A prolonged dispute ensues in which neither will yield. Hammer's anger grows to white heat as he sees Hardy standing like a formidable sentinel guarding what he covets so greedily. With a shove of his herculean shoulders, he sweeps him aside and furiously shakes the door, which opens with a grating noise, vibrating throughout the pillars, aisles and lateral chapels, animating the lifeless statues with anathemas against the violators of their temple.

Nonplussed, he wavers for a moment, but soon his usual daring asserts itself and he boldly advances towards the altar. In the meantime Hardy has recovered his self-possession and rushes upon him panting:

"You shall not touch the Good God! You shall not touch Him! Anything but that. Years ago, He came to me in First Communion and the remembrance of it overpowers and overcomes me to-night."

Hammer's only answer is a torrent of ridicule and curses. To those Hardy sadly yet bravely replies:

"It is true. I am only a criminal! One of the rabble like you! Nevertheless, I will die, if necessary, to defend the Good God. I swear you shall not touch Him."

They glare at each other like two wild animals at bey.

Hardy, resolute, defiant ; his strong arms ready to defend the " Good God." Hammer, beside himself with rage at seeing his former ally so unexpectedly become such a formidable opponent, attacks him fiercely. In the struggle the lantern is extinguished and the combat goes on for some seconds without any perceptible advantage on either side. Finally, weakness relaxes the tension of the deadly embrace and makes them appear more like brothers than enemies locked in mortal strife. With a throb of gladness, Hardy realizes that the victory will



soon be his, when suddenly, quick as lightning, Hammer loosens his grip, seizes his sword and strikes. Hardy moans, sways and murmurs, " coward... coward ;" but he does not draw back.

Like a star the glimmering light still shines in its ruby nest, mute witness of the awful tragedy... Hardy, weak from exhaustion and loss of blood, glances up at it and imagines it looks like his mother... in a magical setting with loving arms outstretched towards him... while he hears once again the village organ ring out, sweet and glad as it did long years ago, that glorious triumphant first communion march.

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A few hours later, the sexton comes to ring the Angelus, with his wonted punctuality totally unconscious of the crime that has been committed. As he descends from the belfry, a peculiar sound attracts his attention. He listens... I must be dreaming yet, I certainly thought I heard a moan. Yes, there it is again, and, if I mistake not, it comes from the direction of the sanctuary. He hastens down the aisle and to his consternation sees a human form lying on the altar steps. He runs to the presbytery and notifies the priest, who immediately returns to the church with him.

As soon as the wounded man sees him, he whispers faintly : " I defended the Good God. I don't think he touched Him... Oh ! tell me he has not touched Him ! " And as if in explanation repeats again and again : " I made my First Communion... I. "

The listening priest takes in the situation at a glance ; the vermilion stream, the bloody foot-prints leading from the altar to the door, the struggle between the robbers, the murderer's flight, as the voice grown weaker adds : " Father, I defended Him with my life. I could not let Him be taken... Hands like his and mine dare not touch the Good God... tell me He is there still unharmed. "

The priest's heart overflows with tender pity and boundless admiration for the speaker, guilty without doubt, but withal faithful to the memory of his First Communion. Opening the tabernacle he takes the ciborium raises it above the dying hero while " the Good God, " Himself, whom he so nobly defended traces over him the sign of mercy and pardon.

And thus, Andrew Gerbois, alias Hardy, breathed his last, absolved by the Good God, his eyes on the golden ciborium he had given his life to guard.





AND so, my darling, you will kneel to-day
 For the first time before God's holy altar.
 And I will pray, as only mothers pray,
 That He will never let your footsteps falter,
 But always stay with thee.

It seems a little while since first you lay
 Within my arms, and nestled oh ! so tender,
 And brought the joy which but a first-born brings ;
 Still far more joyful, dear, if you'll surrender
 Your heart and soul to-day.
 Forgetting even me.

And I will throw all worldly care aside,
 And think of nothing save the guest we cherish,
 And He will see my heart, and know I tried.
 To keep you from the love of things that perish,
 For those that last, for His dear sake,
 And He'll remember.

" Oh, may He guide and bless and keep you, dear,
 And give you strength to battle with life's sorrow ;
 And when your last Communion day draws near,
 Your trust in Him will lead to glad to-morrow,
 Where love and joy and gladness will await thee.
 Beyond the skies."

The little Flower of Bologna.

NO province of the land of beauty is more full of sweet tales of childhood and its winning ways than that of Bologna, which is famed throughout Italy as a place of pilgrimage, because of the tomb of the patroness of First Communicants, the Blessed Imelda, venerated there.

The glad Easter sunshine of that year of grace fell upon a band of little ones, whose pure hearts were wooing the Good Shepherd, upon whose breast they had been fed with the sweets of innocence, to give them still further proof of His love by admitting them, for the first time, to the Eucharistic Feast.

The good nuns, who had prepared them for the "Great Day," walked slowly and reverently with their little charges to the altar rail, then knelt behind them, like visible guardian angels, uniting with the throng of glad spirits whose joy it is to minister at each altar, where Jesus feeds, for the first time, the little ones of His flock.

Far back in the church knelt a little girl, seven years old, who, like another Agnes, had been feeding among the lilies, dreaming only of Jesus, the Spouse of virgin souls.

Too young she seemed, despite unusual precocity, to be allowed to approach the divine Eucharist with the others.

Vainly had she pleaded with her teachers, who, thinking her only a *bambino*, soothed her and caressingly assured her that the sweet Jesus would wait for her and give her His own precious Gift when she was older and wiser.

How little even the holiest of teachers know of the power of a child's pure heart over the Heart of Him who became a child for love of us!

Little did the good nuns dream of the secrets between their petted darling and Him who loved her more fondly than they. Wistfully she gazes on the white-veiled children who pass her, and her beautiful eyes are filled with tears as she whispers to the Divine Host about to welcome them to His table: "Ah! Why may I not also go to Thee, dear Bambino Jesus?"

The thinking of the altar bell announced the solemn moment of Communion, and the priest, holding the Blessed Sacrament in his fingers, was saying "*Domine, non sum dignus,*" when he was startled by a dazzling ray of light

which flashed from the ciborium in his hand to a point far down the center aisle of the church. At the same moment the sacred particle left his trembling fingers and followed the luminous track as if it were a magnet.

Hushed in deep and solemn silence, the people saw the priest leave the Sanctuary, and walk down the aisle in the



First Communion of Bl. Imelda.

path of the shining light to the place where the little one, Imelda, knelt in tearful, longing love.

Over her head, like a bright star, hovered the Sacred Host, and her eyes were raised to It in joyful, childish wonder.

The good Padre, who knew this favored lambkin of the Good Shepherd's fold, with a great and overwhelming sense of the miracle before him extended his hand, taking the sacred particle, reverently and lovingly gave it to the sweet child adorer.

Her hands clasped over her breast as if guarding the treasure thus so strangely come to her, the little one grows pale, and sinks to the floor as gently as the drooping petals of a flower.

The nuns hasten to their darling, who, they think has swooned from fright or fear, and tenderly raising her carry her to the convent near by.

In loving solicitude they bend over and discover that their flower has been gathered by the same divine Hand which fed her longing soul with honey from the rock, and has transplanted her to the garden of delights in the paradise of His elect.

She had simply died of love, this child of seven years, who had inclined her ear when the King whispered, desiring her beauty — the beauty of a virginal soul.

It reads like a legend, this history of the sweet child Imelda, but her tomb can be seen by tourists in Bologna today, covered with flowers and giving out sweetness with every breath of the lilies of the valley which grow in such profusion over the little saint who blossomed and died that glad Easter so long ago. Ah! our First Communion day! Has its memory ever been effaced, even though long years of the blessed privilege of gleaning in the plentiful field of the Eucharist has been our portion?

No. "Before our First Communion," says Mgr. De La Boullerie, Bishop of Bordeaux, "every joy is eclipsed, disappearing in the brightness of its glory." "Heaven, I think," wrote one who loved the Eucharist well, "must be like one long First Communion Day." And the emotions, which fill our hearts with unspeakable tenderness and our eyes with happy tears, are never called forth so sweetly as by the sight of First Communion children, who recall to us our sweetest remembrance in life's long, weary day.





Jesus and Magdalen Together—Just as of old



ow beautiful must have been the first Easter dawn!

On the Friday before, as if with instinctive sympathy, Nature veiled herself in the sombreness of her nightly robe, as her Creator, in all the darkness of abandonment and pain, died upon the cross.

On the morning of His Resurrection we feel that the brightness of His triumph must, too, have found response in that silent, eldest daughter of the Most High.

Nature never robed herself in fairer beauty than when the rays of her rising sun lingered, as if in holy caress, upon the rocky tomb of Him who had bidden her, long years before, come forth from nothingness. But Magdalen found only desolation in that sacred spot. She stood weeping beside the empty sepulchre. And then "He whom she loved" came Himself to comfort her. How did He greet her?

Now that He had passed through the valley of death, was it a different Christ who stood beside her at the garden tomb? Was that human voice that had bidden her so tenderly: "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven," forever silent? That sacred Body that had suffered such depth of pain—was it to be forever unrewarded, its precious Blood, the all-holy price of man's redemption, condemned to the ignominy of nothingness? Oh, no! It was the same Christ, with the tender human personality she loved so well, who sought her as she stood weeping there.

"Why weepest thou?" The question startled, almost hurt her. Deep sorrow is sensitive, and shrinks from questioning. Her mind absorbed in that one desolate thought—she had lost Him!—she did not not recognize in Him who addressed her the One she was so sadly seeking. "Sir, if Thou hast taken Him away, tell me where Thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

She did not say whom it was she sought; there was but one *Him* in all the world to her.

"Mary!" The old, sweet name He had always called her. Ah! she knew Him then and, falling in her old place at His Feet, the adoring welcome of her heart found vent in that one glad cry—"Rabboni!"

Jesus and Magdalen together—just as of old! Only the Master's form was no longer disfigured by ignominy and pain. The majestic countenance was there, unspeakably commanding, the divine tenderness of which had drawn her, when only a poor outcast, to throw herself at His Sacred Feet, sure that she had found a resting-place at last.

He would not let her linger in her old place then. She must hasten with the glad tidings to the disciples. He had not yet ascended to His Father. His time was short to linger with His apostles, and He was eager to be with them—with Peter who, He knew, needed Him more than ever in the shame and sorrow of his fall.

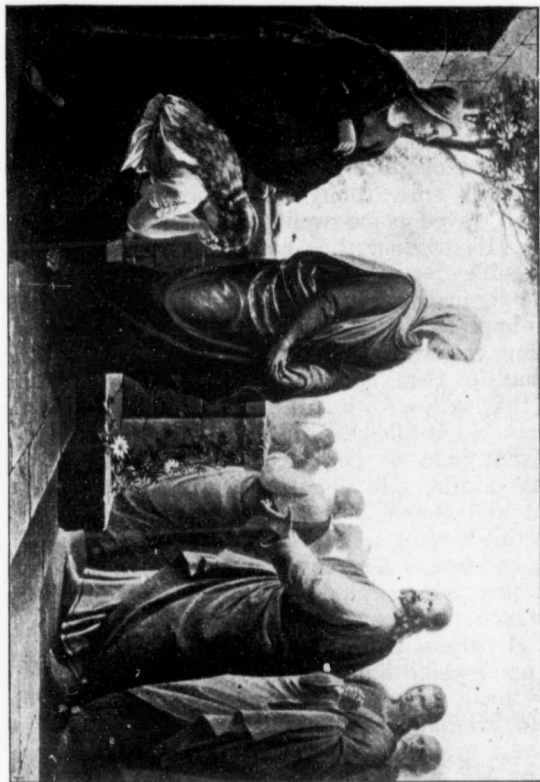
Truly, it was the same Christ, with the same tender predilections as of old. And Magdalen hastened with the joyous tidings: "I have seen the Lord!—not changed, but glorified."

As it was with Christ, so shall it be with each glorified creature redeemed by His love—that mighty love which

TOGETHER—JUST AS OF OLD.

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has taken from "death its victory," from "the grave its sting." As He came forth victorious from death, possessing the same affections, the same special predilections as of old, so shall we also, because children of His Resurrection.



JESUS AND MAGDALEN TOGETHER—JUST AS OF OLD.

Even as His body rose triumphant from the tomb, so shall our bodies rise. "Our Lord Jesus Christ will reform the body of our lowliness, made like to the body of His glory, according to the operation whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." "Sown in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption."

On the wonderful day of the Resurrection, He who created the elements of the body out of nothing will cause it to rise once more, uniting it in an everlasting marriage to the soul that gave to it its highest dignity.

Only then will the body receive its recompense for the labors, the weariness, the sufferings of its mortal life. From the law of compensation alone we might gather the fact of a future bodily resurrection. Mere ceasing to be, mere loss of sensation, would not be compensation to the body. It must be *conscious* of its rest, of its freedom from weariness, fatigue, and pain, to be truly compensated for the labors *consciously* endured in union with the soul.

He who thought it worth while to call us into existence, making us true, though necessarily faint images of Himself, loved us too well to remain a stranger to the beings His wisdom thus created. Making us rational, responsible creatures, He has bestowed upon us the supreme dignity of destining us to a supernatural end. Finite, imperfect though we are, we crave the Infinite. Nothing can still the yearning of our heart, our mind, our soul for Him. Strive as we may—erring, foolish children that we are!—to still that ardent desire, silenced it will not be. It fills us with restlessness, a vague disquietude that gives us no truce until we turn to Him, our eternal destiny. He alone can fully satisfy, even in this world, and God is too merciful to have planted in our souls this longing for Him without granting us the knowledge and means whereby it may find fulfilment. God's revelation to man culminated in Christ. He is "our Way, our Truth, our Resurrection, and our Life."

In His risen, as well as His earthly, life, He is the pattern upon which the Divine Artist models all creatures.

Glorified, impassible though Christ is, His delight is still to dwell among the children of men. He knows it will be a great consolation to us to feel His human, as well as His divine, Presence near. At every hour He waits to welcome us not only in the audience chamber of heaven, but also in that silent earthly court of His—the altar throne.

—JOSÉPHINE MARIÉ.