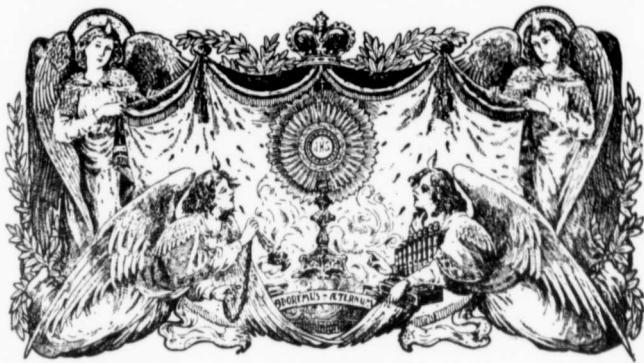




THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

E. Azambre.



Before Thine Altar.

SWEETEST Lord, before Thine Altar
 I would linger night and day,
 Though, perhaps, I oft may falter,
 Never let me from Thee stray.

Keep me near Thee when the shadow
 Of the cross comes nearer still ;
 Teach me that Thy sweetest bidding
 Is to do Thy holy will.

Oh, be near me when the cloud wreaths
 Weave their garlands 'round my way ;
 Bring me closer to Thine Altar,
 Hold me, keep me, there for aye.

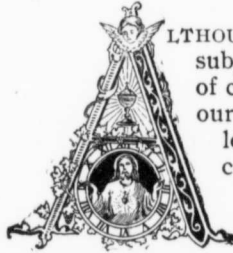
Let me lay my little heart
 At Thy Tabernacle door ;
 Let my pleading, sweetest Jesus,
 Be to love Thee more and more.

JANE LAVIALLE.

The Gospel of the Eucharist

Hidden Life—The Visitation.

(Continued.)



ALTHOUGH this and the following months subjects do not coincide with the cycle of church Feasts, still we shall continue our Eucharistic studies in their chronological order ; our aim being less to call attention to any particular feast than to show their relation in general to the Eucharist.

The life of Jesus in Mary constitutes the second state of His earthly existence ; it was He who lived, He who acted in His docile mother ; this life so hidden and so admirable is the favorite devotion of pure hearts and of interior souls.

The form of unleavened bread that contains our Lord, the ciborium of gold that encloses Him the white veil that covers Him, all in this sacrament recalls the hidden life of the Son of God and bears mysterious to his existence in His Virgin Mother's womb. Nevertheless, I dare not broach that subject in itself, but only in one of its principle points, its most striking incidents : The Visitation.

This mystery is so full of meaning and so beautiful in itself that I can easily understand why St. Francis of Sales, whose piety and erudition sweetened and enlightened the Church bestowed it on the order he founded.

Everything in and about this mystery is worthy of note ; the Blessed Virgin's journey, her sentiments and her hymn of thanksgiving ; the happiness of St. Elizabeth, the sanctification of the precursor, the cure of Zacharias. But one thing too little dwelt upon, is that, all this comes from Jesus who is as yet hidden from every eye : it is Jesus who leads His blessed Mother across the mountains of Hebron ; Jesus who enlightens St. Elizabeth and causes the child she bears in her womb to leap for joy ; Jesus

who speaks by Mary's lips, who loosens the tongue of Zacharias ; Jesus who allows His Mother to say of Him what He Himself shall one day say of His Father : He who lives in me acts in me.

The Visitation is the first exterior diffusion of the grace of the Incarnate Word ; the first ray of the Sun of Justice through the cloud that covers it. Jesus renews this mystery frequently, even daily in His sacramental life, firstly when crossing our lips He enters into us by Holy Communion ; from the body He goes to the soul and through the most remote regions of this interior kingdom called self, blessing in His passage the intellect that He enlightens, the heart He inflames, the imagination He excites and purifies, the memory wherein He engraves His name in characters of fire, in a word, the whole being which He embalms with His salutary perfume : Oh ! what a visit. Later on it will be our blessed privilege to consider it more fully but to-day we must not deviate from our main point.

There is another visit that naturally follows the first : we will merely glance at it in passing. This Christian who has communicated, this pious matron who has approached the holy table, return to their ordinary occupations, their duties of state, but they carry, so to speak, Jesus Christ with them and silently introduce Him into their homes, their offices, their shops ; while something in them so plainly reveals His blessed presence that we could almost kneel and adore Him in His new tabernacle. What a blessing they are for those with whom they come in contact ; their very presence does good, their words diffuse happiness, their looks speak peace, there is around them an indescribable plenitude of the Holy Spirit that impresses, ennobles, edifies, commands respect, wins admiration and forces the beholder to exclaim : Fortunate souls you are full of grace, we know God is with you. At least that is how I see the matter, and how it should be, and therein lies the secret of the uplifting influence of a fervent Christian and especially of a good holy priest.

Though we have said much we have not yet come to the real Visitation of which we want to speak, the one we have meditated for you and which is : A priest, a friend, a Christian soul has come and whispered to Jesus in His

tabernacle : Lord, one of Thy children is sick and begs for Thy visit ; or calls out eagerly like the unhappy father mentioned in the Gospel whose son was dying : Lord, come before my son die ; and to-day as in that long ago the tender merciful Christ has but one answer : I will come. But He can no longer come alone, He has surrendered Himself to us, hands and feet tied in His Sacrament, and His powerlessness in this mystery is as great as it was in Mary's womb. What then will He do ? Just as centuries ago He inspired His mother to undertake the journey He could not, He will inspire the Church to take Him to those who cannot come to Him though they need Him sorely. The tabernacle is opened, Jesus leaves His abidingplace and the priest bearing Him is often in great haste to outstrip death before it performs its work of destruction. In many places where religion and its precepts are still observed, Jesus is surrounded and accompanied with honor. He advances under the dias like a king (is He not King of Kings), torch-bearers walk before Him and the tinkling of a little bell heralds His advent : yet in spite of this exterior pomp and all these precautions how many unworthy Christians pretend not to see Him, or go another way to avoid Him, or at least are satisfied with bowing to Him as to their most casual acquaintance. In our day and especially in large cities, you will often see a priest humbly and modestly robed in black, profoundly recollected, hurrying by. He notices no one, seems anxious and preoccupied. Why ? Because he bears his Savior whom he presses to His bosom, hidden on his heart, as formerly in Mary's womb, because he dreads the outrages of the unbeliever, because he is eager to attain the object of his journey. Where then is this hidden God going ? To visit one of His children, to make him a sharer in the graces of Redemption. He goes to the poor as to the rich, more often to the former where He is more easily received : He goes up to the cold attic, down to the gloomy prison, into the infected den, nothing daunts Him ; He goes wherever He is needed wherever He can console, comfort and bless. The priest on entering says : Pax luce Domine ! It is his first greeting, and if it falls upon a child of peace who has faith, he gathers it up, because like Mary's it is the vehicle of the benedictions that Jesus brings, the sign of His graces.

Mary had loaned her voice to her Son for this salutation ; the priest lends his to Jesus for the same purpose and the poor invalid who hears that voice, that step, that little tinkling bell trembles with joy as did Jesus in His Mother's womb. Comfort fills his heart, joy inundates his soul, and he exclaims : Whence comes this happiness ? Meanwhile Jesus approaches, nearer still, to his very bedside, bends over him, blesses him and gives Himself to him with all that loving tenderness He has for those who suffer ; strengthens his courage, soothes his agony,



places Himself unreservedly at his disposition ; and the priest who witnesses the glad thanksgiving of that dying Christian blesses God in his heart, that He has deigned to act by him and departs murmuring Mary's sweet song of praise : Magnificat. In that home he has just left there was perhaps a father, a husband, a Zacharias whom Modernism had at first rendered dumb ; but the blessings shed around him entered his heart the sight of that dear invalid so comforted, so happy and so resigned aroused his dormant faith inspired him with such hope and love as makes him say with, Zacharias : "Blessed be the God of Israel, who has visited His people : He has

visited us in the bowels of His mercy : He has enlightened with a ray of joy and hope those who were in the darkness of iniquity and already in the shadow of death."

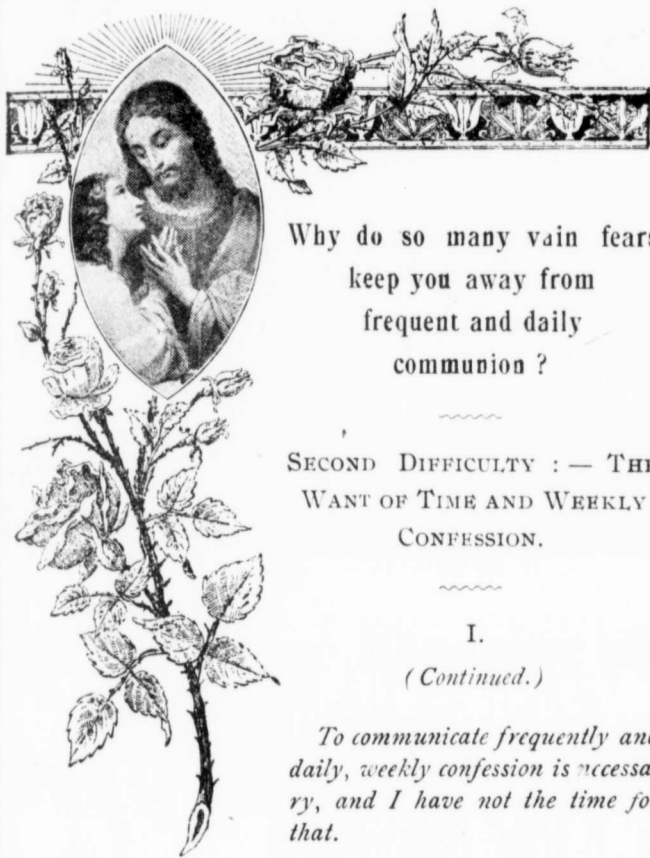
The poor and miserable are generally better disposed and more easily touch God's heart and remembering this will comfort many a sad life heart. On the contrary the rich, the great, the proud are often abandoned and left alone at the last moment ; they know not how to implore God's mercy for themselves and through mistaken consideration no one tells them their imminent danger.

Let us briefly sum up the practical point of these reflections.

Jesus daily renews in our midst and in our favor the wonders of His love and the first benefits of His earthly life. Well then ! In thanksgiving : " prepare the way ;" in order that He may visit at least at their last hour those near and dear to us. I say near and dear, though I am positive you would not let any Christian for whom you could procure that favor die without communion, or at least without confession, and rest assured if you are always loyal and diligent in this regard Jesus will reward you, and many a poor soul will owe its eternal salvation under God to you.

Moreover every time the occasion presents itself, every time Jesus renews for some poor invalid His blessed Visitation, be faithful to the pious custom of accompanying the Blessed Sacrament. If you could have mingled with the Angels and escorted the Blessed Virgin, you would have done so with joy ; why then, when you can should you refrain from following in the steps of her divine Son and acting as His escort : Faithful adorer of the Eucharistic Christ if your well-beloved leaves His abidingplace to console the dying, accompany Him and He will pour on you His choicest blessings.

Be not cold or indifferent towards Jesus in the Eucharist. Spread His love, work for His reign, advance His interests, be at all times His loyal champion. And when your own hour comes and you can no longer go to Him He will come to you to ease your sorrow and suffering, to take you to His beautiful home, to the eternal enjoyment of His celestial peace and joy for evermore.



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

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

~~~~~  
I.

(Continued.)

*To communicate frequently and
daily, weekly confession is necessa-
ry, and I have not the time for
that.*

WHO ever taught you, Christian soul, that to communicate frequently and daily, it was necessary to confess every eight days ! No Father, no Doctor, no theologian has ever said it, and the Church has never imposed it. On the contrary, when the Council of Trent was in session, she manifested her ardent desire to see all her children nourishing themselves daily with the "Bread of Life." "She does not oblige them to prepare for their Communion by sacramental confession, unless they are *certain* of having sinned mortally." So that,

strictly speaking, the Church does not forbid daily Communion to him that has not committed mortal sin even if he does not go to confession once a year, since, as St. Alphonsus teaches, the precept of annual confession is made only for those who are *certain* of having sinned mortally.

Whence comes, then, this baneful and fatal prejudice that worthily to communicate every day, weekly confession is *necessary*? Was it the usage of the primitive Church? No, certainly! The early Christians, perfectly instructed by the holy Fathers, knew very well that, to communicate worthily, confession is *necessary* only for those that are *conscious* or *certain* of having committed a mortal sin. As to venial faults, it is counselled to say before Communion only the words of the *Pater noster*: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." Hence St. Alphonsus writes: "Down to the eighth century, the usage was to confess *only mortal sins*." The pious and learned Frassinetti says: "I wish we would reflect sometimes that, among the first Christians, the more frequent the communions, the more rare the sacramental confessions. As a general thing, they confessed only when they had fallen into some mortal sin, as all theologians commonly observe."

Perhaps, this prejudice has come to us from other ascetics? No, because if all ascetic theologians have said, following the teaching of the Church, that the confession of venial sins is *useful*, not one of them has ever declared it *necessary* for communicating worthily. They never could have advanced such an opinion without placing themselves in opposition to the teaching of the Church, expressed by the Council of Trent.

What, then, can be the origin of this prejudice? As for myself, I maintain that it came from hell under the inspiration of Satan. It made special use of its dear and faithful allies, the Jansenists, to popularize it and render almost morally impossible frequent and daily Communion. "It is Jansenism," says the illustrious Mgr. de Segur, "that has introduced among us this anti-Catholic fear which, under pretence of greater sanctity, exalts confession at the expense of Communion, wears us out with scruples, falsifies the conscience, and delights the devil

infinitely by keeping us *respectfully* afar from the Adorable Eucharist, the living Furnace of holiness."

I have denominated this prejudice baneful and fatal. I have said still more, namely that it is inspired by Satan in order to render frequent and daily communion morally impossible. And, indeed, O Christian soul, were weekly confession necessary for daily and worthy Communion, we should be constrained to exclaim with tears: "Adieu frequent Communion! Adieu daily Communion! at leasts, in places where there are no confessors!" And the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII, would have done a useless thing in his Encyclical on the Holy Eucharist, when he wrote to the Bishops and through them to the clergy: "Above all, is it proper to labor at restoring in the Catholic world the custom of frequent Communion after the example of the primitive Church," which daily nourished itself with the Divine Flesh of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

Is it possible for all good Christians to confess every week? It would be folly to hope for such a thing. How could weekly confession be reconciled with the numerous affairs that absorb the days of the greater number? Think of the multitude of laborers who toil the whole week of the legion of bread-winners who, from morning to night, bathe the ground with their sweat! of those devoted wives whose first cares must be given to a husband and often even to a numerous family! of those pious young girls still under the control of their parents!

Now, tell me, Christian soul, how could all these Christians confess every week, above all, if the church was at a distance from their home? It would be possible for them to do so only on Sunday. They would then be obliged to sacrifice their rest in order to rise early and go to church. *Could* all do that. *Would* all do it after the fatigue of the preceding days? But admit that they *could* and *would*, would it be still possible for them to make their confession? What would they do if, when arrived at the church, they found no confessor ready to hear them? or suppose the confessional already besieged? Could they wait there a long time? And if among the first comers, there should be some who, from not knowing how to make their confession or from necessity, re-

mained half an hour, or even a whole hour, in the confessional? And again, would there always be a sufficient number of confessors? Could they devote long hours to the hearing of sacramental confessions without failing in the other duties of the sacerdotal ministry?

I say frankly, if we, priests, wish that daily, or at least frequent Communion, or even Communion on feasts, should not be a dream, a chimera, we must endeavor to restore in the Catholic world the frequentation of the Eucharistic Table, while at the same time we aim at *decreasing* the confessions that are not necessary. Let us teach souls to communicate joyously and fearlessly every day that they can for weeks, for months even, if necessary, without confession when they are not *certain* of having sinned mortally since their last confession. And let them not omit Communion from their inability to approach more frequently the tribunal of penance.

As to you, Christian soul, for whom I write, remember these words of Mgr. de Segur: "There is only one case," says the Council of Trent, "in which we are *obliged* to confess before communicating, and that is, when we are *conscious*, in other words, when we are *certain* of having committed a mortal sin." And these others of the enlightened Frassinetti: "There is no need to confess every week in order to communicate every day. The practice is very laudable, but not *necessary*."

The Monk of Molsheim's Vision.



AT Molsheim stands an old dilapidated Chartreuse monastery sadly protesting against the Revolution prime cause of its destruction. The present Curé of that ancient town, and custodian of these ruins, relates, that some years ago he knew one of the aged monks, not, be it well understood inhabiting that deserted monastery, but retired and become the renowned Pastor of Kayserberg, and narrator of the following fact.

* * *

When I was a student at Ratisbone, I assisted at the funeral service of one of the church dignitaries, and as was the custom in that country a great many priests offered mass in the same church, and at the same time for the repose of his soul. Seated near me was a poor coal-driver who seemed very sad and wept bitterly.

Sorry for his evident distress I asked :

“What is the matter? Why do you weep so bitterly?”

‘I was thinking,’ he answered brokenly, ‘how this holy man has so many masses offered for him, and that, miserable sinner as I am, I won’t have even one when I die.’

Greatly surprised, but longing to comfort him I whispered : ‘I am going to be a priest, and I promise you to say mass for you when you die. Give me your address and I will leave it with my parents in order that they may notify me when to keep my promise.’

Some twenty or thirty years afterwards, I was then a Chartreuse, stationed at Molsheim, one night while wide awake I saw this same coal-driver walk across my cell, approach my bedside and remind me of my promise. I got up quickly and went and informed the Prior of the occurrence ‘You were dreaming,’ he answered. ‘You did not see or hear anything of the kind Banish it from your mind and go back to bed.’

I obeyed but shortly afterwards, being still wide awake, the poor fellow again came and stood before me and reminded me of my promise. This time I ran to the prior and described my visitor so clearly that he no longer doubted.

As soon as the monks assembled for Matins he requested them all to offer their masses that morning for the poor coal-driver’s soul.

When the Masses were finished a streak of lightning flashed across the chancel and a supernatural voice repeated : *Te Deum Laudamus*, to which the monk spontaneously and fervently responded by chanting the rest of that beautiful song of thanksgiving.



Eucharistic Studies.

The Ciborium.



THE Ciborium is a sacred vase destined to receive the Holy Reserve, that is to say, the hosts that have been consecrated but not consumed. and on this account is subject to certain liturgical rules : It is shaped like a cup, with a cover surmounted by a cross ; it may be fashioned of gold or silver, but in the latter case, at least, the inside of the cup must be gilded ; the entire vase must be covered with a rich white cloth. Sometimes in cases of grave necessity it has happened that bishops have allowed the use of pewter or other metal ciboriums.

In the monastery of Ferrieres the Sacred Hosts were at one time preserved in a ciborium made of ivory.

Some authors claim that the word ciborium is derived from a Latin term signifying nourishment because it contains Jesus Christ who has said : " My flesh is meat indeed." Nevertheless such is not the case ; the word ciborium is from the Greek and means small box, because in the First Ages, as we have already stated, the Sacred Species were enclosed in a small box or cupboard in the sacristy. Later on, by similitude, the vase above which was suspended the silver dove that contained the Eucharistic Reserve was thus called.

In the course of the XI Century, the heresy of Béranger broke out ; he in denying transubstantiation aimed at nothing less than annihilating the Real Presence, and destroying the Eucharistic dogma. Those troubles fomented by the Heretics exposed the Sacred Species to irreverence and profanation, and in consequence the Eucharistic Reserve was taken from the dove suspended above the baldaquin and deposited in a more secure shelter. It was then or about the beginning of the XII Century that the ciborium assumed its present shape and was placed in a locked tabernacle.

There are beautiful ciboriums resplendent with jewels and precious stones and we can easily understand their magnificence. Moreover, is it not proper, that the ciborium which is nearly always in contact with the God of the Eucharist it encloses should cede in nothing to the chalice wherein is accomplished the mystery of changing the wine into the blood of Our Lord, but only contains Jesus Christ a moment, yet which is often of marvellous splendor.

We have great respect for the Santa Casa, the house of the Blessed Virgin, at Loretto, in Italy. This humble little house the scene of many pilgrimages, through the munificence of Popes and laymen is now enclosed in a great Basilica, and all this because it was inhabited by the Blessed Virgin and the child Jesus; because in it we see the modest hearth where the Virgin Mother cooked the food for the Holy Family, the vases in which she served this food to the Child Jesus. Those vases have been incrustated with gold and justly so for they are worthy of veneration. But the Ciborium that contains Jesus Christ Himself, that is continually in contact with Him is, seems to me, still more worthy of our homage and veneration.

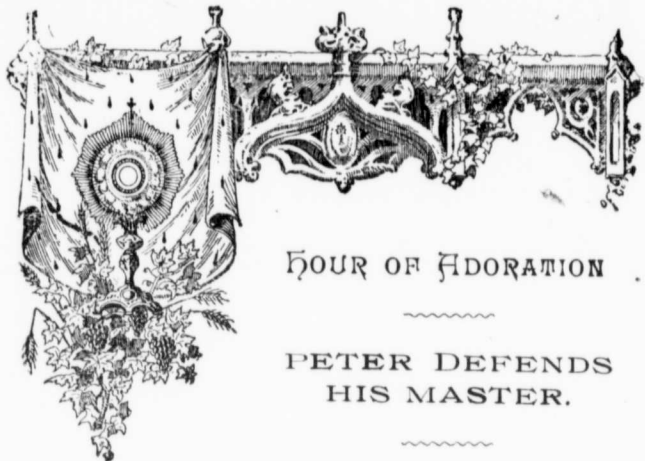
Is it not the real home of God, of God who opens heaven for us.

The flight into Egypt.

Joseph having taken the child and his mother started for Egypt. *St. Math. 11-14.*

The Infant Jesus is scarcely born, and he is persecuted, he could avoid death, without exposing himself to the hardship of flight, he could by a single breath annihilate the persecutor; but it is the hour of humiliations, he accepts all, We will treat this subject more fully in another number. From to day on, however let us learn by this mystery, to obey the orders of God.

(See frontispiece.)



HOUR OF ADORATION

PETER DEFENDS HIS MASTER.

I. — Adoration.

The Apostles on seeing the enemy approaching, feared for the life of their Master and their own. They had two swords. This is the moment to use them. Nevertheless, before doing so, they pause to take the advice of Jesus: "*Master, shall we strike with the sword?*" Peter, quick as lightning, without waiting for an answer, strikes the servant of the High-Priest, and cuts off his ear.

Had he forgotten that Jesus is God, all-powerful, and, consequently, needing not the help of any creature to defend Himself? But Jesus took care to remind him of it: "*Put up again thy sword into its place, for all that take the sword shall perish by the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot ask My Father, and He will give Me presently more than twelve legions of angels?*" If a single angel had been sufficient for Almighty God to exterminate 185,000 soldiers of Sennacherid's army, what would twelve legions of angels (over 70,000) effect among some hundred men?

Jesus had at His disposal the whole angelic army, whose number is innumerable. According to theologians, it surpasses that of all human beings that have ever been, that now exist, or that will exist to the end of time. But Jesus wished to obey His Father. If He were not arrested by His enemies, how would the Scriptures which announced His sufferings and death, be fulfilled? Very far from defending Himself, He cured one of His enemies disabled by Peter.

Adore Him in the Sacrament, the God and the King of the angels. A multitude of heavenly spirits surrounds every one of His earthly abodes: *Ubi Jesus, ibi angeli*. At the approach of those that come as enemies to seize Him and cast Him into the sink of a heart in-

fectured by mortal sin, there to make Him endure horrible profanations, a gesture, a word on His part would be sufficient to change His angelic adorers into so many defenders. But no. Having come to save, He will continue His work of salvation. His only desire is to convert His enemies, not to destroy them,

Unite your adoration to that of the angels, who at this moment surround His throne of love. Adore the Divine Saviour at this very moment in which Malchus approached Him, and He deigned to use for the cure of that bandit the powerful hand that had created him. Only the Creator can, by a single touch, heal a wounded member.

When Jesus descends into a soul by Holy Communion, is He not always the charitable Physician who comes to restore what sin has ruined?

Yes, Jesus Eucharistic, I recognize Thee as the only Saviour of the world, and mine! I humbly prostrate before Thee, I adore Thee!

II. — Thanksgiving.

This marvellous cure was the last operated by Jesus, and it reveals in an admirable manner the great goodness of His Heart.

Malchus was a servant, a vulgar servant of the High-Priest, more insolent, more unrelenting than the others. He had dashed up among the first to arrest Jesus, and that was the reason for Peter's attacking him rather than the others. The blow aimed at his head, but badly directed, perhaps turned aside by Jesus' hand struck only the right ear, and that so feebly as not to sever it entirely from the head. The Divine Master, with an air full of sweetness, approached the wounded man, touched with His beneficent hand the ear of His audacious enemy, healed the wound, cured him perfectly.

The Heart of Jesus is truly an abyss of love and goodness. He could arm heaven and earth for His own defence. He declared to Peter that He did not wish to be defended by arms, and He forgot Himself to think only of the welfare of His enemies. "He would not give wounds to them whom He willed to save by His own wounds," says St. Ambrose. We are opinion that the Divine Physician, not satisfied with healing the ear of the wicked servant, cured his soul sometime after, and converted him. What wonder, indeed, if Malchus, remembering His great power and goodness, should one day have recognized in his benefactor the promised Messiah? What a beautiful revelation of the Heart of Jesus! Not satisfied with pardoning one of His fiercest enemies, He goes so far as to restore him to health.

The chalice of bitterness, so frighful to him in the Garden of Olives, He is now ready to drain. The Father has placed it in His hands. His will is in perfect conformity with that of His Father.

He will endure and lovingly pardon all injuries for the conversion of souls. Behold why He needs no angel, no man, no sword! He freely and spontaneously wills suffering. He loves the chalice, and He will drain it to the dregs. While curing Malchus, Jesus thought also of Peter, the imprudent Apostle. Without His intervention, the Jews would have ill-used him. This explains why Peter was neither seized nor maltreated by the crowd.

Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament possesses always the same Heart, filled with the same goodness and mercy towards His enemies. How many acts of beneficence have I to register in the book of my life! Up to the present, I have only offended Him. By sin, I have often turned against Him and His commandments. Has He ever ceased on that account to do me good? To escape my blows, ought He not, at least, to have remained in heaven, where He meets only loving and devoted hearts? No, He loves me, and because He loves me, He exposes Himself to my injuries, He presents Himself every morning at the holy altar, and to cure my soul, He desires to descend into it by Holy Communion.

Blessed hands of Jesus, touch my heart! Cure it of all love that is not for Thee, and keep it for Thyself even unto death.

I thank Thee for Malchus, for Peter for all Thy enemies, and for myself!

III. — Reparation.

When Peter struck the servant of the High-Priest, he had good intentions. Carried away by zeal and love for his Master, remembering that only a short time before Jesus had given an order to bring two swords, and understanding by that, that He wished to defend Himself, Peter, on drawing his sword thought he was acting according to the intentions of his Master. Ah, Peter, did not yet know thoroughly the treasures of mercy hidden in the Heart of Jesus! He had passed three years in His school, but had not yet seized His teaching! And yet, that teaching of the Master had been very formal: "You have heard that it hath been said an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other. . . . You have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and raineth on the just and the unjust."

And again, had not Jesus said that He was going of His own free will to sufferings and death? Then, what need had He of defence?

Temerity and want of reflection equally marked the conduct of Peter. How could he hope alone to defend Christ against a crowd of men and armed soldiers? By striking the enemy, he must necessarily irritate him, thus exposing himself, as well as his Master and all the Apostles, to serious consequences.

Again, it was an insult to the Heart of Jesus to doubt His bravery for a single instant. "What!" said Jesus to him, "shall I not drink the chalice that My Father has given Me to drink?" Jesus severely reprehended His Apostle, and threatened him: "All that take the sword shall perish by the sword." They had to undergo this law of retaliation promulgated by God Himself at the time of the Deluge: "Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed." Jesus, the new Lawgiver, renewed and sanctioned that most ancient law touching the crime of homicide. The Jews who came out against Him with swords, perished by the swords of the Romans.

Peter, although involuntarily, gave real pain to Our Lord. To wound one of His children, even though he were one of His enemies, was to wound His Heart. He was sad, also, because the act of charity called forth by the impetuosity of Peter, had not converted more of those hardened sinners.

And I, also, after the example of Jesus, do I know how to be silent under an injury, a slander, or some want of respect? On the contrary, do I not arm myself at once to defend and avenge myself? Do I ordinarily render good for evil? . . . after the example of Jesus who healed the wounds of His persecutors at the very moment that they had seized Him to put Him to death? Have I always known how to drink as I ought the chalice of bitterness that God, my Father, places in my hands? It is, however, that of Jesus. It ought to be sweet to my taste when I know that Jesus first steeped His lips in it. Am I convinced that trials, sufferings, temptations are graces, mercies, favors from my Father who is in heaven?

Pardon, O Divinè Jesus, that sorrow inflicted on Thee by Thy imprudent Apostle at the painful moment of Thy arrest!

Pardon for all the resistance that Thy enemies obstinately opposed to Thy persevering love by steadily refusing to be converted!

Pardon for all Christians cowardly in presence of sufferings Pardon for the souls in purgatory who did not know how to profit by this lesson of clemency! Pardon for myself who have so often disregarded the sweetness of Thy sacred chalice!

IV. — Prayer.

Ascended into heaven, Jesus has no longer anything to fear from the attacks of His enemies. There He reigns as Sovereign over faithful subjects.

He has not, alas ! this consolation in His kingdom on earth. In the Blessed Sacrament, in which He has established His dwelling-place, He is the object of all kinds of contradiction, and, through love for us, He had bound His hands and made it utterly impossible for Him to defend Himself. If His enemies come to attack Him, He abandons Himself entirely to their discretion. The angels, no more than in the Garden of Olives, are not authorized to defend Him in the Blessed Sacrament. It is because the Eucharist, the total donation of Jesus to man, has not been confided to their care. It is for man to honor It and defend It against Its enemies. Jesus expects this from Christian and faithful hearts.

Heavenly Father, raise an army of valiant soldiers for the defence of Thy well-beloved Son ! Inspire legions of earthly angels who, above all at the moment of persecution, may be eager to protect the throne of Jesus Christ, surrounding Him with the rampart of their unshaken love.

May Christians rise *en masse*, O Divine Saviour, to defend the truth of Thy Presence in the Most Blessed Sacrament ! May they take up arms against all Thy enemies, not indeed, the arms that kill the body (for Thou dost prohibit Thy disciples from imitating the example of Peter, thus proving that an apostle knows how to be a good warrior), but may they make use of the arms of prayer, suffering, compassion, preaching and the pen ! May they destroy all heresies, and by love and adoration, level all Thy enemies at Thy feet !

May I myself, O Jesus, be an indefatigable defender of Thy rights and prerogatives in the Blessed Sacrament ! To the hatred of persecutors, to the indifference of so many Christians, I shall incessantly oppose the resistance of an ardent and loving heart.

Still more, if Jesus *never* used violence against His enemies, if He always appears to us full of love and sweetness, it is because He wishes His disciples to be like Himself. If pursued, let them hide ; if seized, let them die.

Teach me to understand, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, this admirable example of meekness that Thou dost propose for my imitation, and which Thou dost still so perfectly continue in the Blessed Sacrament ! May I never oppose to the attacks of my persecutors anything but patience in every trial, the patience of the saints ! Grant me, O God, I supplicate Thee, to accomplish the works of mercy, to pardon those that give me pain, to love my enemies, and to return good for evil !

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation on the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask the grace to be silent under injuries rather than defend yourself even with meekness.

LOVE'S CRYST.

DEAR one, now thou art come, pray tell thy friend,
 Who here a lonely hour did waiting spend.
 Watching thy coming—why thus lingeredst thou,
 And whence that happy halo on thy brow”

“ Fair is thy question, friend of mine, and I
 Who knew not of thy coming, can reply
 That I regretful know thou tarriedst here,
 While I held-converse with a Friend most dear.

For, had I guessed it, thou hadst come with me
 Into that Presence that thy soul might be
 Sweetly unburthened, and a semblance wear
 Of who holds for naught Ea'rh's weight of care.

What sayst thou? Wouldst thou know this Friend?”
 Nay, urge me not; thy words my bosom rend;
 Thine own sweet converse is enough for me,
 Naught else in all earth's round could sweeter be.

But thine the charm to soothe my woes away,
 Thine the dear presence where I fain would stay,
 Though lightly thou dost seem my love to prize,
 Looking for thy soul's cheer to other eyes.”

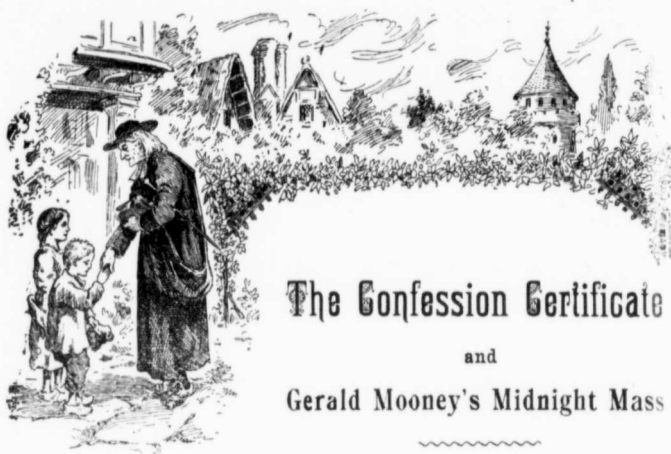
“ Nay, dear one, deem it not, nor greatly blame;
 From you cathedral's aisles just now I came,
 There 'twas my privilege an hour to spend
 With the dear Christ, our Eucharistic Friend.

At His loved shrine, in lonely city ways,
 My heart poured out a tender song of praise,
 Harkened to His sweet voice with love repeat:
 ‘ Light is my burden, and my yoke is sweet.’

Fain would I have lingered through the night.
 As a rich vase with precious jewels bright,
 Holding rare fragrance, or an ointment sweet,
 As love-borne tribute to the Master's feet.

(to be continued.)





The Confession Certificate

and

Gerald Mooney's Midnight Mass

HE had been to confession already. Yes, but that was long ago before he made his first Communion in the quaint little village church and to such a dear old white-haired priest. He was ten years old then and now he is twenty-five.—how time has flown! Twenty-five and a full fledged-mason, a hero of six Parisian campaigns, of three years military service, and—in his own opinion—an undisputed authority on religious and social subjects, but in ours a would be philosopher whose ethics savor strongly of club and bar, whose religious practises and belief were better without adherents.

Still, away back, in the depths of his memory is a little spot as indefinite as sacred, where the old Curé who taught him his catechism still holds sway and leads him to think in the pride of his manhood that Curé's like that are rare nowadays. Yet it would be more than difficult to say on what he based his assertion. Probably some one at the club had dropped the suggestion—that was very likely—; but as for his own personal observation during the last ten years, he had only seen a priest at a respectable distance because he generally managed to escape by one door when one of the garb entered by another. At the present time, in Pontiac, his native place, where he had made his first communion and where he

had now returned on a most important mission it was a young priest who replaced the dear old white-haired one, and one whom so far no one had had any excuse to speak ill of. But that didn't matter ! He was a priest, that meant a reactionist, an enemy of the Republic and of the labourer ! Why he was thinking of priests at all, or to make a long story short, Gerald Mooney, was going to be married and in the most unorthodox way consistent with honesty, and the indispensable certificate of confession, the object of his present visit is what is weighing on his



mind, and naturally leading his thoughts to the prime factor in the administration of the sacrament.

* * *

He opened the gate walked across the small but well kept lawn, paused before a low massive door and looked for the bell ; but found none. Would he have to turn the knob, he wondered, and walk in just as if he were at home. After a moment's deliberation he concluded there was no other alternative when the door opened and the young priest stood before him, cordial and smiling ;

"I saw you coming ! How are you ?"

What strange new order of things is this thought Gerald. No servant to whom he must explain why he wants to see his reverence, and, who, once his curiosity was satisfied would most likely curtly send him about his business ; but as the priest still held out his hand, he looked for the first time at the man who had come to meet him, a perfect stranger, so cordially and greeted him so warmly. The priest returned his gaze frankly and kindly, without a shadow of hypocrisy lurking in his large clear blue-grey eyes, though he had been told all priests, more or less, belonged to that class ; Moreover this priest had an expression more attractive than repellent and Gerald who was a great reader of character longed to study him more closely, but the conventionalities must be observed, and the object of his visit—confession, attained as quickly as possible, without any more concessions ; he had already made such an immense one by consenting to be married in church—well understood after the civil ceremony was over ; but what if his fellow-masons should hear of his weakness and ostracise him.

* * *

It was the nineteenth of December and a bitterly cold, raw day. The luxurious furnishings of the room into which the priest ushered his visitor consisted of a table littered with books and papers, four chairs, and a big old-fashioned fire-place cosely packed with crisp logs ready to give out warmth and cheer at a moment's notice.

"Come and warm yourself at the fire" urged the priest hospitably as he set a match to the well prepared pile.

'Don't trouble lighting it for me. I'm in a great hurry.' But already the flame leapt and cracked. The priest handed his guest a chair placed his own opposite and in the most genial and winning way said : " Now let us talk."

Gerald had only come to go to confession and for no other purpose. He was not one of those men who run to church every day, business would not tolerate any such nonsense. He had made his first Communion and the priest then at Pontiac was a grand old man ; but since

then he had drifted—well, to say the least into strange habits as almost anyone would whose standard of ethics reached no higher than club or bar.

The priest watching him could not repress an occasional smile at the poor fellow's evident embarrassment and confused explanations. He, on the other hand, was thinking how much better it would have been and how much easier it would have made matters for him if there had been a bell on the presbytery door; if he had been kept waiting a quarter of an hour; if the servant had made him angry; if the Curé had not shaken hands and lit the fire; then, at least, he could have gone away filled with righteous indignation saying that priests in general were not worth the rope to hang them by, that it was sheer nonsense to cling to old prejudices, that humanity should throw off the clerical yoke and much more in the same strain, while now....

The Curé affable and masterful had taken him by the hand, had gently by word and gesture induced him to kneel at the foot of a crucifix and after a little while, the dreaded business was all over and left him filled with a peace and happiness to which he had been a stranger for years.

“And now what about your wedding,” he asked as his visitor was about to depart.—“You will have a nuptial mass of course, nothing can replace that. What hour shall we appoint?”

‘No, Father,’ was the shamefaced reply. ‘I won't have any nuptial mass. I would not like to make you feel badly, you are so kind, but the wedding arrangements are all made and the mayor notified. I'll tellyou what I'll do, just to give you pleasure. I'll come on Saturday to Midnight Mass and bring my bride with me.’

Without further protest the priest escorted him, not only to the door, but across the lawn even to the gate and this time it was Gerald who clasped his hand.

* * *

The little village church was crowded with fervent worshippers. The altar glistened and glowed, garlands of roses, red and white transformed the bare white walls,

beautiful banners and gay flags fluttered in the breeze from the constantly opening door. Just inside the altar-rail, on the choir side, is a little crib, wherein lies the Divine Infant whom the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the shepherds adore.

Gerald faithful to his promise had come and taken his place at the back of the church, in a nook behind a confessional as if ashamed to find himself there. The six days that had elapsed since his interview with the Curé had



wrought a wonderful change in his sentiments. Already many of his sceptical theories shone up in their truelight. In spite of himself the memory of his first communion haunted him. How happy he had been that day when his mother proudly led him to the seat he was to occupy near the altar. The fatherly form of the old pastor kept rising before his eyes in the midst of his wedding festivities ; he knew not why or wherefore but between that old priest of fifteen years ago and this young one, who, only a few days previous had welcomed him so affectionately

he found a striking resemblance, a strong family likeness. Perhaps—after all—he was wrong, and they were all alike.

The priest ascends the pulpit and the likeness grows even more pronounced, the very voice, the very text even. Moreover when he said : My very dear brethren his words seemed to come directly from his heart and made this erstwhile mason realize the vast difference between those cold formal reunions he had formerly thought the correct thing. He began to compare things, grace flooded his soul, a low sobbing sigh escaped him, he buried his face in his hands and wept tears of penitential love. When the storm had spent itself a little he raised his head and watched the communicants approach the holy table and listened spell-bound to a voice of marvellous sweetness fervently pleading.

Come to me, my Jesus
Come to me and stay
For I love and need Thee
More than words can say.

The voice ceases, a reverential silence follows broken only by soft harmonious sounds as exultant and uplifting as the Midnight Angels Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Gerald's bride as deeply affected as himself whispers softly :

You still remember the Our Father, don't—you dear : let us say it together.

And in an undertone they repeat the beautiful petition. Scarcely had they finished when that glorious voice rings out in triumphant gladness.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo.
Come all ye faithful
Let us hasten to adore Him
Our God and King
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Requiescat in pace

We recommend to the charitable prayers of our readers His Grace the Archbishop's mother, Mrs Bruchesi whose demise occurred in December last.

WORK OF THE DAILY VISIT
 — TO THE —
 BLESSED SACRAMENT.

*Approved by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop
 of Mechlin and by all Bishops of Belgium.*



HIS Association, which is approved by His Holiness, the Pope; encouraged by a large number of bishops, and enriched by indulgences, owes its origin to the Venerable Father Eymard, Founder of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, who desired to see Christians, from all parts of the entire world, united in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

I. *The object* of this work is to awaken in all classes of people their faith in the real presence of our Lord in the Sacrament and to see multiplied in parishes practical acts of love in His honour. By means of this daily visit the Associates purpose to console the adorable Heart of Jesus Christ which is so often outraged by blasphemies, sacrileges and abominations.

II. *Conditions for admission.* The faithful of all ages can take part in this Work on the following conditions :

1st. That they undertake to visit the Blessed Sacrament each day. (This is not obligatory under pain of sin.) This visit can be made in any church or chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. Each one is free to choose the time convenient for the visit and the prayers one wishes to say. One minute passed before the Blessed Sacrament suffices and fulfils the obligation of the Association.

2nd. To have one's christian and surname inscribed. It is requested that the member's address be also given. There is no charge whatever but if one desires it, a souvenir of the Day of Admission will be sent for one penny.

III. *Indulgences* :

- 1st. Indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantin for every visit.
- 2nd. Plenary on day of admission.
- 3rd. " " Corpus Christi.
- 4th. " " Holy Thursday.
- 5th. " " Feast of Sacred Heart.
- 6th. " " 6 days during the year, of one's own choosing for those who faithfully make their daily visit.
- 7th. Plenary at hour of death when invoking the Holy Name of Jesus.

All the indulgences above except the last one are applicable to the Souls in Purgatory.

The members participate in all the merits of the good works of the Religious of the Blessed Sacrament.

IV. *Feasts*. The first feast of the Association is Corpus Christi.

The members will celebrate with special devotion the Feasts of the Epiphany, Holy Thursday, Sacred Heart, the Immaculate Conception, and St. John the Evangelist.

V. *Organization*. — SECTIONS.

1st. SECTION. — The first section consists of the faithful who resolve to make a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

2nd. SECTION. — The 2nd section is composed of the " Children of Mary " who, as well as the daily visit resolve to offer once a month, a Communion of reparation, on the day indicated in the " Little Messenger of the Blessed Sacrament."

3rd. SECTION. — The 3rd section is composed of the children who, besides resolving on the daily visit, recite every day one *Pater* and one *Ave* with the Ejaculation " Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, pray for us, that we have the grace of making a good First Communion."

VI. *The Journal*. The monthly book issued by the Association is the " Little Messenger of the Blessed Sacrament." Zealators from every ten persons are chosen to distribute it to the Associates, and to receive payment thereof. If posted directly to the members its cost is $\frac{1}{6}$.

N. B. — I. Those who wish to receive the Messenger monthly are requested to communicate with the Editor.

II. The Messenger appears in English, French, Flemish, German, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian and Tzechish.

III. For all particulars, notices, books, etc. apply only to *R. P. Directeur de l'œuvre de la Visite Quotidienne, Chaussée de Wavre, 205, Bruxelles.*

IV. Each person who sends us 5 lists of 10 names and who undertakes to distribute ten Messengers, receives the title of Zealator, and also receives a beautiful diploma.

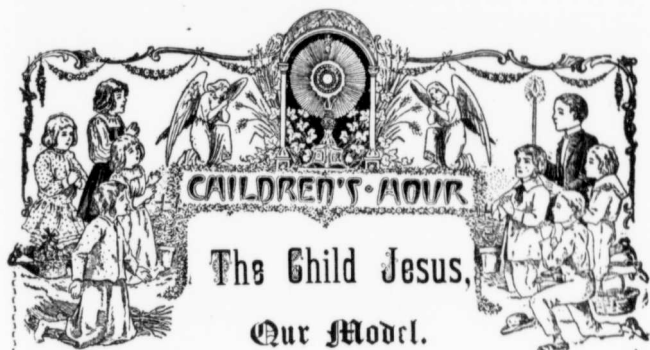
V. Each one who sends 10 lists of subscribers, and who distributes 25 Messengers, receives the title of Honorary Zealator, will be inscribed in the book which rests always on the Throne where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed ; and will also receive a beautiful book of piety.

Act of Consecration to the Blessed Sacrament

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

I, N, although unworthy, but full of confidence in the Divine Mercy, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of Saint Michael, the Archangel, of Saint Joseph, of the Blessed Apostles, Sts Peter and Paul, of the Beloved Disciple, St John, I consecrate myself, with all my heart, soul and strength, to the Service and adoration of Jesus Christ, really, truly, and substantially present in the Blessed Sacrament, for the love of men, and in order to extend His love in my heart and in the hearts of all. I offer myself to adore Him with the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, and I resolve to make in union with this order, the adorations I have resolved upon, and to devote myself, as far as in me lies, to the greater glory of Jesus, the Blessed Sacrament.

Strengthen in me, o God, the work of Thy Grace. O Mary, Mother of Jesus, and my most loving Mother, love me as thy child, direct me in the service of Jesus, in order that I may, now serve Him worthily, and afterwards enjoy Him, praise Him, and love Him with You in eternity. Amen.



The Child Jesus,
Our Model.

To give alms
Is the command ;
Or Jesus our Master
Blind should we be
To ignore it.
Give and it shall be given unto you
Such is His ordinance
Else merciless condemnation
Assuredly awaits you.

Descend holy angels
Into this stable ;
See in those swaddling-clothes
The Master of heaven.
How full of charms
To the eyes of my faith,
Are those first tears
He sheds for me !



*Eloquent silence,
How you instruct !
Holy obedience
I love and follow thee.
Perverse nature
Vainly rebelling,
Behold Thy God to
His creature submissive.*

*I become docile
Near my Jesus ;
And His Gospel
No longer astounds.
Approach and contemplate
Proud intellect
And by His example
Learn His lesson.*

*Adorable lesson
Confounding my senses ;
Unless you are like
Unto little children,
Your fatal pride
Banishes afar,
And debars from
Celestial bliss.*

*He who conquers
Pride and might,
Has promised His grace
To the humble of heart.
The secrets He seals
From arrogant spirits,
Jesus invariably reveals
To the humble of heart.*

The Sacred Hosts.

Saved by a brave child and an heroic Nun.

IT happened on Ascension day and during the Commune in Paris.

While one of the early masses at which a great number received holy Communion was being celebrated in St. Augustine's church insurgents tumultuously invaded the sacred edifice. They came to take an inventory of ornaments and sacred vessels ; but when they saw the priest at the altar they had the consideration to delay their task until mass was over.

Judging by what had already happened in other churches, the priest trembled at the awful prospect of the profanation likely to befall the consecrated Hosts that filled two large ciboriums. When he left the altar he secretly and quickly carried them into the sacristy ; holy women intuitively divining his intention followed and surrounded him in such a way as kept the insurgents at bay for a few moments. Turning to a little acolyte he knew he could trust he whispered :

“ Take these two Ciboriums, my child, and carry them in all haste to the Bon Secours Sisters.”

Some one threw a black cape over his shoulders and the brave lad who fully understood his noble mission traversed the streets like another Tarcissus, but, without meeting any obstacle and safely deposited the precious treasure under the good sister's care.

* * *

Great was the joy of the Sisters at Bon Secours to be able to harbor their divine Master and save Him from outrage. If our Lord had found a devoted champion in the little acolyte, the devil in the person of a vile miscreant had nevertheless an ally who notified the Commune that the sacred vessels belonging to St. Augustine's church had been secretly carried to the Bon Secours Convent. Acting upon the information, that very night four

armed men presented themselves at this peaceful retreat and threateningly demanded to see the Superior: She came and stood before them calm, dignified and fearlessly said: 'Gentlemen, may I ask the object of this untimely visit.'

"You have the sacred vessels belonging to Saint Augustine's church here and we want them."

"You cannot have them. They are a valuable deposit confided to me; I can not part with them."

After a long unavailing discussion they sought to enter the chapel. The Superior was powerless to prevent them especially as it adjoined the room in which they were. Seeing resistance worse than useless the valiant woman opened the chapel door entered first and took up her position on the altar step.

"We want the articles" imperiously repeated the emissaries of the Commune.

"You can not have them."

"We must! Open that tabernacle door?"

"Never! You shall not touch them!"

One of them fixed her with his bayonet. The intrepid Nun only drew closer to the tabernacle.

"I will run you through if you persist in your refusal," hissed this monster beside himself with baffled rage.

"Do it!" she answered without a tremor in her voice. "Your lance shall indeed go through me before you touch that tabernacle door."

So much courage disconcerted these wicked men.

One of them less brutal than the others turned away his comrades bayonet saying:

"Leave her alone. It would be a pity to hurt her, she has such splendid pluck."

"Well, then," expostulated another, "let her take out what there is in those vessels if that is why she will not give them to us."

"No," was the quiet rejoinder. "I cannot. I have no right to touch them."

"At least, promise to hand them over to us when you get their contents taken out."

The heroic faith of a brave Nun had disarmed them.