

THE LAST SUPPER
After a painting by Gerbhardt.



The Tabernacle.

THANKSGIVING for the great gift of the Eucharist bestowed on man by Jesus-Christ, Reparation for the insults offered Him in this Sacrament, Adoration in order to compensate Him for the neglect He meets with in church, such is the threefold intention for which it pleased our Saviour Himself to cause the Feast of His Sacred Heart to be instituted. It is worthy of note, that He has promised to shed the abundant riches of His Heart on all those who shall render Him this threefold homage, not only on the very day of this feast, but also at any other time. And what must we do to deserve the fulfilment of this promise? We must visit Him in the Blessed Sacrament in the three above mentioned intentions.

What love and gratitude do we not owe to the Heart of Jesus, for having instituted this adorable Sacrament! Without this loving invention, how sad would be our exile! To whom should we have recourse in the trials with which life is filled? Where should we find a Heart loving enough to sympathise in the trials of all who have recourse to it, powerful enough to console all who implore its help? Jesus alone could say and has said: "Come to me, all you that labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you." Now, that word that "good word out of the good treasure of His Heart." He is continually repeating from the depths of the Tabernacle. For this loving Heart, so worthy of our love, is there; It is there await-

ing inviting and welcoming all those who come to visit it. "My eyes and my heart shall be there always." O lovely promise, the accomplishment of which is to be found in the Sacrament of the altar where He is dwelling, awaiting us day and night ! Let us here recall that sorrowful moment, when the Redeemer made his last farewell to His disciples before going to His death. They were weeping at the thought of being separated from this beloved Master ; but Jesus comforted them with these words equally addressed to all the faithful : "My children, I am about to die, to testify the love I bear you ; but, even in dying, I will not leave you alone ; so long as you shall be on earth, I will remain there with you : In the Eucharist I leave you my body, my soul, my Divinity, and that Heart which has so loved you."


The Heart of Jesus then is there ; but for how long ? Ah ! it is the Heart of a faithful friend ; it is there day and night, and will be there till the end of the world. But, oh divine Heart ! of what avail remaining in our churches during the nights, since the doors are closed and Thou art left alone ? It would surely suffice to remain there by day. — "No." He replies, "I wish to remain there during the night also, always waiting, so that, in the morning, whoever seeks me shall find me at once and without waiting." The sacred spouse went about seeking her Well-Beloved everywhere and asking of all whom she met whether they had not seen Him. "Show me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou liest." At that time, that is to say, before the birth of our Saviour, the spouse sought in vain, she could not find her Well-Beloved because there was not yet any Blessed Sacrament ; but now, so soon as a soul desires to find Jesus-Christ, she has but to repair to some church and there she will find Him awaiting her, his Heart on fire and desirous of seeing her come to Him. He is there. But what is keeping Him with us ? What is imprisoning Him ? It is the love He bears us. For love, says St. Augustin, is a golden chain. St. Peter of Alcantara, in an ecstasy at the thought of this ineffable love, says : "No tongue can utter the greatness of the love which Jesus-Christ bears to each soul in state of grace ; this is why this tender Lover, on leaving the earth, could not bear

that His absence should cause Him to be forgotten by His beloved spouse, and He left her, as a remembrance, that divine Sacrament in which He resides Himself. This good Saviour then would not have the remembrance of Him kept alive in the heart of His spouse by any other token than Himself." The Heart of Jesus then is our Captive, as St. Theresa calls it, the Tabernacle is its prison, and its love is the chain which binds it there.

ST. ALPHONSUS.



— MASS —

o me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend masses for ever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words — it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends ; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are the instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning " What thou doest, do quickly. " Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another ; quickly they pass ; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words

of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord, as He passed by, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." And as Moses on the mountain, so we too "make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and adore." So we all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, "waiting for the moving of the water," each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guarded by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners, but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and scope of it.

Cardinal NEWMAN.



From sinful wanderings I return :
 No more, no more, from Thee to roam ;
 Thy contrite child ; ah ! do not spurn
 Sweet Jesus, take the wanderer home.
 Pure, meek and humble let me be,
 And guileless as the simple dove ;
 Thyself in others let me see,
 For Thee both friends and foes I'll love.



Examine and see if, after having eaten this divine food, your heart is more detached from all that is not God ; if the life He has produced in you has penetrated to the exterior — your senses, habits, words, and works.

CAULER.



THE HERETIC'S OAK

THERE is a pious tradition, that during the Flight into Egypt of, Mary and Joseph, the trees bent their branches to the ground, in adoration of the Divine Infant.

A similar prodigy is related to have taken place, many, many years after, in order to confirm the doctrine of the Real Presence.

A Capuchin Monk, brother Pacifique de Saint Gervais, a renowned preacher performed wonderful deeds of conversion in the city of Orleans. The virtues and talents of this pious man attracted the attention of a famous heretic, a follower of Calvin, who resolved to visit Brother Pacifique and engage him in a religious controversy on the Sacraments especially on the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

The Calvinist denied that Jesus Christ was really and substantially present in the Eucharist contending that the words, *Hoc est corpus meum*. "This is my Body," should be taken in a figurative and not in a literal sense. The holy monk produced strong and forcible reasons, backed by clear and precise texts from the Bible to prove the contrary.

The heretic unable to continue the argument in a straight forward manner had recourse to base subterfuge and abuse. He accused the good monk of trying to prove his thesis by sophistry and contested that all these subtile proofs would never convince him that the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ were contained in the Eucharist under the appearance of bread and wine.

I must have some visible sign, he said to the monk "before I can believe." now with all your brilliant rea-

soning you cannot show me the top most branches of that oak, — pointing to a tall tree at the end of the garden, — touching the earth with out breaking or that Jesus Christ is present in Eucharist. Both are impossible.

The monk was not disconcerted. "It is a miracle you desire" he said "now if at the voice of the priest you



saw that majestic oak bow its head would you then believe that at the word of that same unworthy priest and by the grace of God, the Saviour descends, from Heaven unto our altars."

The heretic only laughed thinking the priest's proposition simply a vain boast he fearlessly promised and swore he would believe.

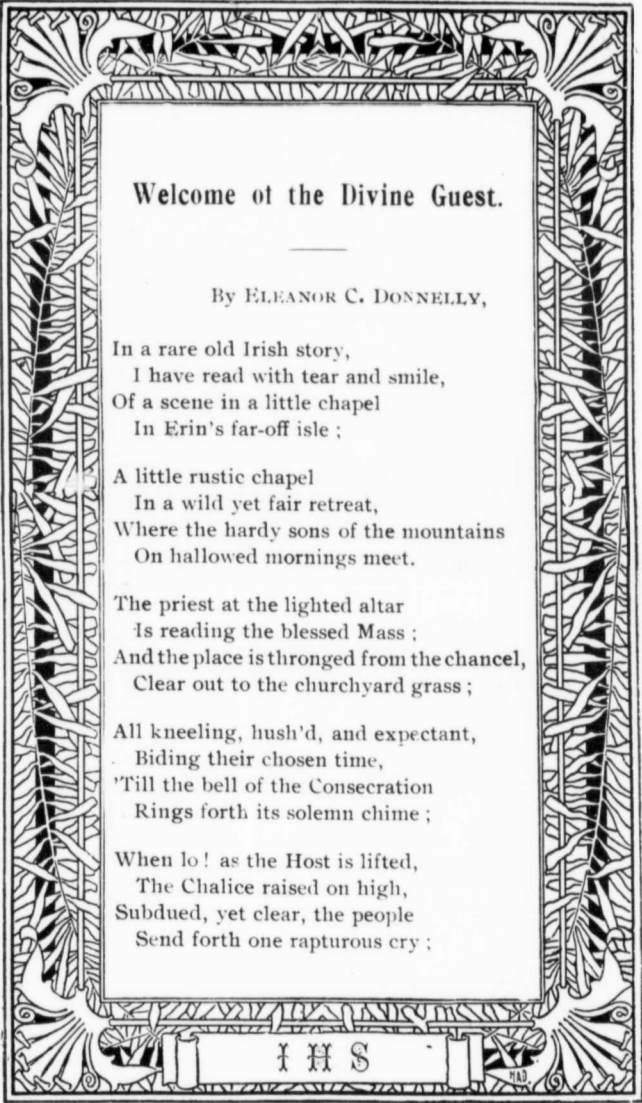
Hearing these words, the holy monk went, down on his knees and with joined hands and eyes raised to God, he begged the Divine mediator to help him in this holy action which would be for the glory of God and the conversion of souls. Then rising full of confidence in Heaven's help and in the name of the Jesus of the Eucharist, he commanded the oak to prove the truth of the great mystery of the Real Presence by bending its high branches to the ground. For prayed the pious monk such is the will of God that at the words of an unworthy priest, like myself, He the great God conceals Himself under the appearance of bread and wine *Obediente Deo voci homine*. Then behold, oh! wonder of wonders! the old Oak as though it had ears to hear the order of the monk bowed its high branches down until they swept the earth. At the sight of such a prodigy the heretic was completely overcome making the sign of the cross, he openly confessed the error of his ways, renounced his false doctrines, and professed his faith in the presence of our Lord in the Eucharist. His example was followed by many other heretics who abjured their heresies and adored the Jesus of the Tabernacle.

IT is in prayer to the Blessed Sacrament that the soul finds the strength to resist evil, that it gathers inspiration and the assistance necessary to do good; in a word, the food and sustenance of the spiritual life.—*Cardinal Alimonda*.

O Food of life ! Thou who dost give
 The pledge of immortality !
 I live ; — no, 'tis not I that live ;
 God gives me life ; God lives in me.
 He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
 And every grief with joy repays.

O King of angels ! Who can tell Thy worth ? The angels round Thy tabernacle know how far too short eternity will prove to exhaust the hymns that should numerate the wonders of Thy Sacrament of Love !

FABER.



Welcome of the Divine Guest.

By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY,

In a rare old Irish story,
I have read with tear and smile,
Of a scene in a little chapel
In Erin's far-off isle ;

A little rustic chapel
In a wild yet fair retreat,
Where the hardy sons of the mountains
On hallowed mornings meet.

The priest at the lighted altar
Is reading the blessed Mass ;
And the place is thronged from the chancel,
Clear out to the churchyard grass ;

All kneeling, hush'd, and expectant,
Biding their chosen time,
'Till the bell of the Consecration
Rings forth its solemn chime ;

When lo ! as the Host is lifted,
The Chalice raised on high,
Subdued, yet clear, the people
Send forth one rapturous cry ;

I H S

“ Welcome ! A thousand welcomes ! ”

(While many a tear-drop starts ;)

“ Welcome ! Cead mille faithe !

White love of all our hearts ! ”

Oh the passionate warmth of that whisper !

Oh, the grace of that greeting song !

On the tide of its glowing fervour,

All hearts are borne along !

And the blaze of the Son of Justice

Lights up that dim old spot,

And kindles in every spirit

A flame that dieth not !

Ah ! friends in our stately churches,

When we gaze on the gorgeous shrine

Where the Sacred Host reposes,

Like a great white Pearl divine —

Let the voice of our faith find utterance

In a greeting free from guile ;

Let us cry with our Irish brothers

In Erin's far-off isle ;

“ Welcome ; a thousand welcomes ! ”

(What bliss that prayer imparts !)

“ Welcome ! Cead mille faithe !

White love of all our hearts ! ”



I H S



Two Communion at the Hour of Death



is grace Bishop Gerbert who has written so clearly and feelingly on the Eucharistic dogma, has left us a touching souvenir of one of the most beautiful scenes which Christianity has ever produced : the last communion of Albert de la Ferronays, and the First Communion of his wife Alexandrine.

The union of these two hearts reads like a truly christian idyl. Louise Veuillot calls it a romance fashioned by God, Himself, and which He alone could fashion. Alexandrine's father was a Swede, her mother a Russian, thus she inherited the poetic grace, the mystic exaltation of the Slavonian race. At Naples she met and formed a warm loyal friendship with the sisters of Albert de la Ferronays ; two wonderfully gifted girls, one of whom Pauline, became famous as Madam Craven ; the other, Eugénie, the mother of the illustrious Count de Mun.

Through the sisters she became acquainted with their brother. Who would not admire, says Pauline, the touching story of the mutual love of Alexandrine and Albert, of that friendship which changes its nature, of that fraternity which no longer suffices, of that expression, I love you, uttered one beautiful Midsummer's eve on the terrace at Naples, in view of the beautiful bay, with its azure surface, smooth as glass : under a brilliant star-lit sky, and flower perfumed air. Amid such ideal surroundings to love each other -- to love each other, -- and at

the same time to speak of God cried Alexandrine ; she might have added to be so tenderly loved by all that the Mother made no difference between her and her own children ; and the children doubted if she had not always been of their family, so great was their affection and love for her.

What a rare combination of intelligence, poetry, virtue, charm, and beauty in that family circle ; in one of those happy evenings Eugenie exclaimed — O but life is beautiful ! — What then must Heaven be ! — Death is best of all since it opens the way to heaven.

This ideal happiness could not last. Alexandrine was a protestant, and Albert her husband on their nuptial morning had prayed “ My God, I offer Thee my life for her conversion ; ” she in her Lutheran idiom had said, “ My God, I give you the sacrifice of my happiness in this world to obtain light concerning the true religion.

Our Lord could not fail to hear and answer such unselfish and noble petitions. Ten days after their wedding the wife perceived blood on her husband’s handkerchief. God had accepted his sacrifice. Two months after she entered the Catholic Church, having made her confession and abjuration of heresy to the Abbey Gerbert.

Alas ! in the midst of these supernatural joys, the husband declined rapidly, he grew weaker daily, his eyes gradually losing thier brilliancy, his life slowly wasting away. He eagerly desired the supreme happiness of receiving Holy Communion with his wife ; but he was on his death-bed, unable to go to Church. Abbey Gerbert had a heavenly inspiration, he erected an altar opposite the dying man’s bed, decked with the souvenirs of their wedding, at midnight he offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and gave the husband and wife the same Host divided in two. Let him describe the touching scene himself.

It was a holy and consoling thing desired by angels and men, that those two souls should receive their communion, or, rather that this communion, single yet united should be received, in the same place, at the same hour, side by side, as on the eve of a journey which separates we partake of a common family repast.

It was just to him who had given his life to obtain faith for his wife, it was just he should see with his last

look the God of the Eucharist take possession that he might say, Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace since my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which is neither hers nor mine, but ours, O my God.

The sick man could not go to the Church to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, the sacrifice comes to him, and by a merciful dispensation, his funeral chamber is transformed into a sanctuary.

Before the bed on which the dying man lay, was an altar, surmounted by a crucifix where the mystery of Christ dying was to be renewed. Flowers and ornaments decorated, as a first-communion day is always a feast day. The laces attached to the altar-cloth recalled another day, they had been used in another ceremony, and then carefully laid away, to-day they reappeared as if to tell us the joys of this world are of very frail tissue, and our brightest hopes easily shattered.

Suddenly, the room until then dark was brilliantly lighted by the altar candles, as dark death is illuminated for the just, by the rays which God has reserved for his last moments.

It is midnight and the Holy Sacrifice begins...

All the family assisted and with them a friend faithful in all sorrows. To describe the emotions of those present would be impossible, I will not attempt it, even they, themselves, could not utter what passed in their hearts in that solemn hour.

Like lightning flashing from pole to pole, like a day when the sky is half bright half dark ; thus was it with sentiment and prayer struggling for mastery in those grief-stricken hearts ; — from the most spiritual to the most heart-rending thoughts — *Fiat*, with almost a longing " that this chalice might pass away ; " generous surrender of the precious life, yet tasting the full bitterness of the awful sacrifice ; Gethsemane. Yes, but the Angel of Gethsemane, in his tender pity, came close to each sorrowing heart, imparting strength to utter " Thy will not mine, " and courage to leave the dear life safe in His Master's keeping, convinced God's care is more than the dearest earthly solicitude, God's happiness far outweighs the dearest earthly happiness.

All contrasts were united and represented in that sacred

room. The decorated altar which seemed like a waiting bier, the flowers typifying after death, eternal spring-time, the nurse with her dark robes ; the white garments of the First Communicant, the spouse of God, so soon to be exchanged for mourning, the first and last Communion, together ; the tears and thanksgiving in each heart ; the Sacred Host divided for the husband and wife, double viaticum, viaticum of death for him, viaticum of sorrow for her. All the family in profound silence save for the mournful sobbing which could not be repressed — truly, the shadow of death enveloped all, only the dying man his head slightly raised on his pillows dominated calm and serene, all those heads bowed in grief.

No, I cannot describe all I felt and saw.

I have read learned meditations on the future world, I have interrogated wise men on the secrets of death ; but the lights which I received were very obscure compared to the revelations which flooded my soul that solemn and holy night. Never have I felt so vividly on this side of the tomb, what must be beyond ; never did the veil which separates the two worlds seem so transparent, never had I the same intuition of our immortality. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord."



THE SON OF MAN



ALSO have a heart as well as you."

Our Lord does quite simply what some of us are too proud to do. He owns to the yearning felt by every human heart for the sympathy of mankind. He speaks plainly of His desire to share His joys and sorrows with His friends, and is at no pains to conceal His need of their support, His gratitude for their devotedness, His distress at their unfaithfulness and desertion. "Father, I will that where I am, they also whom Thou hast given Me may be with Me : that they may see My glory." "You are they who have con-

tinued with Me in My temptations." "My soul is sorrowful even unto death : stay you here, and watch with Me.... Could you not watch one hour with Me?" "The hour cometh... that you shall be scattered every man to his own, and shall leave Me alone."

He comes to a weak woman for her compassion and her help. He asks her to spread abroad among His friends the words in which He unburdened His heart to her, and beg them to come and bear Him company in His life of solitude and neglect. To each one of us He says from the tabernacle : "Stay you here, and watch with Me... Could you not watch one hour with Me?" Or if not one hour, one quarter?

Stay with Me because I am going to offer My morning sacrifice, and men are too busy to assist at the oblation of Myself for them.

Stay with Me for a few moments at midday, when the glare of the world and its rush and its din are fiercest. Turn off the crowded pavement into the quiet church. "Come apart... and rest a little."

Stay with Me because it is towards evening and the day is now far spent. There will be no more visitors for Me to-day, none through the long hours of the night. Stay with Me because it is towards evening.

O Lover of men, so lonely, so forsaken, if Your object in staying with us day and night was to win our love, have You not failed? Has it been worth Your while to work miracle after miracle to produce Your Real Presence upon the altar? Have I made it worth Your while to be there *for me*? Jesus, dear Jesus, I bury my face in my hands; I know of no heart more ungrateful, more callous than my own. I have been miserably unmindful of Your Presence here *for me*. I have let self, pleasure, troubles even — anything and everything furnish an excuse for keeping away from You and neglecting. You in that sacramental life which is lived here *for me*.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

First Quarter of an Hour.

Five Minutes. — Place yourself in the presence of Jesus. He is your God, all-powerful and all-loving ; and on the Altar He demands of you adoration, respect, love. Is not this just. O Lord Jesus-Christ, Son of God and Son of Mary, Thou art here ! I believe it ; I know it by the delightful sweetness that fills my heart ; but even did I feel nothing—even didst Thou hide Thyself from my soul, as Thou now hidest Thyself from my sight, — still, would I believe because Thou hast said Thou art here, and Thou canst not deceive. O my God, I adore Thee ! I prostrate myself before Thee in sentiments of the most profound reverence. Recite the Lord's prayer, and *Hail Mary* in a spirit of adoration.

Five Minutes. — Consider your happiness in being admitted thus to the presence of Jesus-Christ. How many pious invalids are, at this moment, sighing to be near Him, but are unable to come hither. How many obliged to toil unceasingly for others, long for the happiness you now enjoy. Oh ! thank Jesus fervently for the privilege He has granted you. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* in a spirit of gratitude.

Five Minutes. — Consider the boundless liberality of Jesus, who opens to you now the infinite treasures of His Divine Heart. You are poor — come and enrich yourself. You are sick — come and be cured. You are troubled and anxious — come and find peace. You are trembling and guilty — come and be forgiven. Oh, how happy I am, my God, how happy I am ! I come to spend one hour with Thee, and Thou canst send me hence a saint. My heart is ready, O Jesus ! Come and dwell therein and fill it with Thy grace. Mary, Mother ! help me to preserve the precious treasures I am now receiving. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* to obtain confidence and fervor.

Second Quarter of an Hour.

Five Minutes. — Speak to Jesus in the Tabernacle, compassionate His sufferings. Listen to what He says to Thee : — I suffer for Thee, my child. Thy sins deserve punishment, and that punishment I have taken upon Me. If thou art happy in the possession of health, of loving parents, of many other blessings, it is to me thou owest it all.

What do I suffer? The neglect of those who never visit Me, or grow quickly weary of praying to Me; the insults of others who deny me before men; the blasphemies of others who are leagued with my enemies against me. O dear child, console Me! Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* with the desire to console Jesus.

Five Minutes. — The best means of consoling Jesus is to become holy and pleasing to Him. Tell Him that you desire this sincerely. Yes, my Jesus, I desire, from this moment, to be entirely thine. The days of my past life have only served to increase my faults, strengthen my evil habits and leave Thee suffering and sorrowful. But now, I wish to please Thee. My God, inspire me what to do. O Mary, help me to amend my life. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* for this intention.

Five Minutes. — Consider seriously in the presence of Jesus-Christ what means you must adopt in order to amend your life — to become a saint. Is it to avoid the occasions of sin? To practise greater recollection? To receive the Sacraments more frequently and more devoutly? To sacrifice, for the love of God, something very dear to you? Tell Him that you resolve firmly to refuse Him nothing. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* to beg the protection of Mary, and strength to put your resolutions in practice.

Third Quarter of an Hour.

Five Minutes. — Listen to Jesus: My child, since Thou wishest to console me, to amend thy life, to become a saint, begin today by accepting, in expiation of thy sins and in reparation for the outrages committed against Me, all the trials I shall send thee. If they seem hard to bear

OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

say with Me. "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me," but always add, "nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done;" then submit, adoring and blessing My Divine Will." Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* in a spirit of conformity to the will of God.

Five Minutes. — Listen again to Jesus: My child, if Thou wishest to expiate thy sins and to repair the outrages committed against Me; thou must become animated with a lively faith and a profound reverence towards Me in My Eucharistic dwelling. Everything around the Altar speaks of this.

The lamp, whose gentle light is never extinguished, tells thee that I am here and that I see thee.

The Sanctuary, enclosed and silent, reminds thee of My sanctity and My union with God.

The Tabernacle, reveals to thee My love for a life hidden and unknown.

The Spotless Cleanliness of the Sacred Vessels shows thee the purity I look for in thy soul. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* to obtain the spirit of faith.

Five Minutes. — Listen once more to Jesus: Since thou wishest to expiate thy sins and to make reparation for the outrages committed against Me, try to gain souls for Me. There are at this moment, souls, beloved souls, blaspheming, dying, and about to be buried in hell. My child, my child, thou canst detain them still on earth, thou canst obtain for them one grace more, and thus win them back to Me. Pray, suffer, expiate, ask pardon for them. Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* for souls at the point of death.

Fourth Quarter of an Hour.

Five Minutes. — My God, I sincerely desire to do all that Thou askest of me. Prostrate at Thy feet, permit me to tell Thee of my loving resolve to serve Thee faithfully for the rest of my life. In Thy presence, I will now renew with true sincerity, the promises made for me at baptism: "I renounce the devil with all his works, the world with all its pomps, the flesh with all its inordinate desires. Never suffer me to be separated from Thee!" Repeat this protestation several times, and then

recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* to obtain strength to keep your good resolutions.

Five Minutes. — My God, there are two graces which I beg of Thee to give me, in order that I may keep my good resolutions. The first is a great devotion to Holy Communion. Grant that I may love Thee like St. Theresa, who, to receive Thee in Holy Communion, braved storms and dangers, saying to those who desired her to be more careful of her health: "Let me, let me go to Holy Communion! I cannot live without my Jesus!"

That I may love Thee like St. Francis of Sales, who could tell by the beating of his heart when the Tabernacle was opened.

That I may love Thee like that holy child, who, overflowing with joy on the eve of Holy Communion, replied to those who questioned her: "To-morrow, to-morrow, I am to receive my God."

That I may love Thee like that other holy child, whose whole life was spent in preparation for, and in thanksgiving after Holy Communion: "This act of self-denial," she would say, "is to adorn the dwelling of Jesus; this duty well-performed, to diffuse a sweet perfume therein; this time of silence, sacredly kept, to decorate it with flowers; these acts of charity are to thank Him for coming to me, and to console His Sacred Heart so often wounded in this Sacrament of His love." Happy child, who lived but for Jesus, and who now reaps the reward of her fervor! Recite an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* to obtain devotion to the Holy Eucharist.

Five Minutes. — The second grace I beg of Thee, O My God, is devotion to the Blessed Virgin-Mary and the Eucharist cannot be separated; we cannot love the Eucharist without loving Mary, the Mother of Jesus; we cannot be devout to Mary without feeling drawn to frequent Communion. O Jesus! grant that I may love Thy holy Mother as Thou didst love her.

O Jesus! grant that I may please Thy holy Mother as Thou didst please her.

O Jesus! grant that I may be docile to her words, her commands, her desires, even as Thou wert Thyself. She is my Mother, O my Jesus, as well as Thine, for Thou

gavest her to me. Oh say to her, once more, ere I leave Thy holy presence, what Thon saidst to her on Calvary, "Mother, behold thy child!" Recite an Our Father and Hail Mary to thank the Blessd Virgin for having adopted you as her child. Recommend to Our Lord Jesus-Christ the Church, our Holy Father the Pope, your parents, relations and friends, and your own particular intentions. Beg our Lord's blessing, and withdraw in silence and recollection.



OUR Lord knew that He was speaking to a burden-bearing world when he bade the "heavy-laden" come unto Him. He saw and understood how heavy and grievous are the burdens which crush hope out of humanity, and He was very tender and compassionate.

Sin is folly and makes burdens; everybody knows that; but it is equally true that everybody sins. It is, therefore, no consolation to any one to know that all his neighbors are burden-bearers like himself. There is supposed to be truth in the adage, "misery loves company;" but, if misery does love company, it is because of the sympathy it craves. Sympathy is inexpressibly sweet to the soul bowed down. It is because of the infinite sympathy of Jesus for suffering and sorrowing man that the world opens its heart to hear of Him, and weeps at the sad sweet story of His life. He knew how to sympathize with the burdenbearing, because He Himself bore burdens. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," "in all points tempted like as we are," He was not as one who cannot be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

This loving, feeling, sympathizing Christ did not offer to take all our burdens away. He did not abolish labor or disease or death, which bring troubles and sorrows, and disappointments and sufferings; He did not even banish sin, the source of all our woes, from the world. But He showed us how to lighten our burdens and how to bear them.



The Mass of Deliverance



HAT horrible preparations, sister," said in a low voice, a young girl, closely bound to a strong thick tree, addressing her sister tied in a similar manner to the dried stump of an oak dying from old age in a North American forest.

"Like you, my heart is, full of fear I am suffering awful agony," answered the other captive.

They were two young Indian maidens, daughters of the great chief of the Sioux, who had been taken prisoners by the Hawks. — "How our parents loved us" whispered the first speaker. "How great will be their grief. They know only too well the fate that befalls the prisoners of these cruel Hawks. What would have been their feelings, could they have heard the cries of joy and welcomed us last night. Alas! Alas! Sister, let us raise our hearts to that good and kind Jesus of whom the black-robed man told us. May He give us strength to meet the terrible death that awaits us to-morrow."

Then the young captives wept as if their hearts would break the slightest sound made them shudder with terror and with sad strained eyes they watch the eastern skies for the first glimmer of dawn, the dawn of the day that was to witness their doom.

The women of the tribe after, working until late, attending to the preparations for the horrible feast of the morrow, had retired to rest; leaving near their victims, the jars that were to receive their blood the sweet smelling herbs chopped ready, and the wood placed for the fire. Two warriors had been named to guard their pri-

soners. But they, feeling certain that the captives could not escape, had laid down near them and fallen asleep.

That same night the old Sioux Chief whose daughters had been taken captive, visited the encampment of another tribe allied to his. That tribe was being christianized by a holy missionary, Father de Smet. The Sioux Chief and his companions asked to be shown to the hut of this holy man.

"What is the matter my children, what has brought you hither ? asked Father de Smet.

"Father, my two daughters, whom you not long ago baptized have fallen into the hands of our ruthless enemies, the Hawks. The Great Spirit, whom you adore, is all-powerful. If you would speak to Him I am sure that He would save my children "

"Yes, He is all-powerful. But neither you nor your warriors have recognized Him as your God, although it is true that your wife and your daughters have been baptized. The God I adore is the only true God. He condemns hatred, murder and theft. It was hatred and a desire for pillage that made you attack the Hawks. You wanted to kill their warriors and they stole your daughters. Your punishment is just. You may reproach yourself for the misfortune that has befallen you. "

"Father I know it is through my fault and I beg pardon of the spirit of the black-robed one. Ask Him to give me back my children and I promise you I will be baptized, I and all my warriors. "

"Chief, I believe your words are sincere. In a moment I celebrate mass and I will ask my God to grant your request but on condition that in the future you govern your nation better, and will prepare yourselves to receive baptism. Promise Him also that you will not molest any Indian tribes in your neighbourhood.

"We swear," shouted the warriors. "Let the Great Spirit of the black-robed one deliver the daughters of our Chief and all our tribe will recognize your God as our God."

While the holy missionary offered the Sacrifice of the Mass begging our Lord to save the young captives, these poor unfortunates were filled with fear and horror at the thought of the sufferings they were about to endure.

When suddenly without hearing his approach they were astonished to see, a boy, dressed like those of their tribe, close to them. So sweet was his expression and so sympathetic his whole bearing, that they were filled with joy.

"I have come for you" said he so softly that they alone heard him. At the same time cutting the ropes that bound them.



"Follow me" he then said leading the way.

Their guardians were sleeping heavily and the young girls traversed the camp without disturbing anyone.

The charming child, who acted as their guide, seemed rather to glide than walk upon the earth and they also evidently moved with great rapidity soon leaving the forest occupied by the Hawks far behind them.

In front of them stretched out a vast prairie, separating the territory of the Hawks from the lands of the Sioux. This also was quickly crossed and they found themselves in their own country.

Their guide pointed out the road they should follow and disappeared before they could see what had become of him. "He must be an angel, the Great Spirit has sent to help us" they said and falling on their knees they thanked Him fervently. At the same moment Father de Smet had finished mass.

"It is all-right" he said turning to the Sioux Chief. Rise and return to your tribe. But do not deceive God. The dangers, remember, to which your daughters have been exposed are not altogether dispelled. They will be saved only in as much as you are sincere in your promises.

While the old Chief was making the return journey, his daughters were hastening along the road that their guide had shown them. When they reached a point from whence they could distinguish the camp fires of their tribe their terror vanished and they were able to talk about the mysterious protection which had evidently been given them by God. Weeping with joy they offered up thanks to the Great Spirit. Suddenly one of the maidens raising her eyes was struck with horror.

"Quick lie low sister for I see two Hawk warriors following in our tracks" she called at the same time dragging her toward a thick bush and under its dense branches they crept. They had barely replaced the branches to escape detection when they heard the warriors draw near. They were the two Hawk Indians, who had been named to guard the captives. No doubt as soon as they had discovered their escape had started in pursuit.

"These woods," the girls heard them say, "are so full of tracks of women and children that it will be almost impossible to detect those of the fugitives. We are quite near the Sioux encampment. It will be more prudent to remain where we are."

They remained a short time then returned towards the thick woods from whence they had come.

The young girls did not venture from their retreat until they were certain that their enemies were at a safe distance. When they did start out they commended them-

selves to the protection of the good God who had saved them.

As the Chief, on his return, was describing to his tribe his visit to the holy missionary, cries of joy interrupted his recital. It was the cries of welcome to the young girls saved by the Sacrifice of the Mass.

The wonderful deliverance of the young captives affected the whole tribe in a remarkable manner. They at once recognized the great power of God. "Let us fall on our knees," said the old Chief, "and adore and thank Him.

A few days later, they all received baptism. To the holy Sacrifice of the Mass that had saved the young girls the Sioux tribe owed it's conversion.



Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All
 How can I love Thee as I ought ?
 And how revere this wondrous gift,
 So far surpassing hope or thought ?
 Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore ;
 Oh ! make us love Thee more and more.

Within Thy Sacred Heart, dear Lord !
 My anxious thoughts shall rest ;
 I neither ask for life nor death ;
 Thou knowest what is best.
 Say only Thou hast pardoned me ;
 Say only I am Thine ;
 In all things else dispose of me ;
 Thy holy will is mine !

Ah ! why is not my love for Thee
 Unbounded, past control ?
 Alas ! my heart obeyeth not
 The impulse of my soul !

Ah, Jesus ! if love's trusting prayer
 Seem not too bold to Thee,
 Place Thy own Heart within my breast ;
 Love Thou Thyself for me !



Perseverance in Prayer.

MANY people complain that their prayers are not heard, says a Paulist Father. Again and again they have made some special requests for temporal, or it may be even for spiritual, blessings, and nothing seems to have come of these petitions. Others get what they ask for, but they are not so favored ; and they almost make up their minds that it is of no use for them to pray. They think, perhaps, that they are too great sinners for God to hear them ; or that they do not know how to pray right ; or they are even tempted to believe that prayer is a mistake altogether ; that God's will is not moved by it ; that, if any one does seem to get anything by it, it is only by chance and would have come without it just as well.

Now what can be the reason of the failure of these good people in prayer ? Is it, perhaps, because what they asked was really an evil for them, and so God could not in mercy grant it, but had to give them something better instead, which they had not noticed ? Or is it that they did not strive to do their best to win what they wanted also by their own exertions as well as by prayer, that they would not put their own shoulder to the wheel ? If it was some virtue, such as charity or patience, that they were asking for, and meanwhile took no real pains to cultivate and practise it, no wonder that God would not give it to them. Or, lastly, is the reason for their disappointment that they were praying for others whose will was obstinately set against their prayer ? A mother prays for her son and her prayers are heard, though they may not seem to be. Graces are granted to him, but he resists them. God has not promised to send them in such a tor-

rent as to sweep away and break down all opposition, though He may yet do so if she will only persevere. Persevere! Ah! that word suggests what may be the real difficulty, the true reason for the seeming uselessness of so many good prayers. They are good as far as they go, but there are not enough of them. The effect that is to come of them is to come all at once; it is like the fall of a tree in the woods under the blows of an axe: the tree will come down, but not at the first blow, the second, the tenth, or perhaps even the hundredth stroke. Our Lord has given us to understand the importance of persevering in prayer very plainly when He represents in the gospel the parable of a man who had gone to bed and is roused at midnight by a friend who wants to borrow some bread to set before an unexpected guest. He at first tells the disturber to leave him alone; he says he cannot be bothered to get up at such an inconvenient time; he pretends to drop off asleep, and keeps his friend outside knocking and pounding for so long a time that he almost gives it up as useless. "Yet," says our Lord, "if he shall continue knocking, I say to you, although he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."



Jesu ! our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize will be ;
 Jesu ! be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.



The life of Jesus Christ in the most Holy Sacrament is an interior and hidden life, although he dwells in the midst of creatures; a life most pure and holy, though exposed to the impiety of sinners; it is a life, noble, excellent and divine. Such should be your life, if you would live according to His Spirit. NOUET.



Through the pure Heart of Mary



“RIDICULOUS! Such nonsense! exclaimed Bertha Allan, throwing from her the book she has reading, with an unmistakable air of disgust.

“What’s the matter?” queried her cousin looking up from his paper. “What has happened to ruffle your Serene Highness? Didn’t the post man call? Has the last novel proved more than usually insipid? or worse than all — Has that autocrat of womankind —

the dressmaker, — disappointed?”

Now, Rob don’t tease, pleaded Bertha, her fair face crimson at having spoken her thoughts aloud. You know very well I scarcely ever receive a letter. Who in the wide world, she continued pathetically, is there to write to poor me? as for novels — here a scornful toss of the girlish head finished the sentence.

But what about the dressmaker? Oh! as far as she is concerned I find no fault, as I hold, as you know, that important position myself.

Well, if it was not the butcher, the baker, nor the candlestick-maker, who or what calls for such energetic disapproval? Honest, now, Bertha, you had better confess, continued Rob in a mocking tone, his clear grey eyes full of boyis’h fun. He dearly loved to tease this demure little cousin, she was so solemn and took everything so literally. Well, then, if you will have it, please remember you compelled me to answer you. I do not like the way you have of putting the Virgin Mary in every

possible place of honor in your church ; its Mary here and Madonna there, until I verily believe you have no place for Christ, much as you would try to convince me that the contrary is the case. No ! no ! do not interrupt me, she said as Rob made an effort to speak. You cannot deny it. I have been here a year, and during that time you have had festival after festival in honor of the Virgin Mary.

Blessed Virgin, interposed Rob, delighted that he had at last broken what he termed her icy calm.

You may call her that, I never will retorted Bertha now thoroughly angry. At Easter she monopolized all attention, then the month of May, and what not and I suppose Christmas will tell the same old story. Look at your devotion to the Sacred Heart. I imagined it was pure, but no, it seems all must come through her, and here she snatched from the table the little messenger she had discarded, and rapidly turning the leaves read aloud the general intention : " Oh ! Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, etc.

There, now can you deny that ? demanded Bertha in tones of angry scorn.

To say, Rob was astonished at this outburst on the part of his cousin would be no more than the truth. He never dreamt that under that quiet exterior dwelt such a hatred of all he held in reverence. Once or twice before he had observed something of her dislike for Catholicity, but soon forgot all about it, so at the present time he was dumbfounded at the storm he had raised. Nevertheless his love of fun got the better of his indignation, and in a would be soothing tone that was exasperating in the extreme, he remarked :

Never mind Bertha dear, some day you will be sorry for all this. Some day when you are a Catholic yourself. I ! a Catholic !! and the genuine look of horror on the girl's face set Rob off in a fit of laughter that only subsided when a white hand was placed on his arm and his mother's voice said half sorrowfully :

My boy, will you never learn to control the spirit of tormenting that possesses you ? Then looking up and seeing traces of tears and vexation on Bertha's face, she added : I hope you have not been playing any practical joke.

On the contrary mother, he answered, gravely casting the meanwhile a roguish glance at the crimson face of his cousin. Bertha and I have been having a quiet little discussion; the fact is, some of the devotions of Holy Church are not to her taste, — indeed, do not meet with her approval, so she has kindly consented to reconstruct the whole affair; after this we will have christinas without a Madonna and Easter without a....

Robert that will do; and Robert Seaton knew when his mother spoke in that particular tone that he had gone far enough. Yet he could not resist saying as he left the room:

What a pity you could not convert her, mother she would make such an earnest, sedate and — pugnacious little Catholic.

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A few weeks later Bertha sat watching the moonbeams play hide and sick in wind-stirred leaves of the honey suckle that shaded the open window, a delicious fragrance filled the room. Fantastic shadows flitted to and fro; now a silvery ray would creep up and crown the Madonna on the wall opposite, or light up in tender radiance the face of the Babe Divine, or an elfin blossom would detach itself from its leafy companions and peer shyly into the room, as if it too would nestle near that holy face. It seemed to Bertha as if all this loving attention was to make up for her coldness and contempt.

Poor Bertha! Her thoughts were anything but pleasant; ever since that discussion she had felt miserable and ill at ease.

Rob's remark about "Christmas without a Madonna," and her own ungracious retort.

You may call her Blessed; I never will, clung to her memory like spectres of evil. Why had she been so rude and so intolerant. Her cheeks burned with shame every time she recalled the occasion.

Alas! for all her plans! when a year previous she an orphan, had been received with love and tenderness by Rob and his mother, she had vowed in the gratitude and enthusiasm of her heart to repay their care a thousand fold, and what better way than to show them the errors

of their belief? How many times had she pictured herself gradually winning them from their errors, and leading them into the light of a "free Gospel," and now after a year they were as firm in their belief as ever, and only she herself was miserable and disturbed.

Her Bible though she read it diligently, brought her no consolation. It even seemed to conspire against her peace of mind. Her thoughts would wander to her attempts to convert her relatives; how once in a spirit of missionary zeal she left it open on Rob's desk, only to have it returned with the passage marked: "All generations shall call me Blessed!"

She closed the Holy Volume with an exclamation of impatience. Was everything going wrong? Would she never be at peace again? She could hear the Seatons at evening prayer in the adjoining apartment. As she listened to the murmur of their voices, gradually the room and its contents faded from her view, and she found herself enveloped in darkness, so terrible, so intense, she could almost feel its inky folds.

In an agony of fear, of she knew not what, she tried to call out — to move — but found it impossible. Suddenly, to her intense relief, the place was illumined as if with a myriad of lamps. When her eyes became accustomed to the light, Bertha saw in the distance a Lady, of celestial beauty, seated on a throne of rainbow-tinted clouds, in her arms she held a beautiful child, whose face was turned to hers in unalterable love. A steady stream of light poured from the child's heart into the mother's, whence it re-issued in effulgent rays.

Turning her head in Bertha's direction the Lady's eyes rested on her in mingled pity and grief. Oh! the reproach in those sorrowful eyes! How Bertha wished that the ground would open and hide her from them; then an irresistible impulse caused her to glance at the child, who, with a tender, loving smile on His countenance, reached out His dimpled baby hand and gently drew Bertha under the protecting fold of His Mother's mantle. What rest! What relief! If it could only last forever, — and with a start she awoke to find she had dozed and had been dreaming. It seemed to her like a lifetime, but was in reality but a moment.

The moonlight still made shadows in the room, she could hear her relatives at their prayers. "Mystical Rose," came in Mrs. Seaton's kindly tone, "pray for us" responded Rob. "Tower of Ivory." Why! it was poetry. "House of God," "Ark of the Covenant." How blind she had been. "Comfortress of the afflicted;" and Bertha could resist no longer, falling on her knees she whispered in lowly sweet submission: "Mother of Christ, teach me — help me." So absorbed were the Seaton's in their devotions that they did not see a slight little figure glide in and kneel beside them, nor were they aware of her presence until Bertha, in an effort to control her voice and make the responses burst into a passion of tears. In a moment Mrs. Seaton's kind arms were around her, while Rob quickly slipped away.

Years after, in speaking of her conversion, Bertha remarked: "Wasn't it strange, auntie dear, that my first doubts came on that day that I so nearly quelled with Rob about the titles of our Lady."

No, no, not strange at all, dear, when you know all. It was the first Friday of July, month of the Precious Blood. That very morning I had recommended you to the prayers of the Holy League, and — Mrs. Seaton's eyes were misty with happy grateful tears, "the Sacred Heart heard our prayers and granted our request." "Through the pure heart of Mary" reverently added Bertha Allen.



There are very few men who can imagine what God would make of them if they gave themselves to Him without reserve.

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Character is property. It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general goodwill and respect of men.



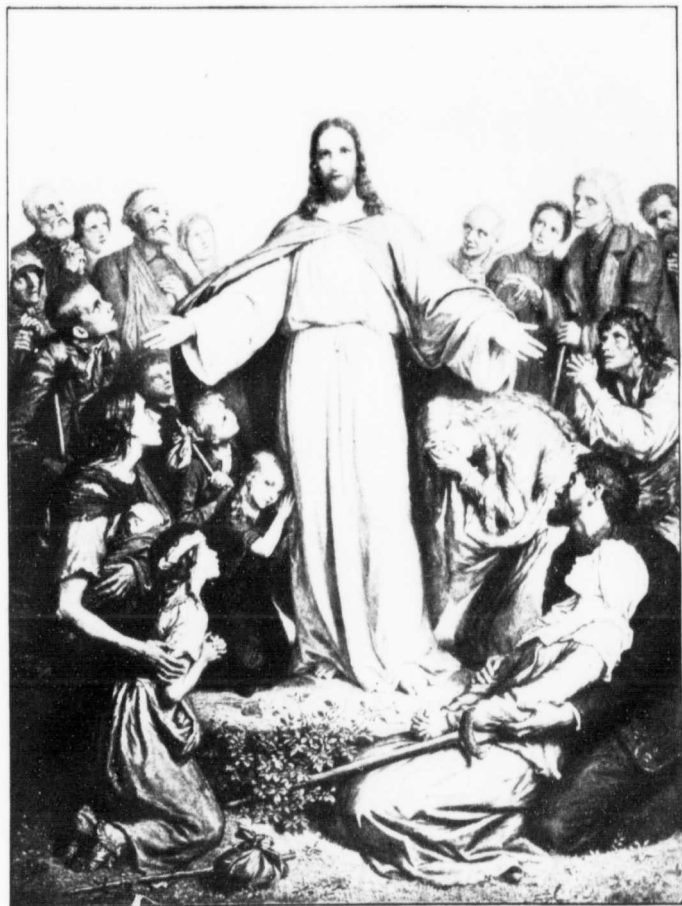
Mary, the Mother of the Lord

Standing in the temple door,
 Sunshine, streaming to the floor,
 Falls across thy stainless veil,
 Lingers on thy forehead pale,
 Thee nor sun nor star can brighten,
 Thee no mortal flame enlighten,
 All the light of highest heaven
 To thine inmost soul is given ;
 Thee beloved, by Thine adored —
 Mary, Mother of the Lord !

Maiden dream of mother love
 Broods thy drooping eyes above,
 Maiden hands with mother grasp
 Hold thy doves in tender clasp,
 Awe and glory in thy face
 Veil the woman's shrinking grace,
 Calm as angels wrapt in prayer
 Blessed more than seraphs are,
 Yet a woman, fair and weak,
 Bringing up thine offerings meek,
 Love fulfilling Law's behest,
 Sacrifices on thy breast,
 On thy lips, Love's sweetest word —
 Mary " Mother " of the Lord !

Judah's crown thy forehead wears,
 Judah's curse thy sad heart bears ;
 Through thy soul the sword is driven
 When thy keenest joy is given ;
 Deep and dark the Cross's shade
 On thy dark, deep eyes is laid ;
 On thy sweet and pensive lips
 Rapture glows through grief's eclipse,
 Stilled with mystery's silent spell,
 Thrilled with thoughts no speech may tell.
 Past the sense of human sadness,
 Past the dreams of human gladness,
 On thy heart the Living Word,
 In thy home the Babe adored :
 Hail ! thou Mother of the Lord.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.



THE CONSOLING CHRIST
After a painting by Carl Müller