

WEDDING FEAST AT CANA.

HOFFMANN.



ASSUMPTA EST MARIA

*They laid her down, all womanhood's crown
 With Holy Mass and prayer,
 And they carved the sign of the Cross divine
 Above her with loving care.
 They deemed she must lie till the trumpet cry
 Shall waken the dead from gloom ;
 But He who in fight hath quelled Death's might,
 Hath opened His Mother's tomb.*

*From the dwelling of Obed-Edom,
 Midst those who serve below,
 Unto David's City of Freedom,
 The Ark of God must go,
 Must go with shouting and gladness,
 With the King Himself before,
 Till it pass from the land of sadness
 Through the open heavenly door.*

*The heavens are ringing
 With musical tones
 Of Archangels singing,
 O Virtues and Thrones.
 More intense grows the hymn
 Of the rapt Seraphim,
 As she on whose bosom
 Their Christ-King once lay
 Is welcomed by Jesus
 And crowned Queen today !*

The Eucharist and the Rosary.

Third Sorrowful Mystery.

The Crowning with Thorns.

Blasphemies and Irreverences

“AND plaiting a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand” Matt. 27.

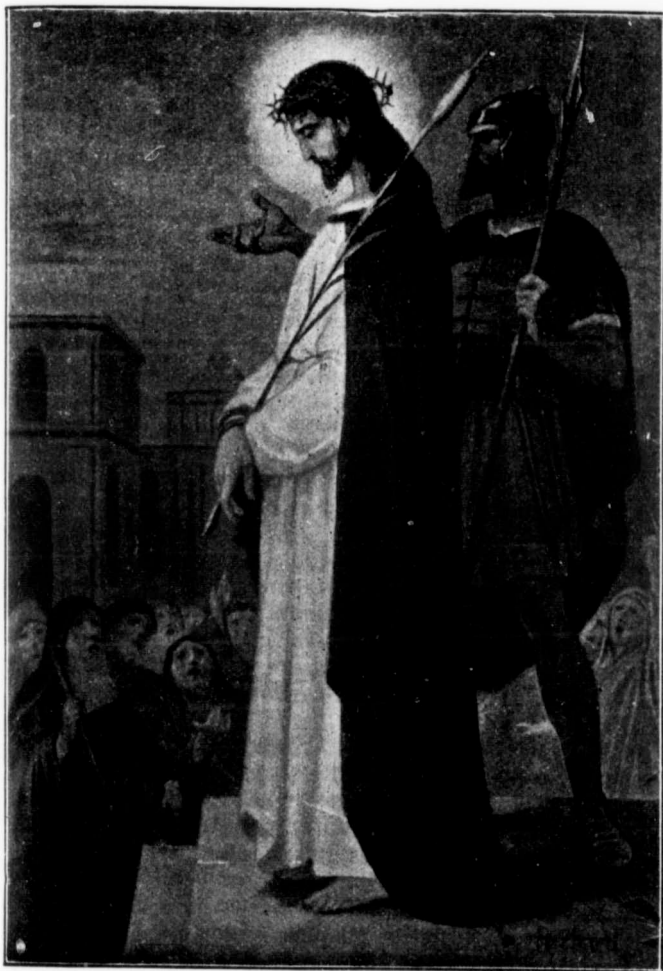
We close our tearful eyes in pity as Jesus passes on to His next torment, the Crowning. We see the tottering steps, the painful movements as He tries to advance under the rude treatment of the soldiers. They push Him on to the barrack yard where they are going to have some sport by dressing Him up as a King, and giving Him mock homage. They roughly pull off His tunic—His own dear Mother wove it and even she, with her delicate handling of it, could not have removed it without exquisite torture.

They plait the crown, put it on His head, and beat it down with the reed. We see the blood trickling through His hair, disfiguring His face, filling and blinding His dear eyes. Then begins the mockery, the sarcastic “Hail, king of the Jews” as they bend the knee. Think what Jesus must have felt in that tender sensitive Heart of His!

And think, too, of the long prologue of blasphemies which Christ, annihilated in the Eucharist must hear and endure during His stay through the centuries!

First of all, the blasphemies of the pagans whose evil curiosity gains against the jealous care with which the first Christians hid their treasures and their mysteries and who transformed by their calumnies, the sacrament of love into a cannibalistic festival.

Secondly we hear of the blasphemies of heretics who twist the word of God into contrary meanings and turn it against the dogma of the Eucharist and who pretend to substitute in the name of the same God a frail and impotent figure for the august and fruitful reality.



Ecce Homo.

Thirdly the blasphemies of Scientists who, discarding the Almighty power of God, invoke against the real presence the laws of nature, those very laws that are the eternal plan of a wise God.

Fourthly, the blasphemies uttered by scoffers and incredulous minds who are amused by the fragile appearances under which a God pleases to hide His divinity. What a huge joke it is to them to see intelligent beings bowing in lowly adoration before a little wafer ! Really, dear Lord, did we not know and realize that Thou art hidden there through sheer pity for our weakness and to satisfy Thine own loving desire to unite Thyself to us, we would be tempted to believe that Thou wert doing Thy best to provoke blasphemers the world over.

These blasphemers arouse our indignation, and we have ample reason to feel indignant but we might probably do better by turning our indignation upon ourselves.

We believe that Jesus is really present in the Sacrament of the altar and yet we act on so many occasions as though we had no faith. Let us scrutinize our behaviour in presence of the Tabernacle.

The Sanctuary of the Old Law contained but figures and souvenirs and yet God said : " Pavete ad Sanctuarium " ! Levit. XXVI 2. " Reverence my Sanctuary, I am the Lord ". Deeper and more reverential should be our respect before the sanctuary of the New Law since God Himself is there ; yet how sad it would be if the tender familiarity of our God should lead us to despise Him.

We kneel before Him. Apparently, there may be nothing irreverential in our attitude but where is our mind ? How far from the holy place should we sometimes go to locate it ! It is off in pursuit of its interests, of its passions, its business, its pleasures, its antipathies, its affections ! It has nothing to say to Him who is there awaiting its homage, it does not even think of Him.

Our body, rigid in its posture, feigns recollection, but our eyes turn incessantly from side to side either to satisfy a vain curiosity, or worse still trying to find a flaw in everything and every body that comes under our criticising vision. We register every fault in our retentive memory, not one escapes us. We might at times,

pass for detectives in Heaven's interests charged to send back a strict account.

Add to all that a long list of hasty bows, maimed genuflections, careless postures, signs exchanged as freely as if we were in a profane hall, laughing, speaking and uncharitable remarks. How much irreverence there is every day in our churches, and when all comes to all, are these irreverences not other forms of blasphemy in action of which we are all the more guilty since we do believe.

Dear Jesus, please pardon Thy poor weak, thoughtless children ! Inspire us all with a deep respect for Thy holy presence. Let our respect unceasingly pierce through the silken veil that strikes our gaze until it gets to the ciborium where our Lord lies waiting. Let our respect be an atonement for the dreadful blasphemies that sting Thee so often in the Eucharist. Sweet Mother of God, help us to acquire that profound veneration with which your soul was filled in the mystery of the Crowning.

Unite our respectful love for the Eucharistic Saviour with your protestations of love and salute in our name the King of glory, the King of our coming Congress. Ave Rex ! !

The Blessed Virgin has rescued me from Hell



ONE morning, in January 1854, a young man totally corrupted in principles and morals, entered a book store near the cathedral at Undim, Austria. On the counter there were many new books which had just arrived. He examined curiously to see whether any were according to his taste. But he found only religious books and prayer books.

Then he called out angrily to the book-dealer, " Oh, such nonsense ! " Among others, he came across the

booklet giving the wonderful apparitions of Our Lady of La Salette, and also saw the picture of our Blessed Mother in the front part of the little volume. He now began to use most abusive language, saying that these were nothing but intolerable inventions of priests and monks for the purpose of leading ignorant people about by the nose. What apparitions? what Mother of God? all that is fiction, nothing but invention, etc. Then he added a number of curses and blasphemous remarks about the Blessed Virgin, and finally disgusted, threw the book on the floor. But in the same instant he dropped down as though struck by lightning; he grew pale and lay there motionless. He was taken to be dead.

The book-dealer, the clerk and other persons who happened to be present were so overcome with fright, that they did not dare touch him. A number of other people came into the store however, not any of them were willing to touch him. They all unanimously declared, "This is a punishment of the Divine Justice!"

After a time the young man was seen to move, and it appeared as though he was trying to extricate himself from strong chains. But all in vain. At last he drew a deep breath, now he seems to have become free: he opened his eyes, looks about, and rises.

However no sooner was he on his feet, than he at once kneels down, folds his hands and amid a torrent of tears begs pardon of all who are present, for the great scandal he had given by his blasphemies. Then he continues, listen to what I say! At the very moment when I uttered such blasphemy, I was struck by the hand of the Just God: I was already overpowered by the evil spirits who drew me down into hell; already I saw the abyss of hell open under me, but the Mother of God herself, the most merciful Virgin Mary, appeared to me in the same form as she is pictured in that little book, with the same robe, with that very crown upon her brow, with that cross upon her breast. I saw her, as with infinite goodness and mercy she snatched me from the hands of the devils, and then I again became conscious. Oh, the Mother of God has rescued me from hell! I entreat you all to thank her for me and to pray to her that I may

become truly converted and remain faithful to her. I will immediately go to the cathedral to make a general confession, and after that will begin a new life.

He at once repaired to the church, knelt for a time at the foot of the Blessed Virgin's altar, then looked for a confessor.

With deep sorrow and contrition the young man told everything that had happened, and begged the priest to assist him with his confession. He completed it next morning and as he had asked pardon publicly, and showed such an earnest and good will, he received absolution and was permitted to receive Holy Communion. With the greatest fervor and devotion he approached the holy table. Afterwards he remained kneeling before the altar of the Blessed Virgin until noon. From this time forward he was an object of edification for the entire city, and everybody marvelled at the wonderful change in his principles and his behaviour. He himself declared to everyone. "The Blessed Virgin has rescued me from hell." This occurrence caused great sensation everywhere. It was legally investigated partly by an ecclesiastical commission, at the command of the Archbishop of Undine partly by the district commissary, at the command of the civil authorities and the city magistrate, and was then pronounced to be a fact.

Astonishing Acts of Divine Justice. Bozen, 1864.

R. I. P.

We recommend, to your prayers, the soul of our dear Brother, Louis Choquette, in religion, Brother Augustin, who departed this life on the sixth of July. He was a native of Marieville and only twenty-three years of age. That he had the happiness of making his perpetual vows a month or two before his death, is in itself, a glowing panegyric.

Pioneers of the Faith

ANNA T. SADLIER.



ONTREAL, as has been repeatedly shown, has had an altogether providential origin, free from the taint of commercialism, of greed for gold and those baser passions, which mar the early annals of so many an infant state. It enjoyed moreover a singular protection, for though it lay in the direct war path of the Iroquois, who were numerically so strong, and who had conquered even the once powerful Hurons and other native tribes, the handful of early colonists were enabled to hold their ground, and were never once obliged to yield to the ferocious enemy.

Amongst its pioneers and founders, are some, who deserve to rank with those christians of the apostolic times, and their names may be written on the bead - roll of those whom the common voice at least, numbers with the elect. In the first place, was that company of the Associates of Montreal, Olier and La Dauversiers, Fancamp and those others, whose names by their own desire, were concealed from their contemporaries, and whose only aim in the work of colonization and in the alms which they gave, was the glory of God, the foundation of a new Catholic metropolis in those remote regions, and the consequent evangelization of the savages. Other holy personages were associated therewith by their prayers, at least; such as the celebrated Marie Rousseau, a woman of lowly origin but exalted holiness, Brother Claude Legai, and de Condren the Confessor of Olier, who encouraged him so much in his labors for Montreal. But all these and many others, who had its interests at heart, never saw that promised land. Of those, who did

so, none was more conspicuous for his many and heroic virtues, than the soldier Governor, Paul de Chomodey de Maisonneuve who had followed the profession of arms from his youth and had won much distinction in that chosen career. But all the time he was wishing for some enterprise which would be directly for the glory of God and the advancement of the Catholic cause.

He was appointed to the difficult task of making a settlement on the Island of Montreal, which he did despite the opposition which met him even after his arrival at Quebec, where he was urged to remain and to add his small force to that of the imperilled Capital. But he had replied in immortal words, "That he had been bidden to found a settlement at Montreal, and that he would go there, if ever tree upon that Island, turned into an Iroquois." His career as governor is a noble and a chivalrous one. Brave to the verge of rashness, he restrained his own ardor to the necessary prudence, and advanced in every way, both as soldier and as legislator, the interests of the colony. Regarded from a religious point of view, it is recorded by those of his contemporaries best qualified to judge, that he had all the virtues of a monk, steadfastness, piety, endurance, an intense zeal for the honor of God, with marvellous purity of conscience. Shortly after his arrival in the New World, he took a vow of perpetual chastity, and practiced in the strictest fashion possible evangelical poverty. His first care was to build a church, near the Fort and he himself, in fulfilment of a vow, carried to the top of Mount-Royal, on his own shoulders, a Cross which he planted there, and which became a place of pilgrimage for the citizens. In times of particular peril, as in seasons of devotion, he caused the Blessed Sacrament to be exposed, and took a leading part in the processions which he organized. He inculcated amongst his men, devotion to the God of the Tabernacle and a tender love for Mary Immaculate. He formed a body of picked men known as the company of Mary, who pledged themselves at any time, to give their lives for the safety of the colony or for the salvation of their fellow citizens. He deserved in all his deeds and in all his ways, to be styled, as a biographer observes,

" the First Knight of the Queen of Angels," His character, in fact, chivalrous, lofty and noble, seems practically without a flaw.

It would be easy to single out, in truth, from the time of the almost miraculous settlement of the future metropolis, a score, at least, of others amongst its prominent pioneers who were of uncommon sanctity. The D'Aillebousts, husband and wife, Lambert Closse, the valiant Town Major, whose longing for many years had been to die for the Holy Sepulchre, and who exposed his life innumerable times in defence of his beloved Villemarie and ultimately perished while defending some helpless colonists, against a whole horde of savages. The first Mothers of the Hôtel-Dieu, daughters of the sainted Marie de la Ferre in France, and who coming to Canada under Sister Judith Moreau de Bressoles who was a veritable Judith in her courage, and endurance, began straight way to give to the infant colony examples of unusual holiness. The two Sulpicians, Le Maistre and Vignal, who gave up their lives for the faith, at the hands of the Iroquois. In fact, the names and deeds of these valiant ones, so crowd upon the memory in regarding merely the first fifty years of the colony's existence that it is hopeless even to make mention of them, in such limits as the present.

But it may be of interest, in view of the approaching Congress and the claim of Montreal to be a Eucharistic city, to say a few words of one, who voluntarily made herself the Prisoner of the Eucharistic God. Jeanne Leber, was the daughter of a wealthy merchant; Jacques Leber, and received her education at the Ursuline Convent of Quebec. From her early years she gave proofs of holiness and after her return to Montreal, became a frequent visitor, and an intimate friend of Sister Bourgeoys and the Congregation de Notre-Dame. Possibly through that influence and when only seventeen, she took a vow of celibacy for five years, she shortly afterwards obtained from her father, permission to live as a recluse in their own house, going forth only for Mass at the Parish Church and devoting herself to prayer, labor and penance.

When the Congregation Convent was completed, it became the most ardent desire of Marguerite Bourgeoys and her children, to build a church, but means were altogether lacking. Jeanne Leber came to the rescue, and furnished them with the sum needed, a part no doubt of that which her father had set aside as her marriage dowry, and her brother Pierre Leber gave the cut stone which was required for such an edifice.

Melle Leber made one stipulation in her donation to the community, that there should be constructed for her, at the back of sanctuary a cell. It consisted of three stories, a grating in the front enabled her to see the Blessed Sacrament, to confess and to communicate, and a door at the back to receive her food and materials for work.

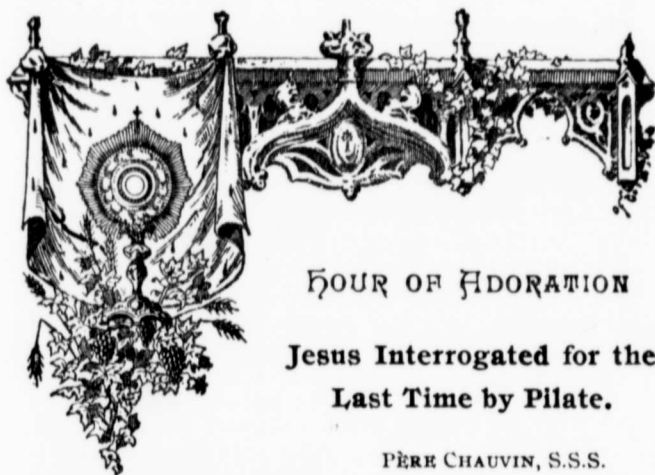
When the church was completed, Jeanne obtained permission from her father and from the ecclesiastical authorities to sequester herself there.

On the 5th of August, Feast of Our Lady of the Snows 1695, the ceremony of her reclusion took place in the newly completed church. In the absence of the Bishop M. Dollier de Casson, Superior of St Sulpice and acting Vicar-General, officiated. There was a procession, in which participated many of Jeanne's friends and relations as well as the religious of the Congregation, and many of the clergy, all carrying lighted tapers and singing hymns and psalms. The cell was blessed, and Jeanne clad in a robe of gray serge, with a black girlede, knelt before the officiating clergyman, who adressed to her a brief exhortation, encouraging her to persevere in the holy path she had chosen, and to follow those brief and simple rules which had been laid down for her. The emotion of many of those present was audibly expressed and Jeanne's father, who had come to the church was compelled to withdraw. But while the litany of the Blessed Sacrament was being sung, Jeanne calm, courageous, and radiantly happy, was led to the door of the cell, into which she closed herself, never to come forth more.

It was so solemn and impressive a ceremony, as had never been witnessed in Canada before, and very likely never shall be again. To worldly eyes such immolation is as incomprehensible as it is even reprehensible. It is simply beyond merely natural reason to understand, in the eyes of faith, it is sacrifice carried to sublimity, and on the part of Jeanne, a complete and loving surrender of herself as a captive to the God who has made Himself a prisoner in the Tabernacle. Next day, took place the solemn blessing of the new church, at which Jacques Leber, smothering his grief, forced himself to appear, lest any one should say, that the reclusion of Jeanne had been against his will.

Thenceforth, Jeanne's entire time was occupied in prayer, contemplation of the Blessed Sacrament, and work for the sanctuary. The vestments which she fashioned and the linen she prepared, are still preserved : and ever and anon, she made her presence felt, by rich presents of altar vessels. Her prayers, sought by many individuals and the colonies at large, often visibly obtained the protection of heaven. Once she prophesied a victory which the French were to gain over the English invaders, giving a clear and accurate account of the fight as it actually took place. She was visited in her cell by Mgr de Saint Vallier, Bishop of Quebec and of the whole of Canada and also, two or three times a year, by her father, who in the words of M. Dollier de Casson, was himself living a sacrifice, "For, said he, " as the mind and the body of that young girl who remains in her cell, like Magdalen in her grotto, is a victim offered to the Lord, so likewise is the heart of that old man who has given up his only child. Her death occurred many years later, and she was popularly regarded by the people of her time, and by the Sisters of the Congregation as a saint. She is certainly the Canadian patroness of those who are specially devoted to the Blessed Sacrament, since her devotion to that mystery of love was complete and entire.





HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus Interrogated for the Last Time by Pilate.

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

*Cum ergo audisset Pilatus hunc sermonem, magis timuit.
Et ingressus est prætorium iterum, et dixit ad Jesus :
Unde es tu ? Jesus autem responsum non dedit ei.*

When Pilate, therefore, had heard this saying, he feared the more. And he entered into the hall again, and he said to Jesus : Whence art Thou ? But Jesus gave Him no answer.

(JOHN XIX, 8, 9)

I. — Adoration.

The accusation, that Jesus had called Himself the Son of God filled Pilate's soul with fear. "At the moment," says Ollivier, "memories crowded upon him, that of the cures effected in the Temple itself, almost under his eyes ; that of the resurrection of Lazarus wrought only a few steps from Jerusalem, in a village that could be seen from Antonia ; that more recent one, on the very eve of the preceding day when the myrmidons were thrown to the ground in the Garden of Gethsemani ; and this still more recent, since it happened only one hour ago, His declaring Himself the King of souls and that His reign was not of this world. The calm majesty of His countenance and His words, the quiet disregard that He opposed to the fury of the multitude and the Sanhedrites, the superhuman patience with which He endured without

complaint—does not all this denote a supernatural origin ? ” And so both skeptical and superstitious, Pilate feared. He dared neither pardon nor condemn Jesus. In the former case, he dreaded the vengeance of the Jews ; in the latter, he trembled at the thought of drawing on himself the anger of the gods. His fear, says the Gospel, increased, for more than he feared condemning an innocent man, did he shrink from condemning some formidable divinity.

Under the influence of this impression, Pilate re-entered the prætorium and sent for Jesus. He began at once to ply Him with questions. *Whence art Thou ?* From whom descended ? What is the name of Thy parents ? Art Thou of this earth, or from above ? ” By these questions, Pilate hoped to receive from his Prisoner some clue to His nature and family. He did not succeed, for “ *Jesus gave him no answer.* ” To what purpose ? Of what might He have spoken ? Of His Divine Father. His virginal Mother, His royal ancestors ? He would not Have been believed, and so He was silent.

Pilate, offended at receiving no reply, made a brutal use of his authority. “ Is it to me, the Roman Procurator, that You refuse to speak ? Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and I have power to release Thee ? ” The sight of the cross was not of such a nature as to intimidate the Divine Saviour. He was awaiting impatiently the blessed moment when He might embrace it, stretch Himself upon it to be nailed to it. With what calmness and liberty the Divine Accused now responds to the iniquitous judge : “ *Thou shouldst not have any power against Me. unless it were given thee from above. Therefore, he that hath delivered Me to thee hath the greater sin.* ”

No, He is not an ordinary prisoner, this Man who is so agitating the soul of His judge ! “ O greatness,” exclaims Saint Athanasius, “ O glory of the Redeemer ! In the attitude of one accused, He makes His judge tremble and while the Jews are clamoring for His condemnation to death in the name of the law, Pilate dreads that, by virtue of the law, in condemning Jesus, he may be condemning himself. Pilate, you have reason to tremble. The Prisoner before you is really the Son of God ! ”

No. Jesus is not an ordinary prisoner, He who at this critical moment of His life, scrutinizes and judges consciences,

and gives to every one his just part of responsibility in the crime of His condemnation : " *He that hath delivered Me to thee hath the grater sin.*"

I adore Thee in Thy Sacrament of Love in which Thou hast so often endured the trial of human respect and tepidity. I do not want to ask Thee as did Pilate : " From whom art Thou descended ? " I believe without hesitation that these obscure appearances hide from my senses the reality of Thy adorable Person. Yes, Thou art the well-beloved Son of the Most High ! In that quality, I proclaim Thee the greatest, the most powerful of all beings. Thy greatness is immensity, Thy duration eternity, Thy height infinity, Thy depth immutability.

Who am I to have the boldness to address Thee ? The angels are not worthy to appear before Thee, and I, a sinner, who have so often deserved hell, how can I dare approach Thee ? Should I not, like Pilate, tremble in Thy presence ? Ah ! without doubt, I acknowledge before Thee my nothingness and unworthiness, but at the same time, I recall that Thou hast veiled Thyself in the Host to encourage me to come to Thee. It is, then, in all confidence that, with heart and lips, I now offer to Thee the double homage of adoration and love.

II. — Thanksgiving.

" *But Jesus gave him no answer.*" And why ? Because the Divine Saviour did not wish to put any obstacle to His own death. Let us suppose for a moment that Jesus had imparted to Pilate faith in His divinity, that He had enlightened him on all the truths of the supernatural order, that He had raised for an instant the corner of the veil which hides from earth the splendors of heaven, the throne He had reserved for him if he would be converted, what would Pilate have done ? He would have fallen at Jesus' feet and exclaimed with Thomas : " My Lord and my God !" Jesus would have been saved, and the human race lost. The Man-God had come to save the world. He desires to suffer and die to redeem it. It was, then, through love for us that Jesus would say not a word to obtain His deliverance.

The Roman Procurator may believe for a moment, as his words indicate, that he is Jesus' master, that he has in his

hands the power to crucify Him or to set Him free : "*Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and power to release Thee ?*" Illusion ! In the exercise of his authority, Pilate is only the instrument of a higher Hand which directs human wills, and more especially that of the Man God. Pilate's sentence will draw its executory value from the Eternal Father's will which has itself condemned His Divine Son to death for the expiation of man's sins.

Our Lord, also, that we may know it is neither through necessity nor by force that He is going to suffer and die, says to Pilate : "Thou shouldst not have any power against Me, unless it were given thee from On High." It is as if He said : I am going to die, but know that it is because I will it, and that no one has any authority over Me but what My Father and I will to grant him.

I thank Thee, O Jesus, for so much love ! May I always show myself grateful for it ! I love Thee, O my amiable Saviour, and my desire, my firm and unshaken will, is daily to increase in Thy love !

III. — Reparation.

At last, Jesus wills to reply, but it is in order to establish clearly the responsibility resting on Pilate and the Jews. "*Therefore,*" He says, "*he that hath delivered Me to thee hath the greater sin.*" Pilate need suffer no illusion. If the crime perpetrated by those that have placed Jesus in his hands is more abominable than is own, yet his own is very great, for he abuses his authority instead of using it to deliver the innocent.

Pilate was, indeed, less guilty than the Jews. Like them, he had not been reared in the study of the Prophecies. "Doubtless, he knew Jesus well by reputation. He was not ignorant of the title He assumed and of the opinion held of Him. On his journeys, he had often heard of the numerous prodigies He performed. But all came to him through the fog that distance throws around the most luminous facts. At Cæsarea, he was too far away ; at Jerusalem, he was too near." Again, he has not willingly mixed himself up in this trial. He submits to it ; whereas the Jews have begun it and are carrying it on contrary to all justice." This being said to his credit it still remains true that Pilate is responsible ; for, if the pagan

judge was not competent to judge of the Divine Sonship of Jesus, he was, however, able to decide whether or not the culprit deserved death. In condemning the innocent, he sinned gravely, and in the tribunal of history, his name has ever since been held in execration.

They who had delivered Him was the Jewish nation, which resounded with the cry of death : "*Crucify Him ! Crucify Him !*" The Jews had the prophets to delineate precisely the features of the Messiah, also His miracles to attest the superhuman power of the Son of Mary.

Again, the sin of the Jews was greater, because it was through malice they delivered Jesus and called for His death. Pilate, on the contrary, was constrained thereto by their violence. With his cowardly weakness, Pilate is only a homicide ; with their voluntary ignorance and obstinate hatred, the Jews are deicides. If Pilate may be excused, they must be execrated.

Pardon, Jesus, pardon for crimes so great ! Pardon for Pilate's crime, pardon for that of Caiaphas, for that of the deicide Jews, pardon and reparation for all the pain they inflicted on Thy tender Heart !

But alas ! It must be acknowledged, the Jews are not the only guilty ones. He who has delivered Thee is I, *myself*, it is every sinner who offends Thee with full knowledge.

Pardon for all who still condemn Thee to death in their heart by sacrilegious Communions ! Are not they, also, more guilty than Pilate, they who by their scandals, draw souls to ruin and thus endeavor to render useless the merits of Thy Passion ?

Pardon for the souls in purgatory, who are now expiating all the bad example they gave on earth ! Pardon for all the scandals of which I have been guilty, and which have so gravely offended Thee ! I regret them from the bottom of my soul. Henceforth, all my aim will be to edify my brethren and make Thee better loved and served by them !

IV. — Prayer.

To imitate Jesus—all is here contained for the Christian. Only they who are like Him can hope for a right to His heavenly kingdom. But to imitate the Saviour, one must know Him, one must open the holy Gospels. There we read the

greatness of Jesus, His mysteries, His teachings, His precepts, and their practice, by His admirable example. But this is not all. To arrive at a perfect knowledge of them, the Divine Master must Himself be our Teacher. We must listen to the lessons He Himself gives to well-disposed souls. And it is in the Eucharist that Jesus instructs His children. Thither should the soul desirous of learning the nature and qualities of the Saviour turn her steps ; there in all sincerity should she put to Him Pilate's question : "*Whence art Thou ?*" Reveal Thyself to me in all Thy greatness.

Will Jesus respond, or will He keep silence as He did before Pilate ? We may declare that He will act according to the dispositions of the soul that questions Him.

Now, the first qualification necessary for a soul to hear Jesus, is *humility*. Jesus did not answer Pilate, because the question came from a proud and haughty heart, as is evident from the lofty words of the Procurator.

Purity is the second condition for hearing the teaching of the Divine Master. "*The sensual man,*" says Saint Paul, *perceiveth not these things that are of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him.*" Only the pure heart can see God, by faith on earth, and then by perfect vision in heaven. Pilate was not in these conditions. His heart was not upright. His desire of knowing the origin of the Accused, sprang not from a pure love of truth and justice, but from fear of the chastisements of the gods. He had refused to listen to Jesus when He wished to instruct him and he had turned his back on the Divine Master uttering the word of truth. His dispositions have not changed. Pilate is still at heart the earthly man, indifferent to the things of heaven. And so Jesus refused to give him the information that he demanded.

Give me, O Divine Saviour, perfect uprightness and purity of heart ! Grant that I may labor constantly to purify my intentions and affections, and that I may have only one desire, that of knowing Thee in order to imitate Thee.

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Make at every hour of the day an act of humility to dispose your soul to hear Jesus in your Communion of the morrow.

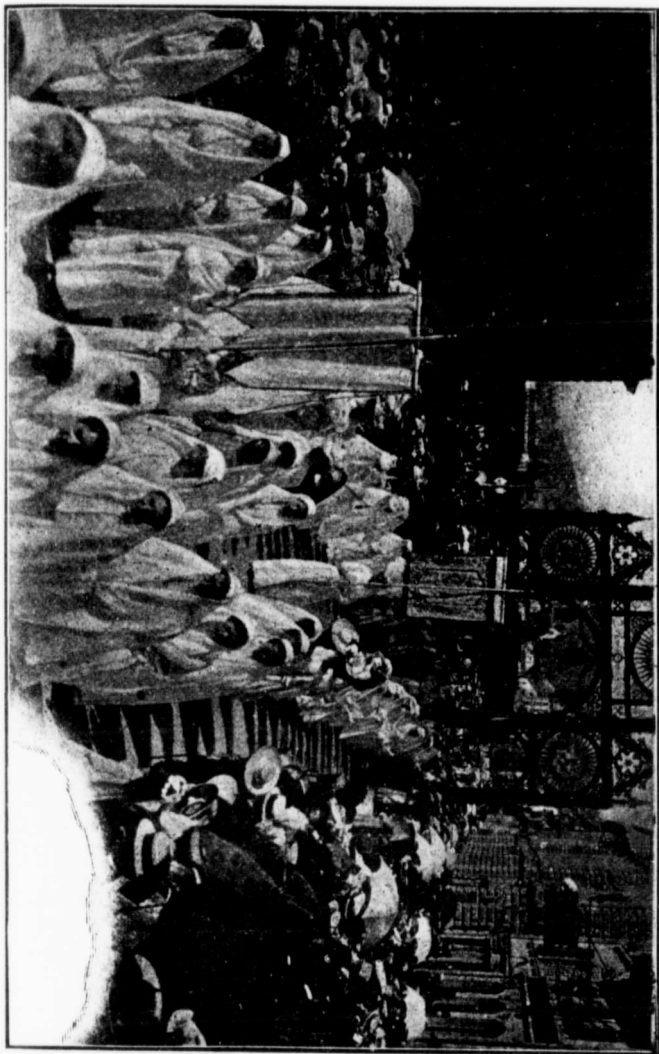
A Swiss Procession



HE Catholic traveller in Europe cannot but feel a sense of pleasurable emotion when he crosses the Swiss frontier for the first time and sets foot on the land of those sturdy mountaineers who for centuries have furnished the body-guard of the Vicar of Christ on earth. This is especially the case if he happens to be traveling northward from Italy, if he happens to be coming from Rome, where the Swiss guards are imprinted in his imagination with everything connected with the Vatican. How loyally they have borne the Papal colors He knows, too, and that they are no mercenary troops, but men who have ever been ready to shed their hearts' blood in defence of the Chair of Peter. We are now about to see that the Switzer's devotion to Christ's Vicar is in nothing exceeded except by his devotion to Christ Himself. We arrive in Lucerne in the days immediately preceding the *Fête-Dieu*, the Feast of *Corpus Christi*. Lucerne is one of the Catholic cantons *par excellence*. Its name is a corruption of that of its patron, St. Leodgar, for whom, as for St. Moritz, they have the greatest devotion.

They who are familiar with Lucerne will readily call to mind its fine *Hofkirche*, its beautiful *Schweizerhofquay* and its picturesque bridges, which link the *grosse* with the *kleine stadt*, as the divisions of the town are called at either side of the River Reuss, which here flows into the Lake. Well, let them imagine all this picturesqueness enhanced by a wealth of floral decoration and greenery in profusion, decking houses alike of rich and poor, the windows of which, in some cases, are transformed into little altars with statues and lights. As the procession is to traverse the entire town, these decorations are to be seen everywhere. At several places along the route, great arches have been erected, all made of Christmas greens and adorned with pictures of adoring angels and

other appropriate subjects. Let them imagine, too, the great mountains, those "Eternal Hills," which shut in Lucerne, seeming to raise their voices in the first note of praise which greets the King of Kings on this great day, for it is ushered in by the firing of a salute from the heights of the Gütsch, a salute which passes in harmonious echo from mountain to mountain, all eager to obey the command of the psalmist, "*Laudate montes et colles Dominum.*" The salute is followed by the simultaneous ringing of all the church-bells. In the Cathedral Masses begin at any early hour. At seven o'clock, High Mass is celebrated, and immediately after it the procession begins. A double row of soldiers is drawn up on the church steps and, as the Blessed Sacrament issues from the church, they present arms. As far as the eye can reach banners are waving; not only the Catholic Societies of Lucerne are there, but those of the neighboring cantons have sent contingents for this occasion. There are numbers of men, young men and boys, all seemingly impressed with its solemnity, and we could not help contrasting them with the godless little boys, as Marion Crawford styled them, whom one meets everywhere in Italy. Especially interesting to the stranger is the band of students, in their characteristic costume of tan-colored knee-breeches, top-boots, black velvet jackets with trimmings of blue, yellow and red braid, and fancy little caps in the same gaudy colors set jauntily on the side of the head. Then come what is more similar to us, the troops of little girls, white-robed and white-wreathed, some of whom enjoy the privilege of strewing flowers before the *Herr-Gott* in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, who this day deigns to walk in their midst. He is surrounded with a goodly number of priests and acolytes and a group of Capuchin friars from the neighboring heights of Wesemlin. Then flanking the procession, is the bodyguard of soldiers, whom it is hard for us to recognize as Swiss guards, lacking here, as they do, the artistic *tournaise* of Michael Angelo. As the Blessed Sacrament issues from the church, the cannons are fired again, and the band, which also has a place in the procession, begins to play. The procession is very long, but



it is wielded with great skill, and the order with which all get into their places and wheel around when an altar is reached (there are several of them along the route) is marvellous to behold. First the Gospel is read, then the hymn to the Blessed Sacrament is intoned and Benediction given, all meanwhile falling devoutly on their knees. The altars were all very pretty, but the one which pleased us most was in the *Wein Platz*, where St. Moritz armed cap-à-pie, seemed to look down approvingly on the piety of his children. The procession made a charming picture crossing the bridge. The *Kleine stad*, too, had to be honored by the passage of the King of Kings, and over there they vied with the *Grosse Stadt* in the elaborateness of their decorations. A Benediction had to be given there also, before the procession turned on its homeward march, this time crossing the Reuss by the covered bridge. The return route lay through the *Hertsensteinstrasse*, as all were anxious to see "Jesus of Nazareth passing by." When the Cathedral is at last reached, salvos are again sounded, a *Te Deum* is intoned, and then the *Tantum Ergo*, followed by a final Benediction, after which all burst forth into a heartfelt "Holy God, we praise Thy Name"—*Wir loben dich*. All now seemed to be finished. But such was really not the case. The children still lingered. We saw them all, boys and girls, gathering around the High Altar. Our Lord's wish, to "suffer little children to come unto Him," had been remembered, and they waited now for a Mass of thanksgiving, their young, fresh voices being lifted again with unabated ardor, as if realizing the words of the hymn :

*Quantum potes, tantum aude,
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudere sufficis.*

GRACE McAULIFFE.



Jeſuſ changeſ Water into Wine

— AT THE —

Marriage Feaſt of Cana.

(See frontiſpiece)

IT was in this ſecluded nook of Paleſtine that the Man-God condeſcended to bleſs and ſanctify that union deſtined to people heaven, purify its joys and by His preſence atteſt its eſſentially religious character.

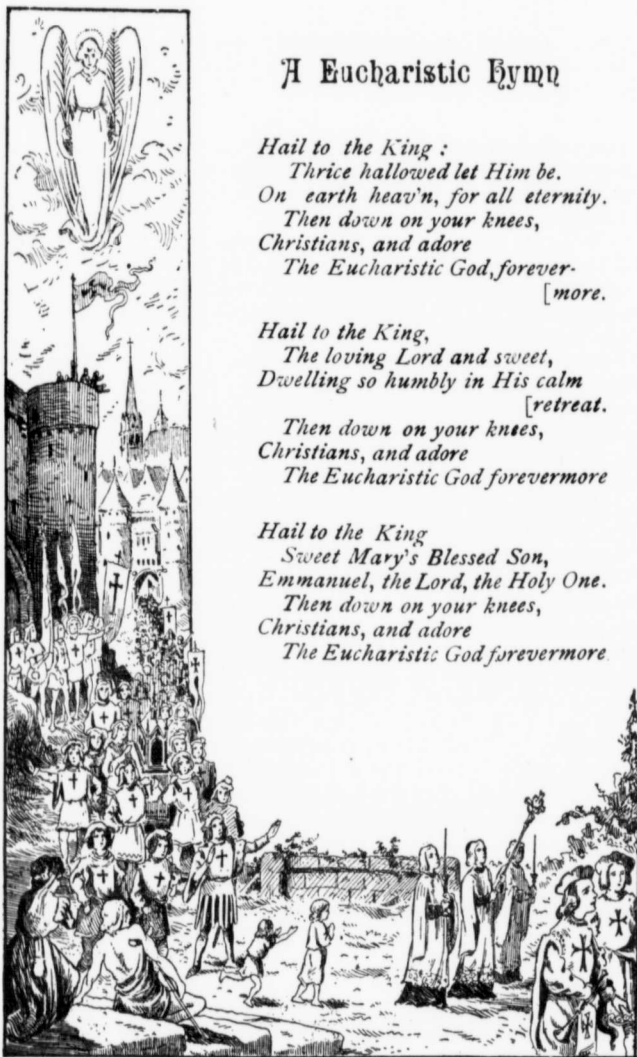
Among the Jews theſe nuptial ceremonies began towards evening. The bride arrayed in rich garments, her beautiful hair flowing beneath her wedding veil, her head crowned with a wreath of natural flowers, knelt to receive her parents' bleſſing, then took her place under a dais.

Arrived at the bridegroom's houſe, ſhe was preſented to him. One of his parents recited a long prayer, then followed a ſumptuous banquet. At Cana, the preſence of unexpected gueſts was doubtleſs the reaſon why the wine gave out and threatened the young couple with the ſhame of a public humiliation; but the Mother of Jeſus ſaw their plight and with maternal ſolicitude approached her divine Son ſaying ſoftly: They have no wine." And to pleaſe her Jeſus advances the hour of His firſt miracle and changes water into wine.

The little village of Cana ſtill exiſts at a ſhort diſtance from Nazareth. The ruins of a grand old Church, mark according to an ancient tradition, the ſpot where the miracle took place. In the hollow of a ſmiling valley, pomegranates, fig and olive-trees ſurround a fountain and protect its freſhneſs in return for the life it gives them. From this fountain the miraculous water was drawn.

In the nuptial banquet of Cana, the Holy Fathers ſee the figure of another. It is in reality an announcement, a prelude of the divine banquet to which Jeſus would ſhortly invite humanity and leave us, with His Body for food, and His Blood for Beverage. At the moment when in the feſtal hall of Cana Jeſus worked the miraculous transformation his gaze penetrated beyond the ſymbol, down the future centuries, and ſaw the table of the Cenacle, all the altars of the world, and on this table, on theſe altars produced by a word from His lips, or from thoſe of the prieſt, His repreſentative, the continual change of a little wine into His Blood, and this Blood diſtributed to the faithful, become the link of their myſterious and fruitful union with Him, the Man-God, Redeemer and Saviour.

Such is the ſublime teaching, the true meaning of the Miracle of Cana.



A Eucharistic Hymn

Hail to the King :
Thrice hallowed let Him be.
On earth heav'n, for all eternity.
Then down on your knees,
Christians, and adore
The Eucharistic God, forever-
 [more.]

Hail to the King,
The loving Lord and sweet,
Dwelling so humbly in His calm
 [retreat.]
Then down on your knees,
Christians, and adore
The Eucharistic God forevermore

Hail to the King
Sweet Mary's Blessed Son,
Emmanuel, the Lord, the Holy One.
Then down on your knees,
Christians, and adore
The Eucharistic God forevermore

*Hail to the King,
Who from His prison, small,
His blessings pours
On suppliant one and all.
Then down on your knees,
Christians, and adore
The Eucharistic God forevermore.*

*Hail to the King,
May He our prayers attend,
And deign to guide and bless us to
[the end.
Then down on your knees,
Christians, and adore
The Eucharistic God forevermore.*

J. A. S.





The State of Grace for Communion

PERE CYMARD S. S. S.

Probet autem se ipsum homo ; et sic de pane illo edat et de calice bibat.

But let a man prove himself : and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that chalice.

(I Cor. XI, 28.)

I



THE Eucharist is a bread of delights. The first condition for participating in It, is to be alive, that is, to be in the state of grace. This is the first and essential condition—freedom from every mortal sin.

Without doubt, propriety demands still more, that we be pure from venial sins ; it demands, also, piety and the practice of the virtues. But all that is relative. It is demanded more of a religious than of a laic, more of a person who lives solitary and retired than of one charged with the care of a family. But the general, indispensable law, which holds good for every one, is to be free from mortal sin.

Let us, then, entertain no exaggerated fears, no vain dread on the subject of the conditions required for Communion. Are you in the state of grace ? Do you wish to draw near to Jesus, to unite yourself to Him ? Come then ! If you possess some virtues, you will glorify God more, and your dispositions will be more perfect. But even in this case, who could think himself perfectly

worthy ? True virtue dwells in him who thinks himself without virtue. Do you think you have a right to weigh your virtues, your qualifications, to see whether you deserve Communion ? Sink into your nothingness, ardently desire—behold the true disposition for Holy Communion !

But I insist on this point : Have purity of conscience. Without that, the Bread of Life would become a bread of death. The Eucharist is, however, not intended to give death. But were you already dead before receiving It, you would be doubly so after.

It is the state of grace that St. Paul demands when he says : " Let a man prove himself " before eating this Divine Bread. And because some communicate with a guilty conscience, he tells them that they have eaten their own damnation. They have crucified Jesus in their heart, Jesus, their own Judge.

The Eucharist is the Bread of the Living. Our Lord indicated that when He proclaimed this mystery : " I am the Bread of Life : He that eateth Me shall live in Me and by Me. " Behold here two lives : the divine life of Jesus in the soul, and the life of the soul in Jesus.

But if Communion is the union of the soul with Jesus, there must of necessity be between these two terms a unity, a likeness, which will form the foundation of the union, for contraries are never united. Light cannot mingle with darkness, death with life. Since Jesus, who comes to us, is living, we, too, ought to be alive, otherwise there would be no union. You will, at most, detain the Lord for some instants in your heart, but He will not abide there, and you will have committed in His regard a sacrilegious violence.

Let us, then, always remember this essential condition purity of conscience. The Church inculcates it strongly by the voice of the Council of Trent. She expressly forbids us to communicate before confessing, if our conscience reproaches us with a mortal sin, no matter what may be our sorrow.

II

Even if this purity were not so expressly demanded, simple propriety would make it a duty. Communion is a banquet, the nuptial feast of the Lamb. Jesus Christ receives us at His own table, and feeds us with His own Flesh. He is both the host and the feast : *cibus et conviva*. Would we enter there in a dress unsuited to the occasion? Who would dare answer such an invitation in soiled raiment?—No one! Let us, then, do for Our Lord what we would do for any guest. It is a royal feast. The angels surround their King. In spite of their purity, they cannot sit at this Banquet. Although you have not their dazzling whiteness, have at least the purity of conscience that Jesus Christ demands as the condition of admission to His Table.

III

In the Eucharist, everything invites us to purity. Have you ever seen First Communicants? How pure and beautiful are those children who follow one another in long rows!

What purity in the bread of the altar! It is pure wheat. It has been despoiled of its husks, and converted into flour, and what more pure than white flour? It is made up without leaven, for leaven gives to bread a germ of corruption. The Lord could have chosen some other material, some other color; but we should not have found therein all these lessons of purity.

Purity is so natural when there is question of Communion that, if I should tell you to communicate in the state of mortal sin, you should recoil with horror, you would rather die!

If you found even a deliberate venial sin on your conscience, you would not dare approach Communion. And yet you might do so. Venial sin is not a radical obstacle to Communion. But you would not dare; you feel not suitably prepared, your garments are not what you wish, and you ask pardon.—That is well, for it testifies to your delicacy of conscience, and shows how inseparable is purity from Holy Communion.

Look at Our Lord before the last Supper. "You are clean, He says to His Apostles, "but dust still soils your feet. I will remove it and purify you perfectly." And Our Lord washed their feet. A great lesson in humility, doubtless, but a still more striking one of purity!

Have, then, a living soul. They say that the most atrocious torture of the martyrs was to be bound living to a corpse. They would have preferred death a hundred times.

That was, indeed, a frightful punishment, that forced alliance of death with life! Why, then, fasten Jesus Christ to a corpse? What! you would bury Jesus? Ah! at least, I beg of you, let the sepulchre be new and pure!

IV

But for souls truly Christian, the reason most capable of leading them to purity is, that Jesus enters into the soul more or less intimately according to its degree of purity.

If you are pure from mortal sin only, Jesus will enter your breast, and you will live by His grace. But, like Lazarus who, though living, could not act on account of the linens that bound his members, you will not greatly profit by your Communion. Purify yourself again, return often to get strength, and you will end by conquering yourself entirely, and by producing the fruits of grace and good works that Jesus expects of you.

When the communicant is pure even from deliberate venial sins, Jesus acts in him powerfully and without hinderance. He inflames his heart, excites his will, enlightens his mind, and penetrates the inmost recesses of his heart. He enters into the chamber of friendship. There are no cobwebs to offend His sight. He enjoys the perfume of his good desires, and He tarries there a long time. Ineffable things then pass between the soul and Jesus. The soul then becomes extraordinarily refined. It no longer counts itself as anything, for it is now one with Jesus, and it says to Him: "Take all, reign over all, and let us love forever. I will be Thy servant for eternity."

How great a consolation, that Jesus should come to us according to our purity ! If He came only on account of our good works and our virtues, it would be frightful ! What are our small virtues before the holiness of the God of virtues ? But you are pure, and you try to be more and more so. That is enough, Jesus will enter your house with pleasure.

Let us keep ourselves pure. Let us become transparent and brilliant. Behold the labor that we have to expend upon our soul. But behold, also, the fruit of Communion. Behold how the union of our soul with Jesus becomes continual here below, and begins the eternal union which awaits us in glory.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHOIR BOY



HEREVER there is a Sunday school and a train of altar boys, methinks if they heard the following true story, some souls might be brought to the Master and a little child would lead them.

About two years ago, while my choir boys were standing in the sacristy, waiting for services to begin, I noticed for several Sunday evenings a little fellow about twelve years of age looking in at the open door, and wistfully and earnestly watching the train of red cassocks and white surplices that were ready to march into the sanctuary.

"Who is that boy?" I asked on the third Sunday evening.

"Father he is a Protestant. He is Charlie X—." I looked around, but Charlie had disappeared. However, the next Sunday night he was there, and when I went toward him he stood his ground like a man.

His big blue eyes widened when I spoke pleasantly to him.

"I am glad to see you, Charlie. Do you like to watch the choir boys?"

"Yes sir." And an unspoken wish shone on his face. He was a bright, manly-looking lad, and I was pleased with his appearance.

After a moment, during which he never took his eyes from my face, he said :

"Could I be a choir boy?"

"But you don't believe in the Catholic Church, Charlie!"

"Won't you give me a chance, Father?"

The words and the lad's earnest face made a deep impression upon me. I turned away to look up a spare cassock and surplice in the wardrobe, but the boy mistook the movement for a refusal and was turning slowly and sadly away when I called him. "Yes my boy, I will give you a chance; put these on," and I helped him.

No king robed in ermine could have been more grave, more reverent, than this boy, when, fully equipped in cassock and surplice and hymn book in hand, he stood beside a companion in the middle of the lines.

"Now, do as the other boys do," I whispered, as the train started into the sanctuary. I watched him from the door. He was reverent and attentive, even surpassing his Catholic companions in respectful devotion, listening breathlessly to every word that fell from the lips of the priest who preached the evening sermon. Sunday night we have sermons of a doctrinal nature, followed by Benediction. Every Sunday evening he was there, and the boys never once referred to his being a Protestant, at least in my hearing.

One evening he lingered after the boys said good-night "Well, Charlie," I said, "tired of being a choir boy?"

How he looked at me!

"Oh, Father! No, indeed. But, Father may I be a Catholic?"

I put my arm around him — I couldn't help it, the little face was so serious.

"Certainly, my son. But your parents must be consulted and give consent."

"Why, Father, I brought them to church every Sunday to see me in my choir clothes, and mother says she would be glad if I were good enough to be a Catholic."

I inquired his address, and I went to see his parents soon after this. I found they were unbaptized Protestants, and, of course, not one of the six children had ever been baptized.

I talked about Charlie and found both parents were not only willing to see Charlie instructed and baptized, but wished the same for themselves and the rest of the household.

The end is soon told.

I instructed the little apostle and his father and mother and baptized them and all the brothers and sisters, eight in all. He soon made his first Communion, and was confirmed and then encouraged and helped the rest. All are now fervent converts, and the little choir boy still is seen each Sunday in the sanctuary, rejoicing in his new found treasure of faith and lifting his innocent heart in prayer.

Who knows but some day he may stand on the altar steps and break the Bread of the World to starving souls who are yearning for just such an apostle?

Friends, pass on this true story. Perhaps somewhere there may be another father and mother who need "a little child to lead them."—Selected.

