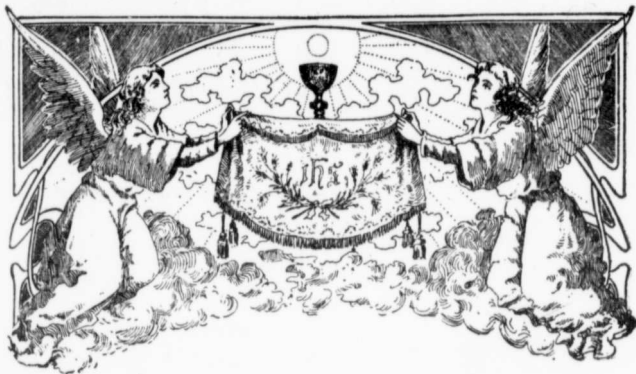




THE CORONATION OF MARY



The Coronation of Mary.

THE term of love's probation now was past
 And Mary's ever virgin soul was free :
 Her body, temple of sweet purity,
 Was not to nature's devastations cast,
 But was upborne by angels to the vast
 And glorious home of perfect harmony
 Where soul and body rest eternally,—
 The twilight-years of yearning crowned at last.

Ah ! long, sweet mother, were thy waiting years :
 And yet each one was meted out by love,—
 A love that kindled into day the night,
 And made a solace of thy very tears ;
 A love that bore thee Itself above,
 And crowned the Queen in realms of endless light.

AVE MARIA.



The Life of Jesus in the Bl. Sacrament.



PROUS French author writes : " How often do we say to ourselves : I should indeed have been happy if I had lived at the time when Jesus was visibly on earth, going about teaching and preaching from hamlet to hamlet in Judae and Galilee, working miracles and doing good to all." Oh, to have sat at His feet on the mountain, or by the seaside, or away in the loneliness of the desert, where He went to pray ! What a joy !

What a help ! What a consolation ! How

His adorable presence would have so-laced and sanctified my soul ! And surely He, who fed the hungry, and gave sight to the blind, and forgave the worst sinners, and even rescued the dead from the grave

and gave them once more to their mothers that mourned them, surely He would have given me all I stood in need of—and how holy and how happy I should have been ! What you would then have done you can do this very hour. Jesus is near you still. In the church, on our altars, is the same Jesus who was on the mountain, and by the seaside, and in the lone desert ; and He has the self-same loving Heart and the self-same divine power to aid He is veiled, indeed, under the appearances of bread ; you do not see Him, it is true, with your bodily eyes, but neither did the blind people whom He cured ; they believed that He was there, and their faith led them to

follow Him. What matters it that Jesus is hidden beneath eucharistic veils? We know that He is there; we see Him with eyes of faith. Reflect, moreover, that when Jesus was preaching in Judea it would not have been easy for you to have gained access to Him, and to have spoken to Him alone. Many of the crowds that followed Jesus beheld Him only from a distance, and it was but a small number of privileged souls who had the happiness of private conversation with Him. Far happier are we, for we can approach Him at any time. In the Blessed Eucharist Jesus waits to speak with each one of us in particular, that we may tell Him the wants of our inmost heart and obtain from Him all graces particularly necessary for us."

The life of Jesus on earth began with the moment of His Incarnation. When Mary after she had received the message of the Archangel, gave her consent and spoke her fiat, "Be it done to me according to thy word," in that moment 'the Word was made flesh,' 'the Son of God became man by taking upon himself human nature in Mary's womb and dwelling therein for nine months, like a prisoner in close confinement. The Lord was then already in the world, yet hidden from the eyes of men.

Transfer your thoughts to the life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Five words from the mouth of Mary, "*Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*," sufficed to cause the Son of God to take flesh in her womb. Similarly five words from the mouth of the priest, "*Hoc est enim Corpus meum*," spoken at the consecration of the Mass, suffice to bring our blessed Lord Jesus Christ down upon the altar to dwell in the little Host. And, to use the words of a pious writer: "The very life of Our Lord in the sacramental species closely resembles His life in the bosom of His Mother. And yet, how wonderful are the operations of this hidden God! What virtue, what power goes forth from the silent Prisoner of the Tabernacle! What a blessing it is to have Our Lord near to us at all times! How mighty is His influence upon the devout soul that kneels before Him in the tabernacle! How great and how manifold are the streams of grace that flow from the Blessed Sacrament into hearts that thirst for the love of God! How the rays of divine light penetrate into

hearts that seek counsel and help! How the balm of consolation, of hope and encouragement, is poured out upon troubled and suffering hearts! How filled with heavenly sweetness and rapturous joy do pious souls become at the foot of the altar, by the mere presence of their Lord and Saviour, so that, like Mary when she had



The Immaculate Mother of God.

Jesus and not another; the body that was formed from thee, and not a new one, which consecration brings. And when I come to thee on thy feasts to look at thyself, to admire thy beauty, to praise thy grace, to glorify God for all thy gifts, to kneel before thee and tell thee all my heart in prayer for thou art omnipotent in thy intercession, thou hast Jesus with thee, and makest me feel Him

received Elizabeth's inspired salutation, they chant interiorly the Magnificat.

It was Mary who carried Jesus to Elizabeth and to John. Mary is for us also a mediatrix who leads us to her divine Son. Father Faber writes: "O my Mother! My Mother! I never have a communion but to thee I owe it. The tabernacle, the pyx, the monstrance — the very beauty of the mystery — is that it is thy

even when happy I was not thinking of Him in my mind, though surely I am always loving Him in my heart. All our best life, all our spiritual life, is nothing but a succession of visitations—visitations from Mary, bringing Jesus with her."

The nine months since the Incarnation are drawing to a close; we journey with Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem. As Kings and shepherds once adored the Babe of Bethlehem, so now high and low pay their homage to the Blessed Sacrament wherein Jesus abides for evermore to be at all times, our Teacher, our Friend, our Comfort, and our Joy.

After His manifestation in the Temple follows Our Lord's hidden life of eighteen years at Nazareth. Is not this mystery of the hidden life of Jesus reproduced in the Blessed Sacrament?

His Nazareth is now the tabernacle. As at that time but few people entered the house of the holy family, while others thoughtlessly passed it by, and others again looked with disdain upon it, so it goes on at the present day with regard to the real presence of Our Lord in the tabernacle. Pious Christians enter the house of God because they believe that Jesus dwells therein; they visit Him, adore Him, pray to Him, lay before Him their sorrows and necessities, yet never will they fully fathom the depth of this Sacred Mystery. Heretics, however, pass by the house of God and the tabernacle in a heedless manner; they resemble the inhabitants of Nazareth, to whom Jesus was no more than a man; they do not believe in the real presence; the Host is to them merely bread—not the body of Our Lord. Finally, also, utter strangers to the Christian faith, infidels, pass along, and they do not take notice of Him at all to them the Host is not even a representation or a remembrance of Christ, the God-man; they absolutely deny His divinity. And yet, just as Jesus was continually subject to His creatures during those eighteen years that He lived at Nazareth, so also in the Blessed Sacrament He has for more than eighteen centuries hidden Himself and lived a life of obedience without interruption. He obeys His priests when they celebrate the holy sacrifice. He obeys, in a manner, each one of His faithful by coming to him when he approaches the holy table.

After this long period of His hidden life Our Lord at length entered upon His public career. It lasted three years. He preached to the people everywhere ; He taught them the way of salvation and scattered His benefactions in all directions ; in a word as St. Paul tells us, " He went about doing good." Does He not perform similar good deeds in the Blessed Sacrament? Does He not scatter His graces broadcast from the tabernacle? Oh, how many wise and salutary lessons does He not inculcate upon those who visit Him there or receive Him at the holy table! How many graces, how many temporal and spiritual benefits He bestows upon them from His altar-throne! Here He abides in silence and solitude ; here He watches through the day and through the night—often in greatest solitude and loneliness, as in Judea—and covers His benefactions even with a more impenetrable veil ; for no man can conceive how grand how varied, how powerful, how beneficent, how far-reaching in their effects are the silent and hidden operations of the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus in the hearts of those millions who seek refuge at the altar or present themselves at the holy table. Here He endures with even greater meekness and humility than in Judea the countless insults that are inflicted upon Him by those who look with disdain and malice upon this sacred mystery. Let me call your particular attention to another great advantage which the Real Presence of our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament offers us in comparison with his public life on earth. When in those days He dwelt for instance, in a city by the Sea of Genesareth, He could not be found at the same time in Jerusalem ; or while He was in Bethany, He could not be seen simultaneously by people in Nazareth. But now, in the Blessed Sacrament He dwells at the same moment, simultaneously, in many places.

Following the three years of Our Lord's public life comes His bitter passion and death. Oh would that our blessed Lord had not to endure similar sufferings in the Most Holy Sacrament on account of so many who like Judas, receive Him in a sacrilegious manner ; on account of so many unfaithful disciples, who either betray Him or deny Him ; on account of so many blasphemous people, who abuse the Blessed Sacrament by cursing and

swearing in its holy name; on account of all those who crucifix Him anew by their vices and sinful deeds!

The Blessed Sacrament is most truly a representation, a reproduction of the mysteries of the whole life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—of His Infancy, His boyhood, His manhood; of His incarnation, His nativity, His circumcision, His manifestation to the three holy kings, His presentation in the Temple; of his hidden and public life; of His Passion, Resurrection and Ascension.

In the Blessed Sacrament we find Bethlehem, Nazareth and Jerusalem, Genesareth and Bethany, Gethsemane and Golgatha—the holy land on earth and the true fatherland in heaven. It contains Christ, whole and entire, with soul and body, with humanity and divinity; so likewise it embraces the Child Jesus and the Man, the suffering and the dying, the risen and the glorified Jesus, —His life of abasement and humiliation on earth, as also His life of glory in heaven. In the Blessed Sacrament we possess Him who has known and loved us from eternity—our Lord, our Saviour, our God and our All. The Blessed Sacrament is our life, our joy our strength and our hope. Let us therefore be grateful and fervent adorers of the Blessed Sacrament and let us frequently say with hearts glowing with love:

“ O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine!
All praise and thanksgiving be every moment Thine.”

*Be patient and wait in
every strait;*

*God's mercy is certain and
never too late.*

*Forget not in fear that One
lingers near.*

To help and protect you.

Be patient and wait!

The Assumption of Our Lady.

As sleep, to thee came Death; and when
 for thee
 Death-slumber closed, thine eyes.
 Death ceased to be.
 Nor calm decay, nor age, nor malady
 Nor base infirmity had wasted thee;
 It was the Voice of Jesus calling thee.

Pure in Conception, that same Purity
 Had vested thee with Immortality
 Bought by the Blood of Jesus, who in
 thee
 His Home Immaculate had made, which
 He
 With every grace had filled supernally.

The Word Thy flesh assumed; that flesh
 will He
 For ever wear to all eternity.
 Corruption could not touch it: wherefore
 He
 After three days arose, that He might be
 The Flesh whence springeth Immortality.

*His Flesh and Blood He gives, that we
 may be
 One Flesh and Blood with His Humanity
 Would He not therefore prize thy flesh
 which He
 Had taken for His Own substantially—
 Raising it from the tomb ineffably ?*

*Lily of Paradise, oh fittingly
 Thou in the garden shade wert bound to die ;
 The Church was busy ; all around would be
 Her trophies and her triumphs, yet was she
 Unconscious of her fairest victory.*

*For who, O Queen, is this awaiting thee ?
 Who cometh in the twilight seeking thee ?
 Who knocketh at thy door ? No Angel He
 Who opes thy tomb, though Angels sing of
 thee
 Scattering thy bed with roses, daintily.*

*Lo, from the sunlit Orient cometh He,
 Thy Soul's Beloved : He hath awakened
 thee,
 And thou art risen. He hath quickened
 thee ;
 And from the desert, lo, He leadeth thee
 In beauteous glorified Humanity.*

A visit to The Blessed Sacrament. Guardian Angel.



JESUS is very lonely. He is weary waiting for those whom He loves, but who forget Him. Let us visit Him. Walk gently ; the church is a holy place ; God is here. Kneel and adore Him. It delights the Heart of Jesus to have you near Him ; listen to His sweet voice.

JESUS.

My child, you need not know much in order to please Me ; only love Me dearly. Speak to Me as you would to your mother, if she had taken you in her arms. Have you no one to recommend to Me ? Tell Me the names of your relatives, of your friends ; after each name add what you wish Me to do for its bearer. Ask a great deal ; I love generous hearts that forget themselves for others.

Tell Me about the poor whom you wish to help, the sick whom you have seen suffer, the sinners whom you would convert, the persons who are alienated from you and whose affections you wish back. For all recite a fervent prayer. Remind Me that I have promised to grant every prayer that comes from the heart ; and surely those prayers are heartfelt which we say for those we love.

Have you no favors to ask for yourself ? Recall all the needs of your soul, and tell them to Me. Tell Me simply how self-indulgent you are, how proud, sensitive, selfish, cowardly, idle. Ask Me to help you to improve. Poor child, do not repine ! There are in heaven many saints who had the same faults as you ; they prayed to Me, and, little by little, they were cured. Do not hesitate to ask Me for the gifts of body and mind for health, memory, success. I can give everything, and I always grant request for gifts that will make souls more holy. What do you want to-day, My child ? Oh, if you knew how I long to do you good.

Have you no plans to interest you? Tell Me all about them. Do they concern your vocation? What do you think of? What would you like? Are you planning some pleasure for one dear to you? What do you wish to do?

And you have no thoughts of zeal for Me? Do you not care to do a little good for the souls of those whom you love, and who perhaps forget Me? Tell Me of those who interest you, what motive urges you, what means you wish to take to do them good.

Confide in Me your failures. I will show you the cause. Whom do you wish to see interested in your work? I am the Master of all hearts, and I lead them gently where I please. I will place about you those who are necessary to you, never fear!

Have you nothing to trouble you? My child, tell Me of all your little crosses, Who has pained you? Who has wounded your self-love? Who has treated you contemptuously? Tell me all; and then say you forgive and forget, and I will give you My blessing.

Do you dread something painful? Is there in your soul a vague fear which seems unreasonable, and yet torments you? Trust fully in My providence. I am here; I see everything; I will not abandon you.

Are there about you friends who seem less kind than formerly, — who neglect you through indifference or forgetfulness without your having consciously done anything to wound them? Pray for them, and I will restore them to you, if their companionship be good for you.

Have you no joys to tell Me? Why not confide to me your pleasures? Tell Me what happened since yesterday to console you, to make you happy, to give you joy.

An unexpected visit has done you good; a fear was suddenly dispelled; you have met with unlooked for success; you have received some mark of affection; some trial has left you stronger than you supposed. All these things, My child I obtained for you. Why are you not grateful? Why do you not say "I thank You?" Gratitude insures further benefits, and the benefactor loves to be reminded of his bounty.

Have you no promise to make Me? You know I search in hearts. Men are deceived, but not God; be frank.

Are you resolved to avoid that occasion of sin, to give up the object which leads you astray, to withdraw your

friendship from that person who is irreligious and whose presence disturbs the peace of your soul? Will you go at once and be kind to that companion who offended you?

Well, My child, go now and resume your daily work. Be silent, modest, patient, charitable, prayerful; love the Blessed Virgin dearly; and tomorrow bring Me a heart even more devoted and loving. To-morrow I will have new favors for you.

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

FIRST DIFFICULTY THE FEAR OF COMMUNICATING UNWORTHILY.

II

(Continued.)

I do not communicate every day, nor very often, because I fear committing some venial sin even in the very act of Holy Communion through a want of actual devotion.



H! Christian Soul, this fear does not displease me, and I confess that I bless God for it with all my heart. "If it is proper to avoid the least faults in the discharge of every sacred function, with how much more reverence and holiness should we approach the august Sacrament of the altar!"

We ought, then, to think of manifesting our sentiments by a modest and recollected attitude before the sweet Jesus, who comes to us with so much love, and we ought carefully to shun at this moment anything that could offend Him. And this so much the more since "the effect of this Sacrament is not only the increase of sanctifying grace — an effect which is always produced when we communicate without the certainty of being in a state of mortal sin — but still more a certain actual refectation of spiritual sweetness, of which they deprive themselves who are guilty of venial sin even in the very reception of the Sacrament. In this case, however they

still receive an increase of grace and charity." He, on the contrary, who communicates without committing any little fault of indevotion, "receives in its plenitude the effect of the Sacrament."

But if I approve a fear that inspires more reverence and devotion for the Divine Eucharist, I disapprove, however, when it hinders you from communicating often or every day. In this case it would become for you a vain fear. What is necessary in order not to commit a fault, even a light one, of irreverence and indevotion in the act of the Communion? All that is necessary, St. Thomas teaches us, is that at that moment we have no voluntary distractions, by thinking deliberately of worldly things, but that we keep our attention fixed on Jesus, receiving Him with modesty and reverence.

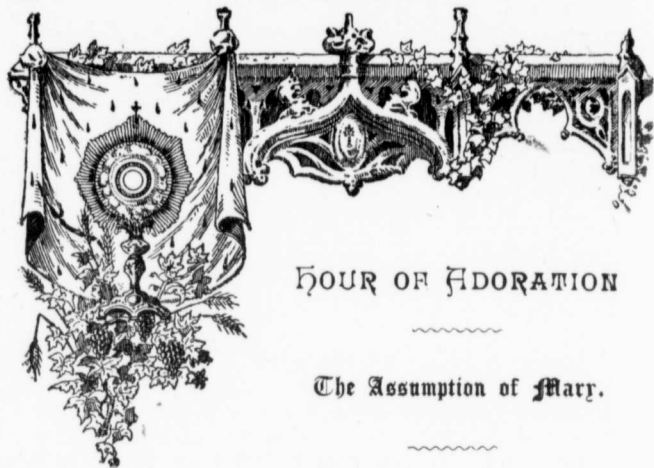
I say that we should have no voluntary distractions by thinking deliberately of worldly things, because if at this moment there should come distractions that we in no wise desire, they would not be sinful and would hinder neither reverence nor devotion; on the contrary, not wished, but borne with patience and offered to God, they would be an increase of both the one and the other, and would render the Communion more meritorious.

And now, answer me, Christian Soul. Would you approach the altar with irreverence and immodesty? Would you deliberately indulge a distraction at the solemn moment in which the priest, holding in his hands the Immaculate Host, carries It to your lips while pronouncing the words: "May the Body of Jesus-Christ guard your soul to eternal life! Amen!" If at that instant of paradise, there should come to you against your will any distraction you would never even think of consenting to it?

Do you not see now that your fear is chimerical? Despise it as a temptation of Satan, and fail not to communicate daily.

Think that "the enemy, well knowing all the fruit and the efficacious remedy found in Holy Communion, tries in every way and on every occasion to turn away faithful souls from It and to keep them as far from It as he can."





FOUR OF ADORATION

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 The Assumption of *Mary*.  
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I. — Adoration.

Adore Jesus present before you, coming to call His Mother to her reward after she shall have undergone the last humiliation, death.

Adore the designs of God in the death of Mary. Why should that innocent creature die? Why should the Mother of God fall under the decree issued against sinful man? God wills this death in order to publish aloud that He alone possesses inalienable life, life independent, living of itself, and that before Him all created life must die in order to prove that it is only a borrowed life. Adore, then, the life of God, His eternal and unchangeable life, full and perfect, independent and sovereign.

Adore it in union with Mary at her last hour. What submission, what acceptance, what acquiescence in the decree which demands the sacrifice of her life, and subjects her to the yoke of death! Not only does she accept it, but she longs for the hour, and she actually dies of her great desire to see dissolved the fetters that keep her far from her well-beloved Son. She dies not simply *in* love, as do all the just whom their last hour finds in the state of grace, but she dies *of* love. The violence of her love and her desire to behold her Jesus in His glory and power, consume the innocent victim, and end her life. Mary dies of love, in an act of the most ardent love, in which seems to have been condensed all the love of her whole life.

But before that moment of glorious reunion, behold the ineffably touching reunion of the Viaticum. For twenty years Mary lived

on daily Communion, which alone sustained the strength of her body, as well as the courage of her heroic soul. And now for the last time, she sighs to receive her Well-Beloved. She remembers that He Himself received the Viaticum before His Passion, and she, too, desires to strengthen herself for her journey to eternity. Is it St. John? Is it St. Peter? Or rather is it not Jesus Himself who carries the last Communion to His Mother? Pious traditions authorize us to believe that it was Jesus. O adore with Mary! Adore with her faith, her piety, her love, her ardor, her transports, her humility, her annihilation, her gratitude. Adore the sweetest, the most luminous, the most lovable, and the most loving Host of her Viaticum! It was of the same nature as that before which you prostrate. But what love, what sweetness, what delights, what joys, and what knowledge, what a foretaste of heaven did not Jesus will that that Host should give to His Mother! It was the immediate preparation for beatitude, for recompense, and for glory. It was heaven itself, as far as heaven can be given here below.

Under the force of this last stroke of love, Mary breathed out her life in thanksgiving, offering life for life, soul for soul to her Well-Beloved.

And her virginal body, exhaling the sweetest perfumes, was laid in the tomb.

But hardly had Mary paid this tribute to the burial of her Son, before the angels reunited her body with her soul in the name of the Almighty They formed in joyous troops, and the Thrones, forming with their strong arms a crown, like a triumphal car, for their august Queen, bore her up to heaven. Her Son came forth to meet and conduct her into the celestial Jerusalem, singing peans of jubilee amid the acclamations of the angelic hosts.

In the midst of that glorious triumph, Mary adored God, praising His goodness and the wonders of His love. She offered Him her own impotence, her own absolute nothingness, her soul repeating :

Honor Mary's triumph by acts of faith in her assumption in body and soul into heaven, and with her adore the God who resuscitated her in order to crown her.

II. — Thanksgiving.

The King has brought me into his wine cellars.

Thank, bless, and felicitate Jesus and Mary in this mystery. Jesus has His Mother with Him again. He puts an end to the long exile of her life. He changes her poverty into affluence, her obscurity into glory, her sufferings into beatitude. What the Father experienced on receiving His Son triumphant from the ignominy of Calvary, Jesus felt on beholding His Mother freed from the law of sorrow and humiliation. Ah! what embraces, what words of

joy, what a pouring out of His Sacred Heart, what an overflowing communication of all His Goods, of all His glory, of all His happiness!

And Mary? Ah! bless and thank with her for all the bliss she then received. She beholds her Son again! She embraces Him, she presses Him to her bosom, no longer through the veils of the Sacrament, no longer in the obscurity of faith and the shadow of mystery, but in person, in all liberty. Her eyes look upon Him, her arms embrace Him, her lips kiss her Child, her Jesus of Bethlehem and of Nazareth! And her soul beholds Him, seizes upon Him, embraces Him, and tastes Him with far greater reality! And that dear Son is no longer subjected to weakness, indigence, and sufferings. He reigns, He is seated on the throne of His everlasting royalty! O blissful inebriation of the Mother of Jesus, so deserved, so dearly bought, so long desired, I bless you, I rejoice in your abundance, your sweetness, your eternal duration!

Although our Mother leaves us, and we cannot but be sad, yet it is for our advantage that she, like her Son, goes away from us. Mary's most holy and resigned death has merited for us treasures of confidence and resignation for the awful moment of our own death. It is to the merit of her death, as well as to that of Jesus, though in a less degree, but very truly, that we must attribute all the graces of the Christian deathbed, which we call by the sweet name of a good death. This is true, because Mary never acted as one apart from us and for herself alone, but always as the universal Mother of all men, and for the interest of all her children.

When, then, she rose from the dead, when she entered heaven, it is our poor humanity that lives again and triumphs. We send her as an all-powerful ambassadress before us.

Lastly, her maternity, very far from ceasing, shines again in heaven; for it is in heaven that the gifts of grace all the supernatural missions of life are established in their perfect maturity and effect their greatest results. Mary will still be our Mother, but with love more tender, more patient, and more pitiful, with power greater and more indefatigable, with vigilance more extended and more clear-sighted. Yes, she is still more our Mother in heaven than upon earth, or at least, all the strength of her sweet maternity can be exercised without hinderance, with the help of the best and most abundant means.

III. — Reparation.

The holy, resigned, and loving death of Mary and her glorious Assumption are an eloquent protest and an abundant reparation to God, above all, in our times in which death itself is profaned by the blasphemies and the infernal practices of secret societies.

Offer Mary's death for all those rebellious, blasphemous, scandalous, and truly accursed deaths, which seem to approach so near to hell upon earth. Behold with terror those men who insult God and His ministers in the very hour in which their Creator is about calling them to His judgment seat, in the very hour which they are already in His hands. Is it not furious and insensate rage? To insult one's Judge, and appear before Him with a blasphemy upon one's lips!

Offer to Jesus the gentleness, the resignation, the love of Mary when accepting the decree of death, and making the sacrifice of her life.

Offer that death, prepared for by so pure a life, by so ardent a desire of heaven, by so unflagging an attention to the hour in which the Spouse would come, in reparation, also, for the fault, the criminal imprudence of all those Christians that allow themselves to be surprised by death. Alas! it often overtakes them in the midst of pleasure, projects of ambition, dreams of aggrandizement. Neglecting, despising the admonitions of their conscience and of the Church, the warnings given them by the events going on around them, they treat lightly and with indifference their chief affair of dying.

Offer Mary's perfect dispositions at the moment of her last Communion to repair the fatal negligence of all those that do not prepare to receive Holy Viaticum. Offer them, also, to repair the still graver fault of relations, physicians, and friends who, through natural affection, human respect, or a want of faith, do not procure it for the sick of whom they have the charge.

Then, in presence of that exemplary death of Mary, that death which gave so much glory to God, examine your dispositions with regard to your own demise.

Is the thought of death sufficiently present to you to exercise over you its salutary influence? Does it produce the spirit of the fear of God, of zeal for salvation, horror of sin, and detachment from the things of earth?

Do you, on the contrary, shun the thought? Do you fear death on account of the separation that it imposes, the bonds that it sunders, the possessions of which it deprives?

Do you prepare for death? Are you ready to die, to respond at once to the voice of the Master if He should call you now? Do you keep your lamp, of faith, filled and lighted, your loins girded, your conscience pure?

Alas! perhaps you despise the thought of death as too vulgar, and, wishing to fly to the lofty summits of purest love, you leave to others this plain as unworthy of you. Take care! Rashness and presumption carry with them chastisement and ruin.

Examine yourself well, and see whether you are not in false security, deceitful assurance. It is, above all, in regard to death,

that you must shun imprudence and be humble, dependent, and fearful.

Unite with all the holy dispositions of Mary dying.

Then recall the burial, at which all the apostles assisted with profound piety, the flowers found in her tomb instead of her pure body, her resurrection and Assumption. Repair the scandal of those interments from which the Church and the Cross of Jesus Christ are absent. Repair for the outrage done to God by His creatures, for the blasphemy against His justice, for all that mass of impiety, irreligion, and scandal.

Offer, protest, repair, and exert every effort to prevent those odious scenes.

IV. —Prayer.

May I die the death of the just !

It is good to pray while Mary is mounting heavenward. Let us confide to her all our desires, all our wants. May she pray, may she intercede for us at the throne of her Son whom we adore here below on the throne of the Sacrament of Love !

In closing the meditation of this mystery, let us ask her, above all, for the graces, the helps, the virtues which seem to be its principal fruit.

First, let us ask for the grace of preservation from a sudden and unprovided death. The God before whom we shall have to appear, is so holy ! And we ? We are so quickly soiled on the dusty road of this life and in the mire of this sad valley of tears ! Who would not tremble at the thought that he shall have, at that dread moment, neither friend nor time, nor any help whatsoever to prepare for the awful passage ? Secondly, let us ask for the grace of a good death. A good death is a death in the state of grace, in the love of God, preceded by a sincere confession, reparation of the scandals we may have given, and of the offences we may have committed against our neighbor. It is, above all, death preceded by Holy Viaticum.

Holy Viaticum, the reception of that Jesus who died to redeem us, who is our pardon and redemption, our confidence and strength ! He comes to us in person to apply to us all the fruits of His Redemption, to give us all His help, to assist us in the final combat, and that we may make our last journey leaning on His arm, and holding his hand. Yes, and even more than that, He carries us on His shoulders like the well-beloved sheep, long lost, perhaps, but now found forever !

O what strength, what security in the Holy Viaticum ! Confession prepares for it by purifying the soul. Prayer accompanies it, communicating resignation, peace, and abandonment to the Divine Will.

The Holy Viaticum is in itself Jesus, the Christ Saviour, giving Himself for the sole end of sustaining the dying, of strengthening them, of combating for them, and of leading them securely through the gloomy portals of death. All the desires, all the virtues, all the love, all the power of Jesus, are centred on the dying. The whole price of His Flesh and Blood, His life and His death, His Soul and His Divinity given to the dying, in order to aid them to die well — that is Holy Viaticum. Do we comprehend the importance of that help, the price of that grace ?

The Holy Viaticum well received is heaven secured ! Let us supplicate our sweet Mother, by the Viaticum that she received, to obtain for us the same grace.

Let us ask her to accompany her Son to our dying pillow, to encourage us by her smile ; I mean by exciting our confidence in His goodness. Beg her to obtain for us all the strength necessary for the last assault of Satan, and still better, let us beg her to resist the infernal monster herself. O sweet death, protected, enlightened, and rendered easy by the presence of Mary ! O what comfort shall we find in pressing to our lips, already chilled by death, her familiar picture, in passing her chaplet through our stiffening fingers as death gains upon us ! Her sweet name will still sound in our ears like a far-off voice from heaven even when, closed to the din of earth, it no longer hearkens to the consoling words of friends and relations.

Let us pray for all the dying, for the ignorant, the rebellious. Mary can obtain sudden illumination for them, and the grace of conversion powerful enough to triumph over their obstinacy.

Lastly, let us pray that Mary may everywhere raise up apostles and soldiers for the Holy Viaticum. Let us beg her to make them understand that it is the most necessary charity, for it is so urgent — that it is the most meritorious and unselfish, for it demands a sacrifice — the dearest to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, for it is that which places forever in their eternal embrace the dearly loved souls of their children.

OUR BELOVED DECEASED.

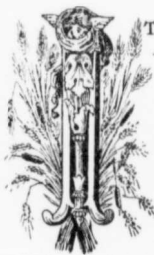
We recommend to the charitable prayers of our readers the soul of Rev. Father Gregory O'Brien, S. J., and Father William Doherty, S. J.

R. I. P.



Two Homes

Why One Was Happy and
The Other Miserable.



It was a lovely midsummer's day. The frolic — some sunbeams seemed to take a special delight in trying to follow demurely the footsteps of the venerable pastor of S...C...; a charming picturesque little village delightfully situated on the left bank of the royal Saint Lawrence, but whose name it would not be safe to mention, for were it known, it would become the favorite resort of beauty loving tourists and eventually lose its right to be called "a song of rest with beauty and grace for its praises."

The Pastor of this Mecca of beautiful scenery and peaceful aspect is one of those simple artless souls so common in rural districts; who go their way — and often a very hard way it is — so nobly, bravely and quietly that God alone sees and gauges their worth.

For close on to half a century he had discharged his sacred ministry in that quaint canadian village with a devotedness, zeal and abnegation, understood by so few yet which seems the distinctive characteristic of the priesthood of our own day so often, alas! maligned and persecuted.

If perchance a few of his flock covertly smiled at his simplicity, still not one of them but respected and loved him and gave unmistakable proofs of these devoted sen-

timents especially during his pastoral visits. Wherever he went he was greeted with filial joy and like the typical Father he was always left blessing, comfort and renewed courage in his wake.

* * *

On this particular day he had been engaged since early morning in making his rounds. Many a family had listened to the fatherly advice, the words of salvation that sweet as honey fell from his lips. And now weary and spent with his long day's work he earnestly desires to return to his presbytery but can not make up his mind to defer until tomorrow the two families that still remain to be visited, the two homes one of which is his joy and consolation, the other his Gethsemane.

So with superhuman courage he continues his way and soon reaches the first. It is an unpretentious looking dwelling, plainly furnished, but scrupulously clean ; the home of an honest christian workingman, a son of toil who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. More than once forcibly struck with the happiness shining on the faces of its inmates the priest had inwardly commented : " How this family reminds me of the holy one of Nazareth ! "

To-day giving expression to his thought he asks the father :

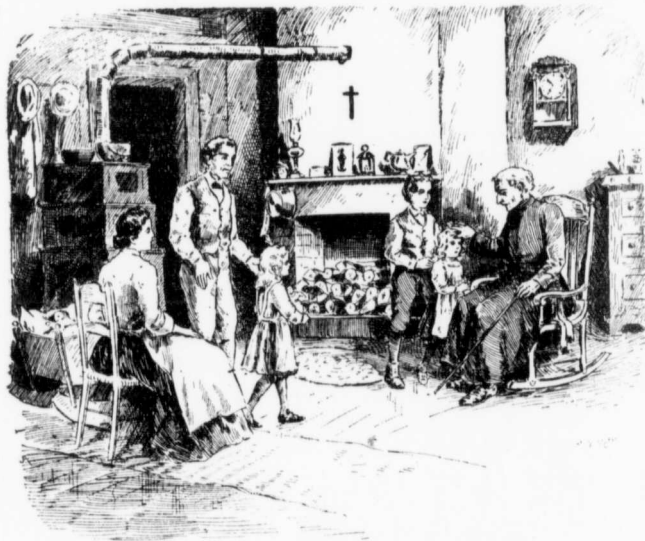
" Are you happy ? "

" Very ! " is the spontaneous answer. " I'm as happy as can be. I have to work very hard during the week, it's true, but forget all about it on Sunday and feel so thankful and glad, as accompanied by my wife and children I assist at Mass where we thank Our dear Lord for His gentle care and tender mercies during the past week and beg His blessing on the opening one. And I must tell you, Father, that since we have the privilege of receiving Holy Communion every week, our home is transformed, filled with God's fragrance. We live more joyously and united ; we are more loving kind, and forbearing to one another. Oh yes ! I'm very happy and so are we all. "

The priest often marvelled at finding such beautiful sentiments among his humble parishoners, and thanked.

Our Lord, for allowing him this legitimate gratification, for thus strewing flowers among the inevitable sacrifices of his apostleship.

He loved those little children who clung to him so fearlessly and affectionately, like young tendrils round an old oak ; he saw in their clear innocent eyes a transparent heaven, on their pure unruffled brows the dawn of a beautiful day. Only a few months ago the eldest had



made his First Communion. Had received with loving joy into his spotless heart, Jesus, the King of Kings, the Fond Lover of children. And every Sunday since then he had knelt again at the Eucharistic table with a piety and fervor truly remarkable in such a little lad. Nothing, neither teasing, mockery, sarcasm, inclement weather, or even bad example could deter this young hero from his weekly participation in the Bread of the Strong.

Behold a model of the ideal christian home wherein peace and happiness reigns and whose fortunate members are rich with the richness profitable unto eternal life.

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With a sigh the Pastor knocks at the door of the last house. He knows by experience how very different it is from the one he has just left.

After constrained greetings he summons up courage to face the painful duty prescribed by his ministry and says :

“How is it Mr. R... that I never see you or any



member of your family at Mass on Sunday?” “After working like a slave all week” doggedly replies Mr. R. “I need rest and use Sunday for that purpose.”

“You complain of being tired and needing rest” gently retorted his interrogator, “but, you forget, no doubt, that Our Lord, Jesus Christ, did not complain when He suffered for us — and still suffers — when we ungrateful children that we are begrudge Him half an hour on Sunday to assist at Mass and gather the merits of the Holy Sacrifice.”

“And might I ask you, madam,” added the priest turning to the wife, “why you do not come to Mass on Sunday?”

Madam's face grows scarlet and her voice almost inaudible as she answered: “I can't go. I have to attend to the cooking. If I went, Mass is so long, I would not be back in time to get the meals ready.” “Is not the soul more important than the body and should you not give it on Sunday at Mass the spiritual food it needs. Of course you must provide food for the body also but that you can easily do the day previous or even the same day by rising a little earlier.”

As he gazes upon those children who, sad to say, naturally follow their parent's example, his heart fills with pity akin to pain and his voice is stern with righteous indignation as he addresses the guilty pair:

“If you loved your God a little more all the difficulties you complain of would vanish and you would never miss Mass on Sunday. Do you ever seriously ask yourself how you will fare, what will become of you the day the just God shall pay you back in your own coin. Oh! I implore you, for the sake of your own salvation and that of your children amend your evil ways and come to Mass every Sunday.”

How different this home is from that other and simply because in this no one assists at Mass and in that other all do. Another noticeable difference natural consequence of the first, is, that in the Christian family reigns peace, union and happiness, in the other discord and disunion.

To-day the wife flies into a passion because her husband will not gratify all her vain caprices; tomorrow the husband drowns his reason in the wine cup, raises his voice in blasphemy and causes sad havoc in his miserable home. The children are the bane of the parish. How could it be otherwise, brought up in that atmosphere which at times smacks strongly of the infernal; in that home whose happy hours are rare indeed, and where loving sympathy and true joy is almost unknown.

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The next Sunday the beautiful church of S... C... resounded with the impassioned voice of its pastor im-

pressing on his flock the incontestable truth that happiness, true happiness, is never found in any home but a practical christian one ; one where parents and children go to church, to Mass and communion ; one whose members love to kneel at Our dear Lord's feet and bring Him their joys that He may console them, their plans that He may lighten them. For the good Master who has said : "Come to me, all ye who labor and are burdened and I will refresh you" is as faithful to His promise to-day, as when it fell from His sacred lips long centuries ago.

A sister of the Guard of Honor's story.



THE following incident was related to me, in a simple and childlike manner, by a young friend in whom I felt a deep interest, for she gave promise of great virtues. I give her little recital as I received it.

It was towards the close of a winter's day and, although not late, it was nevertheless quite dark. I was returning from a long walk and felt quite tired ; but as I had not yet made my daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, I dropped into the Church of St. Francis Xavier to fulfil this duty as a member of the "Guard of Honor."

Although the Church was open there were no other worshippers there. Save for the sanctuary lamp, which threw a crimson light upon the Tabernacle, the Church was in darkness.

"Jesus is all alone," I thought, "and in this great world there is no one to come at this hour to adore Him but me. If I could only do something to please Him, to atone for those who please Him not. But what can I do — I who am so weak and useless? ... I shall soon go home... I shall dine, and then spend the evening in pleasure. That, perhaps, may be lacking, but either way, of

what use shall I be to any one? And after that I shall go to rest and the world will be no better for my existence, perhaps none the worse, but, is that sufficient for an immortal soul? How I wish that I could be of some use, however little, to some one."

While occupied with these thoughts I had not noticed an aged priest, who had come from the sacristy, until he had lighted the altar candles. I noticed that he wore a stole, and by that I knew that he was on his way to the bedside of some poor sufferer.

I knelt, for the Tabernacle door was open, and a flood of light and love and joy seemed to pour upon me from that little door, and I felt as I had never felt before. A moment, and the sacred place was closed and the lights extinguished. The priest advanced, and I bowed my head in adoration. I listened to his retreating footsteps, and one thought took possession of me.

He is going into the crowded and noisy streets, and who will know that he bears the Lord? who will be there to adore Him?

I felt impelled to follow, and rising I hastened after him. We reached the street together, I opening and closing the doors to make his path straight, and following him at even pace a few feet behind him.

Where we were going I knew not and cared not, for my mission was to adore the hidden Lord, and my eyes were riveted on the bent form before me. After some time I was interrupted by the voice of the priest, who turning round said gently:

"My child, are you with me?"

"Yes, Father, I know that you are carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and I am following to adore It."

He then told me that he was in a difficulty. On a paper which he held in his hand was written the address of the sick person, but the number marked he could not find. I took the paper, and passing under a gas-light saw what the aged eyes had failed to observe that the street was marked E. (East), and not W. I informed him of the mistake and offered to find the place for him. Quite relieved he mentioned me to precede him, but shrinking back I said:

"Not so, Father, but I will tell you when we reach it," and we proceeded on our wordless walk.

If it had been three times as long it would have been too short for me, and I thought I could in a far-off way realize the joy experienced in the Beatific Vision, when that of the veiled Presence could be so great.

After some time we paused before a shanty which seemed to be used as a stable, and on the outside of which was a rickety flight of steps leading to the upper floor. I preceded the good Father, in order to make the necessary inquiries, and found that it was indeed the place we were seeking—but such a place into which to bring our Divine Lord!

Placing a chair for the priest, who seemed much fatigued, I busied myself in endeavoring to restore some sort of order and decency to the habitation, and make the necessary preparations for the reception of the Sacraments; for all was squalor and filth, and there was not even a place sufficiently clean upon which to lay the Blessed Sacrament.

When I had accomplished all that lay in my power to make the patient and his surroundings less revolting I withdrew, waiting outside the door until the man had made his confession. On re-entering the room, I knelt and answered the prayers as the holy man proceeded to administer the Sacrament of Extreme Unction and give the Holy Viaticum to one who seemed already in the agonies of death.

When all was over the old priest turned towards me, and sweetly thanking me for my services, said:

“My child, do you go my way?”

I thought the tone was somewhat pleading, and I assured him that I should pass his very door. We left the house together and silently pursued our walk, until, reaching his door, he said:

“My child, will you give me your name? I am very grateful for your assistance this night.”

“Father,” I said, “it is I who should feel grateful for the opportunity you have given me of performing this trifling service.” and, bowing hastily, turned homeward.

That night I felt that my day had not been entirely useless, and I was happy.





Angels Everywhere.

THERE flit a myriad angels
About this earth below ;
And in and out our thresholds
Their footsteps come and go,
While in our very blindness
Their forms we do not know.

They sing to us in music,
They smile on us in dreams—
They talk to us in echoes
The wordly spirit deems
But chirruping of wood-birds
And chattering of streams.

They make light in our corners,
They purify our air ;
They take our hands unconscious,
And guide us unaware.
The presence of their ministry
Is sweetly everywhere.

They sit up in the nursery,
And kiss the babes to sleep.
Across the holy hearth-place
They join their hands to keep
From blotting out the home—shine
The tears that sad hearts weep.

*They lurk about the sick-room,
And trace upon the wall
Quaint legends for still musings
When twilight shadows fall—
The dim world drifting past us,
A thing not worth recall.*

*Then sit they by the bedside
And hold our passive hands,
And talk to us of strange things
That health scarce understands,
Till home-like to the soul grow
Uncomprehended lands.*

*They sketch the shadow-groups
And the pictures 'tween the bars,
And point with finger pure
To the tranquil vast of stars,
While breathing holy peace
On the daylight's petty jars.*


*They kneel beside the children
Who say their evening prayer,
And flit beside the mother
Who passeth down the stair,
With peace writ on her forehead
Across the print of care.*

*And when the door is shut,
And the hurried day is gone,
They stand beside the father
Whose labouring is done,
And pay him down the blessings
The children's prayers have won.*

R. MULHOLLAND.



The white Cravat.

 ANY years ago in a Catholic school at Rouen, France, a boy of ten years was among the First Communicants. He was handsome, studious, fond of play, yet pure and pious as an angel. He went to confession once a fortnight, and was especially devout to the Blessed Virgin. As the great day approached he prepared for it in the most edifying manner. Finally, on the evening before he said to his teacher, who was also his confessor :

“ Father, I have thought of something. I want to keep my white cravat that I shall wear to-morrow, and put it on always when I go to Holy Communion, so that I may be reminded never to commit a mortal sin. Do you think that would be a good plan ? ”

“ Do you mean that you wish never to wear it except when you approach the Holy Sacrament, George ? ”

“ Yes, Father, that is what I mean.”

“ I think it a very good plan. Have you said anything to your mother about it ? ”

“ Not yet, Father ; but I will.”

The pious mother of the boy was pleased at the resolution he had taken and readily gave her approval ; and from that time forward George never approached the Holy Table without his white cravat. Some of his companions especially after he began to grow older, joked him about it, thinking it an attachment to a little vanity which he could not renounce ; and he did not contradict them. Whenever the boy went to the Sacraments—and that was frequently—his white cravat went also.

George had entered upon his last year of philosophy when the Franco-Prussian war threw two countries into grief and

confusion. Seeing the Prussians advancing in triumph into the heart of France, the fiery soul of the Norman youth felt impelled to join the ranks of those who were fighting for their beloved country. He was then eighteen years of age. He asked and obtained permission of his father to enroll himself under the banner of the famous Charette and march to the deliverance of unhappy France.

In the army as at the college, he was the same fervent young Christian, with this difference: whenever possible now he approached the Holy Table every week instead of every fortnight. At the same time he was one of the bravest and most cheerful of soldiers.



This was in January, 1871. Five hundred Zouaves were ordered to storm a height occupied by the enemy in the environ of Mans. Two hundred of these paid the penalty of their heroism. At the first onslaught George was mortally wounded.

The army chaplain soon made his appearance to administer the last holy rites to those who were able to receive them. George was among the number. As he lay on his hastily improvised pallet of loose straw, sinking fast, he replied to the inquiries of the priest as follows.

"No, Father, I have nothing to confess. Yesterday I went to Holy Communion. Nothing troubles me, nothing distresses me. I am ready to go. But I would like you to do me a little service, Father. In my haversack you will find a small package containing a rosary, a white satin armlet, and a white

cravat. They are the souvenirs of my first Holy Communion. I would like to see them, if you will be so good."

The priest brought them.

"Now, Father, will you put the white cravat on me, please?"

The priest performed the kindly office.

George took the rosary in his hand, and then he said:

"I am ready Father to receive Holy Communion for the last time."

When the Viaticum had been administered, the young man turned once more to the priest.

"Father," he said—and now his voice grew fainter and fainter,—“I have one more request to make of you. As soon as I am dead, take off this white cravat and send it to my mother. Write her this: George sends you his white cravat; it has never received a single mortal stain but the blood he shed for his beloved France.”

He expired shortly after. The chaplain fulfilled his pious request, confident that with his last sigh another saint was added to the heavenly cohorts.

“*The Ave Maria.*”

WILL YOU BE TRUE ?

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WHEN you go to Holy Communion, think that you see the Divine Child looking through and through you with His clear pellucid gaze, and asking you the question, “Will you be true?” Are you resolved to combat resolutely the visible faults all can see and be scandalized by, instead of the half dozen imaginary ones with which you love so much to torture yourselves? And I should love, I should dearly love you to return His glance with one as limpid and as true, saying, “O Lord, no one knows better than I how blind and weak I am, but I wish to know, I wish to see, what Thou desirest of me, and will try with all my heart, regardless of all obstacles, to accomplish it.” He wishes you to be real. Be real.