



The Annunciation



“ Weary wanderer, stop and listen.”



*E*ARY wanderer, stop and listen ;
 Happy news we bring to thee ;
 Jesus has prepared a banquet ;
 Come, and welcome thou shalt be.

*Make no longer vain excuses ;
 Jesus calls, and calls thee now ;
 Come, for everything is ready ;
 Weary soul, why waitest thou ?*

*Are thy sins a heavy burden ?
 Come to God ; confess them now ;
 He is willing to forgive thee ;
 Ask, receive ; why waitest thou ?*

*See the beautiful wedding garment ;
 In His hands He holds it now ;
 Haste, O haste thee to the banquet ;
 Enter in ; why waitest thou ?*

—F. G. CROSBY.





Particular Practice for the Month of March.

To Honor and Imitate the Public Life of Our Lord
in the Eucharist.



HE public life of Our Lord comprises the three years He spent in teaching His doctrine, in diffusing His divine knowledge, in spreading the light He brought from heaven and in manifesting by His works the happiness He came to give us a foretaste of on earth while awaiting its full realization in heaven.

During these three years he endeavoured to establish the reign of His divine Father in souls : reign of truth, of sanctity and of love.

This life so prolific of good results for the glory of God and the salvation of souls was not to end with His mortal career. It was to be perpetuated and universalized through the Blessed Eucharist, which all nations and times equally claim and through which all generations shall see His light and taste His benignity and tenderness, and in which Jesus lives His public life by teaching us, by consoling us and working miracles for us.

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Let us listen to His teaching in the heart of the communicant. How He fills it with light ! What heavenly knowledge and sentiments He imparts ! How clear the sublime mysteries of Christianity then become ! Nothing astonishes when the intellect is ruled by substantial Truth, Itself : "*Ego sum veritas.*"

“ In Communion we hold the most intimate relations with Jesus, relations producing true and deep knowledge of what He is ; relations by which He discloses Himself unreservedly to us. Faith is a light : communion is both a light and a sentiment. This manifestation of Jesus by communion moulds our intellect imparting a special aptitude in the perception of heavenly things ; so much so, that the difference in the same person is immense according as we consider that person before or after communion.” (Père Eymard.)

Near the tabernacle the devout soul learns like the ingenuous Samaritan, or the timid Nicodemus, what is “ the gift of God,” the supernatural life, the divine grace, the living water flowing unto eternal life. It is either in communion or in our visits to, the most Holy Sacrament that we receive the sweetest as well as the most brilliant lights regarding eternal truths.

Near the tabernacle, from the God of Wisdom, St. Thomas, the prince of theologians, derived his marvelous learning. Near the tabernacle Blessed Margaret Mary gathered her knowledge of the Sacred Heart,—lessons of love : — “ Behold this Heart which has so loved men... I thirst to be loved by all men.”—lessons of meekness and humility.—“ Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of heart.”

Near the tabernacle, individually, we can hear from the divine In-Dweller the words of life suited to our particular wants, draw the ray of light to strengthen heart and inflame intellect as the blades of grass receive from heaven, at night-fall and day-break, the dew which refreshes and gives them vigour to bear the heat of the day ; as the flowers get from the sun rays to bring them to maturity and enhance their loveliness.

On the other hand, darkness and death must inevitably be our portion if we abandon the tabernacle, if we neglect the Eucharist, if we flee from the holy table. As night could say to the grasses of the fields : without my dew you would have neither life nor vigour ; and day to the flowers : without my sun you would have neither maturity nor loveliness, so Jesus in the Sacred Host can and does say : “ Without Me you can do nothing,” that is to say, without Me you can have neither light, nor love, nor virtue.

The Eucharistic Jesus, like the Galilean Jesus, is not content with spreading light in souls. He also desires to anoint them with the balm of His divine consolations, to plant therein, happiness, that exotic, whose natal soil is heaven. He calls unto Him the affliction : " Come to Me all you that labour and are burdened and I will refresh you." To souls suffering the agony of death separations, He whispers : " I am the resurrection and the life... He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life and I will raise him up at the last day..." As I live by My Father, he that eateth Me shall also live by Me." What comforting words ! Moreover, in presence of the Eucharist we are really in presence of our dear departed, because heaven and earth meet and unite in the Eucharist which contain the same glorious Jesus, radiant in heaven, veiled on earth.

To persecuted souls seeking refuge near the tabernacle, Jesus repeats those tender, reassuring words : " Do not fear, my child. All power has been given to Me in heaven and on earth. I have conquered the world. I will not lose one of those whom My Father has entrusted to Me. There are many mansions in My Father's house, I go to prepare a place for you."

To the repentant soul bowed under the weight of its iniquities comes new courage born of the heavenly assurance : " I am the good Shepherd who leaves His flock in pasture to go and seek for the lost sheep and to rejoice exceedingly when it is found."

* * *

Finally, Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist continues His public life by working miracles among us. How many poor souls He heals from the leprosy of sin ! How many desolate hearts He consoles by Communion, that hour of hours when on His heart reposing, He makes them feel love's mastering power and in accents of ineffable tenderness pleads : " My child, give Me thy heart... Blessed are the pure of heart for they shall see God." How many spiritual paralytics have seen their strength revive for good and for virtue by means of the Eucharistic banquet ! How many intellects tortured by the demon of pride, hatred or vengeance owe their deliverance to these

words interiorly heard in communion, or in a visit to the God annihilated in His sacrament: "The disciple is not greater than his Master. — If you wish to follow Me, take up your cross, renounce yourself." Apart from these spiritual miracles, Jesus, in the Eucharist often works visible material ones to confirm the faith or the virtue of His children.

The triumph of light is to spread. Our ambition for Jesus shall then be that He may triumph by spreading His light in souls and by assisting Him in this diffusion to the best of our ability. We shall honor Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, "Light of the World," by practising frequent communion ourselves and by endeavouring to lead others to do likewise.

We shall honor Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, "Comforter of the Afflicted," by seeking our consolation solely near the tabernacle; as Benefactor and spiritual Physician, by imitating His goodness, by trying to alleviate all miseries whether intellectual spiritual, or bodily; by almsgiving of the light of our faith, of the sentiments of our charity and of the resources Divine Providence has placed at our disposal.

Let us according to the quaint expression of Venerable Père Eymard make the Blessed Sacrament work by putting in action the supernatural powers of Jesus abiding therein. Thus, through centuries and generations, His Eucharistic life may be resumed in these words characterizing His public mortal career: He spent it in doing good."

My Friend.

*A friend I had, who, when his heart was cold,
Warmed it, he said, with life-enkindling wine,
Made from no mortal grape, but of a vine
Planted by Christ, and never waxing old.*

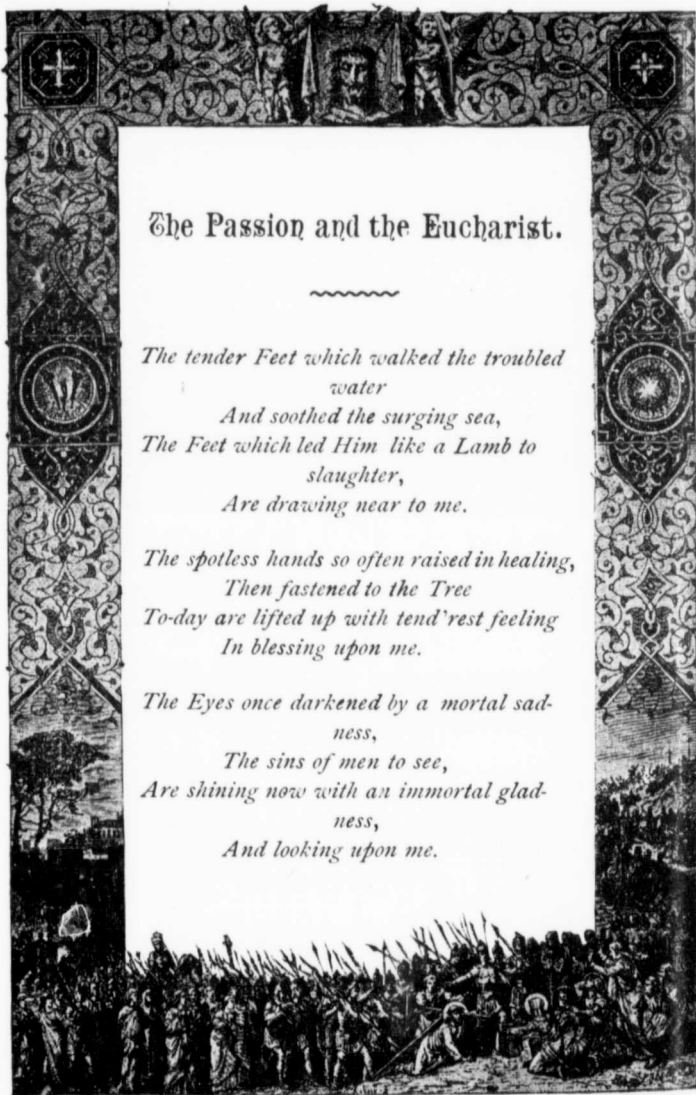
*This wondrous man, when wearily and slow
A comrade walked, would make his shoulders bare,
And whisper, "Brother, put thy burden there,"
He walked, he said, with Christ, and rested so.*

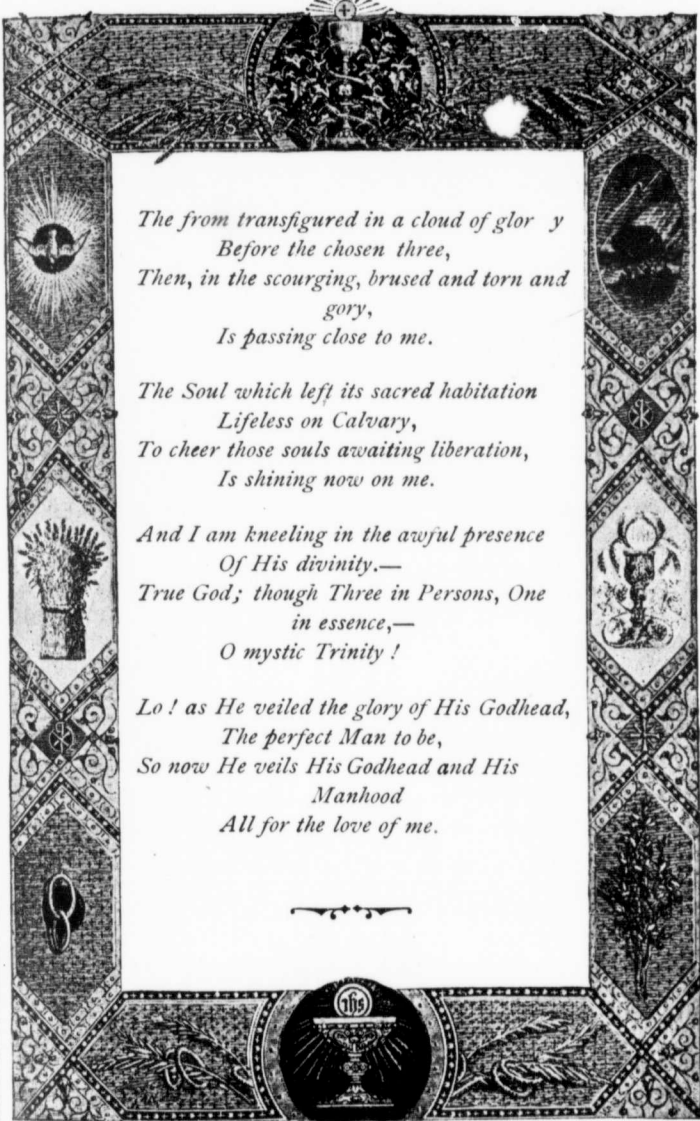
The Passion and the Eucharist.

*The tender Feet which walked the troubled
water
And soothed the surging sea,
The Feet which led Him like a Lamb to
slaughter,
Are drawing near to me.*

*The spotless hands so often raised in healing,
Then fastened to the Tree
To-day are lifted up with tend'rest feeling
In blessing upon me.*

*The Eyes once darkened by a mortal sad-
ness,
The sins of men to see,
Are shining now with an immortal glad-
ness,
And looking upon me.*





*The from transfigured in a cloud of glory
Before the chosen three,
Then, in the scourging, brused and torn and
gory,
Is passing close to me.*

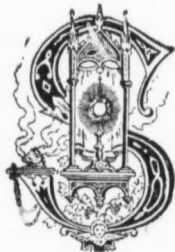
*The Soul which left its sacred habitation
Lifeless on Calvary,
To cheer those souls awaiting liberation,
Is shining now on me.*

*And I am kneeling in the awful presence
Of His divinity.—
True God; though Three in Persons, One
in essence,—
O mystic Trinity!*

*Lo! as He veiled the glory of His Godhead,
The perfect Man to be,
So now He veils His Godhead and His
Manhood
All for the love of me.*



Jesus, Mary and Joseph.



T JOSEPH is father of Jesus, His legal father, His father by adoption, His foster-father.

As father, St. Joseph carried Jesus, laboured to support and defend Him at the price of his life. He supported also the Divine mother of Jesus, comforted and protected her.

With what humility he commanded Him whom he knew to be his Creator and his Saviour ! and yet he did it in obedience to the order of the Heavenly Father, as later on, did John the Baptist. With what humility he spoke to the Blessed Virgin, who was his sovereign in her quality of Mother of God !

I should honour St. Joseph as my father with Jesus. Our Lord gave him this beautiful title, and He obeys the laws which spring from it ; for he honoured, served and loved him in that admirable quality. I shall do the same.

St. Joseph is my head and my model. I ought to live of his life, his virtues, his spirit, because my duties are similar to what were the earthly duties of this great Saint.

Now with what spirit did St. Joseph serve Jesus and Mary ? With love, because he recognized the Divinity of Jesus, and Mary's excellence. His soul inundated with light and grace, could not sufficiently thank the Heavenly Father for having associated him with mysteries so great and holy. He humbled himself profoundly at the sight of his own unworthiness. He offered himself with joy and without reserve to fulfil in all things the holy will of God. He joyfully devoted himself to the service of Jesus and Mary, however painful it might be.

Ah, my soul, behold thy path ! Thou sharest the honours of the Holy Patriarch, then share his humility, for thou art neither just nor perfect as he. With the devotedness of St. Joseph, serve Jesus. St. Joseph will be my protector, for I am his child, very poor, very weak,

very infirm. Since I am privileged to adore Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, St. Joseph is the model of every ado-



JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH.

er who wishes to please Jesus and to serve Him according to His Heart.

Jesus was the centre of Mary and Joseph's love. Where the body is, there are the eagles. Our heart is where our

treasure is. The possession of Jesus formed the whole centre of that Family. They held not to Bethlehem, nor to Nazareth, nor to Egypt. To have Jesus, was the home of their heart.

Like St. Joseph, return quickly with joy and happiness to the house in which is the Divine Child. Like Joseph, lose no time far from Him. He knew that Jesus was Divine Love Incarnate ! —

So, too, my house, my family, my centre is Jesus in the Host, near whom I dwell. I should be His Joseph, being well-off only there. Jesus was the end of Mary and Joseph's life. They lived, they laboured only for Him.

O, with what pleasure St. Joseph laboured to gain the bread of the little Infant-God and of His Divine Mother ! How joyfully he brought back the small recompense gained by his work ! And when he had had a little extra fatigue, how willingly he bore it for the sake of Jesus !

Thus Jesus ought to be the end of my life, since I am the Joseph of His Sacramental State. He should be the law of my life, the joy and the happiness of my life, and what life more beautiful than that of the most Holy Sacrament !

Jesus was the never-failing nourishment of Mary and Joseph's life of union and love. They were so happy watching Him, listening to Him, seeing Him working, obeying, and praying ! He did all things so well ! They were happy, above all, in observing His intention, His interior, His sentiments, the motive of His actions ; happy in seeing Him always choosing actions of poverty, obedience and penitence ; happy in contemplating Him in His abasement and annihilation ; and happy in beholding Him desiring nothing as man, but referring everything to the glory of His Father.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph had but one life, and desired but one thing, to glorify the Heavenly Father.

Ah ! behold what I ought to do. But for that I must unite with Mary and Joseph, share their life, the spiritual life, the interior life of which God alone is the secret. What happiness to live a secret life ! My love will be to live with Mary and Joseph in the love of our Eucharistic Jesus !





The Blood-Stained Corporal.



Boxtel is a small city situated about two miles from Bois-le-Duc in Holland. Here in the year 1380, a most wonderful miracle took place.

A priest named Eloi Aecher, Rector of the church of the Holy Ghost, at Essche, while offering the Holy sacrifice in St. Peter's Church of Boxtel, at the altar of the Three Kings, had the misfortune to upset the Chalice after the consecration. At the same moment the precious Blood was spilt the wine which was white and clear changed into blood-red colouring the corporal and altar cloths.

The celebrant, terrified by the accident and still more by the miraculous transformation worked under his very eyes, resolved to keep the matter a secret and took the spotted linens home intending to wash out the stains. He began by purifying the sacred cloths while laboring under emotions not easy to describe. He soon saw that despite all his efforts the water had no perceptible effect on the stains; he then tried a neighbouring stream, emptying into the Dommel, hoping that by immersing them in the running water he would be more successful

—but all in vain : the blood-stains remained as clear as ever. Seeing this he decided to return the cloths to the Church of Boxtel and publish the miracle. Other historians vary the details and say that the priest, doubting of the real presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, was confirmed in faith by the miracle of consecrated wine changing visibly into blood ; that he brought the spotted linens home and washed them several times and seeing the stains did not disappear concealed the cloths and kept the matter a secret, only divulging it on his death-bed before his confessor and two witnesses. However that may be, the miracle when disclosed made a profound impression on the faithful and roused and inflamed their devotion to the sacred cloths. The many pilgrims who came to venerate the Holy Blood of Boxtel, as it was called, increased so much that in course of time it became the most renowned and most numerously attended pilgrimage of Brabant. God was pleased to confirm this first miracle by a great number of others, so many taking place that according to an ancient author cart-loads of crutches and bandages had to be burned, as no more space remained on the sanctuary walls whereon to hang these visible proofs of the cures obtained through the Holy Blood.

The pilgrims also drank the water of the stream wherein the priest had washed the blood-stains and several were cured through its efficacy, while others were delivered from the power of the devil.

This devotion and these numerous worshippers continued until the hatred of the Heretics against the Church broke out disturbing the faithful in their worship and obliging them to conceal their religious treasures in order to save them from profanation and destruction. The relics of Boxtel were secretly carried to Bois-le-Duc, and later on to St. Michael's monastery at Antwerp. Finally the collegiate Church of Hoogstraten was destined to preserve the precious mementoes of the miracle of 1380, and there since the twentieth of May 1652, pilgrims come by thousand especially on the feast of the Holy Trinity and during its octave to venerate the corporal and altar cloth stained by the Eucharistic Blood.

A similar miracle took place in the year 1333 in Brus-

sels. We find an account of it in copyright letters published on the first of May 1493 by Henry de Berghes, Bishop of Cambrai. The Rector of Notre Dame chapel of Brussels in our diocese and his assistants have informed



us that for more than sixty years has been venerated in the said Church a corporal stained with the Blood of Jesus Christ and religiously preserved in a rich silver vase. They add that during the secret memorial after the consecration and the elevation of the Body and Blood of

Jesus Christ. a priest doubted of the substantial changing of white wine mixed with water into the Blood and glorious Body of the Lord and that accidentally he spilled the contents of the Chalice on the corporal. Instantly the white wine was miraculously changed into visible blood and the corporal coloured thereby. This corporal is devoutly venerated by the faithful of the said Church and publicly held up to their view on the feast of the Invention, and of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. This relic disappeared during the persecutions of the sixteenth century.

We could cite many similar facts, but space will not allow more than one or two. At Maubeuge, in the French Hainault, a priest celebrating the Holy sacrifice suddenly saw the Blood of Jesus Christ, fresh and red as if it had just been shed, rise bubbling in the chalice, overflow and fall on the corporal wetting it thoroughly. This miracle caused universal astonishment and in order to preserve the memory thereof the corporal was enclosed in a silver casket supported by an angel of the same metal. Later on a sanctuary was built to shelter it, and a confraternity erected in honor of the Blessed Sacrament whose members yearly assisted at a commemorative procession carrying lighted tapers and clothed in long red mantles.

The Church of St. Teresa, at Aix-la-Chapelle, is in actual possession of a miraculously blood-stained corporal, on which a priest after the consecration accidentally spilled some drops of the holy species of wine.

At Boxmeer, in Holland, in the year 1400, the species of wine was changed into blood which overflowed from the chalice unto the corporal. And as the celebrant, terrified at the sight, humbly begged God's pardon for his incredulity, the blood ceased to flow from the chalice and what remained therein retook the appearance of wine, whereas what had overflowed on the corporal took the form of congealed matter about the size of a nut which can still be seen, unchanged by time. This precious relic is specially venerated on the third Sunday after Pentecost by a solemn religious procession.

SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

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And Forgive us our Trespases as we Forgive  
them that Trespass against us.

#### I. — Adoration.

Thou hast taught us, Lord Jesus, in the foregoing petitions the end for which we were created, to hallow the name of our heavenly Father ; the means whereby to attain this end, to do His holy will and work for the coming of His kingdom ; the aids at our disposal to help us in our efforts to attain this sublime destiny, our spiritual and corporeal bread. Thou who hast walked among men dost know the manifold dangers of the route, the pitfalls set for unwary feet, the snares of temptation, the attacks of the evil spirit and dost teach us how to avoid them by the three last petitions of Thy sublime prayer.

First : the pitfalls of sin. Who can truthfully assert that he has never sinned, or that he never will fall ? Alas ! we are poor weak mortals, liable to fall frequently into sin, the great and in fact the only obstacle to eternal happiness, whereby we contract debts towards divine Justice utterly impossible to pay and in consequence of which we would be irredeemably lost, wert Thou not the God of mercy and didst Thou not Thyself offer us pardon, but, always on condition that we ask for it and that we be ready to pardon, in our turn, as we pledge ourselves to do when we pray : " Forgive us our trespases as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Lord Jesus, kneeling here at Thy sacred feet, I implore Thee, penetrate my soul with this grand and consoling truth that the remission of my sins depends on myself, since according to Thine own assertion, I shall be forgiven in as much as I forgive. I hear Thee proclaiming from Thy throne of grace as formerly from the holy mount : " Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the earth". The ancients were commanded : you shall love your neighbour, and the



doctors of the law added : you shall hate your enemies. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, in order that you may be the children of your heavenly Father who makes His sun to rise on the good and on the bad alike."

We adore Thee, dear Jesus, unceasingly giving us examples of heroic forgiveness. Thou didst come to reconcile the world with Thy Father, Thou didst purchase its pardon with Thy precious blood ; Thou didst forgive and show mercy to the Samaritan, to Mary Magdalen, to Peter, to all repentant sinners ; Thou didst, even in the agonies of death, forgive Thy most cruel persecutors who insulted Thee on that cross to which they had nailed Thee : " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

And to-day in our tabernacles and on our altars where Thou art incessantly immolated through love for poor sinners, Thou dost pray continually for those who outrage Thee, Thou dost offer them pardon notwithstanding the enormity or frequency of their transgressions.

## II — Thanksgiving.

In prescribing the forgiveness of injuries, the love of our enemies, Lord Jesus, Thou dost command a task very difficult to human nature : nevertheless, when we consider the motives actuating Thee and the advantages we derive from its fulfilment we shall more clearly understand its importance and be more grateful for its enactment.

The first reason for this command is that Thou dost love us and desire our happiness which nothing mars so much as disunion, contention, hatred, discord, etc. Thou, the God of peace, canst not abide such a state of things and dost compel us to avoid it by saying, Forgive one another, else I shall not forgive you. Show good-will and friendship to your fellow-men, else I shall not show it unto you. In order better to understand the advantages of forgiving injuries, let us recall the parable of the servant who owed his master ten thousand talents. Moved by his pleadings, the master takes pity on him and remits the enormous debt. This servant going out meets a fellow-servant who owes him a hundred pence and laying hold of him, he trotted him saying : Pay what thou owest. And his fellow-servant falling down besought him saying : Have patience with me and I will pay thee all. And he would not but went and cast him into prison till he paid the debt. The master hearing of this unjust treatment summoned the servant and said to him :

"Thou wicked servant, I for gave thee thy debt because thou besoughtest me ; shouldst not thou in thy turn have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had compassion on thee ?" And being angry he delivered him to the torturers until he paid all the debt. Jesus clearly demonstrates, by this parable, that according as we forgive, so shall we be forgiven.

We must acknowledge the difference is immeasurably greater between the debts we contract towards divine Justice and those contracted towards us by our fellow-men, because there is no parallel whatever between the injuries all men united can inflict on us, even the most atrocious, and those we inflict on God by sin, even by venial sin. This only makes Thy goodness shine more resplendently, dear Saviour, and accentuates the manifold advantages we reap from the exercise of forgiveness ; such as, a greater resemblance to divine Goodness, an indescribable peace and joy, outcome of absolute renunciation, a vast sum of incomparable merits, the reconciliation with God as well as with ourselves of our most inveterate enemies. In a word, there is no mortification, no penance, no work of charity, no almsgiving, no contemplation from which we generally draw such a rich revenue, such great profit, as an enemy whose hate we repay with love, placing as it does in our hands the most energetic means of proving our love to Thee, benign Saviour, who dost love us always despite our wickedness, who dost honour us constantly with Thy divine presence, who dost immolate Thyself for us, even when we forget Thee or offend Thee grievously, who art always ready to welcome and receive us, Thy poor prodigal children, at Thy royal table. O Father of all goodness and all mercies, teach us to love and to forgive like Thee.

### III — Reparation.

How little understood is this great duty of forgiveness. How few, even among practical Christians, really love their enemies ! Let us humbly acknowledge our own transgressions on this point and endeavor to console the heart of Jesus by offering reparation :

Reparation for those who not only refuse to love their enemies but meet hate with hate ; for those who erroneously believing in the right of self-vindication challenge their insulters thus keeping in vogue among a certain class of Christians the fatal crime of duelling.

Reparation for those who say : I shall not injure my enemy but I shall not or cannot befriend him, and this not-

withstanding the strict law binding them to assist their enemies in all necessities whether spiritual or temporal.

Reparation for those who will not pray for their enemies, though it would be the infallible way to calm their anger, to relieve their heart and to replace bitterness by a profound feeling of interior serenity.

Reparation for those whom pride deters from making the first advances towards reconciliation, even though they were the aggressors. They did not fear to offend, yet now shrink from humbling themselves.

Let us bewail our self-love and extreme susceptibility let us not think so much about our rights and the wrongs of our enemies ; let us not be too particular as to who should make the first advances, but, especially let us always remember that charity is the most perfect of peaceable, judges and thinketh no evil.

#### IV. — Prayer.

Dear Jesus, this command to love our enemies is difficult, so difficult that Thy beloved Apostle, Peter, thought it should have a certain limit : for example, that it was enough, nay even much to forgive seven times ; but Thou didst enlighten him saying : " Thou must pardon unto seventy times seven, that is to say always."

Always ! but that is impossible good Master. Yes, impossible to human nature, but with the assistance of divine grace, with the Sacred Host in your heart, you can pardon, heroically, always. You can say with St. Stephen dying under a shower of stones : " Lord, impute not this sin to them." With St. Paul : " They curse us and we bless them ; they persecute us and we suffer ; they blaspheme against us and we pray." With St. Francis of Sales to one who had deeply insulted him : " I should like you to understand that when you have deprived me of the sight of one eye, I shall still look at you, with the other, as the best friend I have in the world."

In conclusion, we shall resolve to pray and to communicate to obtain the strength and courage to forgive always, even unto seventy times seven times, We shall pray and communicate also for the conversion of those who persecute us, for union among Catholic nations, for the abolition of duelling, We shall frequently and fervently say in our prayers and communions : Lord Jesus, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.



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## JESUS IS SEIZED AND BOUND.

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**T**HE Sacred Species are in themselves a bondage, a bondage tighter than the cords with which the brutal soldiers bound Jesus in Gethsemani. In the Host, He is without power of movement ; to all outward appearance, without life. Thieves, as we have seen, may break into His sanctuaries, may force the door of His Tabernacle, may lay violent hands upon Him, may scatter the Sacred Hosts upon the ground and trample them under foot with impunity, for Jesus will offer no resistance.

The cords which hold Him bound to this tabernacle, which keep Him captive in that ciborium, which detain Him a prisoner in our midst in His utter self-abasement and humiliation as long as the world shall last, are His inexhaustible love for us.

He is bound again and with chains for more cruel than those with which the rough mercenaries manacled His Sacred Body when He is received into the guilty heart of one of His own creatures. Worse than the contact of the hard iron are the evil passions, the criminal desires and the unholy thoughts of this sinful soul. Here, the wonders of grace are fettered, Jesus has no room to work. Sin checks His action at every point. The love which is ever welling over in His Heart is driven back and compressed. is preforce a prisoner like Himself !

In the garden not only did our Blessed Lord offer no resistance to His captors, but He went forth to meet them of His own free will, working a miracle on behalf of one of them — healing the ear which Peter in an

excess of zeal had struck off, and gave Himself up to their cruel treatment without so much as a word of exposition or complaint ! Was there ever meekness to compare with this ? None, save the meekness of the Blessed Sacrament. Sinners come to the gentle Prisoner and insult Him ; in return for their insults he prays for their conversion and repentance. They approach His altar bearing the cords in their hands — the sins with which they will bind Him when He shall be imprisoned in their hearts ; He goes to meet them, and by no sign or token does He show that He recognises His sworn enemies as He is laid unresistingly upon their tongues. If, in these guilty souls a corner yet remains where the influence of grace may be felt, however feebly — one spot in the seared conscience still tender — the love of Jesus works a miracle and the healing of contrition enters that soul.

We all, alas ! offend the Prisoner of the Tabernacle. Who is there amongst us who can look into the innermost folds of his conscience and say that he is blameless towards the Blessed Sacrament ? That we have never brought hard, angry, proud thoughts into the presence of Him Who has bidden us all learn of Him to be meek and humble ? Jesus is grieved when He beholds the ruffled hearts of His children, yet the sweetness with which He receives us is unvarying, and insensibly we feel the effects of this sweetness ; we feel ashamed as we contemplate our meek Lord, bearing so patiently with our pitiful outbursts of temper, and so meekly distilling balm and soothing into our sore hearts, instead of banishing us from His sight as we deserve.

There are moments when we feel that the pretty trials and constant worries of every-day life are harder to bear meekly than is great adversity. For the latter we arm ourselves with a goodly provision of heroism, but the former fret and chafe our spirit until insensibly all our sweetness of disposition ebb's away, and an impatient irritability takes its place. Our good resolutions are in danger of being broken, our perseverance is in jeopardy, and we feel we should lay down our arms and give up the struggle were it not for the Blessed Sacrament. But a few moments spent in that sweet Presence and we are consoled, refreshed and strengthened. What are our trifling

worries, we say, compared with the treatment Jesus endures daily ! Those with whom we find it so hard to live, do not provoke us one half so much as we provoke our Lord daily by our negligence and failings in His service. Thus, gradually, the little troubles which, a while ago, we found so insupportable, melt away into nothingness, as we fix our eyes upon the lowly Home of the meek Lamb of God. Meekness being one of the essential virtues practised by Jesus, in the Blessed Sacrament, we, who are so often in this living Tabernacle, are bound in honour to imitate our Master in this. Meekness should be our habitual virtue. If it be natural to us, let us cultivate it and develop it, drawing fresh draughts of sweetness from the Sacred Host every time we approach that unailing source ; if it is not natural to us, let us never rest, until we have made it the prevailing virtue of our lives, until our very countenance, the expression of our eyes, and the tones of our voice are mirrors of the meekness of Jesus.

As there is no disposition more attractive than sweetness so there is none more repellent than the opposite of sweetness — sarcasm, sharp retorts, offence taken where no provocation was intended, and so forth. Let us keep ever before our eyes, the fact, that a person who leads a devout life, communicates frequently and is a constant visitor of the Blessed Sacrament, is expected by those around him, whose piety is of a less fervent nature than his, to be much more perfect than themselves. He knows full well how weak he is, how full of faults and failings, and that were it not for the spiritual helps, he would fall into sins a thousand-fold more grievous than those committed by his critics, nevertheless, he has according to their views, placed himself on a pedestal from which he is in honour bound, never to descend, and great, therefore is their scandal, when they see this member of their family, who practises austerities from which they shrink, losing his temper over trifles, giving way to extreme sensitiveness, answering quickly, taking umbrage, making others feel uncomfortable, and, as they consider, bringing discredit on the religion, for which, if called upon to do so, they, with all their shortcomings, would lay down their lives.

As we said before, our meekness to be a true reflection of the meekness of our Master, Who in the Blessed Sacrament is the living embodiment of sweetness and forbearance, must be written on our countenance, shine through our eyes and ring in the tones of our voice. It is not sufficient that our hearts be meek, the interior meekness must show itself by outward sweetness. In our hearts we may be fully determined to repress the hasty word which trembles on our lips, and we do so by keeping silence, but there remains a certain ungraciousness of manner, we give others the impression — a wrongful one — that we are sullen, and then we are aggrieved when we find that they have thought us so ! The work of cultivating this outward and inward sweetness is not that of a day. We are certain to fail a thousand times before we succeed. It may be that our whole lives may be spent in the struggle. There is one infallible way however, of acquiring the perseverance and help needed to reach our end, and that is, go before the Blessed Sacrament and show Jesus our frailty, again and again ; after each successive failure of our efforts, resting there in His presence, and letting His adorable sweetness sink into our souls, " Thus," in the words of a holy French author, " as by the agency of light we obtain the reproduction of objects, so by exposing our souls to the rays of the Blessed Sacrament, we shall receive, and retain the sweet likeness of Jesus, His Divine photograph ; and there will be imprinted upon our very exterior itself an air of resemblance with Him, a something of His features, a something which calls to mind the meek and gentle Host.

Oh ! Jesus, Mirror of sweetness ! deign, we beseech Thee, to fix Thy likeness in our hearts, and to engrave Thy lineaments in our souls. Grant us greater and greater devotion to the Sacrament of Thy love, and grant that by studying Thy virtues therein, we may succeed in reproducing them in our lives, especially that of meekness !

—A. RAM.

The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday, March 16th at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.



SWEET SACRAMENT.

*S*weet Sacrament divine,  
 Hid in Thy earthly home ;  
 Lo ! round Thy lowly shrine  
 With suppliant hearts we come.  
 Jesus, to Thee our voice we raise,  
 In Songs of love and heart-felt  
 Sweet Sacrament divine. [braise,

*S*weet Sacrament of peace,  
 Dear home of every heart  
 Where restless yearnings cease,  
 And sorrows all depart.  
 Here in Thine ear all trustfully  
 We tell our tale of misery,  
 Sweet Sacrament of peace.

*S*weet Sacrament of rest,  
 Ark from the ocean's roar,  
 Within Thy shelter blest,  
 Soon may we reach the shore.  
 Save us for still the tempest raves,  
 Save, lest we sink beneath the waves,  
 Sweet Sacrament of rest.





## Jesus Christ, Centre of the Christian Family.



JESUS came on earth to establish true fraternity. He Himself founded a family: his children, according to the Prophet, will be joyous around the table as young olive plantations. The family of Jesus is the Church of which we are the happy children.

Did our Lord not abide with us we should be like the Apostles during His Passion, disunited, unsettled, not knowing what to do. They missed their Father; they were no longer like a family, no longer brothers, each sought his own interests.

The Blessed Eucharist is the uniting link of Christian families. If you remove it, you also destroy true fraternity.

Protestants, who do not possess this bond of fraternity, the Eucharist, are but strangers to one another: even when united in their temples, they are not one family, each one is at liberty to think and to say as he pleases; their temples are really only meeting-houses and as such they invite only to prayer. Are Catholics who do not partake of the Blessed Eucharist true brethren? We cannot say they are. Moreover, in families where the fathers and brothers do not communicate, the spirit of union insensibly evaporates, the mother is a martyr, the sisters live in a state of continual persecution, because without the Eucharist there can be nothing but disunion in a household.

In His divine Sacrament Jesus shows Himself a kind Father to His children. A father lives with his family. He is its mainstay and centre, all the members are under his care swayed by his influence, governed by his will. Likewise, Jesus Christ, our Father, lives in His home

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which is ours also, the Church, the paternal homestead of all Christians, wherein no one feels like an orphan or an alien. Oh! think often in your daily labours of this good Father, always present in your midst, protecting you, watching over you, guarding you with that ineffable goodness which is His principal attribute.

A father works unceasingly to provide food for his children. Jesus nourishes us with the "Bread of Life" which he died to obtain for us: this bread is Himself, His sacred Body and adorable Blood. A Father who gives Himself as food to his children! In what other family have we ever witnessed such devotedness? The eve of His death, He gathered together His small family, the beginning of the immense one of to-day, distributed to each the "Bread of Life" promising them that until the end, they, as well as their descendants, should always have this life giving nourishment at their disposal.

A father should, from time to time, hold family festivals. They tend to cement the bonds of affection, they are eagerly looked forward to and warmly welcomed especially by the children who begin to prepare for their celebration long beforehand.

Jesus has His family feasts also: those of the Father, Our Creator; of the Blessed Virgin, our Mother; of the Saints, our brothers which celebrations are vivified through Jesus present and living in the Eucharist amidst His assembled family. Observe them joyously, affectionately depose at the feet of Jesus your garlands and flowers; offer Him your greetings and congratulations. Let them spring spontaneously from the bottom of your heart, do not cull them from books or strangers. During the day, perform some little act of virtue to please Him, make some little sacrifice for the same intention.

Jesus is, indeed, a benign Father, who, in His infinite wisdom foresaw that, as long as the Christian family lasted, He must be its life, its centre, its mainstay, its joy, its happiness; consequently, He made Himself our common Father and daily life-giving nourishment, so that we, His children, might be fraternally united as members of one family. For which reason also the Apostles called the first Christians brothers.

PÈRE EYMARD.

## Meek and Humble of Heart.

ONE day, the Saviour, addressing the multitudes, who wished to be instructed in the truths of a Christian life spoke to them in a way hitherto unknown to men : "*Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart.*"

Meekness and humility ! In those two words is summed up the life of the divine Master, from the moment of His Incarnation to His Crucifixion on Calvary. So also is His Eucharistic life, for it is in the Eucharist especially that Jesus Christ teaches us to be meek and humble of Heart.

Oh ! who can tell worthily of the charity of the Pastor of Souls ? Where can words be found to express the inconceivable abasement of the King of glory in the Sacrament of His Love ?

Yes, it is in the Eucharist that Jesus Christ has taught us meekness and humility.

The God of Heaven certainly manifested His divine humility when as a little child He lay on straw in a manger at Bethlehem. Yet at Bethlehem the angels filled the Stable with heavenly music and around the Eucharist all is silent.

Without doubt the great God humbled Himself when, to escape the persecution of Herod, He became an exile. Yet in Egypt the idols were overthrown at His approach and the demons trembled on the altars.

Even on Calvary, in the midst of the ignominy with which He allowed Himself to be covered, the rocks were rent asunder, the graves of the dead opened and the centurion striking his breast cried that He is indeed the Son of God.

But in the Eucharist His humility is unlimited.

Let us learn from the Eucharist to sacrifice ourselves with meekness. Let us look on this



“MEEK AND HUMBLE OF HEART.”

most accomplished of models. He does not break the reed that is bent. He does not extinguish the light that is flickering but in all circumstances. “*He is meek and humble of heart.*”



## THE VIATICUM.



THE man lifted with both hands the heavy old-fashioned door-knocker and let it fall with all his might on the large headed nail serving it as an anvil. A loud noise resounded, vibrated in the corridors, was repeated for some time by the echo, gradually weakened and died away. Almost immediately, a light appeared behind the greenish shades of a window

on the first flat and a querulous voice asked :

" Who is there ? Who dares knock thus at such an hour ? "

" It is not you I want, Miss Victoire," calmly answered the cause of all this excitement.

" O, I see," replied Miss Victoire, peering into the darkness, " it's you, Anthony Favel."

At the same moment, the window on the first floor opened and the venerable form of the Curé of Montcermin with his crown of snow white hair showed itself lighted up by the dim light of a lamp.

" Who is there ? " he asked in surprise.

But Miss Victoire had already opened the door and admitted the visitor to the presbytery. The Curé throw-

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ing his dressing-gown over his cassock hastily descended rightly surmising some unusual emergency had caused the man to summon him at such an hour and in such weather. He was an old man, sixty years of age, tall and sparsely built. For thirty years he had directed and governed this poor parish composed of some two or three hundred souls situated in one of the highest valleys of the Savoyard Alps.

"You are chilled, Anthony," said he, recognizing the peasant as an old parishioner and greeting him warmly. "Sit down and drink a little of this brandy, then tell me what brings you here so late, or rather so early. I went to bed at midnight and I have slept soundly since."

"Is there any sense in keeping such late hours?" indignantly interposed the old servant. "Ah your books, your precious books. I wish I could use them for fuel, wood is so dear at present!"

Not noticing the interruption, the Curé repeated: "Tell me Anthony, what brought you?"

"Father, I have walked from Aygues to the presbytery in great haste. I left there shortly after nightfall, thinking to reach here much earlier but the deep snow impeded my progress and detained me until now."

"Is any one sick at Aygues?"

"Alas! perhaps he is dead by now! He was stricken with a sudden sickness about mid-day, from which he had not yet recovered consciousness when his wife and children becoming seriously alarmed implored me to come for you. Must the poor man die without the Viaticum?"

"Quick, my heavy boots and storm coat. Victoire, my hat, hurry up — my God, grant I may reach him in time!"

"Father shall not go," emphatically declared the old housekeeper, who, nevertheless, quickly brought the asked-for objects. "Father," she insisted, "do not go, it is bitterly cold and the snow is at least two feet deep."

"Four," interrupted the peasant, "and no beaten path."

"You hear! And the black stream?"

"It is swollen into an impetuous torrent," grimly replied Anthony.

"You have not told me the sick man's name," suddenly asked the priest.

"Demetrius Blanc," replied Anthony, furtively watching the agitated face of the old priest.

"Demetrius Blanc, O my God, Demetrius Blanc ! Grant that I may be in time !"

The servant raised her hands to heaven, exclaiming indignantly : "The only black sheep of the parish, the usurer, the man who since his return to the village many long years ago has never set foot inside the church ! Will you go, Father, to him, to the man who shows no respect for the crucifix, to the man who whistles when the procession passes, a drunkard and a thief ? — Do not go, Father, to the man who insulted you and would have struck you were it not for Anthony's timely interference."

The Curé's preparations were finished and without answering this tirade he turned to Anthony and asked, "Will you accompany me ? The sexton is too old and weak, he could not walk in the deep snow. It is out of your way, I know, but such an act of charity your guardian angel will not fail to register in heaven."

"Willingly, Father. Even if the sexton or any one else accompanied you, do you imagine I would remain here, knowing you exposed to danger ?"

"Good-by, Victoire," said the Curé. "Don't forget to send some beef-tea and wine to the sick woman and say your beads for poor Demetrius Blanc."

As he opened the door, the bitter wind rushed in with violence, but nothing daunted he directed his steps to the Church a few feet away, built on a summit which overlooked the humble presbytery and the few scattered houses. Accompanied by Anthony, who carried a lantern, he entered the sacred edifice and took the small pyx containing the Sacred Host and the silver tube of holy oil, put them into the velvet bag which he suspended round his neck, then, securely buttoning his coat over the precious treasures, set out on his journey preceded by Anthony carrying the ritual, bell and lantern. In fair weather, it was a two hours' walk, but in winter scarcely double that time sufficed. Though the joyous Christmas festivities were scarcely over, yet, according to the verdict of the oldest inhabitants, it already was the most severe winter they had ever experienced.

Aygues, their destination, was a miserable hamlet of three or four homesteads, lying at the bottom of a ravine intersecting an enormous mountain range surrounded with precipices. In order to reach it, it was necessary to climb perilous peaks, cross the top, and descend the steep sides of the ravine by a narrow path at whose base roared a cataract.



It was one of those bitter Alpine nights, when Arctic cold seemed to penetrate even dumb nature, the sky was starless and leaden, the earth a vast expanse of blinding and dazzling whiteness as far as eye could reach, no sound broke the intense stillness reigning on these bleak mountain heights.  
(to be continued.)





The Holy Eucharist is the perfect grace, for it contains verily Christ Himself, the plenitude of grace.

*As pants the hart for cooling springs,  
Among the rocks and barren sands,  
So doth my soul, O King of kings,  
Long for refreshment at Thy hands.*

Remember that God is love and kindness itself, and that by means of this sacrament He wishes to give Himself to your soul.

*My soul, O God, doth thirst for Thee.  
For Thee, the source of every grace;  
O when shall I Thy beauty see,  
When shall I see Thee face to face?*

Never omit Holy Communion of yourself, for you do not know if God has not resolved to give you a special grace just in this Communion.

*Where art Thou, Lord, my life, my all?  
Thou art above, around, within;  
Whate'er betides, on Thee I'll call  
To save me and to pardon sin.*

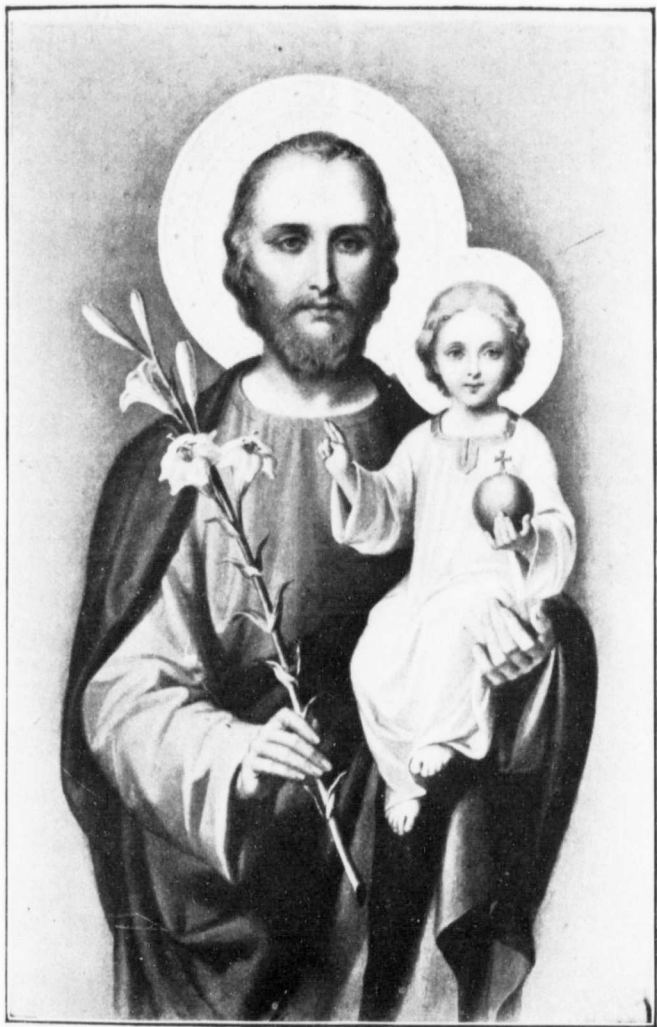
We do a great injustice to the love with which our Lord gives Himself to us in this Sacrament, if we can communicate and fail to do so.

*Why, then, my soul, art thou depressed?  
God is thy drink, and He thy food;  
Bequeathed to thee His last bequest—  
His Body and His precious Blood.*

In order to prepare yourself better, perform all the duties of your state, with the pure intention of pleasing God; this is the best preparation to communicate well.

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SAINT JOSEPH