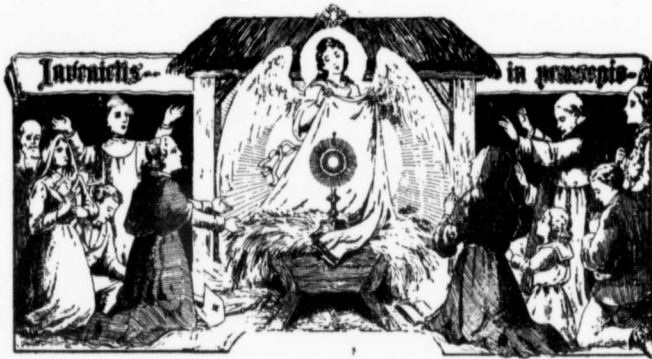


JESUS CHRIST BEFORE ANNAS.



## THE TABERNACLE THRONE.

*There's a place to me the dearest,  
Where my happiest hours are known,  
It is close beside my Jesus  
On His Tabernacle Throne.*

*When I tell Him all my trials  
And the heartaches I have known,  
Oh, how sweetly doth He soothe them  
From His Tabernacle Throne !*


MARY J. McDONNELL.

## The Eucharist and the Rosary.

### The Joyful Mysteries.

Third Mystery.—The Nativity of Our Lord.

Communion.

HE first joy-note that rang out over our fallen earth was the harmonious message of the angels: "*Evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum*". When this sinful world of ours was silent and without welcome for the newborn King, the heavens were moved in their glorious mansions. If every door in the city of David was shut against Jesus, the gates of the Celestial City were opened wide and the sweet voices of angels bade Him welcome. "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo.*"

And we see the full development of this joy in the cave of Bethlehem. The unaccountable smiles of babyhood light up the Infant's face and pass on to charm the hearts of the few of earth's faithful who are grouped there around Him. The joy passes on to Mary, to Joseph, to the shepherds, to the magi. They are all happy, contemplating the frail form of the Son of God clothed there in human flesh before them. One look from His dear eyes,—one smile from His dimpled lips brings Heaven into their hearts, as there they stand, their tired foreheads leaning against the wood-work of the manger where He lies. They watch every movement of the little Almighty Hands, kissing them softly and reverently; and as their great love grew greater, daring to press their lips to the noble little brow where the Eternal Wisdom was planning out the sinful, sleeping world's redemption!

"Oh! to have been there!" we cry, in the longing of our hearts to see the Babe, but, when we come to realize

our privileges, what were the joys of that night in comparison to those which Jesus has reserved for us, the spoiled children of His Heart!

Hidden in the Sacrament of love, we see not the exterior charms of His person, yet we know that He withdraws these charms only that He may the more easily become part of our very selves.—“Take ye and eat.”

The Jews of old cried out; “This is a hard saying”, —Could they have said such a thing if they loved? No. Love believeth all things. It is true we cannot understand, but what difference does it make? It is as just as is the mystery of the Incarnation of which it is a sublime dependence and a marvelous continuation. “*Incarnatur in me Christus*”. It is divinely true that the Word was made flesh and it is just as divinely true that the flesh of Christ is for us a food—our daily bread. “*Caro mea vere est cibus.*” (John VI, 56.)

The command to honor the Word as we honor the Father is divine, and just as divine is the command to eat of the flesh of the Son. “*Accipite et comedite, hoc est corpus meum.*” (Matth., XXVI, 26.)

O wonder of all wonders! the immaterial bread, the food of the angels throughout eternity has become the food of man. Let us pause a moment and try to think it out. . . . .

The same Providence which upset the life of a whole empire in order that Mary's Son might be born at Bethlehem has so arranged His plan that each of us may be a Bethlehem, a “house of bread”, the living cave where, spiritually and mystically, Jesus, the lover of man, may be born again. Could man ever have imagined an honor such as this? Could his heart have ever hoped for a joy such as this if God had not revealed it to him?

Dear Jesus! Thy love was not satisfied in remaining with us day in and day out. Thy heart longed to come in intimate touch with ours and so Thou hast planned a way to come to us each day making Thy dear Self a part of our very substance.

This union is substantial. It holds all that is deepest and most intimate in affection. Our friends of earth are dear, very dear to us; and yet, how powerless we are



when there is question of making them realize the extent of our feeling for them. We may bestow upon them repeated marks of tenderness and devotedness ; with burning words and ardent looks we may try to make our very soul pass into theirs, but beyond this we cannot go.

Jesus alone performs the prodigy of making His dear Self substantially one with us. It is not that He and I become one substance, but His substance penetrates me to such a degree that I can truly exclaim : " It is not I that lives, but Christ who lives in me ".

He was not obliged to come to me, and He does not force me to receive Him ; in this sweet Eucharistic union there is no trace of coercion,—Jesus lovingly knocks at the door of my heart and I open wide to receive Him. Then our two loves and our two lives are united and stamped with the seal " Liberty ".

All is holiness throughout. It is Holiness itself that comes to me ; by holiness I prepare for the morning meeting with Him. The element of the matter in both cases touches each other with precautions of the most exquisite delicacy and solely to produce a union of the two minds. I, in giving myself to Him, give nothing ; He, in coming to me, gives all—His merits, His virtues and His love for the time being, for the dark days ahead, and as a pledge of bliss in the days of eternity.

The natural order of nutrition is reversed. I do not change Christ into my own life as I do in natural assimilation, but He changes me into Himself. Hence, I can say that I become another Christ.

O Dear God of love ! to me, all this is overwhelming, and what overpowers me still more is the thought that the best proof of my appreciation of Thy great love is the act of receiving Thee daily. "*Non sum dignus, non sum dignus*" will and must be the daily answer to Thy early knock, hoping the while that Thou wilt make me less unworthy as the days go by, so that on the last of earth's days to me I may see Thy dear face when I open in answer to Thy final knock.



## PROGRAMME

OF THE

## Eucharistic Congress of Montreal

7 to 11th September 1910.



THE main object of the Work of Eucharistic Congresses which was inaugurated some 30 years ago is to promote the knowledge, love and service of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, to assert His sovereign rights by solemn manifestations and thereby strive to extend His social reign throughout the world. Hence it is that amongst the many Congresses that are being held everywhere especially in our times, Eucharistic Congresses are second to none in dignity and excellence. From the very outset, Eucharistic Congresses have had a most brilliant career and the results for achieved so far have surpassed the Founders most sanguine anticipations.

They have been successively held in the important Cities of Lille (1881), Avignon (1882), Liege (1883), Friburg (1885), Toulouse (1886), Paris (1888), Antwerp (1890), Jerusalem (1893), Rheims (1894), Paray (1897), Brussels (1898), Lourdes (1899), Angers (1900), Namur (1902), Angouleme (1904), Rome (1905), Tournai (1905), Metz (1907), London (1908), Cologne (1909).

An International Eucharistic Congress is as a rule held in a City famed in History for some remarkable Eucharistic event, or if its importance and its religious character warrant unusual splendor and prolific results from its demonstrations in honor of the Blessed Eucharist. The privilege of the XXI International Congress

has fallen to the lot of Montreal than which no better choice could have been made. Montreal is the commercial, industrial and religious Metropolis of Canada, and owing to the number and magnificence of its ecclesiastical edifices, and the flourishing condition of its Catholic institutions it is justly styled the Rome of North America. We anticipate unparalleled success for the coming International Eucharistic Congress.

The functions may be divided into two distinct classes, namely, public manifestations and sectional meetings.

The primary object of Montreal's Eucharistic Congress will be public profession of Catholic Belief in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. Religious demonstrations will be held daily by the different sections of the City and they will be presided over by the most eminent members of the Hierarchy and by the Papal Legate himself. The most solemn will be, doubtless, Midnight Mass in Notre-Dame Church, the Pontifical open air Mass at the foot of Mount-Royal, the Holy Hour in which the Clergy will take part in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, the great Procession at the close of the Congress and the grand illumination of the City.

The daily reunions at which papers on the Blessed Eucharist will be read may be classified thus : general meetings morning and evening ;—special meetings for the young, for Ladies and the Clergy every afternoon. Noted orators, Bishops, Priests and laymen will address the meetings. The most important reunions will unquestionably be the Priests' meetings and the General meeting every evening in Notre-Dame Church.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th.

8 P. M. { Solemn Civic reception of the Cardinal  
Legate in Saint James' Cathedral.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th.

8 P. M. { Grand Civic Reception in honor of the  
Cardinal Legate.

## THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th.

- Midnight. { Mass in Notre-Dame Church—Holy Com-  
munion—for men only.
- 9 A. M. { Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral, for the  
religious Communities.
- 10 A. M. { General Sectional Meetings (French and  
to Noon. { English) of the Congress.
- 230 P. M. to 4.30 P. M. Sectional Meetings, as in the  
morning.
- “ “ “ Priests' Special Meetings, in the  
Church of the Blessed Sacra-  
ment.
- “ “ “ Special Meeting of the Catholic  
Ladies of Montreal.
- 8 P. M. { Public Meeting in Notre-Dame Church.  
Discourses by Bishops, Priests and  
laymen.

## FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th.

- 8.30 A. M. { Pontifical Mass at Mance Park. Sermons  
in French and English by two Bishops.
- 10 A. M. { General Sectional Meetings, as on Thurs-  
to Noon. { day.
- 2.30 P. M. to 4 P. M. Priests' Meeting.

Both days English speaking clergymen will also have their meetings.

- 4 P. M. { Solemn devotions for Priests in the Church  
of the Blessed Sacrament. Solemn Bene-  
diction.
- 8 P. M. { Reception of the public by the Cardinal  
Legate, His Grace the Archbishop,  
Bishops, Prelates and Clergy.

## SATURDAY, 10th SEPTEMBER.

8.30 A. M. Pontifical Mass in St Patrick's Church.

10 A. M. to Noon. General Sectional Meetings.

230 P. M. { Special Meeting for young men at Laval  
University.

3.30 P. M. { Childrens' Meeting in Notre-Dame and in  
St Patrick's.

8 P. M. { General Meeting in Notre-Dame Church  
discourses etc.

Every Day. { In all the City Churches and Chapels,  
the Congress-Mass at 8 o'clock and  
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament  
at 5.30 P. M.

## SUNDAY, 11th SEPTEMBER,

9.30 A. M. Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral.

10 A. M. { Low Mass with music and a sermon by a  
Bishop in the different Churches of the  
City.

2 P. M. Solemn Procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Information may be obtained at the General Secretary's Office.

368, EAST MOUNT-ROYAL AVENUE,  
MONTREAL.

## JESUS BEFORE ANNAS.

(See frontispiece.)

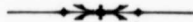
“ Behold the hour is at hand and the Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners.” And as he yet spoke Judas came and with him a great multitude with swords and clubs sent from the chief priests and the ancients of the people. Laying hands on Jesus they bound Him and led Him away to Annas first, for he was father-in-law to Caiphas, who was the high priest of that year.

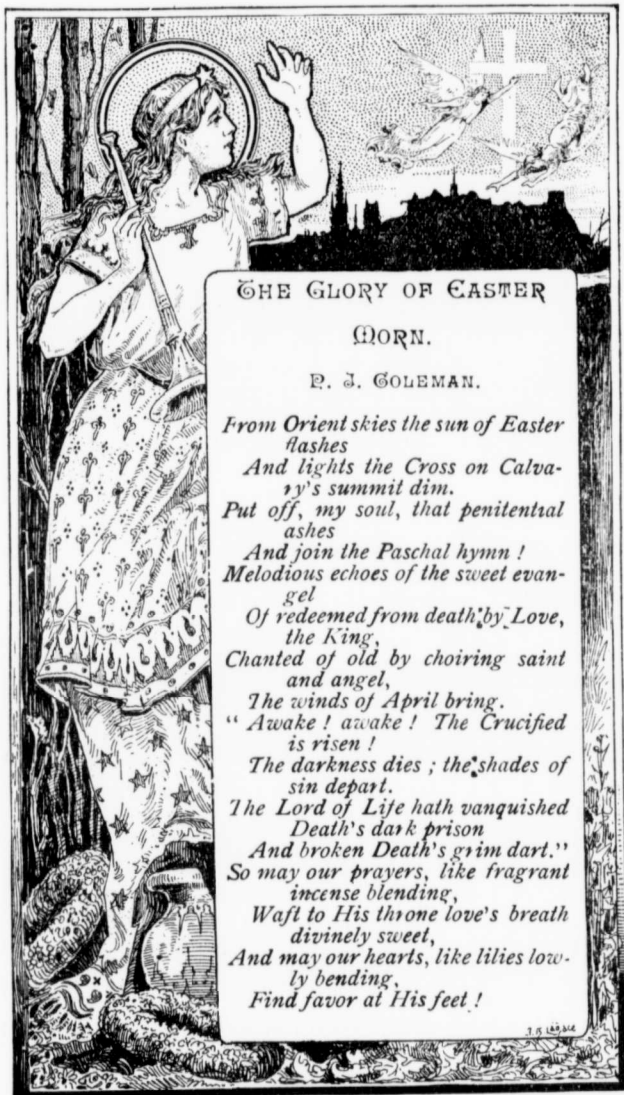
The high priest questions Him concerning His disciples and His doctrine. Jesus answered : “ I have spoken openly to the world ; I have always taught in the synagogue, and in the Temple, whither all the Jews resort : and in secret I have spoken nothing. Why asketh thou me ? Ask them who have heard what I have spoken into them : behold, they know what things I have said.”

And when he had said these things, one of the servants standing near gave Jesus a blow saying : “ Answerest thou the high priest so ? ” Jesus, “ If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil ; but if well, why striketh thou me ? ”

Annas sent Him bound to Caiphas the high priest. This blow was the beginning of Jesus passion. After submitting to this first outrage He will meekly endure all the others. Here the high priest is preferred to Jesus, a few hours later it will be Barabbas : another blow. Amidst the ruins of what was formerly the house of Annas, in the court yard where still stands a hollow knotted old olive tree to which Jesus might have been bound, a lamp unceasingly burns on the spot where tradition tells us Jesus was struck by a servant.

O Jesus, in memory of this humiliating outrage, I shall try to accept and bear all that humiliates me, whether publicly or privately, and especially when the blow is from those even more unworthy and lower than I am.





## THE GLORY OF EASTER

MORN.

P. J. COLEMAN.

*From Orient skies the sun of Easter  
flashes  
And lights the Cross on Calva-  
ry's summit dim.  
Put off, my soul, that penitential  
ashes  
And join the Paschal hymn !  
Melodious echoes of the sweet evan-  
gel  
Of redeemed from death by Love,  
the King,  
Chanted of old by choiring saint  
and angel,  
The winds of April bring.  
"Awake ! awake ! The Crucified  
is risen !  
The darkness dies ; the shades of  
sin depart.  
The Lord of Life hath vanquished  
Death's dark prison  
And broken Death's grim dart."  
So may our prayers, like fragrant  
incense blending,  
Waft to His throne love's breath  
divinely sweet,  
And may our hearts, like lilies low-  
ly bending,  
Find favor at His feet !*

## Saint Joseph, His Trial and Silence.



ACRED Scripture informs us that Mary remained three months in Hebron, which naturally leads us to suppose that she did not leave her cousin until after the birth of the Baptist, when in due course she would return to her home.

The disquietude of St Joseph is related very simply and in few words, but it is given for a definite purpose, and reveals the sublime elevation of character in him who was chosen to be the guardian of the Mother and her Divine Child, in such a way as to be witness to her Immaculate Conception. And not only are the fidelity and justice of St. Joseph's character displayed in the incident, but still more are the admirable qualifications of Our Lady for the duties she was called upon to fulfil in the world. Such, for example, would be her fidelity, her reserve, her patience, her self-possession, and the calm firmness which could not be diverted from her appointed path. The Incarnation was the secret of God which had been entrusted to her to keep inviolable under all circumstances ; and this in spite of dangers and misapprehensions—in spite, indeed, of the very Law of God itself and its fearful penalties. Her silence is sublime beyond words.

As for St. Joseph, his conduct is not less admirable. He is perplexed. On the one hand, his faith in the supernatural graces of his spouse forbid any suspicion of her purity, and the circumstances attending their espousals are marks of divine predestination too recent to be forgotten. But on the other hand, there is the Law and the Law is the Law of God. If however (in the words of St. Bernard), she were indeed the highly favored one of God, St. Joseph, deeming himself an unworthy sinner, said within himself that no longer ought he to be favored with the company of one whose marvelous dignity he greatly feared. Therefore, seeing himself to be without special direction from on High, he judged it best to take a reso-



lution which involved the greatest courage and the most manly self-abnegation possible. He would put her away privately, and her reputation should be untouched.

St. Bernard on this subject goes on to say : " It was fitting that Mary should be espoused to Joseph in order that the ' Holy Thing ' should be hidden from the dogs and her virginity proved by him by whom she is espoused ; thus the Virgin's modesty is spared and her good name provided for. What, indeed, could be wiser or more worthy of God's providence ? " And in another place, " As Thomas, by doubting and touching, became the most steadfast confessor of the Resurrection of Our Lord, so Joseph by espousing Mary to himself... became the most faithful witness of her maidenhood. Oh, most beautiful fitness both of the doubt of Thomas and of the espousals of Mary ! " Under any circumstances this disquietude of Joseph, as well as his ultimate resolve, were necessary, as both merited an express reassurance from God ; for it is written : " While he thought on these things " (i. e., to put her away privately), " behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in his sleep, saying, Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary, thy wife, for that which is conceived of her is of the Holy Ghost."

Thus was St. Joseph proved and the divine nature of Mary's Conception revealed to him as to the Just Man, whose witness was looked for. His holy silence on the subject, his patient awaiting for divine instruction, were only second in sublimity to the silence and fortitude of Mary.

E. M. SHAPCOTE.

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**In Our Own Words.** — We should speak to God from time to time in our own words ; He loves to hear us address Him with filial confidence. There is no need to employ well-turned phrases ; how much better to speak to God simply and straightforwardly. The plainest language is the language of the heart, and it is not the words which God regards but the desire of the heart. Our petitions are not valued on account of their length, but of their fervor. How richly was the brief supplication of the good thief rewarded ?



## HOUR OF ADORATION

### Let Him be Crucified !

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

*Let Him be crucified !*” Pilate, disappointed at not having persuaded the Jews to save Jesus, addressed the following words to the crowd : “ What will you, then, that I should do to the King of the Jews ? ” Pilate, how can you remorselessly place in the hands of His enemies the fate of this Prisoner whom you know to be innocent ? What you ought to do with Jesus is to restore Him to liberty. Still more, Jesus being the King of the Jews, the Messiah, the Son of God, the Christ, as you call Him, your duty is to descend from your throne, to make the illustrious Accused mount upon it, and to go down on your knees before Him, adoring Him, and acknowledging Him your Lord and your God. Your duty is to proclaim Him before all His enemies as the God of heaven and earth, and to present Him to the adoration of the multitude. “ What, then, shall I do with Jesus ? ” These words, O Pilate, on your lips are detestable blasphemy and horrible sacrilege !

“ *Let Him be crucified. Crucify Him ! Crucify Him !* ” resounds on all sides. Now, for the first time, we hear them demanding the death of Jesus by the cross. “ *Let Him be crucified !* ” The great word, the final word has, at last, been pronounced by these impious and sanguinary men. This word so longed for by the leaders of the people ; this word determined upon before all ages in the designs of the Most Blessed Trinity ; this word announced by the prophets and referred to

by Jesus Christ Himself at the commencement of His public life ; this word that the Apostles never could comprehend ; this word which, by immolating the Victim, is going to effect the salvation of the world,—this word Jerusalem has, at last, heard pronounced by the people ! The souls of the just in Limbo, the angels in heaven, are moved on hearing this horrible cry, while at the same time they tremble with joy at the blessed revolution it is going to accomplish in the supernatural world.

“ *What evil hath He done ?* ” exclaims Pilate, stupefied at hearing this cry of death, “ *I find no cause of death in Him. I will chastise Him, therefore, and let Him go.* ” This is the third time he has proclaimed the innocence of Jesus : once, after his interrogatory in the prætorium ; a second time, when Herod sent Him back to him ; and now his declaration is still more solemn, more energetic. Divine Wisdom makes him proclaim Jesus’ innocence and, at the same time, wills that He should be condemned as guilty. By this we are given to understand that Jesus is the Paschal Victim, pure and innocent, destined to satisfy by His death, not for His own sins, but for those of others.

“ *What evil hath He done ?* ” Who could discover in Jesus the slightest fault ? In what could He be a malefactor, He, the Creator of all good, the Sovereign Good, from whom all good proceeds ? In what could He be a malefactor, He essential Holiness ?

“ *What evil hath He done ?* ” Let the possessed whom He delivered, rise and answer, the sick whom He cured, the lepers whom He cleansed, the deaf to whom He gave hearing, the dumb whom He caused to speak, the blind to whom He restored sight, the dead whom He raised,—let all say whether Jesus is or is not a malefactor !

In vain does Pilate attempt to reason or discuss with this frenzied multitude. They are impressed neither by his reasoning nor his questions. They do not even listen to him. Their only answer is to cry out with still more violence : “ *Let Him be crucified.* ”

Adore in the Host, as in the prætorium, the true Messiah promised to the Jews and to the gentiles. He is the King of the Jews, as well as our King. May all governments, all nations, recognize His Divinity, and in reparation for the bloody injury inflicted on His Heart by the blasphemy of the Jews :

“*Let Him be crucified!*” may all unite in voice and heart to sound abroad in every quarter of the globe the cry of adoration: “*Let Him be adored!*”

“*Adoremus in æternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum!*”

### III. — Reparation.

“*What shall I do with the King of the Jews?*” A judge ought to judge according to facts. Pilate’s first crime was to deliver his authority into the hands of a furious populace stirred up against Jesus. The Roman Procurator no longer gives orders. He seems to demand them. He does not use the right given him by his position to defend, he consults the caprice of a delirious multitude, although he knows full well this caprice is that of hate and envy.

Pardon, O Jesus, in the name of that poltroon, that dastardly judge! He has judged the cause, and it is now for him to decide the case. It has been examined, the Prisoner’s innocence acknowledged, and yet he consults the mob as to the decision. Why does he not free Him? Because he is afraid of the Sanhedrites, he is afraid of being denounced and degraded before Cæsar. The Jews are aware of this, and so they become bolder than ever. Their answer is plain: “*Let Him be crucified!*”

Such is the barbarous sentence pronounced by these blood-thirsty tigers. They shout, they tremble with rage, they go mad. It is not only an accusation against Jesus, but a clamor. It is not even on account of a judgment passed upon Him, but through the violence with which they themselves shout for the death of Jesus. To the Hosanna of the last few days, they oppose the “*Crucifigatur!—Let Him be crucified!*” And they demand for their Victim not only death, but the cross. The cross was of all punishments the most cruel and ignominious, the punishment of slaves. They feared that His memory would go down to posterity, therefore they wished that to His very death should be attached a note of infamy.

It was for the Messiah that they demanded death, and the death of the cross! Of what use those ardent prayers sent up to Heaven by the holy nation during so many ages to hasten the coming of the Messiah? their burning sighs that the clouds might rain down the Just One? What ingratitude! Jesus had done them naught but good. He had employed His wisdom in instructing them. His kindness in consoling them, His al-

mighty power in curing their infirmities, and their only sign of gratitude is to demand for Him death on a gibbet ! God's chosen people demand for their Messiah the most atrocious, the most ignominious of Roman punishments !

What humiliation ! Jesus is worthy of supreme, of divine honors ; but thinking not of His greatness, they regard Him as the last of men ! Jesus is the source of all good, and yet Pilate says that he knows not what to do with Him !

With profound sorrow, the Divine Saviour listens to the cruel words uttered, not only by this nation laden with His benefits, but by all those who, in coming ages, commit mortal sin ; by all those who, in sacrilegious Communions, crucify Him anew. Alas ! that deicide cry : "*Let Him be crucified*" still resounds at the Holy Table ! It comes forth from every guilty heart. It is now a thousand times more humiliating for the Heart of Jesus, for here it is often the cold calculation of hatred, of greedy passions, of premeditated ingratitude, of shameful hypocrisy that pronounces these words in the ears of the gentle Victim. Count up the innumerable sacrilegious Communions which for nineteen centuries have crucified Him in souls deicide.

Pardon, O loving Heart of Jesus, pardon me ! Pardon the Jews, pardon all who at any time, either privately or publicly, have dared to utter against Thee this cry of death ! Pardon for the soul in purgatory at this moment deploring the accursed day on which they rejected Thee ! Pardon for myself ! I regret with all my heart having been so ungrateful, and I promise with the help of Thy grace, to make Thee live more and more in my mind, in my will, and above all in my heart !

### III. — Thanksgiving.

"*Let Him be crucified !*" While the Jews were clamoring for the death of the Son of God, the Father from the height of heaven was ratifying the sentence. Mankind are the slaves of hell, and His will is to deliver them by the death of His only Son. It is to save us that the Father delivers Jesus, spares Him not, although He is His own Son. At that cry, the angelic host shudder with horror, and hell rejoices. And Thou, O Eternal Father, when Thou didst hear those terrible cries against Thy adorable Son, shouldst Thou not have said to the heavenly spirits, as formerly to Noe : "*It repenteth Me that I have created man.*" Shouldst Thou not have sent a deluge

of fire to wipe out Thy enemies? No, Thy love would not permit that. By an effect of Thy infinite goodness, that fatal cry, though a great crime on the part of the Jews, became a great grace for us. By it, Thy justice was to receive compensation and Thy mercy entire satisfaction. And thus it was Thy all-merciful will, that the Man-God was condemned and the sinner freed. Jesus' condemnation is truly the signal of our deliverance. Can we ever sufficiently thank the Eternal Father who permitted it, willed it!

If the Heavenly Father consented to this condemnation of the Jews, it was because His well beloved Son had previously accepted it. In the eternal decrees, the cross was to be the throne on which the Divine Saviour would reconcile guilty humanity to God. If, then, we seek for the cause of Jesus' condemnation to the cross, we shall find it in His own Heart and in human consciences. It is the love of the Accused and the sins of mankind that cry more loudly than the voices of the Jews: "*Crucifigatur!*" The loving Saviour wills that the Divine Blood flowing in His veins should flow upon souls to purify, sanctify, divinize them. Behold, then, why Jesus wills not only to die, but to die of the bloody punishment of crucifixion!

Be Thou, O Divine Jesus, a thousand times thanked and blessed! If I really believed in Thy divine tenderness, would I not be all on fire with love for a God who loves me so much!

And daily still, O Saviour, does the whole earth feel the happy fruits of Thy acceptance of death. A thousand times daily is renewed this great act of love and mercy. Daily, and at every instant in the day, dost Thou permit Thyself to be immolated upon innumerable altars, because man sins daily, and Thou dost not wish God to withdraw from him His love or to deprive him of his right to the heavenly inheritance.

#### IV. — Prayer.

"*What shall I do with Jesus?*" exclaimed Pilate to the Jews. Pilate, ask that of heaven, ask it of the holy souls on earth. Ask it of the sorrowful Mother, who found all her delight in Him. Ask it of the Apostles who so gladly drank in His heavenly teaching. Ask it of the angels who find in Him the object of their sweetest complacency. Ask it of the Heavenly Father, whose perfect image He is. Heaven and earth thirst for Him. Without Him, is hell; with Him, heaven.

I feel that nothing here below besides Thee, Thee in the Host, O my God, is capable of satisfying my thirst for happiness. My mind has need of Thee, for in Thee alone it finds truth. My will has need of Thee, for without Thee, on account of its weakness, it feels its inability to practise virtue and shun evil. My heart, above all my heart, has infinite need of thee to quench its intense thirst for loving and devoting itself. Ah ! Pilate, you ask what shall you do with Jesus ? Give, give Him to me ! He is my treasure, the only happiness of my being !

Grant, O Jesus my dear Saviour, that I may say in all truth with Ven. Père Eymard : " Give me a host, and I have need of no one." No one can supply for Thee, but Thou alone, O Jesus, can take the place of all others.

The Jews despising the unspeakable treasure that Pilate offered them, cried out with one voice. "*Let Him die, let Him be crucified !*" Who would have thought that this people could have been so blinded as to want to fasten to a cross Jesus Christ, their King, their Messiah, the Deliverer so long expected, ardently sighed for, and whom so lately they had proclaimed the Son of God ! Who could believe that a Christian, that I in particular, who have been laden with so many benefits, loved with so much tenderness, could be capable of such infidelity as to cry out with the Jews : "*Let Him be crucified !*" And yet, we must not deceive ourselves. Holy Scripture says very well : "*Let him who thinks himself to stand, beware lest he fall.*" Without thy grace, O Jesus, I am capable of denying and crucifying Thee. I feel in myself numberless passions that boil and roar and burn like the lava of a volcano, threatening to engulf everything. Without Thee, O Jesus, I shall be lost. Never permit them to become masters of the citadel, to deliver Thee to Thy enemies with the cry : "*Crucify Him !*"

Bless, O my Saviour, the resolutions I take before Thee and under the auspices of Mary Immaculate, henceforth to mortify my pride, my self-love and all my passions. They who belong to Thee, as Thy Apostle teaches, ought to *crucify* their flesh with its vices and concupiscences. I wish to belong to Thee forever ! And it is to Thee, by frequent visits, I will go to ask the strength to fulfil, whatever it may cost me, this firm desire of my soul. It is in Thee, in the reception of Thy Flesh and Blood, that I will draw fidelity to my resolution even till death.



Visit of the Rt. Rev. Mgr Heylen,  
Bishop of Namur.



It was our pleasure to welcome at our house on January the 18th the Rt. Rev. T. L. Heylen, Bishop of Namur and President of the Permanent Committee of International Eucharistic Congresses. His Lordship was returning from Montreal, Canada, where he met the Committees appointed, who are preparing the XXI International Eucharistic Congress, to be held from the 7th to the 11th of next September. He approved of the arrangements already agreed upon, and preached in the Cathedral at Montreal on the importance of the Eucharistic Congresses and the salutary results they have produced. He said in part :

“The chief aim of the Eucharistic Congresses is to render to Jesus in the Holy Eucharist public and social worship. It is to be deplored that in modern society, God is not worshipped as He should be. Among the nations of Europe that were once Catholic, God is misunderstood or ignored ; hence the usefulness of the Eucharistic Congresses which bring together men of all ranks and of all nations to acknowledge and proclaim the supreme kingship of God. *Oportet illum regnare*. Christ must triumph; He must reign ; He must rule over all the nations of the earth.”

Another end of the Eucharistic Congresses is to increase the knowledge and the love of the Holy Eucharist and to promote Eucharistic works. Bishop Heylen said that he heard, during the former Congresses held in the principal countries of Europe, not only priests but also laymen, speaking with great ardor and deep learning of Our Eucharistic Lord and he feels assured that the Catholic Americans will vie in this matter with their European brethren during the coming International Congress. Speaking of the results obtained in his own dio-



cese by the Eucharistic Congress of Namur, he said that even in rural districts churches now remain open all day, visits to the Blessed Sacrament have become frequent, every morning at least one member of every family hears Mass, the number of Communions—and the number of Communicants too—has increased; many persons who had long absented themselves from Communion were brought back to the Holy Table. We lay on the Congress of Montreal our highest hopes. For twenty years we would say after each one of the great International reunions; "Oh! this one surpassed all the others and we never saw the like." I am confident that the same will be said on the day after the Congress of Montreal. The faith, the activity and the devotedness of the Catholics will render to the Eucharist a triumph superior to those of Cologne and London.

To reporters His Lordship said:

These Congresses have now taken their place, and a very conspicuous one, among the manifestations of Catholic life. They are not only meetings of Clergymen but rather conventions of the whole Christian people testifying to their faith in the Real Presence and paying solemn homage to Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.

In London the great meetings of the Albert Hall were composed of laymen from the catholic members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons to the workingman just issuing from the factory. Orators like the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Charles Santley the great artist Mr. Hilaire Belloc a member of Parliament, Mr. Arthur Verhaevgen President of the Belgian Democratic League, Mr. Duret Professor in the Catholic University of Lille, etc., spoke together with Bishops of all nations. The same takes place in all Congresses. The Mayor of Cologne made a speech at the first general meeting of the Congress last year. We heard there members of the Reichstag of Germany, a Senator of the Luxembourg, etc. The audience is always very enthusiastic. The papers of England have described the scenes of London, the warm reception to Cardinal Vannutelli, the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given from the balcony of the new Cathedral of Westminster to the two or three hundred thousand crowding the place and the surrounding streets,

the "Te Deum" sung by that immense multitude, the acclamations to the Pope as his representative passed in the streets, the immense number meeting in the Albert Hall where eight or ten thousand men sang Eucharistic hymns, acclaiming the Holy Eucharist and the Sovereign Pontiff.

In Cologne it was also equally prodigious. The great procession of men lasted four hours and no less than fifty thousand people marched in line. I heard from the station master that on the day of this procession there came to Cologne more strangers than on the occasion of the first visit of the German Emperor: more than half a million.

No need to say that these Congresses are not councils of the Church. They do not define any point of doctrine but serve much to popularize the teaching of the Church. As for myself, after each Congress I find that I have learned something new on the inexhaustible marvels of the Holy Eucharist. Non-Catholics also profit by the same. In England and Germany, millions of Protestants, through the accounts of the London and Cologne Congresses given by papers, got for the first time a clear idea of the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist."

The Rt. Rev. Bishop spoke both in English and in French.—We may note that he masters perfectly, besides the above-mentioned languages, German, Flemish and Italian.—He left New York for Paris to preside at a meeting of the Permanent Committee on January 31st. Thence he intended to proceed to Rome to apprise the Holy Father of the final arrangements, and to ask Him to nominate the Cardinal whom He intends to send as His Legate.

The cities and villages located on the shores of the St. Lawrence will extend a royal welcome to the latter and his party as he goes up the mighty river in a special boat, escorted by a flotilla.

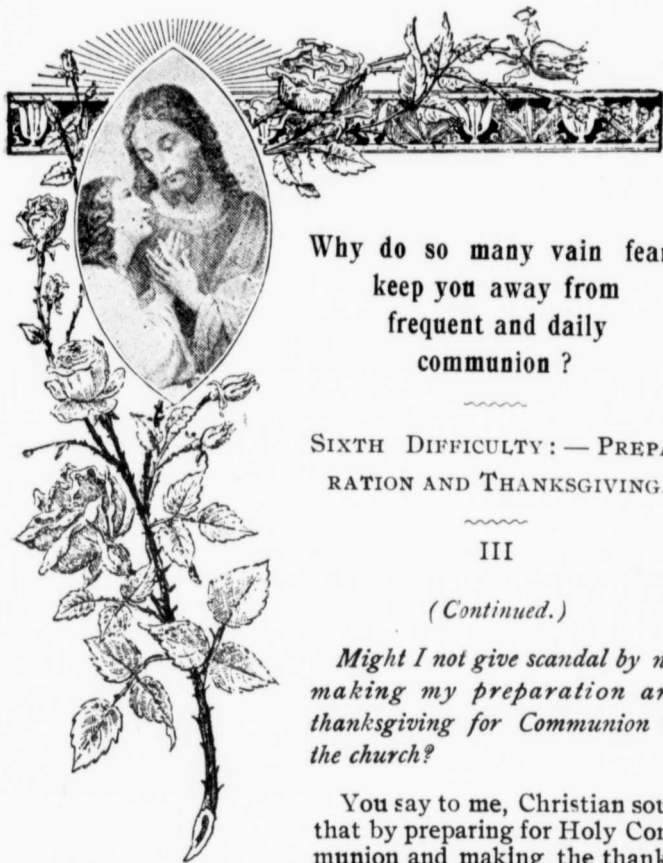
S. S. S.

New York.

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**Let us pray for our beloved deceased.**

*Lewiston, Me* : Dr E. R. Joyce.



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

SIXTH DIFFICULTY: — PREPA-  
RATION AND THANKSGIVING.

III

(Continued.)

*Might I not give scandal by not making my preparation and thanksgiving for Communion in the church?*

You say to me, Christian soul, that by preparing for Holy Communion and making the thanksgiving in the way I have taught you in the preceding paragraphs, you might, indeed, when time failed, arrive at the church already recollected, make an act of profound adoration to Jesus Eucharistic, and even receive Him at once ; then, having Him still in your breast, after a short word with Him, return to your occupations.

But you add : " Would I not give scandal by acting thus? "

No, Christian soul, for thereby you would be guilty of giving to no one any occasion for scandal. Our modern

Pharisees alone could find matter therein for scandal. But as Our Lord Jesus Christ, when dying on the Cross, a Victim for us all, made no account of pharisaical scandal, so you ought not to allow yourself to be restrained by this scandal, and so give up receiving the "Bread of Life" under pretext that you cannot communicate, because it is necessary to remain in church for the preparation and the thanksgiving.

I have said to you that only our modern Pharisees could find therein matter of scandal. For, unless of their number, how could one be scandalized at seeing a person who, *in the impossibility of doing otherwise*, just arrived at church, present himself respectfully and devoutly to receive the consecrated Host; then, having received, remain some time humbly prostrate in prayer, and go to fulfil the duties of his state and discharge the urgent labors of his condition?

And who would he be that would act in this manner? Some poor laborer, obliged to earn the daily bread for his family by the sweat of his brow; a married woman who owes obedience to her husband; the mother of a family whose little ones are awaiting her return; a young girl under the care of her parents; or, in fine, a servant who cannot neglect his duties. And, think you, that they who see such a one are ignorant of his situation? At all events, they ought to suppose it!

Do you know, Christian soul, what would with good reason disedify and give real scandal! It would be, for instance, to see a priest indulging in the sacristy in useless and frivolous discourse before and after the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, instead of preparing devoutly in the church itself, and afterward piously making his thanksgiving therein. Or again, you would not edify if, on going to church, or during the little time you spend there, or when returning to your home, some moments after having communicated, you should begin to converse with a companion, above all should you intersperse your conversation with fault-finding, tittle-tattle, detraction, etc. But just as a priest, far from giving scandal, always edifies and gives good example even without remaining in the holy place neither before nor after devoutly celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, if he is called to

the sick or by some other duty of his ministry ; so you, instead of scandalizing, would give similar edification and good example if, not being able on account of other urgent duties to remain a certain time in the church, you were seen going and coming in recollection and silence. I have said that, instead of scandalizing, you would give edification and good example : You would, on the one hand, show how much you love your Saviour Jesus, not wishing to be a single day without receiving Him ; and on the other, you would prove how much you fear offending Him in anything whatever, as you would do, without doubt, were you to tarry longer in the holy place before or after Holy Communion, to the neglect of your essential duties. O thrice blessed the soul that will imitate you !

## The Voice From The Tabernacle



ENEDICTION is over. The last tinkling of the little bell dies away. Slowly the kneeling people raise their bowed heads. The priest still holding the raised Ostensorium turns with solemn reverence towards the altar, rests it for a moment there, while he takes from it the Sacred Host.

What a hushed and holy silence !

The incense still fills the sanctuary, and as it floats above the heads of the kneeling congregation seems part of that blessing which but a moment before poured forth from the Devine Heart of Jesus as He the Bread of Life was held aloft in the hands of the priest.

But see the Tabernacle is open ! The priest places the Sacred Host, within, then bowing once more closes the small door, and click the tiny key is turned.—once more my Jesus Thou art a prisoner ! Ah, my Soul, Never before have I so fully realized how much Thy God loves thee !

The priest chants the Hymn of Praise, whilst the congregation stands. Soon, the church will empty, the people will seek their homes. Even now, the priest and acolytes are slowly passing to the vestry. Oh ! my Saviour must Thou be left alone? Must I too, go? The candles will soon, be extinguished, and Thou wilt be left in darkness, save where the tiny Sanctuary light, like Bethlehem's Star keeps its watch over Thy lowly dwelling-place. I cannot leave Thee as I have too often done. My Soul seems to cling to that *locked door*, behind which dwells "He, whom Heaven and Earth cannot contain," and yet a *Prisoner* !

What *Love* ! what meekness and what mercy ! Ah, cold, worldly heart how often have you turned away, forgetful of this unfathomable Love !

Yet, how unutterably sweet it is to kneel here even for a few moments after the last candle has been put out.

*My Jesus and I alone !!*

Alone? did I say? Ah, as myriads of angels bow before that closed door ! Yet, I feel, I *know* that He looks beyond those Angel forms to where I, poor, weak earthly form still kneel, scarcely daring to breath, not, even praying lest that holy, beautiful silence be broken !

A moment longer. Goodbye Sweet Jesus, I murmur at last, rising from my knee ; I must leave you, and sweetly comes that Voice to my Soul :

" Go in peace my child ; thy sins are forgiven thee. "

Mrs Agnes O'Brien  
Londonderry  
N. S.

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**What God Wills.** — A truly Christian soul suffers in simplicity whatever God wills ; it neither indulges in self-pity, nor does it dwell on its own sufferings or seek earthly consolations. Provided that the will of God be accomplished, it is well content to suffer.

Father PESCH, S. J.

## The Portion of the Poor.

An Epiphany Story.

(Concluded)

### II



RIGHT merrily were the *Kings* fêted in the home of the Marquis de Saint-Laurent who had for the occasion gathered a joyous company around his little Paul. This little Paul was not his own child. Generous even to imprudence, the Marquis de Saint-Laurent bore the reputation of a good-hearted, but rather eccentric man. Every one admired his benevolence, loved his fine character but laughed a little at his rather eccentric charities.

He had never married, but he adored children. This the little people were not slow in discovering, and so, not yet in his fifties he was the universal grandpa of the whole city.

Eighteen months previously to the opening of our story M. de Saint-Laurent, in one of his rambles through the country, found on the edge of a ditch, a little boy of seven or eight years, half-naked and delirious with fever. To take up the poor little creature in his arms and to carry him to his own home, was the immediate thought of the kind-hearted gentleman and, as he always obeyed the first impulse of his heart, it was not long before the sick, homeless child was put to bed in the grand house of the Marquis. Informed of the fact, the police sought in vain to discover whence came the abandoned child. A notice in several of the daily papers met with no better success and at last it was concluded that the unfortunate boy was an orphan without family or friends.

As to the child himself, he was absolutely unable to enlighten his protectors. After a very serious fever, the doctors and nurses had succeeded in snatching his body from the tomb, but they could not rouse his memory deadened by some violent shock it had received. Of his past life, he knew nothing, not even his name. By de-



grees, reason regained its empire in the disordered brain, but memory remained inactive. The child seemed to have severed his young existence into two parts, which never again could be united.

Any other than the Marquis de Saint-Laurent might have been annoyed at having this orphan thrown on his hands. But not so the Marquis. He had the child baptized conditionally, gave him the name of Paul, and adopted him as his own son. So long as he had limited himself to caring for the waif in his own home, people praised his charity ; but when the news of the adoption was noised abroad, they rose up against his folly. The Marquis, however, turned a deaf ear.

One day, after dinner at the house of M. Bonnassin, the notary, it became the subject of conversation. The Vicountess de Melardy declared that never again should her sons attend the Sunday luncheons at the Marquis de Saint-Laurent's, since he had transformed his house into a veritable orphan asylum. The old Chevalier d'Alain, who had preserved from his Voltarian education a taste for very liberal theories, observed with a knowing air : " Take care, Marquis, heredity will always get the better of education. This child, born probably of crime and debauchery, will become, by an inevitable fatality, a cast-away."

" And what think you of grace and will ? " retorted the Curé of Saint-Mathieu. " Well directed, this child, whatever his origin or character, may become a saint. "

" I will try, at least, to make him a solid Christian and an honest man, " said the Marquis. " God threw him on my path and laid upon me the cure of his body. Is it possible that he has not at the same time imposed on me the care of this soul ? With your advice, M. le Curé, I shall undertake it. All of you, our amiable Vicountess included, " added he with a smile, " will help me. " And indeed each lent a helping hand, for the child himself attracted them.

Very pale and slight, his black eyes spoke of a deep-seated melancholy, as if the memory of some great suffering, though banished from his brain, had taken refuge in his glance. There was in his countenance a delicate beauty that roused pity rather than admiration. Charming enough to excite feminine sympathy, he was too frail-looking to make mothers jealous.



Little by little, under the warmth of that affection by which he was, as it were, enveloped, the child, who had at first shown a certain untaught reticence and defiance, allowed his naturally frank and affectionate disposition to appear. Soon his memory was lighted up by passing rays of light, forerunners, perhaps, of an awaking still remote, but certain. His adopted father noted these signs with disquiet and almost jealous vigilance. He feared to see suddenly unfolded a past which might rob him of his dear orphan. Already they began to understand that little Paul had lived at one time in the city and then in the country. They thought they could gather from his obscure gleams of memory one or several flights through the fields. The poor young waif had, doubtless, loved some one, but above all he had *feared*!

Now, however, the little lad, puny and gentle, the pet of all around him, had opened his heart to their love, and no longer had any one to fear. On this Epiphany Eve he looked charming, even too charming, in his suit of blue velvet with which the pallor of his cheeks strongly contrasted, like a lily on a funeral pall. Full of joy, however, excited by the feast, led on by example of his companions, he joined enthusiastically in their giddy prattle. Sprightly little Andrea de Melardy, who wore the crown by right of having drawn the bean, chose Paul for King. He, very much amused, pretended intense thirst, in order to hear the cry: "*The King drinks!*" and to have the great pleasure of splashing himself to the eyes by laughing in his glass.

And the portion of the poor?

The young people thought no more of it, but the kind-hearted Marquis did not forget. Quickly they placed in the hands of the little king, still chattering merrily and all spattered with wine, the portion intended for whatever poor person might be waiting outside. A silk handkerchief around his neck, a fur mantle over his shoulders, the child ran gaily to the door.

### III

After passing up and down the *Rue Saint-Mathieu* for some time, Romain Gailloux chose, at last, a house through whose massive walls rang out the sound of

childish laughter. Ah ! now he would avenge himself on society !

A projecting archway overhung the threshold at the head of the steps, leading to the door, and a street-lamp on the opposite side showed them now carpeted with snow ; but the door itself, shaded by the vault above, was in deep shadow. The simple inscription, "*Mis. de S. L.*" was on the corner of the doorway near a copper button. Romain Gailloux was indifferent to these initials, even the full name would have been unknown to him. The hardened revolutionist, the father maddened by hate and vengeance, was going to kill the child of a rich aristocrat, and that was all he asked. Already his fingers, shriveled with fever, tightly grasped his weapon. Hark ! the turning of a key in its lock, the door opens, and a child runs down the steps. In the twinkling of an eye, the wretch has struck with his knife, has felt the blade penetrate the flesh of his innocent victim. At the same instant comes a cry of pain, of supplication : " Papa ! " followed by a yell of rage and horror : " My little Pierre ! "

The criminal's son had at once recognized his unfortunate father, and the latter saw in the slight figure stretched on the steps, his own lost child. There he lay before him purpling the snow with his blood, his face frightfully pale, his eyes fixed, a knife sunk deep in his breast ! This was the sight that froze the blood in his veins,—this the child whom he believed dead, and whom he would avenge by a horrible murder.

#### IV

Two months have passed. The execution of Romain Gailloux is daily expected. His arms immovable in a straight-jacket, his face shaded from the light, the condemned lay on his narrow couch impassive and silent.

After a moment of stupor on that dreadful evening, his first impulse was to snatch the knife from the inanimate body of his little Pierre and bury it still reeking with blood in his own heart. But the Marquis de Saint-Laurent had already seized him by the throat. The cries of the victim and his murderer roused the neighbors and brought together the beggars who were pacing the nar-

row street. They quickly hurried off the assassin, while the adopted father bore away the child in his arms.

Next day, in his prison-cell, Romain Gailloux was seized with a frightful convulsion. He lay howling on the floor in fearful contortions, tearing himself with his nails, digging them into his breast, and foaming at the mouth. One would have thought him stricken with demoniacal madness.

Then exhausted, his soul annihilated, as it were, he suddenly lapsed into an obstinate hideous silence. He was now like a wild beast. The silence in which he shut himself up was a prelude of the scaffold. Nothing was able to change his attitude. One would have said that he heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, understood nothing. Only two of the court officials were able to extract a few monosyllables from him.

One day, however, the immovable features of the prisoner quivered. Romain Gailloux had been informed that his son still lived. The knife had sunk deep into the flesh, but without encountering a vital organ. The terrible emotion he had experienced, the quantity of blood he had lost did, indeed, endanger Pierre's life, but the wound itself was healing. At this unexpected news, the criminal paled, his eyes shone, his whole countenance for one moment quivered under the rush of tears restrained, and from his throat burst the hoarse sound of stifled sobs. In spite of all his efforts, a tear slowly trickled down his hollow cheek.

Before the jury, his counsel, setting forth the extraordinary horror of the crime, the crisis of insensate rage that had followed the murder, and the obstinate silence of the accused, pleaded insanity. But the jury was little disposed to show mercy. Romain Gailloux was condemned to death. He listened to the sentence with unalterable coolness refusing either to appeal to the higher courts or to implore pardon.

The day of execution was fast approaching, and the criminal was still inflexible in his indifference. But now appears at the door of the cell, the prison Chaplain. He makes a sign to the jailer, and he withdraws. The priest is alone with the murderer. Romain Gailloux raises his head.

The Abbé Menage is the only one in the world in whom the condemned shows a little interest. He says not a word to him, but he looks at him, listens to him, for the Chaplain speaks to him of his son. Yesterday, he told him that the child was getting a little strength, and that the doctors were beginning to give hope, and then the gentle apostle endeavored, as he had done on every previous occasion, to insinuate a good sentiment into that fierce heart. Does Romain Gailloux understand him? Is he touched? How can that be known? His face is a sealed book.

To-day, the Abbé, very grave, his features agitated, appears before the murderer without opening his lips, his eyes fixed on him long and steadily. Astonished, then disquieted, Romain Gailloux trembles. Uttering no word, the Abbé Menage shakes his head sadly, his eyes swimming in tears. The condemned man rises and tries to speak, but his contracted throat refuses to produce the voice. His eyes alone, opened to their greatest extent, affrighted, agonized, interrogates the priest with mute and painful eloquence.

"Yes, my poor friend," said the priest at last in a very low voice, "He is dead!"

"How?... Why?"

"Why?... Alas!" replied the priest raising his eyes to heaven. And then in few rapid words, interrupted by sighs, he related to the unhappy father the unexpected and crushing blow that had carried off little Pierre at the very hour when the wound had healed and the child's cure was thought certain. Yes, the sickness had been vanquished, but the patient exhausted, was unable to rally from the shock. A sudden chill, the cause of which no one could say, and in a few hours he was dead.

"I knew it this morning while still in church," continued the Abbé. "They came to carry the good God to a sick person. The sacristan told me that it was to your child. Although he was so young, he was sufficiently prepared,—the poor innocent martyr!—to make his First Communion on his death-bed. I followed the priest, and entered the room with him. I shall never forget that First Communion! Little Pierre panting, livid, drooping, his breathing short and loud, was lying on his snow-

white couch, his hands transparent and already cold, stretched on the coverlet, his back supported by three pillows, his head drooping on his shoulder, his eyes heavy. When they presented him the Sacred Host, your son opened his eyes wide. . . You are listening to me, are you not ? ” asked Abbé Menage interrupting himself, for Romain Gailloux, crushed with despair, had lowered his head and was standing motionless, his eyes on the ground.

With a sign, he showed that he heard. Slowly and in a stifled voice, trembling with emotion, but full of solemnity, the Abbé went on :

“ When they presented to him the Sacred Host, your son opened his eyes wide, fastened them on the Body of Our Lord with the gravity of a man and, of his own accord, God alone inspiring him,—for they dared not speak to him of you—he pronounced these words : ‘ My good Jesus, I offer my life for the conversion of papa.’ ”

Again, the Abbé was silent. For some seconds, the condemned stood mute and motionless. Then suddenly, urged by that instinct of grief which stretches out for some support, Romain Gailloux, prevented by his bonds from moving his arms, sank sobbing at the feet of the priest.

The Abbé took the criminal’s hands in his own, tenderly pressed to his heart the breast in which beat the heart of an assassin, and lovingly kissed the forehead, sullied by vice, in which murder had been conceived. Then raising the wretched man with the gentleness of a mother, he exclaimed with sovereign authority, while holding up the Crucifix : “ Stand up, stand up, my son, and doubt not of the infinite mercy of Jesus ! ”

Two days later, the murderer, after having received Holy Communion, walked with a firm step to the guillotine. In his glance was not seen the bravado of the assassin who disdains to tremble at sight of the scaffold. No, the serenity of the penitent sinner who hopes in God and accepts his expiation shone on his countenance. Romain Gailloux was going, not to death, but to God and to rejoin his little Pierre. FRANÇOIS VEUILLOT.