

THE HOLY WOMEN.



I Have Arisen and Am with Thee Still.

Introit of the Easter Mass.

“I have arisen and am with thee still.”
 O With whom? With Mary. Was He not her
 Son?

What eye should first behold the Risen One
 But hers, who first beheld Him come to will
 The Father's wish and prophecy fulfil.
 No Scripture hymns the blissful scene, for none
 Would hear the mother witnessing what hath
 been done.
 No eye must mark His Mother's joyous thrill.

When I am risen may I blissful stand
 With thee, my Mother, by our Saviour's throne.
 His comrade, I must make His life-scenes mine.
 O Mary, lead us to thy Son's Right Hand.
 Among the chosen ones He calls His own
 To share with Him for aye His Life Divine.

DAVID HILLHOUSE BUEL, S. J.



EUCCHARISTIC TRIBUUM



HERE was a double joy in the beautiful celebrations held in our Chapel on the fifth, sixth, and seventh of February; the joy of loving sons at the introduction of their Venerable Father Founder's Case in the Roman Court, and of the fiftieth anniversary of the inception of their order.

The chapel always so attractive in its garb of white and gold, was specially decorated for the occasion with an artistic grace that won the admiration of all beholders. Innumerable flags and dainty bannerettes adorned the nave and sang in their own peculiar language peans of love and praise to the divine King of the Host, who from His gigantic throne at the end of the chancel, amid a glorious setting of myriad lights and rare fragrant blossoms, looked down on that vast throng of devout worshippers, so enthusiastically proving its loving fealty, so royally acknowledging His Real Presence, so earnestly beseeching " Thy kingdom Come ", so humbly craving graces and blessing, so confidently trusting all to His tender mercy, His infinite love so gratefully murmuring *Te Deum Ladamus* : Lord it is good for us to be here !

During the two first days the illuminated inscription, at the base of the Monstrance: Hostie pour Hostie, Victim for Victim, attracted universal attention, and sent its



message home to many a heart. It was the favorite expression of our Venerable Founder who was never tired of repeating: Love is repaid only by love; JESUS in the Blessed Sacrament immolates Himself because He loves us, so, in our turn, let us be His loving victims. And "if a

Religious of the Blessed Sacrament were crushed through a press he should come forth a Host." O may we, dearly loved Father, realize this sublime ideal of our vocation, and like thee have but one word on our lips, one love in our heart : the Eucharist.

The last day this inscription was replaced by one not less typical : " Tu es gloria mea ". " Thou art my glory." Aptly expressing at the same time, the sentiments of Venerable Père Eymard, for whom the Eucharist was all in all, and of the numerous Assistants obviously penetrated by the thought of the love of JESUS, flowing with such force and suavity from these solemnities, and leading more than one to gaze upon the Sacred Host and whisper : Be Thou my sweetest thought.

How, from his throne in heaven, Venerable Père Eymard, must have rejoiced, as he viewed this sublime manifestation of faith and love, evoked by his memory and his work to the glory of the Blessed Eucharist.

The successive presence of an Archbishop and four Bishops added greatly to the impressiveness of the celebrations.

The first day, at nine o'clock, the August Sacrifice was offered by Mgr. Archambault, Bishop of Joliette, and the solemn vespers, at half past three, presided over by Mgr. Brunault, Bishop of Nicolet.

The celebrant of the second day's high mass was Mgr. Eymard Bishop of Valleyfield, and of the last day, Sunday, Mgr. Racicot, Bishop of Pogle, who before ascending the altar traversed the aisles blessing the devout worshippers gathered in such great numbers.

During the Mass one of our subjects F. Lachance, of Webster, Mass was raised to the sacerdotal dignity. His aged parents had the happiness of assisting at the ceremony and sharing in the joy of the young Levite.

Another pleasant feature of this day's celebration was the visit of our beloved Archbishop, who in his usual urbane gracious way warmly congratulated us, and heartily entered into the spirit of our family feast.

The closing service took place at half past three when Mgr. Racicot after assisting at the solemn vespers gave benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and entoned the Te Deum fitting final to the glorious festivities.

During the Triduum two panegyrics on the V. Père Eymard were delivered. One at the beginning by R. P. Colombar, Franciscan Provincial; the other by Father Galtier of our Order. Both distinguished Orators spoke eloquently and feelingly of the Blessed Eucharist, and of him, who during the last century was its indefatigable champion and zealous apostle.

Only those who were fortunate enough to have heard the music and singing rendered at different times by the Religious choir, the Holy Cross Sisters and their pupils, the young Ladies, the men, know what a rare treat it was, and how difficult it would be to award the palm to either choir, since all were so perfect.

The eagerness of the faithful to assist at these various ceremonies was so great that at times our chapel was too small to accommodate them all. Some in order to be sure of a good place came three hours before the time; but that long wait was not tiresome. It passed quickly and happily neath the Ostensorium's charm, the divine Indweller's gaze.

Many showed a practical interest and devotedness that touched us greatly and that we will never forget. Some sent lovely flowers for the Eucharistic Throne, others pecuniary aid and even provisions. Most sincerely do we thank them and beg of Him who has said: "In as much as you do unto the least of mine, you do unto Me" to be Himself their reward.

But our supreme consolation was the sight of the great number of fervent communicants who approached the Holy Table daily. Sublime practice! Truest way of honoring and pleasing JESUS, whose triumph is only complete in the heart of the communicant.

Do we wish to glorify God? communicate. Do we wish to honor our heavenly Mother our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament? communicate. Do we wish to feast a saint, give pleasure to some dear departed, communicate again; for the most ardent desire of the saints in heaven is to see God's reign established in us, and nothing more surely and solidly establishes this reign than Communion which is His supreme victory over our heart and the realization and accomplishment of all His desires.

We rejoice that through these festivities we were privileged to mingle our voice with the sublime canticle sung by the Christian universe to the God of the Eucharist, and, as we hope instrumental in leading souls to Its greater love, its more fervent worship and ardent apostolate.

An echo of these glad days resounded on Monday morning, at six o'clock when the young priest ordained the day previous, ascended the altar steps for the first time... His first Mass... We dare not even attempt to describe his emotions, but softly murmur with the ministering angels: *Te Deum! Alleluia!* Notwithstanding the early hour the chapel was well filled. The sonorous voice of the Religious choir vibrating with the spiritual gladness of the hour added to the impressiveness of the scene that filled all hearts with the sweetest emotions.

AT NEW YORK.

The celebrations in our New York house took place at the same time as ours, and were carried out pretty much according to the same programme.

The first day Mgr. Paul Maes officiated at High Mass and delivered an eloquent address at the evening service.

Mgr. Colton, Bishop of Buffalo was the second day's celebrant and declaimer of a magnificent panegyric on the Venerable Père Fxmard.

The third day Mgr. Farely, Archbishop of New York pontificated at solemn High Mass. Immediately afterwards, in a spirited and scholarly manner he extolled the work of Ven. Père Eymard and exhorted all to frequent Communion.

Immense crowds filled the church at all the ceremonies. We are glad to see our American Cousins drawing closer and closer round the earthly Thabor, Christ's dwelling with men, and working so zealously and loyally for the extension of His Eucharistic reign.





The Sacrifice OF Michael Dillon.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

Michael Dillon lived in the heart of a small village, an Irish settlement in a purely French Canadian district. Very poor the people were and amongst their other disadvantages, they had been unable to provide themselves with a church and the priest could only visit them at considerable intervals. This latter circumstance had weighed upon the mind of this old man, who by dint of closest economies was better off than his neighbor and inhabited what was probably the best house in the locality.

His wife had died some years before and two of his children had followed the devoted mother to the grave, while the others strong and hardy sons, had made their way to the United States, where they sought for the fortune that so far had eluded them. They cherished the hope that one or the other of them might be able to send for their father. But the old man thought differently. He knew that he should never leave the pretty village, lying snugly at the foot of blue hills, that reminded him on clear days of Wicklow, for which his soul at times still hungered.

Michael had always contrived to keep his cottage in the best of order, partly for the sake of those that were

gone, and partly because persuaded himself, that some day the "boys" would come home. As one by one, the they married out there in the South-west, it became more and more unlikely that, with new interests and cares closing about them, they would ever take the long journey. Yet the old man clung to the hope of their return, if only to bid a last farewell to their aged father.

Side by side with this dream, there grew up in Michael's mind, a new idea, which painfully wrestled with the old. As he advanced in years, treading with the slow step of age life's last decline, he had grieved more and more that he himself and all his fellow villagers, should be deprived to a great extent of those consolations of religion, which were the mainstay and the sweet rest of faithful souls. It saddened him to see the old scarcely ever receiving their God at all in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, and generation after generation of the little ones growing up in the same dull estrangement from things divine.

So as the new idea took growth in his mind, it gradually, though not without a fierce struggle, took precedence of all other thoughts and aspirations. On the very afternoon of Ash Wednesday, which he felt to be an appropriate time for the great sacrifice, he first opened his mind upon the subject to a few of the elders of that village. Michael was the chief spokesman at the little gathering which was held in his own house and he briefly and forcibly put before them, some of the many thoughts that had been so long in his mind, concerning the need of a church, and the sad deprivation being so long without the Presence of God on the altar. The others were fully agreed with him, deploring their poverty, and counting up what each might be able to spare, if only a beginning could be made. But the matter seemed very hopeless, indeed, since there was neither land nor church, nor any visible means of supporting a priest.

Then, Michael began to speak again, and his voice was so calm and even cheerful that it gave no hint of the agony which his present decision had cost him, nor the number of sleepless nights during which he had nerved himself for the great sacrifice. And the proposition that he had to make was so astounding that the listeners heard in breathless silence and after it had been made

were for sometime speechless. It was, in fact to the effect, that as regarded the first two of the conditions, under which a place of worship for the village might be had, Michael Dillon was prepared to give up that dwelling upon which he had lavished so much care, and which had been as the very apple of his eye, to serve as a resting place for the God of the Tabernacle.

Slowly it began to dawn upon the slow comprehension of those who listened, what such a renunciation might mean to their poor, old neighbor, who had always hoped, as they knew, to close his eyes there decently, attended possibly by some of the errant sons. For it had been Michael's boast that if at any time they did return, they would find him no worse than they had left him, but even a good deal better.

One of the oldest of his neighbors whispered, to him ;

" Have the boys sent for you Michael, ashore ? "

" No, " answered Michael, " what put that into your head. "

" Well only that I was wonderin' , " said the other hastily , " what you would do yourself, at all, at all " ?

" Oh, I'll do well enough, " replied the veteran, " for after all, what does the likes of me want with a house to meself ? "

He looked round upon the circle, almost sternly challenging criticism.

" Would, not it be honor and glory enough for me and a blessing, on all belonging, to me the dead and the living, if our Blessed Lord would be plased to come into my little place. "

And he reminded them that the only question at all was if the Bishop could be got to accept the offer, and if it would be possible for the village to support a resident priest. And on this point those present speedily became enthusiastic, each one pledging himself to the utmost of his small ability, to help on the project. Many of them envied Michael the privilege of giving up so much for religion's sake, all were full of admiration for his act, which to their simple Irish faith did not however, seem so very incomprehensible.

II

The Bishop, though with many misgivings, moved almost to tears by the recital of Michaels sacrifice and the touching humility with which it was made, accepted the offer and promised to send the village a resident priest, who on his part, accepted this poor mission purely out of zeal for souls, Many a touching instance of faith and generosity added the villagers to that ball of renunciation which one, old man had set rolling.

Once more did those poor children of faithful Ireland prove themselves worthy of that glorious tradition of their race, which down through the ages has loved the glory of God's house and counted no sacrifice too great for its maintenance.

It was only when repairs were under way to transform the Dillon cottage into a temporary chapel, that the deeply edified pastor and bishop, and Michael's fellow villagers, learned that the old man had actually installed himself in a miserable shed close to his former home, and which he had not been at too much pains to render habitable so fearful was he of diverting one cent from the great project.

Nor could any persuasion induce him to change his mind, until it became evident to all concerned that it would be simply cruel to deny him the privilege he craved of suffering for his God. Neither could Michael be induced to accept any of the offers of hospitality freely made to him. He held that it would be a burning shame to impose himself as a burden upon any one, and argued that all he wanted was just to stay there quietly, close to the altar and prepare for the great change that could not be far off. His undaunted cheerfulness, his delight in the work as it progresses, were good to see. Many declared that he had seemed to take on a new lease of life, since he had practically given up all that he possessed. Only once did his blue eyes fill with tears and his lip quiver painfully, when some one maliciously or inadvertently reminded him that it was always possible that his sons might come back some day and perhaps bringing their strange wives, to see him in his destitution. But he rallied instantly, from what he felt to be an ignoble

weakness. The clearer vision of and the last stage upon life's journey, told him that it was but little likely the boys would ever come in his time, or that if they did, it mattered little. They were, in fact aware of what had been done though not precisel knowing how much it had cost their parent, and had given their cordial assent to their father's action, setting but little store, indeed, upon afew acres of ground, in a village where they could not possibly be valuable and a cottage which would have realized so little were it sold.

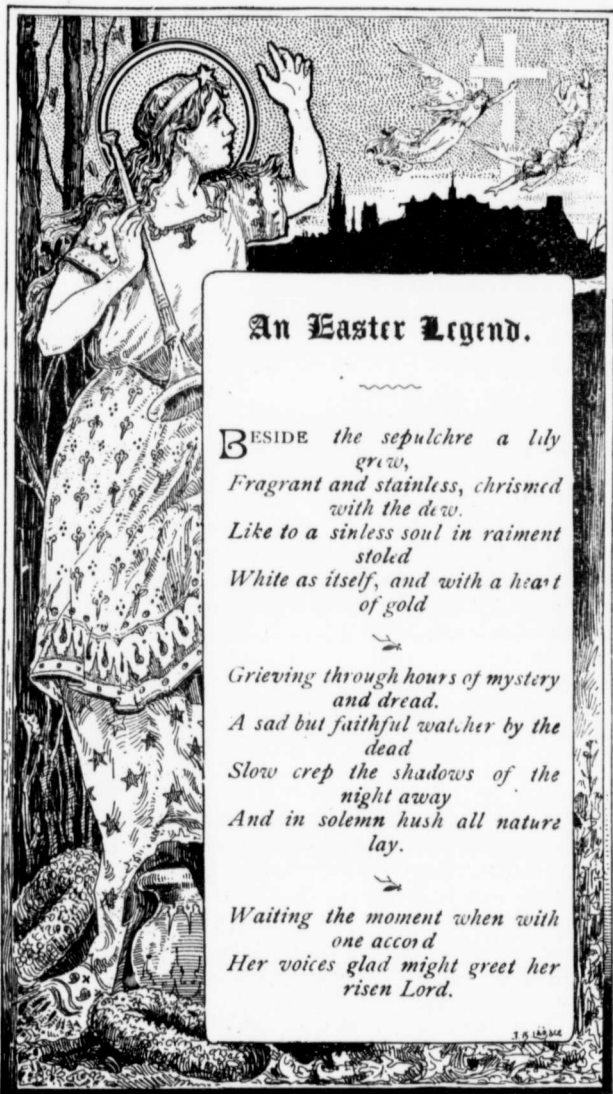
At Easter, everything was completed, and what was so long Michael's home was now "the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament" It remained for many a day, the pride and glory of the villagers and a very haven of salvation to the younger generation.

Seldom did any one visit it, without observing somewhere in its neighborhood, if not kneeling rapt in adoration before the Tabernacle, the small, bent figure of an old man, with white hair falling over his shoulders, and upon his face a singularly benignant and childlike expression, full of a great gladness that seemed to the most unobservant, as a presage of heavenly joy. And just as sure were visitors to hear from some of the villagers, the story of Michael's sacrifice.

Under pretence of needing his services as assistant sacristan and some—times acolyte, Michael was at last induced to take up his abode in the tiny dwelling which was erected close at hand for the accomodation of the priest and where he calmly breathed his last. But the outhouse, where the hero—souled old man had retired, was shown long after his death, and even after the chapel had become a church, and the people there abouts, for a generation or two, at least, as they knelt before the altar, and breathed a provisionary prayer for Michael's repose, likewise asked bim to pray for their spiritual and temporal need, "up above there in glory, where they knew him" to be sitting.

Our Beloved Deceased.

Denver, Col.: Mrs Alice Dunphy. — *Vancouver, Wash.:* Mrs Josephine Greffe. — *Outremont, Montreal:* Miss Ellen Gorman.

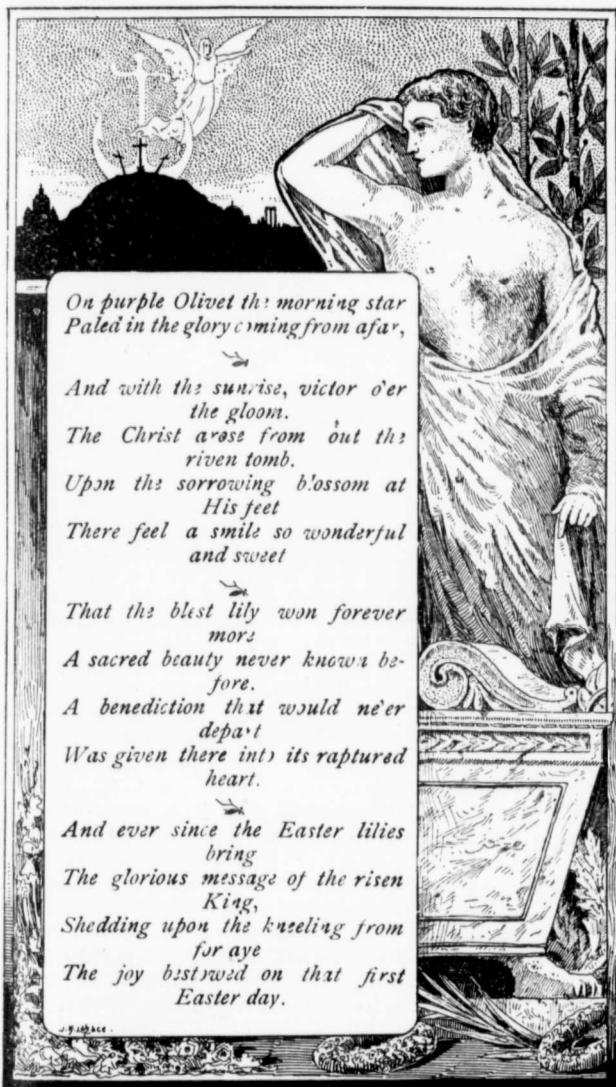


An Easter Legend.

*B*ESIDE the sepulchre a lily
 grew,
 Fragrant and stainless, chrismed
 with the dew.
 Like to a sinless soul in raiment
 stoled
 White as itself, and with a heart
 of gold

Grieving through hours of mystery
 and dread.
 A sad but faithful watcher by the
 dead
 Slow crept the shadows of the
 night away
 And in solemn hush all nature
 lay.

Waiting the moment when with
 one accord
 Her voices glad might greet her
 risen Lord.



*On purple Olivet th' morning star
Paled in the glory coming from afar,*

*And with th' sunrise, victor o'er
the gloom.*

*The Christ arose from 'out th'
riven tomb.*

*Upon th' sorrowing blossom at
His feet*

*There feel a smile so wonderful
and sweet*

*That th' blest lily won forever
more*

*A sacred beauty never known be-
fore.*

*A benediction that would ne'er
depart*

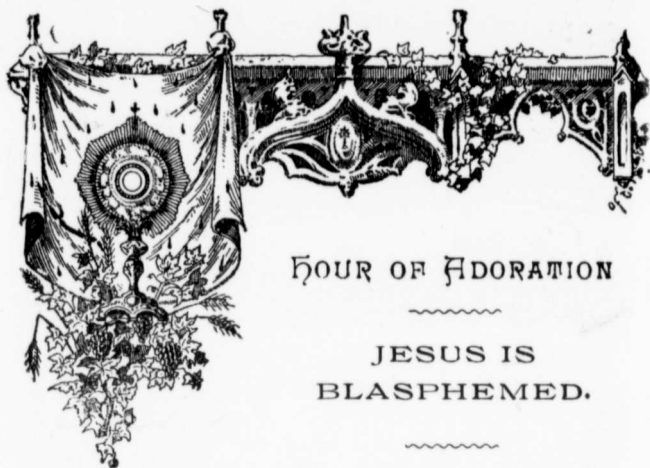
*Was given there into its raptured
heart.*

*And ever since the Easter lilies
bring*

*The glorious message of the risen
King,*

*Shedding upon th' kneeling from
for aye*

*The joy bestowed on that first
Easter day.*



HOOR OF ADORATION

JESUS IS BLASPHEMED.

I. — Adoration.

The Jews, after blindfolding Jesus' eyes, struck Him, crying out: "Christ, prophesy, tell us who struck Thee!" And St. Luke says that their accursed tongues ceased not to shower horrible blasphemies upon their poor Victim: "Christ, Son of Jehovah! Prophet! Jesus, who was it?"

In the East, they do not see in the name only an arbitrary and conventional sign serving to designate a person or thing, but which any other assemblage of syllables might supply. The Orientals understand very differently the relation of the name to the person. It is a bond woven by nature or by some concurrence of providential events. The original name was a surname expressive of some physical or moral quality of the individual, his origin, his destiny, his exploits. It was to indicate all this to his posterity, to be like a face, like a living image. It will become on the lips that pronounce it an object of respect or derision, of love or hatred.

This explains why God attaches so much importance to respect for His name. It was only after an extraordinarily solemn prelude that He revealed it to Moses in his vision on Horeb: "I AM WHO AM. Thus shalt thou say to the children of Israel: HE WHO IS hath sent me to you. . . . This is My name forever, and this is My memorial to all generations." What sentiments of reverence and gratitude should not the sacred name of Christ, the Messiah, have awakened in the Jews! To pronounce this thrice-holy name was to evoke His presence. And is it this

sacred name of Jehovah's, this adorable name of Christ, that the Jews blaspheme with open mouth ! They make a direct attack upon God and His Christ.

Fall on thy knees, O Christian, before thy Saviour thus blasphemed by His enemies and, while their infernal lips are uniting with those of the demons from hell, gathered this moment around their Victim, to insult the Son of God and the Desired of nations, send up to thy well-beloved Jesus the hymn of love and adoration.

And this Divine Saviour, present before thee in the Sacred Host is always exposed to the outrageous remarks of false Christians more impious than the Jews. Recognize Him as the Christ, the true Son of God, the only Saviour of humanity.

Yes, Thy name is great, O Lord Jesus, Thy name is eternal as Thyself ! In the Most Blessed Sacrament Thou dost still call Thyself : " He who is." If Thy Prophet Isaias could cry out anew to those that insult thee : " Know ye whom ye have blasphemed . . . against whom ye have lifted up your voice ? " he would still repeat ; " Against the Holy One of Israel."

Kneeling, I acknowledge Him. I would wish to proclaim Him everywhere, above all in the assemblies in which He is blasphemed. Thy name is great, holy, admirable, adorable ! I adore it with Mary who, in her Canticle, exalted and glorified it : " He that is mighty hath done great things in me and *holy in His name.*" Christ Jesus, I prostrate before Thee in humble adoration.

II. — Thanksgiving.

" Blasphemers shall perish," says the Psalmist. And in fact, frequently in the course of history, do we see God's wrath kinked against them. Sennacherib blasphemed. Then the angel of the Lord went out and slew one hundred and eighty-five thousand of the Assyrians, while Sennacherib himself perished by the hands of his sons. The blasphemer Pharaoh who said : " I know not the Lord," was precipitated into the Red Sea. Holophernes had his head cut off by the hand of a woman. St. Paul delivered over to the possession of the evil spirit Alexander and Hymn, on account of their blasphemies. Julian the Apostate blasphemed, and a miraculous arrow struck him dead. Arius vomited his entrails, and expired in the most cruel tortures. The tongue of Nestorius was eaten by worms, because he blasphemed against the Blessed Virgin, affirming that she was the mother of Christ, and not the Mother of God.

Here it is God Himself, the Son of God made Man, whom the Jews attack. It is against Jesus become their Victim they blaspheme. Father in heaven, dost Thou suffer these miserable wretches to go unpunished ? Wilt Thou not let their tongue wither or

turn to corruption? Dost Thou permit them to attack with such rage and audacity the honor of Thy only Son?

The Gospel relates no chastisement inflicted on these miserable blasphemers, No! Had the Heavenly Father wiled to confound these impious men, Jesus would have prevented Him, for the Divine Saviour longed to endure this humiliation for the redemption of His executioners. Of what importance is His honor to Him compared with the conversion of these poor souls? His patience will be proof against their blasphemies. He wishes, also, by this humiliation, so willingly accepted, to expiate all the blasphemies that ever have been, or which will be uttered against the Divine Majesty till the end of the world. He wishes, too, by all these insults, to expiate beforehand all the irreverences that will be daily committed against His Divine Sacrament.

And thus, thanks to the amorous acceptation of these outrages and through the infinite merits He accumulated by them, blasphemers, profaners of God's holy name that is to say, the most guilty souls on earth, may, provided they repent of their crime, obtain pardon, and again hope for heaven.

Without this loving endurance of Jesus, how many blasphemers would at the moment of sinning have been instantly precipitated into the fathomless depths of hell! How many, thanks to the merits of this suffering of Jesus, have obtained delay for conversion, and even the grace of conversion itself? How many saints are in heaven to-day who would otherwise have been eternally condemned to everlasting flames!

O Jesus thou who art mercy personified! I thank Thee for all these souls conquered by Thy grace. I unite with them in chanting eternal canticles of thanksgiving to Thy infinite goodness!

III. — Reparation.

The merciful efforts of the Heart of Jesus serve, alas! only to harden these blasphemers still more in their sins. They are not converted, they reject the grace of Jesus. Oh, how bitter was this sorrow to the sensitive Heart of the Saviour! To listen to His own name, the thrice holy name of His Father, injured, outraged in every way, coupled with the most contemptible the most ironical epithets! What insult to the Father, what grief for Jesus!

The name of Christ they make a subject of raillery. The name of Him who had come on earth to bring them salvation, and who had loaded them with benefits! He, Jesus, treated as an outcast, a wine-bibber, a demoniac, as the friend and representative of Beelzebub, the prince of demons? For great souls, bodily sufferings are nothing in comparison with mental anguish. Hell with all its torments has nothing more painful than the suffering of the Heart

of Jesus on hearing His character of Messiah, His mission of love, so contemptuously despised.

What contributed still more to increase His sorrow was the knowledge that these blasphemers would always remain deaf to His loving advances. He knew that the Jewish people would not be converted, that they would almost all perish under the hand of Titus, thus become for them the instrument of divine vengeance. Isaias's frightful prediction against blasphemous Israel would then be accomplished: "Woe to the sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a wicked, ungracious children: they have forsaken the Lord, they have blasphemed the Holy One of Israel, they are gone away backwards. For what shall I strike you any more, you that increase transgression? The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is sad. From the sole of the foot unto the top of the head, there is no soundness therein: wounds and bruises and swelling sores: they are not bound up nor dressed, nor fomented with oil. Your land is desolate, your cities are burnt with fire, your country strangers devour before your face, and it shall be desolate as when wasted by enemies. And the daughter of Sion shall be left . . . as a city that is laid waste,"

Pardon, O Jesus, pardon for all the pain which Thou didst experience as this most bitter moment of Thy Passion! Pardon for those blasphemers who daily vomit forth fearful imprecations against Thee! They would wish to attack Thee even on the throne of Thy glory. They insult Thee at times even in the loving retreats of Thy Sacrament! They turn Thy Person, Thy doctrine, Thy representatives into derision!

And I, whose indignation is so hot against them, have not I followed their example? Have I not sometimes murmured against Thy Divine Providence? Under certain painful circumstances of my life, have I not accused Thy justice or Thy goodness? In the face of injury, have I always imitated the magnificent example of patience Thou didst give me at this moment? Am I not too sensitive to what touches my reputation, my honor? Do I know how to endure in silence when I am attacked personally or in what relates to me?

Pardon, O Jesus! To my shame I must acknowledge that I, too, have cast upon Thee my share of outrage. I was before Thy eyes insulting Thee at this moment of Thy Passion. I wish now to repair my past faults by accepting every state, every condition, every situation in which Thou dost will to place me.

I wish to repair all the outrages offered Thee in Thy Sacrament of Love, by visiting Thee more assiduously and offering Thee my sentiments of tender and respectful compassion.

Pardon, also, by the merits of Thy patience, the souls in purgatory who may at this very moment be expiating their murmuring against Thy divine will!

IV. — Prayer.

By the fact of having endured for us with so much patience these outrages and blasphemies of the Jews, our Divine Saviour gained a new right to our love and praise. Jesus was blasphemed for us, for me. He must, then, in strict justice be adored and honored by us, by me.

I supplicate Thee, O my God, to display before the eyes of men the grandeur, the marvels of Thy sacred name and of that of Thy Divine Son! "Let them give praise to Thy great name, for it is terrible and holy," says the Psalmist.

Let all confess with the same royal prophet: "O Lord, our God, how admirable is Thy name in the whole earth!" May the lips of all mankind ever pronounce it with sovereign respect and supreme love! If any unnatural Christian should have the misfortune to profane Thy holy name or blaspheme Thy divine attributes, inspire him with intense regret for his fault, and convert him through the merits of this scene of Thy Passion.

Enlighten the Jews, make them understand their crime, and gather them into the bosom of Thy Holy Church! When I shall have the misfortune to hear blasphemy, infuse into my soul sufficient courage to protest energetically against the indignity and publicly render Thee the honor of which Thou hast been robbed or, at least, inspire me repair the injury by an act of adoration.

If I myself should have the misfortune to outrage Thee in this manner, the only favor I shall demand will be to let me die at once at Thy feet, accepting the sacrifice of my life as the supreme mark of my inviolable fidelity.

May the whole earth unite with heaven and purgatory in praising and blessing Thee now and forever!

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim, and ask the Saviour for courage to protest energetically against the blasphemies you may hear.





Rules Specified by the Church for frequent and daily Communion.

(Continued)

III. — SECOND DISPOSITION ESSENTIAL FOR COMMUNION :

A pure Intention.



PIRITUAL life really begins only when the soul has truly broken with mortal sin — which does not necessarily mean that it will never fall again — and regained God's grace through justification ; before then the soul is outside of the life of heaven, in the unfruitfulness of death out of which, nothing but prayer can draw it.

When a sinner has recovered sanctifying grace, and by a sincere conversion entered into the way of eternal salvation, all is not finished ; he is only beginning again from where he left off ; and at the outset when he starts the work, formed habits, evil nature strengthened by so many concessions of the will, so many abdications of its rights, passions not yet subdued incessantly threaten charity, the state of grace. Without doubt, actual

grace comes to the help of the will, but this latter weakened, impaired, conquered, so to speak, by the enemy finds no strength, no help, but in fear of God and of His judgments. It is by fear that grace acts in the souls of those who enter into the way of salvation.

We must struggle valiantly amidst difficulties and afflictions of all kinds to keep from the abyss. It is the reign of fear that tortures and purifies the soul and in redoubling vigilance preserves charity. This state of violence is justly called the purgative way. Class in this initial stage of spiritual life the mass of practical Christians who try, without always succeeding, to avoid mortal sin, in whom the passions are still strongly inclined to evil the light of faith wavering, and the will weak though good and well disposed.

It is principally for these Christians that the Decree was issued. It is they whom Pastors, Confessors and Preachers are invited to frequently and earnestly exhort to the pious and salutary practice of frequent and daily Communion.

For those souls still in spiritual infancy, in what can a pure intention consist? What motive could lead them to frequent Communion, maintain them in that salutary practice, and enable them to reap therefrom, abundant fruits of sanctification? Suppose that by the united efforts of pulpit and confessional, we draw them frequently to the divine Banquet, what are the acts of preparation and thanksgiving their spiritual director might profitably exact, the results he shall have a right to expect, and the absence of which might cause him anxiety, regarding the existence of the pure intention?

Souls in the purgative way, are only preoccupied with one thing: to avoid mortal sin and triumph over temptations, so as not to have to fear the surprise of death and the terrors of judgment. They do not yet see beyond this horizon, at least as habitual disposition, and if they understand the necessity of the work of virtues, it is always as a means to destroy the opposite vices and to observe the commandments.

Thus Communion appears to them principally as the antidote that preserves from mortal sin, and if they ask it from their Confessor, he, in questioning them will easily see what they want: to oppose this divine remedy to

their weaknesses and faults, which is one of the forms of the pure intention specified by the Decree.

Communion is mortal sins antidote, because it lessens in us the fires of concupiscence these "fomes peccati" that cling to all, and that great saints alone probably fully triumph over before death ; and on the other hand it increases the soul's capabilities to combat it, develops supernatural life, augments sanctifying grace, and by grace the virtues infused, which are its continuation and like the faculties inherent to this principle of supernatural life ; finally, it sweetens and alleviates the bitterness, the fret and jar resulting from the daily combat, by the spiritual sweetness in which it envelops the soul which calms and strengthens it, and imparts to it spiritual life and health.

There is no soul, apparently wrestling with passions, who, if well penetrated with these effects of frequent and daily Communion, more especially, if it realize that Our Lord asks only faith in His beneficent action, there is no soul I repeat, who will refuse this invaluable blessing — as there is no sensible invalid desiring to get better, who refuses a remedy easy to take, alleviating pain and infallibly assuring his cure if he gives himself up to its perseverent action.

It is very important to insist on this phase of Communion principally among the youth of both sex, on whom its action is more sure, because their temperament is more tractable, as well as frank, just and accurate, also because they are at an age of temptations which often decide the outcome of their lives, and because being the future reserve, it is they especially, who can prepare this generation of Christians, renewed and fervent, these Christians like those of the primitive Church, whom Our Holy Father expects from frequent and daily Communion.

(to be continued)

The Holy Eucharist, the Great Gift of God.

WITHOUT the Holy Eucharist, the earth would be empty, the temple of God desolate, the soul cold, the heart lonely.

Were the Saviour not present in His adorable Sacrament, where would we find Him? In His holy Scriptures, but in these He speaks from afar. The past would not satisfy thee. Shall we cry with Magdalene: "Where have they laid Him?" Our contemplation of how He is in heaven, would but give us hope; we cannot live upon meditation and hope alone. For that reason Jesus Christ has instituted the wonder of love, the holy Eucharist.

When He gives Himself to thee in this Sacrament, so dost thou possess Him, as holy Simeon did when he held Him as a child in his arms; as Magdalene did when she touched His feet with her lips; as St. John did when he reposed on His heart. He is truly present; He has unweariedly followed thee from the Incarnation to Calvary; from Calvary to the Tabernacle; from the Tabernacle to the hands of the priest; from the hands of the priest to thy heart.

Thou receivest Him, but how dost thou receive Him? Thou shouldst receive Him with faith, because thou believest Him to be there present even as He was present in the crib, as the wise men saw him and adored.

Thou shouldst believe as St. Peter did when he cried out: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God" Thou shouldst approach Him with a living faith, with a deep sense of thy unworthiness... but also with confidence, without limit and reservation. "The measure of confidence consists in having no measure," says St. Francis de Sales. But before all come with love. Jesus desires to be loved. St. Bernard, during a vision in which he saw the child Jesus, cried: "Jesus! Jesus! King David prophesied that Thou wert great but I say that Thou art small and exceedingly loveable." Yes, He wills to be loved;

bring thy love to Him. Thou hast squandered the powers of thy soul, perverted the safeguards of thy heart, but thy Saviour is ready to receive this wreck of wanton humanity. Come and learn to love.

The Holy Women

(See frontispiece.)

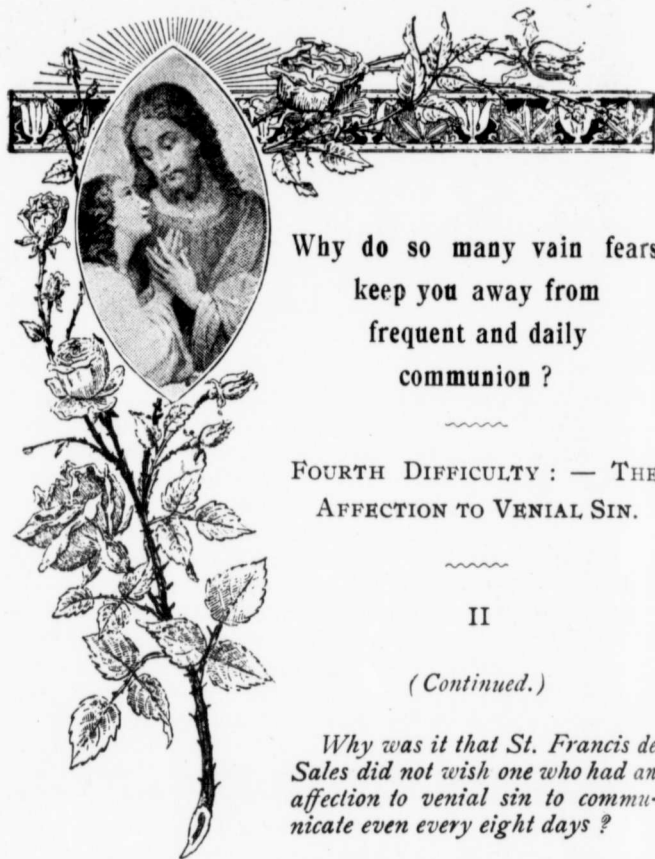


AMONG the holy women who followed and ministered unto the Saviour and witnessed the anguish of the crucifixion special mention is made of three — Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James and Mary Salomé.

The Gospel tells us that on the eve of the Sabbath these holy women bought sweet spices that coming they might anoint Jesus. And before dawn on the first day of the week they came to the sepulchre, the sun being now risen. And they said one to another: who shall roll us back the stone from the door of sepulchre? And looking they saw the stone rolled back: for it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed with a white robe: and they were astonished. And he saith to them: Be not affrighted; you seek Jesus of Narareth, who was crucified: He is risen, He is not here, behold the place where they laid Him. Go tell to His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee: there you shall see Him as He told you.

But they going out fled from the sepulchre for a fear and trembling had seized them. Then remembering Jesus' words fear gave way to joy and they hastened to Jerusalem to tell the disciples what they had seen, Suddenly Jesus stood before them: in an ecstasy of loving gladness they fell at His feet and adored Him:

The Lord of life, who died,
The victor Christ who rose
And now lives and reigns — ALLELUIA.



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

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FOURTH DIFFICULTY : — THE  
AFFECTION TO VENIAL SIN.

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II

(Continued.)

Why was it that St. Francis de Sales did not wish one who had an affection to venial sin to communicate even every eight days ?

WE have seen in the preceding paragraph that, according to St. Alponus, we communicate always lawfully, therefore *holily*, even with an *affection to some venial sin*, provided that we do so with a *right intention and without voluntary distractions*, which means provided we communicate *devoutly*. Consequently, there exists no reason not to exhort those that are found in this states to make daily Communion as a daily remedy for their infirmities. You ask me now, O Christian soul, why St. Francis de Sales does not permit souls having an *affection to venial sin* to communicate even every eight days ?

To this difficulty, St Alphonsus answers for me in two excellent little works in which he demonstrates even to evidence—contrary to the teaching of St. Francis de Sales,—that we ought to exhort all souls that live in the grace of God to communicate every eight days, although they may have *some affection to some light fault*. Still more, he tells us that the opinion of St. Francis de Sales was founded upon a text, erroneously attributed in his time to St. Alphonsus himself solidly proves. The passages in question, as is commonly admitted today, is from Gennade, a writer who, in the opinion of many, is very erudite, but whose doctrine is not very trustworthy.

“ If St. Francis de Sales had known,—he who was so ready to-help souls by frequent Communion,—that he was supporting himself not upon the authority of St. Augustine, but upon that of Gennade, often opposed to the great Doctor, it is very likely that he never would have attached any value to this text.”

That St. Francis de Sales was strongly inclined to aid souls by frequent Communion, is clearly seen from these words, which I offer to your pious consideration :

“ If the worldly ask you why you communicate so often, tell them that it is to learn to love God, to purify yourself from your imperfections to free yourself from your afflictions, to support yourself in your weaknesses.

“ Tell them that two kinds of people ought to communicate often : the perfect, because being well disposed, they would do very wrong not to approach the source and fountain of perfection ; and the imperfect ” (such as I who write, and you, Christian soul, who read), “ precisely in order to reach perfection ; the strong that they may not become weak, and the weak that they may become strong ; the sick that they may be cured, the well that they may not become sick ; and that, as for yourself, like the imperfect, the weak, and the sick, you have need of frequently receiving your Perfection, your Strength, your Physician. Tell them that those who have few worldly affairs ought to communicate often, because they have the leisure for it ; and in like manner they who have many business affairs, because they have great need of it.”

Are you convinced, Christian soul, that St. Francis de Sales was entirely disposed to help souls by frequent Communion? But remark what follow: "Communicate often, O Philothea, and as often as you can," (then, even every day) "with the advice of your spiritual Father" (Yes, because to communicate with the advice of the confessor is much better and more meritorious); "and believe me, by continually eating, relishing, adoring Beauty, Goodness, Purity itself in this Divine Sacrament, you will become all beautiful, all good all pure . . .!"

A Conversion

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER :

Will you kindly accept me as a member of the Archconfraternity of perpetual Adoration and register my name as such. Although born and brought up a Protestant, I have been devoted to the Blessed Sacrament ever since the feast of Corpus Christi 1879, when I witnessed the beautiful procession held on the public streets of Montreal, Canada, and there beheld, for the first time, the Blessed Sacrament. I was only a very young child at the time, but it made such an impression upon me, that from that hour I felt drawn to visit a Catholic Church whenever I could slip away unobserved. In later years I always attended the Forty Hours devotion whenever I knew of it being held, and visited, very frequently, the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, East 76 St. New-York City, where they have Perpetual Exposition.

I fully believe I owe my final admittance to Holy Church, Feb. 11-1905, to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. I will perform my hour of Adoration every Wednesday from 7-30 to 8-30 P. M. in the Cathedral of St. Vibiana in this City as that is the time the Rev. Fathers have the holy Hour for the People.

Respectfully yours
(Mrs. X.)



All for God.

GIVE all to God. Remember yet
 That God gave all to you ;
 Whate'er you are or have, the debt
 To Him is justly due.
 The home that nursed, the love that warm'd
 Blue sky and fragrant sod,
 Whate'er has blessed, or thrilled, or charm'd,
 Are all but gifts of God.

Give all for God. He is the spring
 Of all you most admire,
 The source of every glorious thing
 That human hearts desire.
 The hope for which you've learned to live,
 The friends for whom you pray,
 If God should ask, O gladly give,
 And trust Him to repay.

Commence your day's life by prayer. Earnest prayer will sanctify your daily actions—will give you strength to bear up with disappointments. The man, woman, or child who consecrate their day's action with prayer weaves the blessed charm of God's grace around them which gives strength against temptation. How many daily go forth in health from their homes never to return there in life. Prayer is a surety for those who love and leave behind that whatever may betide you yet all is well.

Learnt From Lipu

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(Continued.)

But it was not to be. This little cripple child was to pass away through the grim portals of death without ever having heard an English tongue speak to him of what lay on the other side. He had much, much to thank God for, so he told himself, in his quaint, old-fashioned way. Lipu never left his side, and the priest was to say Mass in his room on the morrow, the first and last Mass he would ever assist at ; and, above and beyond all else, he had told Lipu to tell the boy to prepare for the divine Guest who was coming to him, for at that Mass he was to receive his first Communion.

All through the night his parents never left him, and Lipu, too, knelt by his bedside and prayed. Then with the earliest light of morning the priest returned, and Mr. Hurst for the first time for years heard the prayers of the Mass, so familiar but long since forgotten.

Death was very near. It was as though some more powerful hand were holding back the angel's sword until the child had received his heart's desire. The room was still. The priest concluded Mass almost in a whisper. That which was passing in the heart of the dying child was too sacred a thing for any earthly sound to disturb. The little face from which the parents could not turn their eyes was already the face of an angel.

Strangely enough, even whilst learning the truths of the Catholic faith, Hubert had never wondered at his parent's want of religion. Perhaps he thought they said their own prayers just as Lipu did, and that it was only an accidental thing that they had not spoken to him of them; children are often curiously unquestioning, and the possibility of anyone knowing God without loving Him and wishing to serve Him never struck the boy. Now, however a deeper understanding had come to him. Jesus, who loves sinners even as He loves the innocent hearts

of children, showed the child that there was something great, impassable, that divided him from his parents. Lipu, who had also received Holy Communion with joy and thanksgiving at so unexpected an opportunity, was nearer, to the dying boy and his Divine Guest than his own father and mother.

"Father"—his voice was low and weak—"I am not frightened now. Jesus will take care of me! I am sad because no English priest has come."

"But, darling, you have Father Pierre! See, he is coming to you now," for the priest, after unvesting, was returning to give another sacrament, that of Extreme Unction, to the child.

"He is kind and good," whispered Hubert, "and he has made me happier than I ever was before. I know it is ungrateful of me to wish for a priest I could talk to, only it's not for myself I want him now, because I have Jesus. Oh, father! oh, mother dear! it is for you—." The little voice faltered and then ceased, but the parents understood.

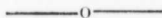
They saw the yawning chasm that divided them from their child, and it was the most bitter moment of their lives. Mrs. Hurst reproached herself for having drifted away from God and from the forms which in her youth she had been taught to follow; but what were her feelings compared with those of her husband, who had abandoned a religion that he knew to be true, who had thrown aside the gift of faith that God had given him. He knelt beside the priest who had heard his son's confession in Chinese, but he was as far from a possibility of obtaining the declaration of forgiveness for his sins as though the whole of that gigantic country stretched between them.

Feebly the child stretched out his hand, but it was toward Lipu that it strayed. It was only an instinctive movement, yet to his parents it was the seal upon eternal parting. Hubert, Lipu and the priest were one in the fold of Christ, while his parents stood outside as outcasts.

The day grew on, the sunshine brightened the room; but the shadow of death was on the innocent young features. Hubert's eyes had long been closed, though now and again his lips moved in prayer. Then all at once he

looked at his parents, and his gaze lingered for a moment on his father's face.

"You promised !" he said, quite distinctly, and M. Hurst understood what the words meant. He had promised to look for an English-speaking priest for his son, and though the boy needed one no longer, he claimed the promise still; but now it was for his parents that he asked for the fulfillment. And knowing this, reading what was written under the anguish of his wife's face, Mr. Hurst answered the boy in firm tones, "We promise, Hubert !" — The Maghificat.



A worthy Communion purifies and ennobles the soul, and renders it capable of performing good works. "As the branch cannot bear fruit, of itself, unless it abide in the vine; so neither can you, unless you abide in Me. He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit."

\* \* \*

A worthy Communion unites man with God, and thereby makes him, as it were divine, godly. It imparts heavenly sweetness and joy and assures eternal life.

\* \* \*

A worthy Communion purifies and ennobles the soul, and renders it capable of performing good works. St Ambrose says: "I must receive the blood of the Lord daily in order that I may receive forgiveness for my daily sins; for if I sin daily, I must have daily remedies for sin."


\* \* \*

"The delightfulness of this Sacrament," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "none can adequately express, whereby spiritual sweetness is tasted in its very source."

Master well the things in your environment. Let them cut and polish you so that some day your soul will be conformed to the likeness of the King.

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## The Eve of Mary's First Communion.

 I had dined early that evening in order that my wife and little daughter might be in good time to assist at the closing exercises of the retreat for first communicants. Left alone with my aged mother, we chatted about old times, and the moments passed so quickly that we were more than surprised when the door opened to admit Mary and her Mamma once more.

Little Mary seemed like a being come down from heaven: her radiant expression just tinged with sadness, her buoyant happiness toned down by an inexpressible subdued peace... the very atmosphere round the innocent child whispered that already the dear Lord Jesus had taken possession of her heart. As she advanced towards us looking like one of Giotto's Virgins, I longed to see into her heart to behold the angelic emotions of that maiden soul wherein the most pure love was about to enter for the first time.

I could not keep my eyes off the child. It seemed to me she was not herself, that in her sweet face shone an ideal world that had not been there yesterday, that was a sealed book to me and that awoke in me sentiments of surprise, tenderness, admiration and I might as well say it, of respect also. She made me think half sadly of those beautiful transparent morning lilies we scarcely dare look caressingly upon in fear of tarnishing their lustre.

She came close to me, stood on her tip-toes, put her little arm around my neck and kissed me quietly, gently, without any of her usual noisy glee. After a moment she approached my mother and with burning cheeks and full heart said softly: "Grandma, and you my dear Father and you also dearest Mother I... beg your pardon for all... for every time I caused you pain or sorrow;" then with greater emotion she knelt and joined her little



hands in those of her Grandmother gently pleading :  
 " Grandma, please bless me."

Grandma remained motionless a long time gazing on the sweet picture, then raising her right hand which trembled perceptibly and laying it on the curly golden head said : " I bless you, dear child, I bless you in the name of your father and of your mother ; I bless you in the name of your grandfather who loved you so dearly and whom I shall soon rejoin." Turning to us with an expression of such spiritual tenderness, such sublime protection as made her seem like a being from another world, she continued : " I bless you also, you and your absent son. May God protect and guard you and your children."

The remembrance of that blissful hour has brightened many a dark spot in my life since then and memory returns to it as eagerly and as often as the parched hart to flowing streams.

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## PRAYER

To obtain the Beatification of the  
**Ven. Peter Julian Eymard.**

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**L**ORD Jesus, Thou who didst give to Thy faithful servant, the Venerable Father, Peter Julian Eymard the privilege of so perfectly knowing the ineffable treasures of Thy Eucharist, of being inflamed with Its love, of devoting himself to Its adoration, and of causing It to be perpetually glorified all over the world, grant us by his merits and intercession, with the view to obtain his Beatification, the graces we now earnestly ask of Thee... *Here make request.* Grant us especially to become like him faithful adorers in spirit and truth of Thy Divine Sacrament and, while aiming at the acquisition of Christian virtues, and especially of true humility, to live the life of union with Thee, which is the principal effect of Communion in our souls. We place our prayer under the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, and of St. Joseph, the first of Thy adorers.

Recite the *Tantum ergo*, or " Praised and blessed forever be the Most Holy and Divine Sacrament ! "

*Pater, Ave, Gloria.*

Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, pray for us !  
 Saint Joseph, pray for us !