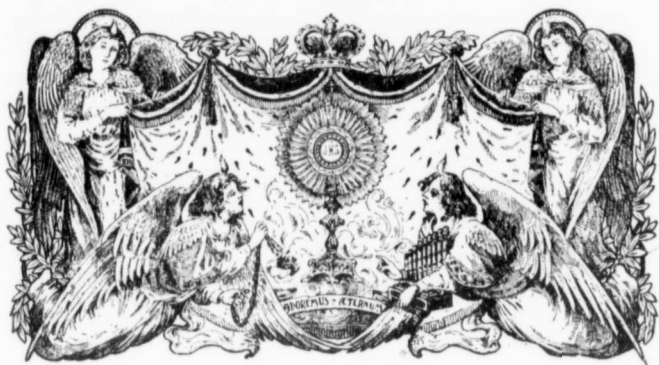


Jesus in Agony.



“ O Salutaris Hostia.”

*Song of the soul, whose clearly ringing rhythm
 Throbs through the sacred pile,
 And lengthened swell thy solemn anthem
 Past chancel, vault, and aisle,
 An occult influence through thy numbers stealing,
 A strange, mysterious spell.
 Wakes in the longing heart a wondrous feeling,
 A joy no tongue can tell ;
 A dreamy peace, a sense of unseen glory,
 Wells through thy thrilling praise,
 And calls a fairy vision up before me,
 A dream of brighter days.
 I hear the seraphs sweet-tongued voices pleading,
 The cherubim accord,
 And see the sun-robed shadows softly thridding
 The gardens of the Lord.
 I linger on the sight, and growing weary
 Of earthly dross and sin,
 Sadly, yet hoping, like the wistful peni,
 I long to enter in.*

*The roiling echoes peal,
 Whiffs glorious above
 The face of God smiles on the storied altar,
 Well pleased, and rich with love,
 And through the living air and slumbrous music,
 And through the chancel broad,
 The Eucharist glows in mystic splendor,
 And lights us unto God.*



Particular Practice for the Month of November.

Prayers and Masses for the Dead.



THE GOSPEL TRUMPET is the name of one of the Protestant and anti-Catholic sheets which are largely circulated among Protestants in various parts of the United States and even in Canada, and from which many Protestants derive their belief in special doctrines which they believe constitute Protestantism, and it will be seen that it is enough that the editor of such a sheet expresses his opinion that a certain doctrine is "papistical," and the readers of the sheet think this an all-sufficient reason for its rejection.

In the issue of this paper of date 29th Dec., 1904, a question is asked by a correspondent regarding the meaning of the passage of Holy Scripture (St. Matt. xii. 32,) "And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him, but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come."

In his answer to this request the editor lays it down that "upon this fragment the Papists have built their soul-destroying, deceiving doctrine of praying for the

dead, Masses, etc., saying that the above is proof that some sins are forgiven after death in the world to come. In the above text it is neither taught nor implied that sins will be forgiven in the world to come, nor in an imaginary millenium."

These words of an isolated upstart Biblical commentator of no weight on Scripture, are taken by the ordinary readers of this little paper as proof positive that the whole teaching of the Catholic Church is wrong in regard to the existence of a Purgatory, the efficacy of prayers for the dead, and Masses offered for the souls in Puratory as a means of shortening the term of their suffering.

The Catholic doctrine on these points is not founded merely upon this isolated text, though the text constitutes *part* of the proof on which Catholics are accustomed to rely, as forming the basis of their belief.

The position of the Jews in regard to God's selection of them as His chosen people must be borne in mind when the force of this passage is investigated. To the Jewish people, God's revelation had been originally made, and what was revealed truth to this day.

Now it is a certain fact that the Jews in the time of Christ believed that some souls suffer for a time in the next world before being admitted into heaven. This was deemed as being the consequence of their having committed certain lesser sins which did not separate them from the love of God, but which were an obstacle to their admission to heaven, into which nothing defiled can enter, as we are told in the Apocalypse (Revelation) of the Apostle Saint John xxi-27 : "there shall not enter into it anything defiled, or any one that worketh abomination."

But under the Jewish dispensation, equally with the Christian, it was the belief that those who for less grievous sins, which did not destroy the love of God in the soul, were detained in the place of purgation, would be admitted into heaven after they had sufficiently atoned for these sins.

In fact, to this day the Jews retain the practice of prayers for the dead, and on the anniversary of the death of their parents, Jewish children are always expected to visit the synagogue to offer up a solemn traditionary

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prayer for their deceased parents. This prayer is held by them to have been handed down from time immemorial, and is known among the Jews as "The Kadish" or "the Holy." Concerning this prayer The Jewish Times said some time ago :

"It is a singular prayer, and transmitted from generation to generation, from century to century, in the language of ancient Zion, forming an essential part of the daily religious service. Its origin is shrouded in mystery... When father or mother dies, the remaining children, daily, morning and evening, are to recite it during the entire year of mourning, and at every returning anniversary of the day of death, or as it is called in the language of the Gasse, at every "Jazreit," for a very peculiar power lies in it... It stops directly before the throne of God, and entreats there for the eternal peace of the deceased for mercy and compassion. Surely, if there is a link strong and indissoluble to join heaven and earth together, it is this prayer. It unites the living, and forms a bridge into the mysterious dominion of death... When thou diest... there are left persons who know that thou hast died, who, wherever on earth, whether in the garments of poverty or in fashionable clothing of wealth, send after thee this prayer."

We may use the same language with regard to the fervent prayers which Catholics also recite for the dead after their departure to another life.

In 2 Machabees xii, we are told that the valiant leader of the Jews, Judas Maccabeus, ordered that prayers should be offered for those Jews who were slain in battle fighting in the cause of God, and twelve thousand drachms of silver were sent to Jerusalem for "*sacrifice* to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead... It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."

The books of the Machabees are not found in the English Protestant Bible in general use, but they are admitted by Continental European Protestants as part of the Bible. But apart from their canonical value as part of

Holy Writ, they must be regarded as an incontestable historical testimony to the Jewish practice of praying for the dead "that they may be loosed from their sins."

When Christ told His Jewish hearers that a certain sin should not be forgiven either in this world or in the world to come, He was aware of their practice, and as He took every occasion to correct the errors into which they had fallen, if this practice were "souldestroying and deceiving," as asserted in the "Gospel Trumpet," He would not have approved of it by a favorable reference, such as His words certainly were, for He refers to their belief that some sins are forgiven in the world to come, without denouncing it as criminal or deceitful. His reference thereto is, therefore, a solid proof that some souls do suffer in the other life for sins which are not mortal, but which are washed away by suffering, and by the prayers of the faithful on earth.

It will be noted also that part of the Jewish usage concerns sacrifice. They offered sacrifice for the dead that their sins might be blotted out.

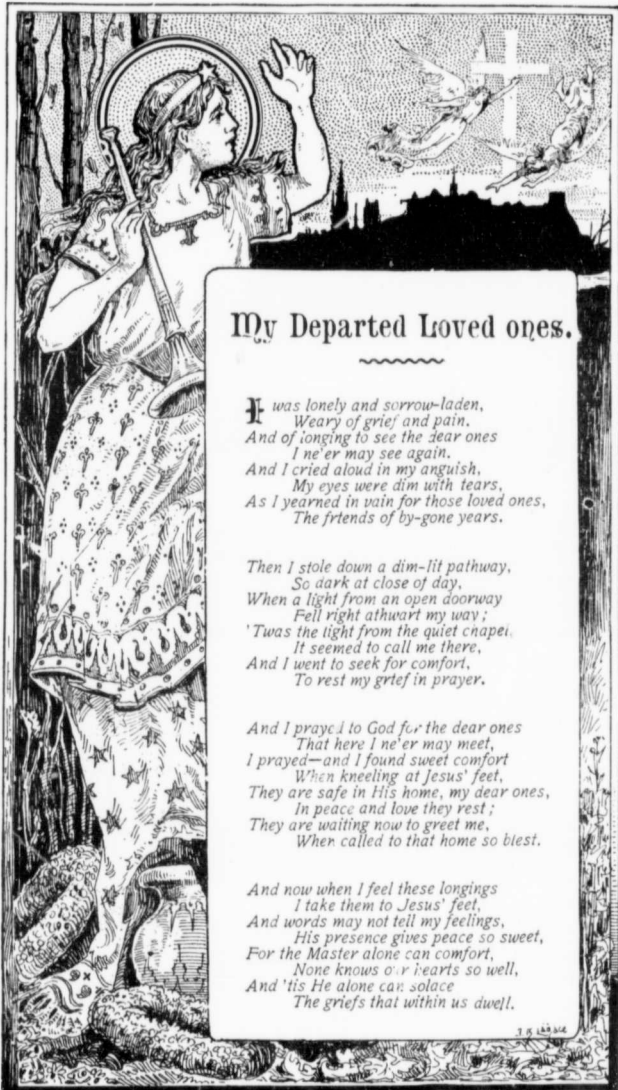
Catholics do the same, offering up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the living and the dead, just as Judas Maccabeus had sacrifice offered for the same purpose in the temple of Jerusalem.

Divine Truth remains always the same, and as prayers for the dead and sacrifices were useful to the dead under the ancient law, the same truth holds good at the present day.

There are, of course, other irrefragable proofs of the lawfulness of the Catholic practice of praying for the dead, but we cannot adduce them in the present article, which is written to elucidate the text which the Gospel Trumpet attempts to befog.

To offer prayers and Masses for the dead is an act of sublime charity.





My Departed Loved ones.

I was lonely and sorrow-laden,
 Weary of grief and pain,
 And of longing to see the dear ones
 I ne'er may see again,
 And I cried aloud in my anguish,
 My eyes were dim with tears,
 As I yearned in vain for those loved ones,
 The friends of by-gone years.

Then I stole down a dim-lit pathway,
 So dark at close of day,
 When a light from an open doorway
 Fell right athwart my way;
 'Twas the light from the quiet chapel,
 It seemed to call me there,
 And I went to seek for comfort,
 To rest my grief in prayer.

And I prayed to God for the dear ones
 That here I ne'er may meet,
 I prayed—and I found sweet comfort
 When kneeling at Jesus' feet,
 They are safe in His home, my dear ones,
 In peace and love they rest;
 They are waiting now to greet me,
 When called to that home so blest.

And now when I feel these longings
 I take them to Jesus' feet,
 And words may not tell my feelings,
 His presence gives peace so sweet,
 For the Master alone can comfort,
 None knows o' r hearts so well,
 And 'tis He alone can solace
 The griefs that within us dwell.

The Faithful Guardian.



HERE lived—long years ago—one of those old-fashioned curés whose exterior was more suggestive of strength than of beauty. In his odd way of speaking, this quaint old Curé often styled himself “the Tabernacle’s faithful watch-dog.”

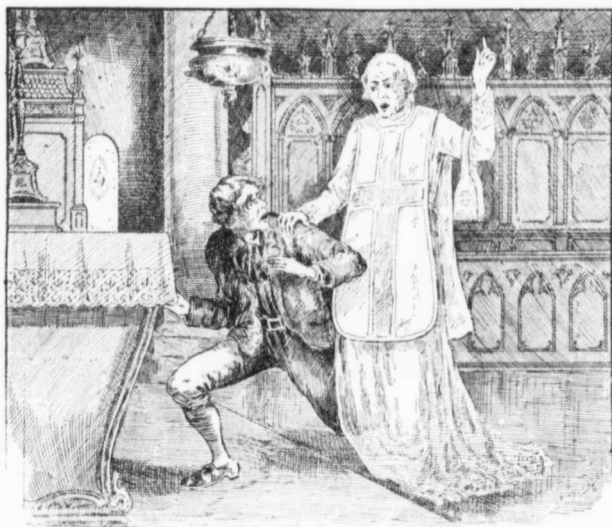
“You will bury me there, at the foot of the altar,” he said with characteristic bluntness to the shepherds and farmers, who in their undemonstrative way were devotedly attached to him and who he knew would religiously carry out his wish. “I want to sleep my long sleep close to the ciborium... And if ever nocturnal robber dares to lay a hand on the good God, I will come out of my coffin and chase him away.” His listeners smiled gravely. They knew full well that even after years of burial he would be capable of doing as he said, spurred on by the great love he bore the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of the Lord. But who in their loyal, fervent hamlet would even think—much less dare—to molest the Eucharistic Ciborium?

Years and years have passed since “the faithful watch-dog” feel asleep—the sleep that continues day and night, summer and winter,—and was laid in his narrow bed according to his wish, at the foot of the altar. And none had heard it said that he had been forced to shake off his somnolence to wrestle with sacrilegious robbers.

Still, it is an undeniable fact that the humble and lowly sometimes possess prophetic intuitions not vouchsafed to the proud and brilliant. Perhaps the Eucharistic God wished to test the vigilance of this guardian as fearless as reproachless. Be that as it may, a godless tramp—murderer at need and robber by trade,—during one of those bitter nights known in the mountains hid in an obscure corner of the dark church until the hour he thought most favorable for his evil purpose. Then, without taking the least notice of the threatening looks

and menacing attitudes of the little world of statues about him, he shattered the frail alms-boxes, remorselessly pocketed the contents and deliberately, — opened the golden but no wise solid Tabernacle door...

A cry, rather a loud hymn, formidable in its heavenly harmony, an *Adoremus in Æternum*, shakes the walls of the church, a hand of steel lays its icy clutches on the robber forces him on his knees a mysterious sacerdotal apparition, a tall spectre majestic in its violet mortuary



chausable : Was it all a dream an illusion ?...

And both until day knelt and adored the unprofaned ciborium. When the Angelus ringer's key grated in the lock, the mysterious guardian closed the tabernacle and re-entered his grave.

The poor robber converted and pardoned, told with fear and admiration the tale of this memorable night. Since then many respectfully kneel at the grave of "the faithful watch-dog," loyal even in death and even in death singing the Eucharistic *Adoremus*.



November Thoughts.

NATURE has turned another page in her great book of lessons and by the decay apparent in the grass and trees and flowers tells us that one day we, too, must pass away. The world was never intended to be the abode of immortal man. It is too little, and the tenant is too great. A man is made in God's likeness; his nature is overarched by infinity; his life is a bundle of incalculable potencies. The world is only twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, and the meanest man who walks upon its surface can belt it with a thought in the twinkling of an eye. It is inconceivable that God should have made such a creature and quickened him with a spark from His own being, to the end that he might walk on the earth with leaden feet, eat, drink, laugh, die, and be shut up finally in a leasehold of six feet of earth. The very thought is absurd to right thinking.

Our days here are school days. This world is only the place of preparation for a better one. Its pains and disappointments, its sorrows and adversities have in them the possibilities of salvation if borne patiently and willingly for the love of the dear Saviour. And since the real life is beyond, it may not be unprofitable for us this morning to devote the time allotted for our conference to a consideration of the last moments of some who have died in the faith of the Catholic Church. The heroic manner and fearlessness with which they met death may give us some new idea of the power of faith to sustain the soul in that

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supreme moment, and show us how the Church fits the soul for the last great change. Great change we must call it, for it means the passing from mortality to immortality. Even the unbeliever at that last supreme moment has frequently given away to what came to him as an overwhelming conviction that there was in him a life that could not die. "Soul, what art thou? Flame that devourest me, wilt thou live after me? Must thou suffer still? Mysterious guest, what wilt thou become? Seekest thou to reunite thyself to the great flame of day? Perhaps from this fire thou art only a spark, only a wandering ray which that star recalls. Perhaps ceasing to exist when man dies, thou art only a moisture more pure than the animated dust the earth has produced." Many an unbeliever in the last moment has thus soliloquized with his soul, and through this medium has been led on to conviction of immortality.

We Catholics, of all others, should have the least fear of death. We hope to have the blessing of dying in the arms of our Holy Mother the Church, fortified by her sacraments, and sustained by her spirit. The French historian Anquetil, in giving an account of the death of Montmorenci, says: "It is instructive for persons in all conditions of life to witness the death of a great man who unites noble sentiments with Christian humility." It is true Dr. Johnson says, "It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives;" but a holy death is generally the crown of a good life, though "there are dark, dark deaths which even the saints have died," says Father Faber, "the aspect of whose brightness was all turned heavenward, so we could not see it."

Father Faber says again, in his own inimitable way: "Some deaths are so beautiful that they can hardly be recognized for punishments. Such was the death of St. Joseph, with his head pillowed on the lap of Jesus. The twilight bosom of Abraham was but a dull place compared with the house of Nazareth, which the eyes of Jesus lighted. Such was Mary's death, the penalty of which was rather in its delay. It was a soft extinction, through the noiseless flooding of her heart with divine love. As nightingales are said to have sung themselves to death, so Simeon died, not of the sweet weariness of

his long watching, but of the fulness of his contentment, of the satisfaction of his desires, of the very new youth of soul which the touch of the Eternal Child had infused into his age, and, breaking forth into music which heaven itself might envy and could not surpass, he died with his world-soothing song upon his lips—a song so sunsetlike that one might believe that all the beauty of earth's beautiful evenings since creation had gone into it to fill it full of peaceful spells. Age after age shall take up the strain. All the poetry of Christian weariness is in it. It gives a voice to the heavenly detachment and unworldliness of countless saints. It is the heart's evening light after the working hours of the day to millions of believers. The very last compline the Church shall sing, before the midnight when the doom begins and the Lord breaks out upon the darkness of the refulgent East, shall overflow with the melodious sweetness of Simeon's pathetic song."

It is an edifying study to turn to "Butler's Lives of the Saints" and contemplate the death scenes of some of the great servants of God. St. Oswald, Archbishop of York, and the Venerable Bede died after repeating the *Gloria Patri*. St. Ignatius Loyola died with the holy name of Jesus on his lips, that watchword of his glorious society so full of sweetness to the human heart. So died that angelic youth, St. Aloysius. St. Hubert died while repeating the Lord's Prayer; St. Stephen, of Grandmont, while saying "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." So did St. John of the Cross, St. Catherine of Genoa and hundreds of others.

I always love to read the account of the death of the poet-monk Cædmon. Butler describes it in the following impressive words: "That tongue which had composed so many holy words in praise of the Creator, uttered its last words while he was in the act of signing himself with the cross, and thus he fell into a slumber to awaken in Paradise and join the hymns of the holy angels whom he had imitated in this world, both in his life and in his songs."

St. Dunstan had Mass celebrated in his room on the day of his death, and after communicating, he broke forth into the following prayer to the Blessed Sacrament:

“ Glory be to Thee, Almighty Father, who hast given the Bread of Life from heaven to those that fear Thee, that we may be mindful of Thy wonderful mercy to man in the Incarnation of Thine Only Begotten Son, born of the Virgin. To Thee, Holy Father, for that when we were sinners didst grant to us a Redeemer, we give due thanks through the same Thy Son, our Lord and God, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost, maketh all things, governeth all things, and liveth through ages without end ” Shortly after uttering this prayer he died in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

The Cistercian Abbot Aelred of Yorkshire died in wonderful peace after eight years of monastic life, repeating with his last breath, “ I will sing eternally, O Lord, Thy mercy, Thy mercy, Thy mercy ! ”

“ While St. Wilfrid of York, lay dying in the fair town of Oundle, the monks did not cease chanting night and day around his bed, though with much ado, so bitterly they wept. When they came to the one hundred and third Psalm, and were sweetly and solemnly singing the words ‘ *Emittes spiritum tuum, et creabuntur, et renovabis faciem terra,* ’ (‘ Thou shalt send forth thy spirit and they shall be created ; and thou shall renew the face of the earth, ’) the words stirred the soul of the careworn abbot, by whose pillow lay the Lord’s Body and Blood : he turned his head gently and without a sigh gave back his soul to God.”

St. Gilbert, when he was more than a century old, used to exclaim, “ How long. O Lord, wilt thou forget me forever ? Woe is me for the time of my sojourning is prolonged.” His soul was at last released one morning at the hour of dawn, while the monks were repeating the verse of the office, “ The night is spent, the day is at hand.”

What death more beautiful than that of the poet-saint of Assisi—St. Francis ! When he found he was dying, he wished to be laid on the bare ground. When this was done he crossed his arms and said, “ Farewell, my children. I leave you in the fear of God. Abide therein. The time of trial and tribulation cometh. Happy are they who persevere in well doing. For me, I go to God joyfully, recommending you all to His grace.” He had the

passion according to the Gospel of St. John read to him, and then repeated in a feeble voice the one hundred and forty-first Psalm. Having said the final verse. "Bring my soul out of prison," he breathed his last.

St. Thomas Aquinas died lying on ashes sprinkled on the floor. When he saw the Holy Viaticum in the priest's hands, he said, "I firmly believe that Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, is present in this august sacrament. I adore thee, my God and my Redeemer. I receive thee, the price of my redemption, the viaticum of my pilgrimage, for whose honor I have studied, labored, preached and taught. I hope I have never advanced any tenet as Thy word which I had not learned from Thee. If through ignorance I have done otherwise, I revoke it all and submit my writings to the judgment of the holy Roman Church." Thus lying in peace and joy, he received the last sacraments, and was heard to murmur, "Soon, soon, will the God of all consolation crown His mercy to me and satisfy all my desires. I shall shortly be satiated in Him and drink of the torrent of my delights; be inebriated from the abundance of His house; and in Him the source of life, I shall behold the true light."

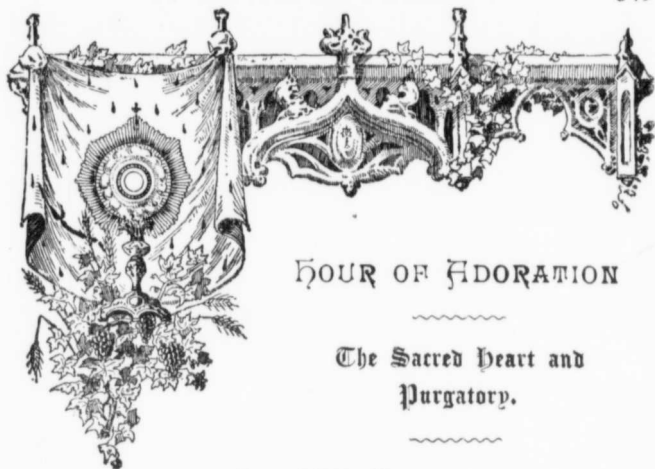
There is a touching account of a young man—a renowned and pious knight, who in the ages of faith, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Following lovingly the traces of our Saviour's steps, his heart became so broken with sorrow and love that his life flowed out through the wound. He visited with tender devotion Nazareth, whose hills leaped for joy when the Divine Word became incarnate in the womb of a virgin; Mount Tabor, whose summit was lit up by God glorifying His Only Son; the River Jordan, consecrated by the baptism of our Lord, received at the hands of St. John the Baptist; Bethlehem, where in a poor manger were heard the first cries of the Infant Word; the Garden of Gethsemane, which Jesus bedewed with a bloody sweat; Golgotha, where by His Blood the Redeemer reconciled earth with heaven; and the glorious tomb where the God-man issued triumphant over death. Finally he came to the Mount of Olives. Here, contemplating the sacred footprints left on the rock by the ascending Saviour, he pressed his lips upon them with loving gratitude; then, gathering together

all the strength of his love, raising his eyes and hands toward heaven, and longing to ascend by the way taken by our Saviour, "O Lord Jesus!" he cried in all the ardor of his love, "I can no longer find Thee or follow thee in this land of exile; grant that my heart may ascend to Thee on high!" And, as he uttered these ardent words, his soul fled to God like an arrow direct to its aim.

When William the Conqueror was on his death bed, he confessed all the sins of his life, from his youth up, aloud and before a large number of priests and nobles from England and Normandy. We read that, after a long agony, on Thursday, the ninth of September, as the sun rose in glorious splendor, William awoke and presently heard the great bell of the Metropolitan Church. He asked why it was ringing. "Seigneur," replied his servants, "it is ringing for prime at the Church or Our Lady of St. Mary." Then the king raised his eyes to heaven, lifting up his hands, said, I recommend myself to Holy Mary, Mother of God, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her dear and beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." With these words he expired.

The poet Tasso, when informed that his last hour was at hand, "not only received the warning without alarm, but embracing the physician, thanked him for tidings so agreeable, and, raising his eyes to heaven, returned tender and devout thanks to his Creator that, after so tempestuous a life, Hé now brought him to a calm haven. From this time he did not speak willingly on terrestrial subjects, not even of that fame after death of which through life he had been most solicitous; but resigned himself wholly and with the liveliest devotion to the last solemn offices prescribed by his religion.

After confessing with great contrition, and receiving the sacrament twice with a reverence and humility that affected all the beholders, he received the papal benediction humbly and gratefully, saying this was the chariot upon which he hoped to go crowned, not with laurels, as a poet into the capital, but with glory as a saint to heaven. When his voice failed, his eyes still remained fixed upon the image of the crucified Redeemer. His last act was to embrace it closely. His last words, "Into Thy hands, O Lord."



HOUR OF ADORATION

The Sacred Heart and Purgatory.

I. — Adoration.

While with the Catholic Church professing the doctrine of purgatory let us adore under the feeble covering of the Sacrament the Creator of purgatory and the Head of the Church suffering. It is from the meeting in the Sacred Heart "of mercy and truth," and from the kiss there exchanged between "justice and peace" that this institution, terrible yet full of condescending love, was born. Purgatory punishes by tortures unknown to earth the slightest remains of stains or debts of sin, and while punishing, purifies and delivers the soul from those stains. By a merciful reprieve, it permits the soul to finish the preparation required before taking its place in the eternal festival of the Lamb without stain.

Sanctity and Justice enkindle the fire that sensibly devours and the desire that spiritually consumes. The soul is plunged therein as long as there remains a stain of sin to efface, a farthing of debt to pay. O how terrible are the sanctity and justice of the Sacred Heart, and what awful light the fire of purgatory projects upon them! Perhaps, we limit our view of the Sacred Heart to seeing in It only Its character of goodness, the pity and tenderness of Its love, because we have so much need of them. But what would be that love if it were not so holy as to be unable to unite itself to any alloy, so just as not to seek at any cost to satisfy the rights of God?

Purgatory makes these perfections of the Sacred Heart shine forth in all their splendor. It shows It to us as holy, as just as It is loving. But it is very true that there, as everywhere else, love rules and that "Its mercies are above all Its works."

The Sacred Heart constantly operates therein the work of Redemption, effecting by the merits of Its Passion and Death, renewed upon the Eucharistic altar, the purification from their faults and the liberation from their debts of the dear captives.

The sweet Shepherd of the Sacrament watches over this low region of His empire. He sheds light upon the darkness that envelops it, He pours waves of refreshment upon the fires that devour it, He penetrates it with an atmosphere of peace and of silent resignation. He keeps alive therein love and hope ; a love that no sin can kill, a hope assured of its recompense. He lives there, and the dear souls, tortured beyond all expression, live there, notwithstanding, of His life and for His glory. Let us adore Him with them : *Regem cui omnia vivunt, venite adoremus !* — “Come, let us adore the King for whom all things live !”

The Divine Master revealed the ties that bind purgatory to the Eucharist by permitting Blessed Margaret Mary, the confidante of His Heart, to receive when in His Presence, either on the night of Holy Thursday or on the feast of Corpus Christi, a revelation concerning the sufferings of those souls. “One Holy Thursday night, when praying before the Blessed Sacrament for a certain soul, Our Lord showed it to her under the foot of the chalice in which He reposed, and where this dear soul was finishing its purgatory. It was then that the Heart of all pity asked her to abandon herself to Him without reserve that It might give her to those dear suffering souls to do for them all the good that she could.”

II. — Thanksgiving.

However terrifying the sight of the exactions of that Sanctity which purifies souls in material fire and in the fire of unquenchable desires, it is not less true that the thought which presided over the creation of purgatory is one of supreme mercy. Our thanks giving in time and in eternity will not suffice to praise it as it merits.

The normal time of trial is the measure of life granted to each one on this earth. The divine munificence has filled it with precious gifts, the providence of the Redeemer has supplied it with powerful institutions, and He shares it in person with us, leading us, feeding us, and raising us constantly from our faults. It seems, indeed however little our fidelity, that eternal recompense awaits us. In every case Justice and Mercy would appear well justified to judge definitely on that last evening of life, “on which ends the day, after which we can no longer labor.” And this judgment would be heaven for those that have here below washed their robe from every stain in the Blood of the Lamb, and hell for those others whom a stain, however slight, renders unworthy. If it had pleased the Lord, the Sovereign Master of His gifts, that it should be so, it would have been well done, and no one would have a right to demand of Him a reason.

But His mercy, which has guarded every moment of our life, wishes to survive that life and make itself felt even in the tomb, vivifying the dead, and making the dust germinate. So, it gives to all souls who do not die radically separated from Jesus Christ by mortal sin, a place to rest the foot in order not to fall into the abyss at the instant of perilous passage, an assured means of washing away the last remains of imperfection, a legal sum to discharge the whole temporal debt of their sins, a reprieve in which to finish their preparation for heaven. And this is purgatory! Whoever falls into it is sure of going to heaven.

And truly, were the fire still more fierce and the privation of the sight of God still more painful; were the period of this double punishment to last for ages, is it not clear that such a reprieve, to which we have no right, and a resumption of life so unheard of, are an admirable and miraculous superaddition of God's mercy, the masterpiece of pity devised by the Heart of Our Saviour? For if every soul receives all and even more than is necessary to merit immediate entrance into heaven: if that is the only end at which the Saviour is aiming by His gifts and assistance, how many, in reality, render themselves worthy of it? One chosen one, alas! only one chosen one! *Multi vocati, pauci vero electi* — "Many are called, but few chosen." The mass of Christians are saved, thanks only to the merciful reprieve of purgatory: *Ipsæ salvus erit, sic tamen quasi per ignem* — "He shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

Those flames from which we cannot escape, are absolutely necessary to produce the worthy fruits of penance demanded by our sins; this cruel privation of the possession of the Infinite Beauty, whom we have met and whom we should possess as soon as we quit this earth, makes us long for God, thus giving to love the satisfaction which we refused during life, and which alone merits the possession of God in heaven. Now, nothing appears too much to those dear souls. They see clearly now, and not content with accepting their pains, they bless them as the precious instruments of the least deserved and the most efficacious of mercies.

With them let us bless the Sacred Heart. Not satisfied with having gratuitously accorded them the grace of dying in Its love, which grace, in a certain way, no one can merit. It received them after their death that they might not fall into the eternal abyss: *In Christo quiescentibus*.

Jesus shelters them in the asylum of His Heart, living and full of hope, although hiding from them His glorious countenance and allowing them to be overwhelmed by incomprehensible sufferings. But He helps them by so many graces, by pure and generous love, by such strength, humility, and resignation, that they taste the certainty of reposing in His Heart.

Jesus loves them as the members of His Body, as flesh of His Flesh. He loves them as His children by whom He is loved in return with sovereign love indissolubly fixed on Himself. For, although their love for Him is not without imperfection and deficiency, it is substantially the living and immortal love which unites them to Jesus and permits Him to live and abide in them.

And these dear souls see the love of Jesus for them. They are certain of it. They understand that new hope sprang up in their breast when the Sacred Heart, in manifesting Itself on earth, revealed to them, also, the treasures of love hidden up to that time, and with which It deigned to fill Its Church in these latter days. They know that, if the tide overflows on earth, its salutary inundation must extend to the low regions in which they dwell. We read in the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary : " If you knew with what eagerness these poor souls implore this new remedy, so excellent for their sufferings ! For it is thus they call the devotion to the Divine Heart."

III. — Reparation.

Few considerations are so efficacious as that of purgatory for giving a clear understanding of the malice of sin, the injury it does to God, the wound that it inflicts on the Heart of Jesus, the prejudice that it brings to the soul. It arouses, in consequence, hatred for that sovereign evil, and impels to works of penance. Considering the Saviour's love for the souls in purgatory and their love for Him, how comprehend the horror, the depth, the duration of their torments simply to expiate small stains, the remains of sin, the temporal debts due to sin, except by admitting that the least fault is the greatest of evils, and that to preserve its stain is the greatest of misfortunes ? We have only to open the book of the *Revelations of the Sacred Heart* to see with what severity that Heart of goodness and pity punishes after this life the voluntary faults of Its friends and their neglect to purify themselves from them when on this earth, where It was holding open to them the sources of salutary expiation : *In die erit fons patens habitantibus Jerusalem in ablutionem peccatoris* — " In that day there shall be a fountain open to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for the washing of the sinner."

The following revelation touching their physical pains, shows that they differ little from those of hell itself :

"Once," says Blessed Margaret Mary, " I saw in a dream one of our Sisters who had been dead for some time. She told me that she was suffering much in purgatory. I awoke at these words, and so full of pain that it seemed to me that she had impressed her own upon me. My whole body was so bruised that it was painful to me to move. She gave me no peace, but constantly

repeated to me : ' Pray to God for me. Offer Him your sufferings in union with those of Jesus Christ to relieve mine !'

" Approaching my bed, she said to me : ' You are taking your ease in bed. Look where I am lying on a bed of flames, on which I am suffering intolerable evils.' — And showing me that horrible bed, which makes me tremble whenever I think of it, with its sharp fiery spikes which pierced the flesh, she told me that it was for her infidelities to God and her negligence in the observance of her rules.

" ' They tear my heart with red-hot iron combs, — and that is my most cruel suffering, — for the thoughts of murmuring and disapprobation that I entertained against my Superioress. My tongue is eaten by vermin in punishment of my words against charity, and my whole mouth is ulcerated for my little attention to silence."

" ' O that all souls consecrated to God could see me in this torment ! If I could make them feel the greatness of my pains and those that are prepared for religious who live carelessly in their vocation, doubtless, they would walk with renewed ardor in the way of exact observance. They would take good care not to fall into the defects that make me suffer so much !' — On another occasion, when they wanted to give me some remedies that soul said to me : ' They are thoughtful to relieve you in your misery, but no one thinks of alleviating mine !' "

" Another time, as I was before the Blessed Sacrament on the day of Its feast, a soul all on fire suddenly presented itself before me. The heat that came from it so penetrated me that I, too, seemed to be burning. The pitiable state of the soul gave me to understand that it was in purgatory, and forced from me an abundance of tears. It told me that it was the soul of a Benedictine monk, who had once heard my confession and ordered me to receive Holy Communion. In consideration of this, God had permitted him to address himself to me to obtain relief in his suffering. He asked me for all that I could do and suffer during three months, and he gave me three reasons for his great sufferings. The first was, because he had preferred his own interest to the glory of God, by too great attachment to his reputation ; the second was his want of charity toward his brethren ; and the third, the too natural affection he had had for creatures, and the too great testimony he had given of it in his spiritual conversations with them, which displeased God much. — It would be difficult to express what I had to suffer during those three months. That soul never quitted me and, on the side where he was, it seemed to me to see him all on fire, but with pains so acute that I was forced to groan and weep almost continually."

IV. — Prayer.

The solicitous love which fills the Heart of the Divine Shepherd for the suffering portion of His flock, and the eminent dignity to which He raises the least of the children of men by calling them to co-operate by an active ministry in the work of Redemption, gives us to understand that nothing enters more fully into His desires than to offer one's self to plead for and to satisfy for the souls in purgatory. The increase of love for God, which is the necessary fruit of devotion to the Sacred Heart well understood, ought to be accompanied by an increase of charity for the dear neighbor so needy and so deserving of pity. Blessed Margaret Mary says : " I abandoned myself to the direction and the conduct of the Sacred Heart, which has deigned to do me this charity. And It often gives Its poor victim to the souls in purgatory to help them and to satisfy Divine Justice, At such times I endure a pain almost like their own, finding rest neither day nor night."

The Sacred Heart made known to her two efficacious means for the relief of the dear souls : prayer and acts done in union with Its own.

First, prayer of every form, but above all sacramental prayer, namely, the Holy Mass, the full application of the death and merits of Jesus. The Saviour said : " These poor souls especially implore Masses in honor of the Sacred Heart." Secondly, Holy Communion, which renders the soul so pleasing to Jesus and so powerful over His Heart. " A deceased religious bids me apply to you, my dear Mother, for a general Communion," wrote Blessed Margaret Mary to a certain Superioress. Thirdly, adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, for it was when the Blessed Sister prolonged her prayer at the foot of the tabernacle that the suffering souls surrounded her imploring her intercession.

The virtues indicated by the Sacred Heart or by the souls in purgatory themselves as the most efficacious are purity, charity, mortification, and humility. These virtues Blessed Margaret Mary begged her Sisters to practise in union with the soul turned toward the Blessed Sacrament. " The first thing in the morning, place yourself in the Sacred Heart, consecrating yourself entirely to It with all that you shall think and say. Offer to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament all the Holy Masses that shall be celebrated throughout the Holy Church, which you will beg your good angel to hear, and offer to God to appease His justice.

" In the evening, make a little turn through purgatory in company with the Sacred Heart, consecrating to It all that you shall have done, begging It to apply its merits to those holy suffering souls. At the same time implore them to make use of their power to obtain for you the grace to live and die in love and fidelity to the Sacred Heart by unresistingly corresponding to Its desires in your regard."



The Invisible Messenger.



ONE night in November, 18—, Father McB— had gone to bed unusually early, as the weather was very cold, and toward dark a heavy rain had set in, which as the night wore on, changed to hail and sleet. The bedroom was on the ground floor,—indeed, the house consisted of but one story. Somewhere in the small hours of the night, he was awakened out of a heavy sleep, by what he supposed to be a tapping on the window-pane. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating rain. After a few moments he fell asleep, when once more the sound was repeated and this time he called out : “ Who is there ? ” A voice, which seemed to be that of a boy or a woman, replied : “ A woman is dying at Smithson Post-Office—come at once, for God’s sake ! ” There was no mistaking this summons. The priest threw on some clothing and opened the door. “ Come in ! ” he called out, “ and I will be with you in a moment. ” No answer. “ Have you two horses ? ” he asked in a louder voice. “ Come in ; come in out of the storm ! ” Still no answer. Having dressed, he lighted a lantern and again opened the door. Up and down the road, around by the footpaths, near the stable, he looked in vain—there was no one to be seen.

Now, Smithson Post Office is eighteen miles from St. Mary’s and it seemed almost impossible that any one should have come from there on foot such a terrible night. The good priest deliberated for a few moments, and began to think himself the victim of a practical joke. But this

idea was scarcely tenable. He knelt down and asked the assistance of Heaven. "I will go, in the name of God," he said, as he arose from his knees.

It did not take many minutes to saddle his horse and don a heavy coat; and in half an hour from the time he first heard the tapping on the window-pane he was on his way, the tears and protestations of his good old housekeeper notwithstanding. A hard ride of four hours through mud and storm, brought him to Smithson Post-Office, which consisted of two or three houses and the same number of shanties near the railroad. He saw a light in one of the shanties and knocked at the door. It was opened by a man in his shirtsleeves, who held a candle in his hand and thrust it into the face of the visitor as he said: "Who are ye, in God's name? and where do ye come from?"

"I am a Catholic priest," was the reply. "Did you send for me?"

"Did we send for ye, Father?" answered the man; "did we send for ye? Sure we had no one to send; but the poor woman inside has been calling for ye since midnight, when death struck her. Come in, Father; come in!"

The priest followed the poor man into an inner room, where a woman was lying, a new-born infant beside her, and three small children sleeping on a mattress on the floor.

"Father!" she cried out in a trembling voice, extending her cold hand, welcoming him with eyes which death was slowly sealing—"Father, I sent my Guardian Angel for ye and he brought ye, praise be to Almighty God!"

The priest saw no time was to be lost in hearing the woman's confession. Her story was soon told and she died almost immediately after the last Sacraments were administered.

Father McB—firmly believed that he had a supernatural visitant that night and so did his friend, Father A—. I tell the tale as it was told to me. Nothing is impossible with God, and His ways are not our ways.

From "*Glimpses of the Supernatural.*"



LORD, when to Thee we lift our earth-
bowed head

With that most speaking gesture at
Thy Board—

As Thy poor weaklings asking to be fed,
As hungry nestlings stretch their
neck toward

The parent bird to take their fill of
food—

Make us so hunger for Thy heaven-
ly Bread,

We may be filled indeed with all Thy
good,

And go from strength to strength
unsatiated.

So more and more with face upturned
to Thine,

And journeying in the might of Food
divine,

May come to Horeb's mount before
Thy Face ;

And in that awful hour through the
death drift—

May know Thee then, O Shepherd, and
may lift

Our dying heads to meet Thy last
embrace.

ROSE METCALFE.



(Continued.)

BUT fear has grown in the heart of the boy's angel in whose home no crucifix hangs.

It grew as we see growing in the sky on a stormy night the ominous clouds carrying death.

God had commissioned him to watch over that soul. From what further pitfall did He strive to save him?

The anxious angel listens and what does he hear? Looks and what does he see?

Alas! Why did not God in His tender mercy change the cradle of that boy into a spotless sepulchre...

What happy feast do those joyous hymns that flower decked altar, that incense mounting heavenwards, that eager throng, those smiling faces, celebrate?

Of what feat, of what triumph are they the heroes, those radiant festive-clad children, the organ greets with sacred harmonies?

They approach the altar. They kneel. And the venerable white-haired Curé beaming with angelic gladness lays, for the first time, on their innocent lips, the Sacred Bread.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

There, at the holy table his brow reflecting the spotless purity of his soul; his eyes shining with love, his lips tremulous with joy, kneels the boy brought up under the influence of the crucifix.

He has Jesus in his heart. He has Jesus in his soul.
Heaven has come down to him and its King has taken possession of a new throne.

O glorious, sublime and soul-entrancing mystery !

Aye ! Organ of God, ring out your grandest peacans ; lips and hearts, send forth your most triumphant accents ; heav-



only incense, waft upwards your golden perfume ; devout souls, rejoice and be glad ; ministers of the temple, magnify the Lord. For nothing is greater, nothing more beautiful, nothing sweeter, nothing more divine than this kneeling child with clasped hands and bowed head, into whose heart Jesus, the Host of the Eucharist, has entered for the first time.

Venite adoremus.

At his side stands his angel, who raises to heaven eyes overflowing with joy, and exultingly murmurs: "Behold, dear Lord, what has become of the child Thou didst confide to my care?... But who is that other communicant kneeling near him?"

Do you not recognize him?

It is the boy in whose home the crucifix was ignored, the boy in whose school the crucifix was prohibited.

He is alone. His Guardian Angel is not there.

Why?

Aye! Why indeed? Look into heaven, near God's throne.



See his angel there! See his tears falling like rain on the very steps of the Royal throne. Hear his anguished pleading: "That, at least, O Lord, let me not witness!"

✠ And after he has prayed and wept he arises, and returns to earth and resumes the charge of that boy whose conduct caused him such sorrow.

* * *

It is no longer the infant, no longer the child, no longer the student, no longer the young man, no longer even the man. It is the end, agony and death.

After the cradle, the paternal home. After the paternal home, school; after school, the world with its seductions, its

toil, its success, its sorrows, its trials and its disappointments. Now the grave. Still the angels are keeping guard—faithful all these years.

Suddenly from both homes, grief-stricken hearts cry :
“ Quick ! Get the priest. He is dying.”

Here, in the home where from infancy the crucifix was loved and honored, the priest has already been in attendance some time. He has absolved and anointed the dying man, who calmly and fearlessly awaits the end, not death with its terrors—but sleep, rest, the journey to heaven.

There in the home where no crucifix ever hung the priest arrived too late. Barely in time hastily to anoint the scarcely warm corpse...

The funeral kneel has sounded.

Side by side, close to the holy table, in the very place where, years ago, they both knelt as first communicants, their coffins are laid.

Over each the Church has pronounced the same prayers, imparted the same blessing. To each she gives the same burial in the same consecrated ground.

Then together returning to the heavenly home from which they had descended the Angels bow once more before the great White Throne.

The angel of the home wherein the crucifix was venerated advances and presents to God a being almost as bright and beautiful as himself saying :

“ Behold him whom the Cross has saved.”

... The angel of the home without a crucifix then kneels. But he is alone.

No words come from his parched lips, his bowed head and falling tears alone bespeak his anguish.

In tender pity the Lord has stooped, raised him and said :
Nothing that is done for God is ever lost.



Our Beloved Deceased.

Alice Collins. — Dougald McDonald. —
 Donald McDonald. — Daniel Chisholm.
 — Francis Moran. — Bridget Moran. —
 James Kennedy. — Mary Loftis. — Mar-
 garet Wallace. — Ellen Hollovan. — Ja-
 mes Wallace. — Ed. Wallace. — Michael
 Driscoll. — Anna Fahey. — John O'Reil-
 ly. — Matthew Gorman. — James O'Brien.
 — Rose Marshall. — Ann. Casey. — J.
 P. Nugent. — C. R. Stewart. — Ellen
 Donovan. — Mary A. Sadlier. — Mary
 Prendergast. — Harry Boutin. — Edward
 Boutin. — Helena Boutin. — Cap. Mc-
 Gregor. — J. Valère Roy. — Virginie
 Bouchard. — Corinne Groleau. — Charles
 Farrell, Sr. — Mary Abbott. — Florence
 Abbott. — J. R. Rafferty. — Dr. J. Ken-
 ny. — Julia Fortier. — Rev. T. M. Dion-
 ne. — John O'Reilly. — Jane Markin. —
 Thomas Téwers. — Mary A. Tighe. —
 Pat. Desmond. — Jane Desmond. — Pat.
 Downey. — Elizabeth Rowan. — E.
 O'Sullivan. — Dr. Dan Murphy. — Fran-
 cis Beullec. — Ad. Marcotte. — Michael
 Coady. — M. FitzPatrick. — Mr. & Mrs
 J. Lavin. — Mrs. Hart. — Nora Keneally.
 — W. Charbonneau. — Michael Consi-
 dine. — Susan Considine. — Chs. Dube.
 — Th. Chenard. — C. Roy. — J. Roy. —
 M. Harrington. — Mr. & Mrs Thortslewe.
 — Mr. & Mrs. P. Foley. — Archy Young.

R. F. P.

— Thomas Hickey. — J. H. Wheelan. — Mr. & Mrs. O'Donaghue. — Cath. Thrope. — Anna Dee. — Marg. Flinton. — Mr. Forbes. — Mary Sullivan. — Mary Kyle. — Dæn. Black. — Dan. Amtin. — Cat. Ternead. — Mr. & Mrs. Mahonduy. — Marg. Walton. — Will. Breene. — Will. Hennessey. — Cat. Walsh. — John Hennessey. — Mich. Redmond. — Patrick Seery. — A. D. Croto. — Jos. Ledoux. — Catherine Nicholson. — Michael Oneall. — Augus McDonald. — John Gillis. — Jonathan McDonald. — Wm. Kelly. — Peter Kelly. — Eleanor Kelly. — Imm. Commo. — M. Munroe. Mr. & Mrs. Healy. — Owen Martin. — James Mulville. — Denis Harringham. — Mary Harringham. Denis Harrington. — Cath. Madden. — Michael Hurbey. — Jennie Doucett. — Ann. Brown. — Annie M. Chie. — Patrick Dillion. — Rev. Sister Mary. — John R. J. Phillips. — Cat. Sullivan. — Mary Daniels. — M. E. Daniels. — John Daniels. — Mary Ferry.

When a person offers an annual subscription in behalf of a departed soul, that soul thereby shares in the merits of fifty-two masses celebrated for our subscribers during the course of the year and a solemn service sung in the month of November for our benefactors and lay-auxiliaries of our various associations.

De Profundis



Only permanent sacraments.

All other sacraments are transient, and pass with the action by which they are effected ; but the Sacrament of the Altar is permanent, and sets before us the Incarnate Word as the Object of prolonged contemplation. St. Paul says that " God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, has shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." These words have a special fulfillment in the holy Sacrament. " We behold His glory," both as God and Man — His sanctity, justice, love, pity and long-suffering, as God ; His humility, generosity, patience compassion, as Man. He is the pattern of all perfection set before us, that by contemplation we may learn what the letter of no law can teach us—the perfections of the Sacred Heart ; that from it we may draw our motives as well as our measures of love to God and man ; and that by contemplating it we may be conformed to it, and by gazing on it we may grow into the same likeness.

Passing the Church.

Do we Catholics firmly believe in the real presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament ? No doubt we do, and we must, would we be the true followers of Christ ! Yet do we not oftentimes act as if the Lord had no abode in the tabernacle ? Oftentimes we pass by the church and never stop to enter just for one short moment, just to greet our Master, who waits for us, who calls to us, who here rests day and night alone, and it would seem forgotten. Would you pass by the home of some great be-

benefactor without even as much as replying to his call should he invite you in? Then why not at least stop one moment to greet your greatest benefactor, your Lord, your God, your all, who continually invites you to come to Him?

Few don'ts for Church-Goers

Don't talk in church — it shows a lack of faith and very bad breeding.

Don't chew gum in church — it's an indication of "ragger" habits and back-fence leaning.

Don't ignore the collection basket — it makes you look very cheap and ungenerous, whether you feel so or not.

Don't make only a half genuflection. If it is not worth while bending our knees to the floor in adoration to our Lord, it is hard to understand what brings us to Mass.

Don't come up to the altar rail after everybody has received Communion and the priest has returned to the altar. Such actions disclose a carelessness that cannot be explained.

Don't stay in the back seats when you can get one near the altar. When you go to see your neighbors you don't stand or sit at the door — you go in the best room. Why can't you treat our Lord with the same courtesy?

Don't say it's too hot to go to church during the summer months. It's not too hot for anything else, why should it be too hot to serve God?

The Catholic Father.

How fortunate is the Catholic family that has a father who knows his religion thoroughly and practices it faithfully! His reasonable piety is an edification for his children. He understands the doctrines of the faith and can give reasons for his belief. He supernaturalizes his life by living every day out of a divine motive and by the frequent reception of the Sacraments. He can say with the Apostle that it is not he that lives but Christ who lives in him.

The Church to him is a living fact, whose priests are to be revered, and whose regulations are to be observed.

He is an example for his sons. He goes to Mass every Sunday and holidays of obligation. He abstains from flesh meat on Friday. He fasts in Lent, on Ember days, and



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on the vigils of the great feasts. He goes to holy Communion weekly, or, at least, every month. He belongs to one or more Catholic societies. He has a pew in church. He gives alms to the poor and the fatherless. He stands up for his religion in the outside world and is respected for his fidelity to his convictions. He is not afraid of ridicule, or calumny, or opposition in the discharge of his religious duties. He may be rich or poor, but he prizes as the best of his possessions the gift of the faith and the grace of God. He prays daily for the favor of the Last Sacraments. He looks upon death tranquilly as the inevitable way appointed by our Father for us to enter into eternal life.

Such a man, intelligent and virtuous, is a blessing to his own home, a model for his neighbors and an unconscious benefactor of the community in which he lives.

Mass under difficulties.

A priest writing lately from Tonquin (Indo-China) to a friend at the Mission House at Paris says : —

“Thanks be to God, the number of neophytes is increasing in my district ; the seed is sprouting in thirteen villages. In order to help our people to progress in the practise of Christian virtues it is necessary for us to visit them, and to dwell among them.

“You know the country ; you know that in our travels we have only temporary lodgings, and the quarters are usually too limited to admit everything : — the altar, the material necessary for the celebration of the Holy Mass ; my bed and those of the catechists ; the luggage ; a place to cook, to teach catechism, and to receive visitors.”

“On the ground floor are the sheds for cattle, horses, pigs, hens, ducks, goats, etc. During the Holy Sacrifice, during catechism, not to speak of the night, the uproar is anything but respectable. The inhabitants of the house are scarcely more quiet. In the morning the mother calls the children, who are noisy enough, the odor of cooking is strong, the dogs tease the cats, the master of the house gives orders, and, in the midst of this hubbub, we must go to the altar. For the honor of our religion, a chapel is necessary, but it is impossible to do anything alone.”

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