



St. Andrew Apostle



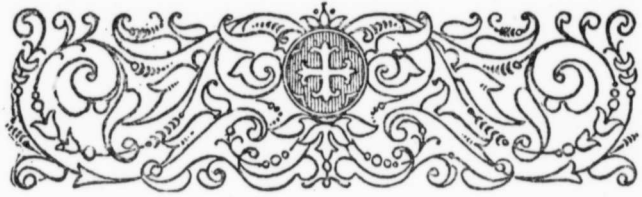
THREE WISHES.

An infant in its cradle slept.
 And in its sleep it smiled —
 And one by one three women knelt
 To kiss the fair-haired child ;
 And each thought of the days to be
 And breathed a prayer half silently.

One poured her love on many lives,
 But knew love's toil and care ;
 Its burdens oft had been to her
 A heavy weight to bear.
 She stooped and murmured lovingly :
 " Not hardened hands, dear child, for
 thee."

One had not known the burdened hands,
 But knew the empty heart ;
 At life's rich banquet she had sat,
 An unfed guest, apart.
 " Oh, not," she whispered, tenderly,
 " An empty heart, dear child, for thee."

And one was old ; she had known care,
 She had known loneliness ;
 She knew God leads us by no path
 His presence cannot bless.
 She smiled and murmured, trustfully,
 " God's will, God's will, dear child, for
 thee."



Holy Communion as a Means of Helping the Souls in Purgatory



DURING their earthly pilgrimage, our parents and friends, who have preceded us in eternity, had like us, and perhaps often with us, partaken of this divine banquet. The blessed bread which Jesus in His immense love, had given to them, as to us, was for them a pledge of life and immortality. This heavenly viaticum strengthened them in their journey from time to eternity, assuring them of victory in the last combat, and planting in their bodies the germ of immortality, divine flower whose roots are in the glorified body of the risen Lord ; and which will open in glorious blossom in each of the elect, on the last day.

This " Bread of Life, " which was the delight of many of these holy souls, is now beyond their ardent desires, their holy eagerness. This celestial Manna does not fall on the world of fire, they inhabit ; the eternal Communion is the only one they can hope for, and, oh ! with what holy impatience they long and wait for it. The most ardent burning desires of the saints, for whom the Eucharist was the passion of their lives, can give us but an imperfect idea of the vivacity of the ardour with which those poor exiles, sigh after the moment when they will be forever united to this Eucharistic God, who so often, during their earthly life showed them His sweetness and inundated their soul with His chaste delights.

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This Eucharistic table which those poor souls cannot approach, we may : The love of our divine Saviour invites us, entreats us to open to Him our hearts, to give Him entrance, that He may communicate to us His life, His strength, that He may fill us with His graces and consolations. In His infinite goodness He wishes we should make the souls of the faithful departed participants in the graces He sheds on us with such profusion ; and that we should offer Holy Communion as a powerful means of helping them.

It is true, Communion imparts personal graces, which cannot be transferred, either to the living or the dead. It is the nourishment of our soul, it sustains, fortifies and makes it advance in virtue, preserves and increases the life of grace, but, as food can only be profitable to those who eat, so, also Holy Communion can only produce all those effects in the communicant.

Communion produces other effects, not less important.

It confers actual graces necessary to do good and avoid evil, effaces venial sin, remits the punishment, or part of the temporal punishment due to sin ; those are personal graces and cannot be transferred ; neither can sanctifying grace, it being a personal gift, residing in the soul which has merited it, and to whom it is granted. Likewise special lights and pious inspirations, which are called actual graces, God giving them specially to us, as the fruit of Holy Communion, and as the perfection of sanctifying grace which that Communion has strengthened and increased in us.

The third effect, which is the remission of venial sin, cannot be applied to the souls in purgatory, because those souls are sinless ; neither can the remission of the temporal punishment due to sin, which is also one of the personal effects of Holy Communion. But there is another view of Holy Communion which can be profitable for, and transferred to the souls in purgatory : it is Communion considered in regard to the communicant, in that view, it is a truly satisfactory work ; which is easy to prove.

Theologians hold two opinions of satisfaction. Some say that the goodness of the work or action, is sufficient to render it satisfactory, even though it be easy to accom-



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plish ; otherwise, all the actions which the Blessed Virgin and the Saints performed with such consolation and peace, would not have been satisfactory, neither would the exercise of charity, nor alms giving which fills the soul with heavenly joy, from whence we conclude that even though Holy Communion is the sweetest action we can perform, it is nevertheless a truly satisfactory one.

Other Theologians say the goodness of the work or action is the principle of merit, and its difficulty the principle of satisfaction ; according to their theory, the more holy an action is the more meritorious it is ; the more difficult it is, the more satisfactory it is : but however holy or high an action may be, it is devoid of satisfactory merit if accomplished without difficulty. Those two opinions prove clearly what I wish to illustrate. If the goodness of an action suffices to render it satisfactory ; then, Communion is essentially so, it being the most perfect, the most holy, the most excellent of all actions.

In the second argument, I repeat, Communion is satisfactory, not considered alone in its reception, which is neither difficult nor painful ; but in the actions which precede, accompany and follow it, and by the difficulties which they present making of Communion a truly satisfactory action : who will not admit the difficulty of entering into self and sounding the hidden depths of one's conscience ? Who will not admit the difficulty of bringing to this great action, all the necessary dispositions. Hence holy communion becomes a satisfactory action, which we can offer for those souls.

Besides, when we have the happiness of communicating we are so intimately united to Jesus, that we can truly say with " the Apostle of nations, " I no longer live, but Jesus-Christ lives in me. " Yes, our Lord takes as it were our life, to live in us ; our actions to give them the merit of His, by union with Him. After Communion, our prayers, our thanksgivings are those of our Lord Himself. It is He who prays in us... who asks in us, our sufferings are the fulfilment the continuation of those of His passion, since we are His living members ; our love for God, His love. It is then Jesus increases in our souls the sacred fire which He came to bring on earth, and with which He wishes to see us inflamed. After Holy Communion the

Eternal Father regards us with complacency ; we are pure and beautiful in His eyes, our miseries hidden by the merits of His Well-Beloved Son ; our prayers are sure of being answered, how could God reject a prayer offered by the voice of His Son... Yes, Jesus is one with us... He speaks in us, we speak in Him. He prays in us, we pray through Him. His Father hears Him through our lips, and hearkens to us through His merits.

It is not possible that the heart of God could remain insensible to humble prayers spoken by tongues still reddened by the Blood of Jesus-Christ ; nor that He would not grant the souls for whom they pray, mercy through that same precious blood.

One reason why we should receive Holy Communion frequently, for the souls in purgatory, is, that Communion increases sanctifying grace rendering us more agreeable to God, and giving more merit in His sight to all the works we perform for those souls. Do not refuse to employ a means so efficacious, and so easy of helping those poor souls and obtaining their deliverance. When Jesus abides in us by His Eucharist, we participate in His power, and by our prayers we can open the door of purgatory that the souls who suffer there may be released ; open heaven to give them the happiness and glory thereof.

After Holy Communion, let us offer God a gift surpassing the favor we ask. Offer Him, His Well-Beloved Son.. He is ours.. He has given Himself to us, let us use our treasure in behalf of the poor souls who are dear to us, offer Jesus to His Father for their ransom, the price of their deliverance saying to Him in all confidence, " My God, in begging of Thee to hasten the eternal happiness of my father, my mother, my child, my friend, I ask a great grace ; but in offering Thee, Thy Son Jesus-Christ, I offer Thee infinitely more than I ask. I do not ask Thee, Lord, to forget the rights of Thy justice, since He whom I offer, has safe-guarded them in becoming Himself the victim for our sins. In giving Himself to me in Holy Communion, He has given me His merits, all His Blood. I offer Him to Thee with all His gifts, to obtain the deliverance of those suffering souls, even dearer to Him, than to me... " Communicate frequently for those poor souls so dear to us, and thus hasten the hour

of their eternal Communion, when they will be admitted, to contemplate, in His glory, Jesus, whom we contemplate here below by the light of faith, this Jesus, who after being for us, in His Sacrament, the consolation of our exile, will be one day, we hope, our eternal happiness in heaven.



An Alms

Do not say " I would love to give an alms but am too poor. "

Yes, we may be poor but still there is an alms each one of us can give — the *alms of happiness*. I found a few thoughts on this subject the other day in *Golden Sands*, — which I will quote for our little readers :

" What sweeter enjoyment than to confer a little happiness on those who are near us ? What occupation more amiable or easier than to endeavor to make those around us happy ? Each one of us has in the depths of his heart something like a *provision* of happiness we reserve. We cannot always know how to make use of it ourselves, but we can give it *to others* and by such an alms giving with pure intentions *how easily* we are saved. Has not God promised to render unto us all that we do for others ?

The *little coin of happiness* which even the poorest possesses and with which we can incessantly give alms, is graciousness in receiving a request, a visit, an annoyance sweetly borne. It is the *habitual smile* which naturally escapes from the lips, and sympathetically produces a smile on the lips of others. It is a *service* graciously rendered, sometimes simply asked. It is a *sincere acknowledgment* of a favor in simple words. It is a word of *approbation* given in an affectionate tone to one who has labored with us or for us. Oh ! it is so very little all this. Do not refuse it. God will return it to you. "



Hymn of Reparation

UPON the altar night and day
 The Heart of Jesus lies,
 And night and day throughout the world,
 Do men Its claims despise ;
 For by their cold ungrateful lives;
 They pierce It through and through,
 And by the scourges of their crimes
 Its agonies renew.
 Oh ! draw us close to Thee, sweet Lord !
 And burning zeal impart,
 To now repair by praise and prayer
 The wrongs of Thy dear Heart !
 Beneath a crown of cruel thorns,
 Thy Heart is all on fire ;
 And brightly shines from out its flames
 The cross of Thy desire.
 If pure and true must be the soul
 That fain would hide in Thee, —
 Oh ! let Thy royal love supply
 For all our misery !
 Then draw us close to Thee, sweet Lord !
 And burning zeal impart,
 To now repair by praise and prayer
 The wrongs of Thy dear Heart !
 We offer Thee our humble gifts
 (For they are poor and small)
 Our hearts, our souls, our little lives,
 Dear Heart ! we give Thee all !
 And joyous victims we shall be,
 Consumed before Thy throne,
 If dead to sin, if dead to self
 We live to Thee alone !
 Then draw us closer still to Thee
 Oh ! Sacred Heart divine.
 In joy or grief, in life and death,
 Our hearts are ever Thine !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



An Echo from Purgatory

THE month of November, recalling more vividly our dear departed should also recall, the Divine Guest, so often forgotten in our Tabernacle. It is to Him we pray. It is at His sacrifice we assist. It is He whom we receive in order that He may transmit, to those loved ones, who suffer in expiatory flames, awaiting the hour of their deliverance ; our loving petitions on their behalf. The God of the Eucharist. The Divine Messenger who transmits our petitions, is also the all-powerfull Mediator who hears our prayers and renders them meritorious.

Let us then look at Purgatory through the Eucharist. Let us honor this adorable Sacrament, so that its superabundance of grace, light and consolation may descend on this sojourn of expiation.

A visit to the Blessed Sacrament piously made, a Mass devoutly heard, a fervent Communion, are precious helps to those poor souls.

From the depths of their suffering prison they cry to us ; " You possess Him whom we loved on earth, oh ! ask Him, to pardon our faults, our frailties, to take us home. We have seen Him in His Divine Majesty, as He judged us, you can appease that majesty for us, and render Him propitious to us. From the altar let His blood flow on us, to purify, cleanse and deliver us. "

He who has ravished our souls with His celestial beauty, and to whom our hearts incessently tend ; you can embrace Him, give Him welcome in your hearts... Oh ! then remember us, and give us a share in the sweet effusions of the Divine Banquet. "

" Oh ! pray for us, Receive Holy Communion for us.. In heaven we will repay your devotedness a hundred-fold. "

Let us listen to the supplications of our dear departed, during this month multiply our adorations, our masses, our communions, our visits to the Blessed Sacrament. We will find all registered for us in heaven. " And as we do unto others, so shall it be done unto us. "

O deplorable custom ! O presumptuous negligence ! It is then in vain the adorable Sacrifice is daily offered on our altars ! In vain we stand at the altar to distribute the " Bread of Life " ! No one approaches to receive. What ! you are among those who could communicate daily, and your culpable negligence causes you no uneasiness. Reflect, I beg of you.... Tell me, what would you think of a guest invited to a banquet and refusing to eat ? Would he not seriously offend his host.

St John Chrysostome.



An Unexpected Retort

THE illustrious Father Lacordaire was dining one day at a hotel in a provincial City. Not far from him sat a commercial traveller, a self-satisfied person who was entirely lacking in the reserve characteristic of culture. It was Friday, a fast day, and the talkative man found the occasion a good one to show the public how superior he was to anything that could be termed old prejudices. After several sarcastic remarks, more or less witty, against fasts, superstitions, and so on, noticing that the priest partook of the scanty fare without a word, he seemed to be annoyed at the slight effect produced by his remarks. Finally he addressed the reverend gentleman as he passed an omelette, the greater part of which he had himself appropriated.

" It is a first principle with me, sir," he said, " to believe nothing I can't understand. Isn't that right. "

" Sir," answered Father Lacordaire courteously, helping himself to the remains of the omelette, " do you understand how heat, which melts iron and lead, hardens these eggs ? "

" Upon my word, I don't " said the commercial traveller, quite taken aback by the unexpected question.

" Neither do I," observed the priest pleasantly. " But I am glad, to see that your lack of comprehension does not prevent you from believing in omelettes. "

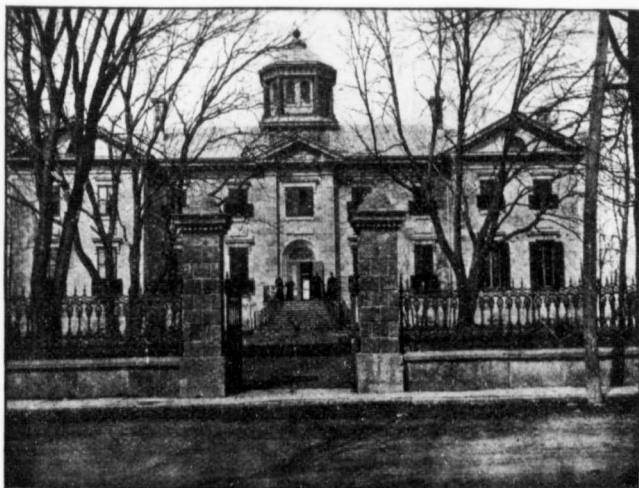




The Juniorate of the Blessed Sacrament

LAST month, we gave readers of the *Sentinel*, a short notice on the Juniorate of the Blessed Sacrament, situated at Terrebonne in the Province of Quebec. Today, we think they will be interested in the description of the house where this noble work is carried on.

It was built about fifty years ago. It belonged to the



Juniorate, front view and main entrance

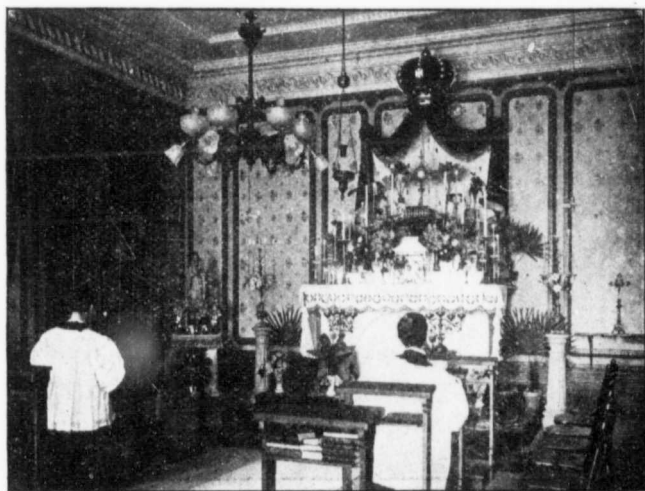
“Seigniory” of the country, who in planing its construction intended it for a comfortable roomy home; but through some mistake of the architect, who instead of building according to his original plan, exaggerated it, so, that when the building was finished; it was a large

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castle, situated in the centre of the parish. Providence had doubtless His own end in view in allowing this exaggeration of the original plan, and was apparently preparing for His future children a well-equipped educational establishment.

Since the first of September, twenty-five children are domiciled there. They are divided into three classes; in the elementary, French is taught, in the other two, Latin and the regular college course.

On registering as pupils, the children promise, if it be God's will, to enter, later on, the Novitiate of the Con-



THE CHAPEL.

gregation parents giving a written promise to leave their children at liberty to follow their vocation.

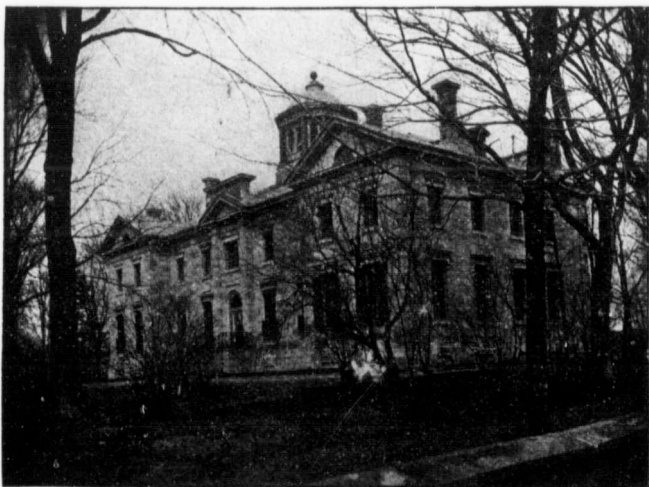
They are thus destined to become priests of the order of the Blessed Sacrament, and the education they receive, at the Juniorate, teaches them to love the life of adoration; which will one day be theirs.

The Juniorate is not a college, neither is it a seminary. The pupils do not enter merely to take a commercial or classical course, but to have the spirit of the Congregation instilled into their youthful hearts and lives, and to

be educated and trained in the science of love and devotion to Eucharist work.

Children are treated as at home. They look upon their companions as brothers, loving and respecting each other. They are very happy in this home where they must spend at least four uninterrupted years, broken only by a few weeks vacation each year.

The situation is all that could be desired from a sanitary point, surrounded by beautiful country scenery, and pure fresh air, easy of access to, and of communication with Montreal.



Juniorate, view from the East.

The chapel has been decorated with a beautiful royal mantle which overhangs the altar, making this little country chapel resemble our chapels of adoration.

The garret has been transformed into a large, airy, well lighted dormitory.

All the necessary alterations and fixtures are complete, and now it remains to support and carry on the good work, and especially, to pray that the vocations which we cultivate be worthy of the Master whom we all wish to serve in love and humility.





Efficacy of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Offered for the Souls in Purgatory

IN the monastery of Clairvaux, presided over by Saint Bernard, dwelt a monk, lax in the observance of his rule, no lover of solitude. It is not astonishing that among so many golden lives, one should be encountered which shone with less brilliancy... This monk died. His funeral rites were conducted with the customary solemnities. The monks were assembled round his bier chanting psalms and prayers, when one of the aged monks, renowned for his great sanctity, thought he saw a number of devils rejoicing and saying "At last! from this miserable valley (meaning Clairvaux) we have snatched one soul, the first, but it shall be ours."

The following night in a dream the old monk saw the deceased, who appeared to him in awful distress, dejected sad and weeping bitterly. "Yesterday, you saw my anguish," said he, "and the joy of the demons; behold now the punishment to which I am condemned by divine Justice for the sins which I had not sufficiently expiated while on earth." He conducted the monk to a deep wide well, saying, "see where the demons in their rage throw me continually; they draw me out, only to replunge me, without a moment's rest." The monk was filled with sadness at this revelation, which he had cause to believe, was more than a dream. At day-break he informed Saint Bernard of what he had seen and heard, the Saint had had a similar revelation, and had spent part of the night sorrowing over the faults which had offended God so greatly, and deserved such severe punishment. As early as possible, Saint Bernard assembled the community, and publicly related what God had permitted the departed

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monk to reveal concerning his suffering state ; the holy abbot profited by the occasion to remind all how important it was to be faithful, even to scrupulosity, in small things, and to guard against the snares employed by the devil, principally against the servants of God living in community. He concluded by asking fervent, ardent prayers, with fasts and discipline ; but especially counseled the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to appease the divine Anger, and obtain mercy for the poor suffering monk...

A few days afterwards, the vision reappeared to the old monk... but wonderfully changed, as it were surrounded with brightness, and full of happiness and joy. " I am very happy," said he, thanks to divine mercy, and the charitable prayers of my confreres," On being asked which work of expiation had procured him most relief he took the old monk by the hand, and led him to the chapel where Mass was being celebrated, " behold the arms which have delivered me, the price of my ransom, the salutary Host which effaces the sins of the world." To such arms to such a power, nothing resists, except, perhaps the hardened heart buried in the depths of its guilt.

The second apparition, with its joyful results, was communicated to the monks, and served to increase if possible, their devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

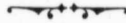




The Eucharist is paradise. The delicious garden where Jesus converses with the faithful soul. If I were offered terrestrial paradise, in exchange for my actual condition, I would refuse. Yes despite my miseries, I would refuse, in order to keep the Eucharist.

F. EYMARD.

If your sins are not so as to deserve excommunication, that is to say, if they are not mortal, or if mortal, if you have confessed them ; do not refrain from the daily remedy which is the " Body of the Lord."

ST. AUGUSTIN.





SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament



I. — Adoration.

Christian Virtues : — Charity.

The virtue of love of God exacts that Our Lord be the supreme object of our heart's tenderness and love ; and that all affection be subordinate to this divine object. The Eucharist being our God, Jésus Christ, the Man-God showing Himself more loving and amiable, naturally, all the devotedness and love of our hearts should center round it.

1. Let us adore in the Sacred Host, God, really and substantially present : God, who has given us this first and greatest commandment : "Thou shalt love me above all, me, Thy Lord and thy God." This command is absolute, without restriction, everywhere and always God should be loved. It has pleased this God of love and charity, to draw near to man whose love He seeks : The Tabernacle is His home. What conclusion must we draw ? if not, that we must love this God of the Tabernacle with all our mind, with all our heart, with all our strength.

2. Let us adore in the Eucharist, Jesus Christ, the adorable object of His Father's complacency, because in Him resides the Divinity, and which on that account should be the object, of the love and complacency of our hearts. Since the coming of Emanuel, "God with us," the love of man for God, has taken, as it were a new direction ; instead of a slow and painful flight towards the inaccessible heights of the Divinity, he has concentrated all on this Man-God, present in the Tabernacle : on this living and substantial God, who is Jesus Christ, residing among us ; and this universal and constant love of man for Jesus, is the most admirable proof of His Divinity. O loving Saviour ! Be always loved ! Be loved everywhere ; but especially in this sacrament of goodness and mercy, which holds Thee present in all ages, until the end of time.



We love Thee Jesus, on account of the beauty of Thy Divinity, Thy perfections, and the love Thou bearest us. In the sacrament where Thou dost manifest Thyself more completely, where Thou dost show us more love, there also, our hearts seek Thee more eagerly, love Thee more ardently. O Eucharistic Veils! faith penetrates your thickness, and discerns under your humble appearances a God, greater and more beautiful than in Creation or Calvary. Thy perfections ravish my soul O Jesus! captivate my intelligence, and fill my heart with a devouring fire, which becomes an immense love, subjugating all by its power. O Eucharist! O centre of my love! I adore Thee.

II. — Thanksgiving

1. Let us thank our Lord Jesus Christ for having rendered so easy, and as it were so natural, this supernatural, virtue of charity, in giving it, in the Eucharist, an object so amiable, so attractive, so close to us, so easy of access, and by its all powerful magnetism drawing our hearts beneath Its benign influence.

2. Our charity might hesitate in addressing, the powerful and majestic God, who governs the world, commands the waters, makes His thunder resound; our senses might, in very sympathy, instinctively recoil from loving and attaching themselves to the crucified Saviour, but what more attractive, what more loveable, than the radiant Host, shining in the sun of the Monstrance, or hidden in the sweet mystery of the Tabernacle; what heart could withstand Its attractions? What heart could fear Its love and tenderness?

3. This sweet Tabernacle, this brilliant Monstrance are there, close to us, a few steps from where we are kneeling: — Jesus, it is good to be so near Thee, to feel Thy loving and merciful presence so close — but, where my heart is mute, loving thanksgiving swaying its inmost chord, is, the moment, when having received Thee in Holy communion, I feel Thy burning heart on mine: then it is easy to love Thee, to cherish Thee, to swear Thee allegiance, to give Thee my heart, that Thou mayst establish Thy reign therein for ever and ever.

It is not only holy and perfect souls, privileged souls, who are admitted to see so closely, to feel so intensely, Jesus, the amiable object of their love, but all, even little

children in whom grace is not yet developed, as well as sinners, in whom sin has killed that grace. However weak and imperfect the flame of love is in a soul, that soul is invited to approach and unite its feeble love, to the burning fire which consumes the heart of Jesus, drawing from thence "Fountains of living waters."

4. Another quality of this Eucharistic centre of charity, is, that it does not remain insensible and immovable awaiting our homages ; but, like an ardent lover, solicits our hearts, seizes them, captivates them, and finally subjugates them in an invincible manner to Its powerful attractions. O Eucharist ! divine object of Charity, with which I should be consumed, my heart is touched with all Thou hast done to gain my love, in gratitude, I will love Thee forever, love Thee alone.

III. - Reparation

Sin being hatred of God in action, it is not astonishing it should attack this divine object, the Eucharist, wherever it encounters it, venting all its wrath against the Sacrament, which contains God present among us. But the goodness, the amiability, the attractions of the " God of the Host," the advantages which He offers us, all those things which should increase our love for Him, also, considerably increase the malice of sin.

1. He is there present : Are there not rules to be observed even in the fury of hatred ? Who would dare look his enemy in the face, and say all the evil he thinks of him, all the ill he wishes him. The sinner who makes the Eucharist the object of his hatred, has not the prudence to hide his wrath, he lets escape in the presence of His God, the unclean mass of corruption and anger concealed in his heart.

2. The admirable traits under which the adorable object of our love manifests Himself gives to sin a more heidious ingratitude. A friend should always receive kindly welcome, especially if he comes to us smiling and full of meekness. Every sin, even the most secret is committed before the Eucharist, whose presence extends every where, and in attacking this God of love, sin assumes this character of ingratitude, which is an abomination before God and man.

3. Sin is a slight an injustice, on account of the powerful attractions which this Divine object of our chari-

ty, possesses for our souls. Refusing to love the Eucharist, is ingratitude ; but resisting the sweet and salutary influence by which it draws our hearts from self to Jesus, is odious contempt.

4. To gain our love, Jesus, in the Eucharist, offers us a thousand precious advantages... peace, joy, happiness, numberless spiritual and temporal favors here below ; eternal reward in heaven. Sinner ! What folly blinds you preventing you seeing the light, what cloud darkens your intelligence preventing you realizing the value of the offered gifts ? In refusing to love the Eucharist, you are encompassing your own ruin and unhappiness in this life ; and sowing to reap in eternity, burning remorse.

IV. — Prayer

Let us ask of our Lord, Jesus Christ, in the Eucharist the grace, that He may be the supreme object of our charity. Let us love Jesus in the Eucharist, it is the principal means of rendering our charity more ardent, more active and more constant.

1. More ardent — Our hearts seek intimacy in order to love. We must see, hear, and enjoy the companionship of the beloved. God loved from the heights of heaven, will never have, for us, here below, the charm and attraction which surround His Eucharistic presence : never will we feel more glowing ardent love for Him, than at the foot of the Tabernacle, the home of His earthly love.

2. More active — Love's nutriment is devotion and self-sacrifice. The Eucharist is giving us God to love, gives Him to us for personal service and thus makes our love more active, more generous more real.

3. More constant — In loving the Eucharist our love will be more constant. Heaven is very high, and our eyes very weak to keep them constantly and firmly fixed there ; but, this same loving look which we should always have on God, how it rests without effort and with delight on the Tabernacle ; so sweet to contemplate, so captivating and restful to sense, so easy of access, so well-fashioned to win our hearts, and to create, strengthen and develop love in them.



A PRAYER

Along a path, to-day all fair,
To-morrow rough and shadowy,
I go, with flowers or thorns to wear,
My Father ! go with me.

When sun and roses deck my way,
And life is full of melody,
Lest I should seek but these and stray,
My Father ! be with me.

And when the storms come chill and fleet,
While pitfalls, that I may not see,
Lurk for my weary, stumbling feet,
My Father ! be with me.

Perchance within the untried years,
My path may cross Gethsemane :
There, 'mid the anguish and the tears,
My Father ! be with me.

Oh ! when this winding way shall cease,
Beside the shore of Death's dark sea,
Bear me to never-ending peace,
With Thee, my God ! with Thee.

LUCY G. KELLEY.





I Receive Communion Every Morning

ABOUT the year 1880, an epidemic of smallpox broke out in Prince Edward Island, from which several neighbouring parishes suffered. A temporary hospital was hastily improvised, and voluntary workers solicited to nurse the unfortunate victims.

Dr. Jenkins was the first to offer his services. He was a skilful physician and though a protestant devoted heart and soul to his work ; acknowledging, years after, when the light of grace entered his life, that, he had then offered his services more through ambition, a desire to make himself known, and youthful activity seeking an outlet, than through any higher, or more supernatural motive.

A number of Sisters of the Congregation acted as nurses in the hospital over which the Doctor presided. In daily contact with the Sisters, he saw and admired them at their noble work : dressing the repulsive sores, ever gentle, kind, and untiring in their efforts to give comfort and relief to the poor sufferers ; acting under the most trying circumstances, in the most difficult cases with true motherly sympathy and love. His admiration and praise was enthusiastic and sincere, yet, in all, he judged the Sister's motives by his own, and thought them to be a mixture of ambition and natural activity ; not so the King for whom they sacrificed themselves. In His sight their motives were as pure as their beautiful unselfish lives. The Doctor took particular interest in watching Sister Rosalie, an humble lay sister, whose work consisted in scrubbing, sweeping, etc ; she was always cheerful and obliging and her menial work always perfectly done ; she puzzled him sorely. It seemed to him no purely natural motive could render her work pleasing or agreeable, and

certainly no fame or glory could be derived from it ; so, one day, driven by curiosity, he asked her, what motive actuated her daily life, she replied briefly, " I receive Holy Communion every morning ".... The Doctor was astonished at the answer. A few months after he asked to be instructed in the Catholic religion, and he is now a devoted lover of the Blessed Sacrament, and a fervent follower of the Eucharistic King.

This incident was related by one of the Sisters, who was an eye-witness of the fact.



Which Loved Best ?

LOVE you, mother," said little John ;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

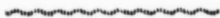
" I love you mother," said rosy Nell ;
" I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

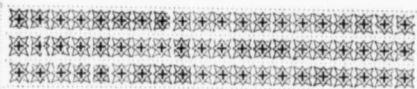
" I love you, mother," said little Fan ;
" To-day I'll help you all I can ;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep ! "
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room ;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

" I love you, mother," again they said —
Three little children going to bed.
Now, do you think that the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best ?

ANON.





WAITING

Lo ! waiting for Jesus !
 Oh Love ! dost Thou see
 Thy poor lonely child
 Longing, yearning for Thee ?
 All night I've been watching —
 My angel and I —
 Oh ! come, gentle Jesus,
 For daylight is nigh !

Oh ! come, my heart's treasure !
 Come quickly, I pray !
 Sweet Lord, art Thou now,
 Even now, on Thy way
 Clasped close to the heart
 Of Thy priest ? Love Divine !
 I, too, long to clasp Thee
 Still closer to mine.

The morning has dawned !
 Spirit-hosts gather round,
 Their wings softly folded
 Are bowed to the ground
 Awaiting Thy coming —
 Ah, angels so bright !
 Have you, like poor Mary,
 Been waiting all night ?

And do you not wonder
That Jesus should come
To one *so* unworthy !
To seek for a home ? —
But oh, when His own
Tender pity you see,
You too will have pity
For little blind me.

Unworthy ! unworthy !
Yet shall I not hear
My dear Master whisper :
“ 'Tis I, do not fear ! ”
I've labored all night
On temptation's dark sea,
But the clefts of the Rock
My safe harbor shall be.

He comes ! (hush my soul !)
With His love and His grace ;
The breath of His peace
Stealeth over the place ;
He comes, my own God !
To His child once again,
He comes ! and forgotten
Are sorrow and pain.





In this Sacrament Sweet Jesus

In this Sa - cra - ment, sweet Je - sus, Thou dost give Thy Flesh and

Blood, With Thy soul and God head al so,

As our own most precious food. . . . As our own most precious food.

Yes, dear Jesus, I believe it,
 And Thy presence I adore ;
 And with all my heart I love Thee,
 May I love Thee more and more.

Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy,
 Give Thy Flesh and Blood to me :
 Comme to me, O dearest Jesus,
 Come, my soul's true life to be.

Come, that I may live forever,
 Thou in me and I in Thee ;
 Living thus I shall not perish,
 But shall live eternally.



A Picture of the Sacred Heart

YES, I'll manage it. It's quite in my line ; I'll manage it," with a nod of the close-cropped little head.

Father Esdail looked with some amusement, and no little pity — if she had only known it — at the trim, boyish — looking little Squires of the country English parish where a " Roman Mission " had just been " set up in opposition to the Establishment."

" Yes, I see, I quite understand ; it's a pity you should wait for on uncertainty. Let me see, three feet by three and a half. Thank you, that's it. I'll manage it ; its quite in my line, you know ! "

But what couldn't and what didn't Miss Harriet Hardness of the Park manage. Yes, there is no doubt about it she construed the verb to manage in every tense and every sense.

She managed to pray well ; to sing very well to talk three or four languages, as few Englishwomen can, and to paint well.

And what was this to be she asked ? as they stood opposite the vacant place that corresponded with our Lady's altar on the other side. " Oh, the Sacred Heart ; and how was it to be decorated ? "

Father Esdail hoped an artist friend would give them a painting for that.

" Herbert, was it ? " Herbert was a Catholic artist. " No, a Belgian," the Father said, " and," with a smile, " No ? what a pity ! " Then Miss Harry stood back a few steps, examined critically, pondered a moment, then cheerfully volunteered to do the painting herself. " I'll

manage it ; yes, I'll manage it. It's quite in my line you know, and Miss Harry had taken rough measurements before the Father could speak or interfere. " No, no ; it will be a great pleasure, no trouble at all, I assure you." Father Esdail vainly tried to put in a word, So Miss Harry was left to her work.

" Know your subject, love it," the great artist who was her friend had once said. Miss Harry was nothing if not honest ; if she did this picture for the chapel it should be will done.

Miss Harry got up and looked at her bare canvas. She was not in sympathy with her work to-day, she told herself. She would go to Father Esdail first thing in the morning, and borrow every book he had on the subject.

Miss Harry came back with a pile of books next day. " All you can spare me. I like to be en rapport with my work."

She began with a French life of the Blessed Marguerite Mary. She read it all morning before the empty canvas ; she read it in the pony-carriage in the afternoon, she read bits to her mother at afternoon tea, she read it all evening ; read it till light broke through the shutters and curtains, and it was finished.

Then she leaned back in her arm-chair, to think.

Presently she jumped up, the " idea " had come at last : she opened her door quietly, and stole across the passage to the unshuttered studio.

Rapidly, strongly, she sketched her " idea " in ; it would do ! She drew a long breath. — It would do ! Father Esdail would be pleased !

Suddenly a change came over the self-satisfied young face. " Lord, I am not worthy to touch even the hem of Thy garment." Was it her Guardian Angel who whispered those words in Miss Harry's ears just then, and made her almost start. For the first time, perhaps, in all her spoilt young life, Harry Hardness covering her face with her hands made an act of humility...

" No, Father, I am ashamed of myself for even thinking I could undertake such a subject. I am quite unfit in every way." You must forgive me, and let me off my promise."

" And if I refuse ? " Was Father Esdail in earnest ?

Harry looked up. "Yes," the priest said, smiling at the questioning eyes "you are quite right, my child, I am not going to let you off ! you will finish this picture for — God."

So Miss Harry went home to work very soberly and diligently at her big canvas.

"I can only try and do my best," she answered quite humbly, when asked how her picture was getting on.

Miss Harry was changed ! but there are other lessons besides the dawnings of humility to be learned in the school she had entered as pupil. Humility is a good planting ground for the faith, who will deny it ! And faith leads, straight as it can go, to the foot of the Cross ; and to please God, a deeper and truer humility still, and to the love that the Sacred Heart never fails to kindle in these poor mortal hearts that are His clients.

Miss Harry, working diligently at her picture day by day, "pondered all these things in her heart."

Perhaps, never in her life had gentle quiet Mrs. Hardness been so happy as the day Harry, kneeling at her feet, put her arms round her, whispered a confession of all her pride and waywardness and selfishness, and a petition for forgiveness. It was almost like having her a baby again to feel the caressing hands and the soft young cheek against her own. "Please God, Mother, I shall be a better daughter," and then after a little pause she added "Mother, darling, you have guessed ? I must see Fa'her Esdail. And Mrs. Hardness with her little sigh said," yes darling "she never would interfere with her child's conscience. Catholics who hear Miss Hardness's name sometimes ask : "Is that the Miss Hardness who painted that wonderful picture of the Sacred Heart at X — ? For the grain of mustard seed has grown, and the mission is a well-known one nowadays.

ENGLISH MESSENGER.





How my boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
 That mothers so often tell,
 With accents of infinite sadness,
 Like the tones of a funeral bell ;
 But I never thought, once, when I heard it,
 I should learn all its meaning myself ;
 I thought he'd be true to his mother,
 I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion !
 Alas for his youthful pride !
 Alas ! who are safe when danger
 Is open on every side ?
 Oh ! can nothing destroy this great evil ?
 No bar in its pathway be thrown
 To save from the terrible maelstrom
 The thousands of boys going down ?

It was not on the field of battle,
 It was not with the ship at sea,
 But a fate far worse than either
 That stole him away from me.
 'Twas death in the tempting dram
 That the reason and senses drown ;
 He drank the alluring poison,
 And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
 To the depths of disgrace and sin ;
 Down to a worthless being,
 From the hope of what might have been.
 For the brand of a beast besotted
 He bartered his manhood's crown ;
 Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
 My poor, weak boy went down.



It is easy and sweet to entertain oneself with God

IF it be a great mistake, to be full of diffidence when conversing with God ; it would be a still greater error to think that to converse with God is tedious and bitter. No, it is not so. Ask those who really love Him, and they will tell you, that in all the pains and trials of life, they can nowhere find greater or more solid consolation than in conversing lovingly with God.

This does not require of you a continual application of the mind, so as to neglect your employments, and omit your recreations. No nothing more is required than without relinquishing your occupations, you act towards God as you do on certain occasions towards those who love you, and whom you love.

Your God is always nigh to you, even within you : In Him we live, and move, and be. There is no need to wait at the door when we wish to speak to Him : on the contrary, He delights in our treating Him with confidence. Speak to Him of your affairs, of your plans, of your pains, of your fears and of whatever concerns you. Do so, above all, as I have said, with confidence, with an open heart ; because God does not usually speak to the soul that does not speak to Him ; since, not being accustomed to treat with Him, she will hardly understand His voice when He speaks to her. And of this our Lord complains : " Our sister is little... what shall we do to our sister in the day when she is to be spoken to ? Cant. 8. 8. God will have us regard Him as our Lord, almighty and most terrible when we despise His grace ; but on the contrary, when we love Him, He wishes that we treat with Him as with a most loving friend, and that we converse with Him frequently, in a familiar manner, and without restraint.

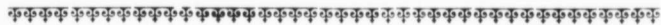
God by His immensity is everywhere ; but there are two places in which more especially He takes up His

abode, one is heaven, where He is present by His glory, which He communicates to the blessed ; the other is on the earth, it is within the humble soul that loves Him : He dwelleth in the high and holy place, and with a contrite and humble spirit.

Friends in this world have their hours to converse together, and their hours when they are separated ; but between God and you, if you wish it there need never be any separation : Thou shalt rest, and thy sleep shall be sweet... for the Lord is at thy side. Prov. 3. You may sleep, and God will place Himself at your side, and will watch continually by you. He remains there ever thinking of you in order that when you awake in the night, He may speak to you by His holy inspirations, and receive from you some act of love, of oblation, or of gratitude, thus keep up with you, even in the hours of rest, His lovely and sweet conversation. And sometimes even while you sleep, He will speak to you, and will make His voice heard, in order that when you awake you may obey it : I will speak to him in a dream ; 12. 6.

He is with you in the morning, to hear from you some word of love and confidence, to be the recipient of your first thoughts, and of all actions which you propose to perform during the day in order to please Him, as also all the pains which you offer willingly to undergo for His love and glory. But as He fails not to present Himself to you the moment you awake, do not, on you part, fail to, at once, turn your regard lovingly towards Him, and to rejoice at hearing from that He is not at a distance from you, as He was when you were in sin, but that He loves you and desires to be loved by you, intimating to you at the same moment His precept of love : Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart.

REV. J. MAGINER, C. SS. R.



We can define the Eucharist : Jesus uniting man with God.

F. EYMARD.



Feast of St. Michael in Montreal's Cenacle

Religious Profession and Vesture.

THE feast of Saint Michael is always solemnly celebrated here ; the reason being that the Archangel was the first, the most courageous witness of the Incarnation, he, knowing that God would one day become man, bowed before him, to that man, proclaiming Him true God. We also, Religious of the Most Holy Sacrament, and you dear members of the Arch-Confraternity of Adoration, proclaim that the Eucharistic Christ, is true God ; our respectful bearing in His presence, our language, all our lives should assert this belief of our souls.

The professed Priest, that is to say, he who has made a vow to serve Him in Adoration, is the true witness to Jesus in the Eucharist.

Do you promise to devote yourself, your life, and all your possessions to His glory and love ?...

Do you promise to extend Eucharistic worship in as far as lies in your power ?...

Do you promise to observe obedience, poverty and chastity in imitation of the Eucharistic virtues of Jesus Christ ?... Such is the substance of the questions asked by the celebrant at the ceremony of the first vows given to five young professed members, and to one pronouncing his perpetual vows. Many renewed their annual vows.

The greater number were from the diocese of Quebec and Sherbrook, the others from Massachusetts and Montreal. It was truly, Catholic Canada's oblation to the Eucharistic King.

The altar was beautifully decorated, and brilliantly illuminated, Jesus had descended from His habitual throne, and deigned to remain nearer to us, in our midst as of old ; and before the Sacred Host thus exposed the future members of the Congregation advanced successively, promising fidelity, and receiving on their breast the white Ostensorium, their precious badge of royal service ; the choir singing with heart-felt emotion " How sweet and pleasant for brothers to live together in unity " The preacher in a few well chosen words, had, at the beginning of the ceremony commented on the beauty, the nobility of the life embraced and devoted to the service and worship of the Eucharistic King.

About two hundred persons were present, and seemed deeply affected by the impressive ceremony.



IN CHURCH.

O Real Presence, palpitant, entire !
 The very air around this holy place
 Is filled with Thee. Oppressed, world tired, I come,
 And kneel to pray for strength to still bear on
 The heavy burden of this earthly life.
 O nail-torn Hands, always out-stretched in love ;
 O sweet, sad Eyes, with pleading, pitying gaze ;
 O thorn-crowned Head, for my sins anguishbowed ;
 O Sacred Heart, pierced with ingratitude ;
 O Consolation for all earthly woes ;
 O healing Balm for all sin-wounded souls ;
 O Love undying through eternity !
 Unworthy of a place near to Thy Heart,
 I bow with Magdalen low at Thy Feet
 And with her wash them in repentant tears.

C.



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Our Lady of Good Counsel