



ST JOSEPH

From a painting by Müller.

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## Wherefore the Eucharist ?

*To be the aliment of the divine life in Souls.*

### I.—ADORATION.



ADORE behind the veil of the Sacramental species truly and Personally present the same God-man, who, in the days of His mortality said these words : " I have come, that they may have life and may have it more abundantly. I am the Bread of life : He that cometh to me shall not hunger : I am the Living Bread that came down from heaven : If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live for ever ; and the Bread that I will give, is My flesh for the life of the world.—He that eateth My flesh abideth in Me, and I in him ; and as I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me."

With the joy of life restored and made secure, listen to these words which so positively promise the most beautiful and enviable life, divine life itself.

All life is in God as in its only source, and when from this universal source streams of sensible and rational life have flowed away, there still remains in God a Personal life, a life of holiness, light, love and infinite happiness. Nothing compels our Maker to add the gift of this better life to the gift of natural life, and yet, our soul is radically capable of receiving it, and, as the first of created souls,

that of our first father Adam was endowed with it by the gratuitous goodness of our Maker, our souls add to their radical aptitude for possessing divine life, the undestructible remembrance of its loss, immense desires of recovering it, a profound sadness and exhaustion through being deprived of it.

Therefore, He alone that had first given that divine life can restore it to us: God the Father had made the first gift, God the Son gives it back to us, we get the first germ of it when we are, through baptism, washed in His blood: but in order to keep that precious life, to develop it, to make it active, energetic, fruitful in pious works, to relish all the joys it contains, we need a spiritual nourishment and refection, which is the Bread of life, the bread of the Eucharist.

Oh! Let us therefore desire the Divine life, the Holy life, the Happy life, the Eternal life that comes to you, that is promised, given and guaranteed to you by the Bread of the Eucharist. Adore Jesus Christ made the living Bread and the Sacrament of Divine life for souls.

## II.—THANKSGIVING.

If we could comprehend the horrors of spiritual death and the benefit of Divine life for the soul, how could we refrain from blessing, with feelings of the deepest gratitude, the thought that conceived the Eucharist, the heart that gave it to us, the love that conserves it for us.

God is the life of the soul, as the soul is the life of the body. To be born to natural life without attaining supernatural life, after God has destined us for it, is to remain uncrowned, to produce a stem without a flower, a flower without a fruit, moreover, to remain, as we were before, deprived of life through the fault of our origin and the sins that we fatally added to it at once, is to be condemned to degradation, to punishment, to deprivation of all happiness to estrangement from God, and to the weight of His anger. Is not this death the most horrible of death? eternal death? But let us hope, let us exult, let us rejoice! Here is the bread that brings to life its growth, that makes up for its losses, that maintains its continuation, facilitates its use, preserves and keeps its treasures

for ever : it is the Bread of life, the Bread of the Eucharist. Whoever faithfully eats it cannot die ; should he for an instant fall beneath the thrusts of sin, he shall revive in the virtue of this bread.

Bread of life, imparting all energy to my weakness, all virtues of the life of God Himself ! O nourishment of immortality, that founds my perishable life on the immutable rock of eternity ! O bread of honor and glory that lifts me up from the abyss of nothingness and from the still deeper abjection of sin, in order to allow me to approach, with the princes of the celestial court, the table of the King of Kings ! O Bread of peace, of consolation, of light and love, that gives me a foretaste of the unalloyed happiness I shall obtain if I faithfully follow your impulse and power : loved, praised blessed, glorified be Thou for ever by grateful humanity !

### III.—PROPITIATION.

Has the world warmly welcomed the gift of life ? and how do we ourselves receive it ? Does it produce in us these fruits of holy and divine life ?

Alas ! Some, the greater number, refuse to listen to and appreciate the kind offers of our Saviour. They keep away from His table, they live their animal life, disturbed by accidents, their rational life mixed with sorrows and faults ; but they leave their souls in death ; they close their ears through pride and refuse the bread of purity through perversity ; they thrust away the best gift of God, in which He gives Himself up.

Others, perhaps guiltier, at least more mean-spirited, wish to reconcile the divine life with a guilty life, eat at once of the table of God and that of the devil. By receiving, without the faith that enlightens, without the love that purifies, the living bread in their soul, which are in a state of death through sin, they only add to the weight of divine anger, which drives them more lamentably to death.

And as to myself ? Do I live the life of God ? are my thoughts deriving from His thoughts their rule of faith ? Is He my supreme love, only loved for Himself and ruling all my other loves ? and if I do not live the life of



God, it must be because I do not sufficiently feed upon the bread of divine Life or because I feed badly upon it, not receiving it with proper aptness, and not faithfully absorbing its vital influences.

It is a sad question to be examined, but one which nevertheless must be inquired into, and thoroughly discussed : for it is a matter of living through the Eucharist or of dying in spite of the bread of life.

#### IV.—SUPPLICATION

Repeat for yourself these words of ardent desire of those who heard the promise in regard to the marvellous Bread of life : “ Lord, give us always this Bread : *Domine, da nobis semper panem hunc!* ”

The divine Master has introduced them in the formula of the most excellent of prayers : “ Give us this day our daily bread.”

And out of compassion for the lingering, the hungry, the sick and the dead who surround you, deprived of the bread of life through their own fault or ignorance, repeat to Jesus with His apostles : “ Lord, see in the midst of this wilderness of life this multitude starving for want of true nourishment ! Have pity on them.”

#### — PRACTICE —

Perseverance in receiving the Bread of life with a proper preparation and a faithful conformity with its divine influences.



## Communion of the Early Christians.



IN his magnificent little book upon the Lord's Prayer, which St. Cyprian wrote in the middle of the third century, a passage occurs in his explanation of the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' from which it appears that it was the custom of the early Christians to communicate daily. He says: 'Christ is the Bread of Life. We pray that this Bread may be given us daily, that we who are in Christ, and daily receive the Eucharist as the food of salvation, may not by any mortal sin be shut out from the partaking of this heavenly Bread, may not be separated from the Body of Christ; for He Himself hath said, "*I am the living Bread which is come down from heaven.*" So now we pray that our daily Bread, which is Christ, may be given to us daily, in order that we who are in Christ, and who live in Him, may never fall away from His salvation nor depart from His Body.'

In his work upon the lapsed, viz, those unhappy Christians who in times of persecution, through fear, denied our Lord, the holy Bishop writes: 'They have done violence to the Body and Blood of the Lord; yea, truly have they sinned far more against Him with their hands and mouths than even in denying Him;' an unworthy Communion being held by the Saint as a greater offence against God than denying our Lord would be. From this passage we may see, as was the fact, that in primitive times it was the custom for the faithful to receive the Body of the Lord in their hands. It was also the custom to communicate little children, but only under the form of wine.

On the spot where St. Cyprian gave up his spirit under the sword of the executioner the Christians erected an altar, which they called *mensa Cypriani* (the table, or altar, of Cyprian), because there Cyprian was offered for Christ. Here the Most Holy Sacrifice was offered up,

and, as is related by St. Augustine, very frequently a great number of the devout would assemble before it to give thanks for the triumphal birthday of the Saint and Martyr, 'receiving' (these are his words) 'on that spot the Blood of Jesus Christ, in honour of the birthday of Cyprian, with great joy and delight, who himself, with such glowing love, shed his blood for the name of Jesus.'

At the time when St. Cyprian suffered martyrdom St. Cornelius governed the See of St. Peter. It was a time when the Church of Christ needed a strong hand to guide her through the storms which broke over her on all sides. Fearful wars and pestilence were followed by the still more fearful persecution raised against the Christians under the Emperor Valerian; and that which increased to its highest pitch the grief of the Holy Father was the confusion caused by the wickedness and obstinacy of the heretics within the fold of Jesus Christ. During the persecution forty-six priests were put to death. Whilst they lay in chains every kind of means was made use of by the faithful to visit them in their captivity, in order that the Holy Sacrifice might be celebrated in their prisons, and that they might receive in their hour of dread the support of the Blessed Eucharist. Now here there was no altar, and, in the absence of a table, the bread and wine were consecrated upon the open hands of the deacon.

This same persecution reached as far as the land of Egypt. Already under the Emperor Decius had the blood of Martyrs flowed, and many fell away from fear of the executioner. Now these lapsed ones were, after long and severe penance, received again into the company of the faithful. Amongst others, an old man, Serapion by name, after leading a most blameless life, had been induced to offer incense to the false gods. He had bitterly repented his fall, but in vain had he entreated for absolution and reconciliation. At length he fell ill, and was for three days without speech. On the fourth day, recovering the use of his senses for a moment, he cried to his young grandchild, his daughter's son, 'How long, my son, how long! Haste thee, I entreat, and bring me a priest, that my sin may be forgiven.' The child ran; but the priest was himself ill, and could not go. 'As,'

writes the holy Bishop Dionysius, who himself relates this story, 'I had ordained that the dying, when they desired it greatly, should receive the Holy Eucharist, that they might depart in good hope of eternal life, so did the priest give to the child a little particle of the consecrated Host, desiring him to moisten it in water and to place it in the mouth of the sick man. Now when the child returned, Serapion as he entered the chamber, raising himself a little, said, "Dost thou come back, my child? The priest indeed cannot come; then do that quickly which has been commanded thee." The child dropped the Holy Eucharist into a little water and poured it slowly into the mouth of the old man, who having received it gave up the ghost.'

From this story, which happened in the third century, it is clear that in those days, as in these, the Most Holy Eucharist was reserved for the sick and carried to them; also that Holy Communion was even then administered under one form. St. Cornelius suffered martyrdom in the year 225, and was succeeded by St. Hippolytus. He was a disciple of St. Irenæus, and is described by St. John Chrysostom as 'a faithful witness, a most holy teacher, a meek and most charming man.' Theodoret, the historian, calls him 'a spiritual fountain of the Church.' Amongst other spiritual writings which in part have been preserved to us, he wrote a little volume entitled *Whether a Christian should receive the Holy Communion daily*. In explanation of these words of Holy Scripture, '*Wisdom buildeth herself a house, she mixeth her wine and prepareth her table,*' this holy preacher says: 'Wisdom that is to say, Christ) hath sent His Apostles into the whole world, in order that by their godly preaching the nations might be brought to his understanding . . . "Come, eat ye My Bread, and drink ye My Wine which I have mixed for you;" which, in truth, is no other than His Divine Flesh and His most adorable Blood, which He giveth us to eat and to drink.' In another place he writes upon the same words, '*Wisdom buildeth herself a house,*' &c.: 'Christ, the Wisdom of God the Father, hath built Himself a house of flesh out of the Virgin. He hath prepared His table; that is to say, His adorable and holy Flesh and Blood, which, upon that

mystical and divine table, is daily prepared and offered.' St. Hippolytus suffered martyrdom A.D. 25.

In the year 303, under the pontificate of St. Marcellinus, the Emperor Diocletian issued an edict that the Church of Christ should be levelled to the ground throughout the entire empire; that all holy books should be sought for and destroyed; that all Christians, without distinction, should be tortured, should be considered incapable of public employments, and deprived of all rights of citizenship. In the whole empire, and more especially in Rome, the blood of the Martyrs began to flow in streams; 'The Christians to the lions!' was everywhere the cry.

In Rome the Catacombs were reopened. Holy Mass once more was offered up in the secret recesses of those consecrated chambers; and in the dead of night the faithful assembled as of yore, carrying away with them the consecrated Host, wrapped in fine linen and hidden in their bosoms, to their homes. Countless were the executions of the faithful. 'I myself,' says the historian Eusebius, 'saw on one day so many brought to the fire and the sword that the multitude of them was a subject of common remark.' Nothing infuriated the rage of the heathen so much as the joy with which the Christians praised God in the midst of their sufferings, and the haste with which the Martyrs hurried to their execution. Nothing was sweeter to the ears of Martyrs than the writ of imprisonment which handed them over to death. Joy shone in their faces as their voices arose in songs of thanksgiving, which did not cease until their last breath was yielded into the hands of their Creator; and this joyous courage with which they defied death, this divine consolation in the midst of such frightful suffering, was the fruit of the Holy Eucharist. From prison to prison priests and deacons, carrying the divine food concealed in their mantles, visited the crowds of believers; by prayers and bribes they succeeded in penetrating those dark dungeons in order to strengthen the brethren for their final struggle. It was their most firm belief that Holy Communion was the seed of the resurrection and of everlasting life; so that death for them appeared but a holy and a sweet sleep, to be followed by a glorious awakening. Hence their fervent desire for their heavenly

food ; hence their daily Communion ; hence the custom of taking the All-Holy to their homes, into their prisons ; hence the eagerness with which they besought their priests in every possible manner to bring to them in their chains the Bread of Life which would strengthen them for the combat. God Himself sometimes answered their desires, sending them this Food of Heaven, as is related in the life of St. Clement.

St. Clement was Bishop of Ancyra, under the Emperor Diocletian, and for the faith of Jesus Christ suffered a very long martyrdom. At length, being dragged to Rome, after fearful tortures he was thrown into the public prison. A crowd of heathen who witnessed his suffering, astonished by his fidelity and impressed by the words which by the power of the Holy Ghost he had addressed to them, followed him to the prison, seeking for baptism. The Saint, overjoyed at the conversion of so many souls, taught and baptised them at midnight. Suddenly was the prison illuminated by an extraordinary light, and in the same moment a man of most beautiful countenance, clothed in shining garments, approached the holy confessor Clement, gave him bread and a chalice, and then vanished. Whilst for astonishment all were beside themselves the Saint took the bread and the chalice, prayed, and distributed to all the newly-baptised the bread and the wine from the chalice. The following day they all went joyfully to death. St. Clement himself had yet much more to suffer, until for the love of Christ he was at last beheaded.



## Communion Joy of Spirit

BY REV. R. P. EYMARD.

Translated by E. LUMMIS.

*Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.  
My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.*



OD has given us not only food for the body, but also a bread to strengthen and nourish the Soul. It is the Eucharist, thus announced in Holy Writ: "I will nourish them with the bread of life and knowledge." No joy that earth has known is so perfect as joy of spirit. The joy of the heart is not an abiding joy, because it depends upon feeling and sentiment and is subject to change. True joy is that of the spirit, which consists in peaceful knowledge of truth.

Coarse material souls, and superficial minds, have no spiritual joy in anything, and pious souls who are not recollected, do not feel true spiritual joy. Giddiness and dissipation of mind are the greatest obstacles to the reign of God in the soul. If you would enjoy God and taste the sweetness of His Presence, you must be recollected and must practice prayer. But all your meditations, unless based upon communion will be without true happiness and will be to you only a chain of perpetual sacrifices.

Jesus Christ has reserved to Himself the power of making us truly happy. The soul who receives Him but seldom in communion, gives Him no opportunity to act in his soul in any lasting manner, while on the contrary one who receives Him frequently, finds Him constantly dwelling in His Presence and is thus able to contemplate Him at leisure, to know Him intimately, and begins to enjoy Him.

In communion we rejoice in our Lord by our Lord Himself, we have with him intimate relations and begin to comprehend what He really is. Here too, He manifests Himself more completely to us.

## II.

This manifestation of Jesus to the soul by communion opens our minds to the truth and gives to them a greater aptitude for spiritual things. As the elect receive in Heaven the power to contemplate the Beatific Vision without being blinded by Its glory, so Jesus in communion, increases our power of knowing Him. *Even in the same person*, this difference is immense *before and after* communion. The child for instance *before* his First Communion understands the words and letters of the Catechism. *After* communion his intelligence is increased, he understands and feels too. He desires to know Jesus-Christ still more. He will listen to all you can tell him of divine truth.

Can you explain this phenomenon? Before communion if one speaks to you of Jesus Christ, you know and love Him, you weep over the details of His Passion. If however the recital comes after communion how much more deeply you are moved! Your soul seems ever unsatisfied. Before communion you saw him through a glass darkly, afterward, you see him with unclouded vision. It is a renewal of the Mystery of Emmaus.

Jesus instructed the two disciples in the way, and opened to their understanding the scripture. This faith was yet weak, even though their feelings were moved. But at the breaking of the Bread their eyes were opened and their hearts moved. The voice of Jesus had not sufficed to manifest to them His Presence. They needed to feel the action of his Heart also, and to be nourished with the Bread of knowledge.

## III.

Secondly, this joy of spirit, this manifestation of Jesus in communion, gives us a taste for God, and this taste for God leads us to know Him more intimately, introduces us into His Heart of hearts, the Sanctuary of His spirit, and leads us further than any reasoning. It gives us a powerful attraction to the Blessed Sacrament and all things relating to It. It is the special attraction and grace of communion. It is the family tie with God. Whence in family life similarity of tastes, feelings, manners and ways?



From the family spirit, family affection that leads the different members to love one another. It is the bond of the family in nature. In communion we enter into intimate union with the Heart of Jesus, and there springs up in our own hearts a similarity to the interior dispositions of our Lord. It is the first effect of communion, for instance, to increase the habit of recollection which gives us power to know our Lord more intimately and to hold more familiar intercourse with Him? I say familiar intercourse. He who receives communion but rarely, or not at all, touches but the hem of our Lord's garment, and know him only as an acquaintance. As we know the sweetness of honey only through tasting it, so we know Jesus as He is only by receiving Him. A great saint thus expresses himself: "I know more of the truth of Jesus Christ, His existence and His perfections, by a single communion than by all the reasoning in the world."

Consider this well: life is so short that if we were to know truth in general, and the truths of religion above all, by reasoning alone, we would never know more than a few truths. God has however, wished us to learn much by impression, He has given us instincts as well as reason, that we may easily distinguish good from evil, false from true. He has given us sympathy and antipathy. For instance, in learning to know our Lord, we feel first of all His goodness, and from this we learn His other qualities, more by contemplation and interior perception than by reasoning.

Many fall into the fault of reasoning too much in their thanksgiving after communion, which is the best of all prayers; in speaking too much they hinder the effects of their communion. *Listen to our Lord after communion*, and say little yourself. It is not the time to seek, but to enjoy. It is the moment when God Himself teaches the lesson. *Et erunt docibiles Dei*. How does a mother teach her child the boundless love and goodness that fills her heart for him? She contents herself to show him, by her devotion that she loves him. It is thus with God after communion. He who never receives communion never knows nor has known the Heart of our Lord, nor the full extent of his love. To know the heart it must make itself felt, we must hear its beating.

Sometimes you feel no sense of spiritual joy after communion. Wait a little, the sun is hidden, but though clouds intercept its rays, it shines still. You will feel its warmth again. What do I say ! You do feel it already. Have you not a feeling of peace at least, and the desire to glorify God more than before? And what is this, but the heating of the Heart of our Lord within you ?

## IV.

Lastly, the manifestation of our Lord to the soul in Communion creates in the Soul a need for His Presence and His intercourse. The Soul that has tasted the sweetness of the Lord, is no longer satisfied with lesser good. She no longer finds joy in creatures ; they leave a void in her heart. She is indifferent to them because she compares them with Jesus. God has created in her soul a void that He alone can fill.

She feels besides a continual desire for His Presence and His glory. " Onward ! she cries, there is on earth no lasting rest. " She sighs only after Jesus, who leads her on from height to height. Jesus is inexhaustible and the soul that tasted of Him can never be satisfied nor sent away empty, but seeks ever to sink deeper in the abyss of that love divine.

Oh come ! and taste frequently the sweetness of Our Lord in Holy Communion if you would know Him truly !

Do not fear to abuse His goodness. Do the elect abuse it, in their enjoyment of God ? No, no, they cannot enjoy Him enough. *Gustate*, " Taste the Lord " and you will see *after* Communion you will understand Him. Why are we not believed ? You would judge of God by faith only. Taste Him first and then judge of Him. If these unbelievers could put themselves in the disposition to receive Our Lord well, they would understand Him sooner and better than by all this reasoning. The ignorant man who communicates well, knows more than the learned man who does not communicate.

The happiness of the mind, of the intelligence, is found in a supreme degree in Communion, and we are spiritually happy in proportion to the frequency of our reception of the Blessed Sacrament. God is the sole principle of hap-

pineness which is found in Him alone, and he has reserved to Himself the privilege of thus making us happy.

Therefore man cannot make us happy, nor creature be our last end, and fortunate is it that we must go to God Himself to find happiness! The priest even cannot give you happiness. He can make you participate in the fruits of redemption, can absolve you from your sins and give you the peace of a pure conscience; but he cannot give you happiness and joy. Mary herself who is the Mother of Mercy, may bring you back to the way of truth, can appease her Son's anger irritated against you, but God only can give you happiness. The Angel said to the shepherds: "I give you tidings of great joy; He who is the source of joy, God the Saviour is born to you"

Let us rejoice! This Saviour is born upon the altar to shed upon our hearts in coming as much joy as we can bear while waiting for the inexhaustible joys of the eternal Fatherland.



### ADVICE TO CATHOLICS.

BY REV. THOMAS J. CONATY, D. D.

**D**ON'T get into the habit of being late for Mass. A moment of preparation before Mass may be the means of opening your soul to many graces,

Don't go to Mass without either a prayer-book or rosary beads, unless you wish distraction and not devotion to occupy your mind.

Don't talk in the church without necessity. Talk with God, whom you may not have visited, in His temple, since last Sunday; you will have plenty of time to talk with your neighbors.

Don't criticize the sermon, nor the manner of preaching. It is the message from God bearing some truth to you. Heed the instruction and profit by it; it has something for you to learn.

Don't leave the church until the priest has left the sanctuary. Take a moment in which to thank God for the graces of the Holy Mass.

Don't talk in the aisles going out. Remember you are in the presence of God in His holy Sacrament. Your gossip will keep until you reach the street.

Don't forget to bend your knee as you enter and leave your seat.. This is an act of adoration paid to the Real Presence. Do it with faith and reverence.

Don't fail to see the holy water font and the poor box at the church door. Take a few drops from the one with which to bless yourself : drop a penny in the other that you help to bless deserving poor.

For years we have quietly watched from our pew the acolytes as they have come and gone from the ranks of the sanctuary. Sometimes we have been pained to see one becoming by degrees a bad boy ; and soon—how very soon indeed—he ceases to care for his place, even on Sundays, for the bright cap or the white surplice ; and sometimes we have heard, with a heart-ache, some irreligious man tell us that he " used to be an acolyte ; " and even when he told us of it, in a careless way, we could see a shade of regret on the hard countenance—a regret for his innocent and happy days, when he loved to serve Mass, and carry his candle or thurible in the procession. But oftener, by far, have we seen these little boys growing up to be good youths, punctual at their confession and Holy Communion. At an exhibition of their school or college they were very apt to draw the prizes ; and then for a few years, I have seen them quietly join the ranks of those aspiring to be priests of God.

Remember, dear boys, that it is a grace for which us asks a return from you ; He asks you to be better boys—more truthful, more honorable, more fervent at your prayers, and more faithful to remember that you are always in the presence of God. Ask Him when you bow so lowly at the Elevation to make you better boys for this sweet service before His altar.

—*Selected.*

**THE HIDDEN PATH.**

DELIA GLIESON.



THE quiet path on the hillside,  
 That winding leads to sea,  
 Bordered by fern and wild flower,  
 Bracken and smiling lea,  
 I love to look on its beauties,  
 Finding fresh charms each day,  
 When darkened by lengthened shadows,  
 Or smiling 'neath sunsets' ray.

It brings back pleasant day dreams,  
 Of distant childhood's hours,  
 When I danced along by the lone cliff,  
 And plucked the sweet wild flowers,  
 The fresh wind blew from the ocean,  
 The waves lashed the rocky shore,  
 And thundering far up the cliff,  
 Dashed back with a duller roar.

The morning I gazed from my window,  
 A thick mist heavy and white  
 Fell like a soft shower of silver,  
 Hiding the old path from sight.  
 A nameless longing came o'er me  
 As I looked for my path in vain,  
 Till a sunbeam stole through the vapours,  
 Pointing the old path again.

In life there may come a moment  
 Of doubting and anguish keen,  
 When the path of right and duty  
 Is darkened, obscure, unseen.  
 When we sigh for a light to guide us,  
 As of old in the path we trod,  
 A sunbeam straight from heaven,  
 The voice of an All wise God.

Oh ! then in that hour of struggle  
 May the dim mist fade away,  
 Chased by the golden radiance  
 Of a God sent heavenly ray.  
 A light athwart our darkness,  
 Setting us once more free,  
 As the sun that shone that morning  
 On the old path by the sea.



## Christ in the Wilderness.

BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

Thou hast gone out from Nazareth's shelter sweet.  
 From Mary's mother-love, so pure, so complete.  
 Over a long and drear and perilous way,  
 Into the wilderness to fast and pray,  
 Wherefore, my God, must all this anguish be?—  
 Meekly thou answerest: "For thee, for thee."

Are thou not weary of the desert bare.—  
 The rock and sand and sun, the blistering air  
 Were not the rivulet of Thy parched lips balm?  
 Yearnest Thou not for the green, sheltering palm?  
 Art Thou not lonely, dearest Lord—ah, me!  
 Thou hosts of angels bear Thee company?

One slender shade is in the desert-land.  
 The shadow of the Cross athwart the sand:  
 But sharp and clear and present to Thine eyes  
 The awful agonies of Calvary rise.  
 The Cross's shadow greateneth for me—  
 Ah, but the cruel nails are all for Thee!

O mystery of untold tenderness—  
 A boundless, shoreless sea Thy love's excess!  
 Oh, I could weep, methinks, in heaven above  
 To see my Maker pleading so for love!  
 Tempted and tried and sorrowing for Me—  
 Lord, can Thy lowliest do aught for Thee?

*Catholic News.*



## THE TABERNACLE.



HAT do I behold here?' exclaims Lavater in a fine passage, when describing his emotions in a church. 'Does not everything under these majestic vaults speak to me of Thee? This cross, this golden image, is it not made for Thy honour? The censers which wave round the priest, the *Gloria*, sung in choirs, the beautiful light of the perpetual lamp, these lighted tapers,—all is done for Thee. Why is the Host elevated, if it be not to honour Thee, O Jesus Christ, who art dead for love of us? because it is no more, and Thou art it, the believing Church bends the knee. It is in Thy honour that these children, early instructed, make the sign of the cross, and their tongues sing Thy praise, that they strike their breasts thrice with their little hands! It is for love of Thee that one kisses the spot which bears Thy adorable Blood. The riches collected from distant countries, the magnificence of chasubles,—all have relation to Thee! Why are the walls and the high altar of marble clothed with verdant tapestry on the day of the Blessed Sacrament? For whom do they make a road of flowers? For whom are these banners embroidered? These bells, within a thousand towers, purchased with the gold of whole cities, do they not bear Thy image cast in the very mould? Is it not for Thee they send forth their solemn tone? O delightful rapture, Jesus Christ, for Thy disciple to trace the marks of Thy finger where the eyes of the world see them not! O joy ineffable for souls devoted to Thee, to behold in caves and on rocks, and in every crucifix placed upon hills, and upon highways, Thy seal, and that of Thy love!'

One of these old fanes, say in a foreign land where the Tabernacle is enshrined, its vast aisles stretching away in shadows and recesses, its doors open always, has as many associations as an old city. Generations have passed by it and passed away : in it have their souls lived and found peace ; its walls and columns are, as it were, encrusted and enriched with prayers, aspirations, holy thoughts, and memorials ; every little chapel, every corner and recess, has its store of accumulated piety ; while the melodious old organ perched aloft on the Rood, like the stern of some old Spanish galleon, jangling out its wheezy harmonies, has swelled and trembled a thousand times, as it led the hymns and masses. A church thus enriched with the pious accumulations of centuries, nay, the smallest, rudest building, into which we enter on a country walk, seems to be furnished at every turn and corner with suggestive things, owing to the eternal spirit of life which is there enthroned. With this feeling we may contrast the curious chilling barrenness which reigns in other temples, and which seems to suggest little more than some convenient place of meeting.

'There,' says the learned and pious author of *Mores Catholicæ*, 'in those vast basilicæ, thronged with innumerable people upon a festal day, amid the splendour of the saints, one might avoid all notice, and feel himself solitary and unobserved. There, before the sacramental presence, the poor stranger, forgotten and forsaken in a foreign land, alone in the crowd, beholds his one, ancient, and only constant friend—the friend of his childhood, the friend of his youth, his friend for eternity. There, too, you will sometimes remark the timid maiden, or some child that recalls the image of a divine prototype, who, stealing from observation, drops a small piece of money upon the plate, after kissing the Cross of Christ. Oh, how mysterious and solemn a thing is it thus to be alone in the saintly crowd !—to pass, as it were, a disembodied spirit through such a host of ghostly combatants, thirsting after justice and the streams of a happier world ! The land of malediction ends here. No more of its restrictions, of its conventional barriers. No one marshals you, no one heeds you. There are pillars behind which you may kneel and weep in secret, There are retired



chapels in which you may lie prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament ! The poor walk here free and favoured, as in presence of nature ; they can approach to the altar, near as kings, and can enjoy equally with the pomp and glory of nobility the splendour and loveliness of the house of God. " In the church, as St. Chrysostom says, is the common house of all men, in which one priest offers peace in common to all ; and if concord were properly preserved, he adds, we should have need of no other."

Such a scene furnishes striking reflections as to the presence of our Saviour in the throng. We too often forget that this presence is continuous ; that He passed, as it were, from Jerusalem to the Tabernacle, and has lived there for nearly nineteen hundred years ; and that the scenes described in the New Testament are renewed for us every day and hour. ' You open the book of the Divine Scriptures ' (goes on our author), ' and you read how Christ the Messiah walked in Judea, how He passed through the multitude, how they cried out, " Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on us." How the people thronged round, heard and adored, and you say : " How happy the eyes which saw Him, and the ears which heard His divine words ! " But approach, enter the churches, the world of spirits, and exercise that faith which has the promise of life eternal ; for when the mystic train moves through the prostrate multitude, while the hymn rises, you have more encouragement, nay, greater evidences to force you to adore Him, in sacramental presence, than those men possessed who saw the Infant of Bethlehem, and Jesus of Nazareth in the sorrows and humiliations of His humanity. Fall down then and adore the Messiah, and according to your faith He will have mercy on you. Are you a child of sorrow, you will be comforted ; mark and obey the prophetic inspiration. " All you that thirst come to the waters, and you who have not silver, hasten, come and eat." Trust the experience of men who long like you have trod the common ways of life, and assure you that it will be so, that you will be filled with benediction, filled with joy.

' When you see the Body of Jesus Christ upon our altars,' says St. John Chrysostom, in one of his Homilies, ' say to yourself : By this Body I am no longer dust and

ashes : I am no more a slave : I am free : I can hope for heaven and all its blessings—life immortal, the company of angels, and the sight of Jesus Christ ! The sun itself could not look on this Body fixed to the cross—the veil of the Temple and the rocks were rent with grief, and the while earth shook. Would you know by other instances the extent of His power, ask the woman who was healed by touching, not His Body, but His garment—and merely the hem of His garment. Ask the sea which bore Him up on its waves. Ask the demon who it is that has given him a mortal wound—destroyed his strength, made him a slave, arrested his efforts, and put him to flight ! He will tell you that it is this Body which has crushed his head, and triumphed over his power. Ask of death who it is that has snatched his sting, borne away his victory, rendered him contemptible to children—death, once so terrible to kings, to just even—it will tell you it was His Body which has wrought all these marvels.' Amazing and powerful words, to which we listen with a sort of awe.

In the same spirit, the Saint then bids us lift up our eyes to heaven, to this King of kings, '*yet Him you have upon earth.*' 'Think then, when you look upon the Eucharist, that here is the Body and Blood of Him who dwells in the highest heavens, whom angels adore, and who sits nighest the immortal and omnipotent God. But think at the same moment that you drink this Blood and eat this Body.'

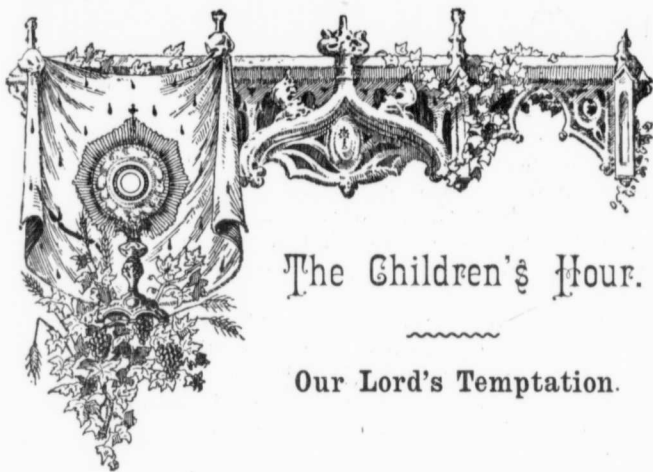
This vivid sense of the reality of our Lord's presence is scarcely thought of by the average Christian. But, as a pious writer has put it, is it not true that were the simple accident of the bread removed, we should actually be as those are who stand in the great Presence ? The Church and the Tabernacle would become heaven itself. It is astonishing to see how this sense of reality filled the greater saints and fathers, and what burning, convincing eloquence it lent to their tongue.

'Who,' says St. Lawrence Justinian, developing the same thought, 'is not struck dumb with wonder at the thought that the King of glory should wish not merely to hide Himself in this mean position, but to rest in a human breast ! That He should vouchsafe this favour to

the just only would be much. But what shall we say when we find Him allowing the same privilege to the impious, whose treatment of Him is a continued dishonour. Once only in His life was He betrayed and sold, whereas here we find Him betrayed and sold over and over again ! All the sufferings of His Passion were over in a single day ; but every day at our altars He meets the same unworthy treatment. Once only He died upon the cross ; but as often as Mass is said He is sacrificed.' How vividly striking and original are these words, yet they are but a simple statement of facts !

This prompts the Saint to break into the following prayer or apostrophe : 'O salutary souvenir ! extraordinary sacrifice ! victim infinitely acceptable to Almighty God ! Bread of Life, sweet nourishment, exquisite repast, who can receive you, praise you worthily, understand you perfectly, honour you with feelings sufficiently pure, or form desires to correspond with the blessings you contain ! I sink exhausted when I think of you ; my tongue halts when I would speak of you ; I am incapable of exalting you according to the measure of my wishes. So grant me, O my God, an enlightened spirit and an eloquent tongue to publish forth the wonders of Thy great Sacrament. For the mind of man, even all the intelligence of angels, could not suffice to comprehend and explain them.'





## The Children's Hour.

### Our Lord's Temptation.

OUR Lord was weak. He had been without food for forty days, and He was exhausted. We often feel hungry after a long walk, after a sea-bath. But this is not real hunger—it is only appetite. We do not know what hunger is. Think of those pictures you have seen of the famished Indians—the wasted arms, the thin faces, the large eyes—that is what real hunger does. Yet none of those poor creatures had fasted forty days. Our Lord was worn and wasted, and the devil saw it. See how companionable the devil makes himself. He tempts our Lord *with food*. He does not know that Jesus is God, but he suspects it, and he tempts Him to work a miracle to satisfy His hunger.

“If Thou be the Son of God, say to this stone that it be made bread.” And the tempter picked up from the ground a stone that was loaf-shaped, and held it up to our Lord. The sight of food makes us feel our hunger more. But Jesus knew it was not the will of His Father that He should use His power to get a meal. Calmly, and with great majesty, He answered the tempter :

“It is written that man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word of God.” Had not our Lord a right to use these words? For forty days He had lived on the word of God alone.

The devil now tried another plan. If Jesus is the Messiah He will be glad to draw people's attention to Himself

—glad to have an opportunity of showing His miraculous power. He will give Him one.

“ And he brought Him to Jerusalem, and set Him on a pinnacle of the Temple; and he said to Him: “ If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself from hence, for it is written that He hath given His angels charge over Thee, that they keep Thee, and that in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest perhaps Thou dash Thy foot against a stone ! ”

It was the time of evening prayer. The courts of the Temple were thronged with worshippers. This was the moment for the Messiah to declare Himself the Son of God. By descending, as it were, from Heaven, and standing unharmed in their midst, He would prove Himself to be God.

Jesus said to him: “ It is written again: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God ! ”

Another defeat! But the evil one tried once more. Great men are always ambitious, that is, they aim high. Jesus of Nazareth is a great man, that the devil has found out long ago. He will see if He can be tempted in His ambition. He led Him into a high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time, and he said to Him:

“ All these things will I give Thee, if falling down Thou wilt adore me.”

This is a bargain worthy of the devil, and such as he makes over and over again with men. He promises what he cannot do, and would not do if he could, and the price he asks for his worthless promise is a shameless one—the price of the soul, for to worship any but God is to sell one's soul to the devil.

Again the answer comes, prompt and decisive: “ Begone Satan! It is written: “ The Lord thy God shalt thou adore and Him only shalt thou serve ! ” Then “ the devil departed from Him for a time ” and angels came and ministered to Him.

“ The devil departed.” One word from our Lord and he was thrust back into “ his own place,” his power broken. How contemptible he is!

And our Lord? What shall we say to Him for going first and weakening our enemy? Is He not a champion to

follow and to be proud of? "*Now is come salvation and strength and the Kingdom of God and the power of His Christ*" the angels sang in Heaven, and cannot we on earth say the same—*Salvation and strength and power and the Kingdom of our God*—all come to us through our Lord Jesus Christ.

But perhaps some of us think that of course it was easy for our Lord to overcome, because He was God, and of course it is very hard for us to conquer, because we are only children. Do you know children cannot be tempted until they have the power to resist? The Queen does not send her soldiers without arms to battle. Do you think God is less good? Two powers come together into the soul—the dreadful power to sin, and the power to conquer. The temptation and the grace are both weighed by our Lord. A nurse when she feeds a child puts the food to her own lips first, to be sure it is not too hot for the little mouth. And so our Master tries every temptation that comes to us for fear it should be too hard, too fierce.

As to *how* we are to overcome,—He has shown us how. We have to take our stand manfully on God's side, to ask His light and grace, and then make as short work of the tempter as possible—"Begone, Satan!" the sign of the Cross, holy water, a change of thought—and another defeat will be registered in Heaven, the devil will be cast out, this time by a young child, who has walked in the footsteps of its Master.

MOTHER LOYOLA.





## MINE FOREVER.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.



HE old cracked bell in the old First Meeting House in Rutland was ringing most gaily, despite its hundred years. The old-fashioned organ tremulously pealed forth a brave attempt at nothing less than Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Everybody in Rutland, from the bank president and the academy professors to the cash girls and the boot-blacks, thronged the ancient pews, the timeworn aisles, the porch, the steps, the grass plots, for Emily Humphreys, the fairest and dearest girl in Rutland, was coming back into the June sunshine Lieutenant John Winthrop's bride.

June roses were heaped on pulpit and table, they filled the window ledges, and were tied on the pews for the bridal party—though, truly, every one there belonged to the bridal party. The air was redolent with the scent of the fragrant flowers that Emily always called her favorites. She wore them in her golden hair and her snowy muslin dress, and she carried them in her hands, with the glint of her new wedding ring showing through them like a stray gleam of the sunshine that rested over all. Her friends smiled to see her as she faced them trustingly, coming towards them, a vision of maidenly loveliness, as simple as a child. To many eyes the quick tears sprang, for she had been theirs always, their minister's only daughter, and he who had won her was to take her far away from them, beyond the sea.

Did she love him? How often people had asked the question of one another, wonderingly. Emily Hum-



phreys had always loved everybody, with that irresistible winning way that was all her own. Every student at the Academy, season after season, called her the Rose of Rutland ; but they all agreed that she was the sweetest, whitest rose they ever saw, lifted too high above them for any attempt at plucking—a queen, a friend, a sister, but nothing more. Every woman who ever saw her loved her. She was too dear, too unselfish, too unconscious of her charm and beauty, to excite one jealous pang. She now looked straight before her from under her white, shadowing veil, and caught sight of those many loving, earnest faces, their very look saying as plainly as words, "God bless her." Then she smiled back at them, the same gentle smile that had gladdened them through all the years since she first came toddling along the aisle at prayer meeting, holding fast her mother's guiding finger, and glancing shyly at them from under her quaint sun-bonnet, pink like the June roses that she wore on her bridal day. Did she really love her bridegroom any better than she loved the rest of the Rutland folk? He had been her childlover ever since they played in infancy in the parsonage garden. She had grown up used to the idea. Was that all?

As to him, however, there could be no doubt. On that rare June afternoon he certainly had no thought for any one but his bride. The thronging faces were a misty cloud before him. Through the music of the famous wedding march and through the old bell's clanging he heard only the poet's lines :

" Her dress was like the lilies,  
And her heart as pure as they.  
One of God's angel-messengers  
Did walk with me that day."

So they passed on together into the sunshine, entered the carriage that stood waiting, and, amid pelting showers of roses on roses, drove away.

Oh, how heavenly blue the sky above them ; how radiant the sunshine ! Was earth Heaven? Could there ever be any change or sorrow or trouble possible anywhere? All that he asked for in life was granted him, and he turned and drew her towards him, crying rapturously : " Mine forever ! Nothing can part us now ! "



But, with never a moment's warning, the glory faded. There came a sudden crash, a great darkness, an awful silence. The joy of the June day fled from Rutland ; and in the silence, only the Divine Lover of Souls spoke without noise of words, and called His own, forever, to Him.

June had passed into July, and August was close at hand, when Emily Winthrop, a shadow of her former self, opened her blue eyes, looked wonderingly upon her mother, and at last remembered her, but remembered nothing of that fair June day, forever gone. All Rutland had waited for that awaking. In prayer meeting they had prayed for it, and then prayed God to be merciful to her and to them when that longed-for hour should come. Who was to tell the child-bride that she was a widow, and that her boy-bridegroom lay sleeping with his forefathers in the old Rutland cemetery, where the grave-stones told few stories equal to hers in its pathetic tragedy, though more than two hundred years had fled since the first John Winthrop was laid there in his prime? In the June sunshine and among the June roses, with the wedding bell still ringing, the bridal carriage, on its homeward way, had collided with a heavily loaded team and overturned. The bridegroom, fully conscious of his fate, had lived long enough to will all he had, his ancestral home, his lands, his wealth, to the bride who for not one day had borne his name. Then he had given up his young soul as bravely as if he had fallen on the deck of his ship for "Old Glory," as heroes die.

"God must have what He gave," he said to the aged pastor, whose heart's desire it had been to call the brave lad son, and who had gained him only to lose him. "Tell Emily"—he faltered ; then a last smile broke over his noble face and never faded from it. "Tell *my wife* that the great Captain knows what He is doing. I never yet disobeyed orders ; so—His will be done." Then the stout-hearted sailor lad went forth on his last voyage over darkest and deepest waters to the Eternal Shore.

Abigail Morse, the class-leader, wrestled with the Lord long and often at prayer meeting concerning Emily's future, now that the aspect of her life had become so strangely altered. God always hears and always answers

faithful prayer, however blind it be, in His own good time and way. The evening before Emily came to herself again, the gaunt, gray woman had risen up in meeting in a sort of frenzy, and bidden the worshippers sing "Coronation," as they had never sung before. The little square panes of glass in the meeting-house windows shook with the clamor of that singing. Jabez Clapp's deep bass and Hiram Leonard's strident tenor were blended in extraordinary intensity, while Garaphelia Sears' piercing soprano rang up to the very rafters; and in and out, in and out, Anne Dyer's alto moaned like the cry of a passing soul. The chorus rallied round them, and as they sang they become possessed with Abigail's fervor, till the whole meeting was thrilled as by some mighty presence commanding them to believe and all that they asked should be done. Higher and higher the anthem rose.

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!  
Let Angels prostrate fall.  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all—  
And crown Him Lord of all—  
And crown—and crown—and crown—  
And crown—and crown Him Lord of all!"

Abigail lifted her wrinkled attenuated hands. "God, Almighty!" she cried imploringly, "give us back our Emily, and make her a great worker of The good works among us, and a great servant of Thine. Exceeding dear must she be in Thy sight, since Thou layest Thy chastisements so heavily on our innocent lamb. Yea, I *demand* of Thee that Thou do what I ask of Thee in the power of Jesus' name." The men and women who were there gathered together, all answered then in a loud voice: "Amen. Alleluia;" alterwards they sang "Hebron," and then departed; and the next day Emily said, "Mother," and presently asked where John was.

But when, fearful of relapse into unconsciousness, they said, and said truthfully. "You have been very ill, dear, and John is away on a long voyage now," white and frail as a snow-wreath she lay silent, and so the summer days slipped by. Sometimes, when through old habit she turned the diamond ring on her engagement finger,

they thought that she would surely notice the plain gold circlet on her other hand, and would remember. Once she did ask who had put it there, and her anxious mother replied, in fear and trembling, "John did it, Emily dearest, before he sailed last. Don't you recollect it?"

With a petulance most foreign to her placid, gentle nature, Emily exclaimed: "No, I don't! And I hate partings. I wish that nobody ever would go away."

It was the first time they had brought her down stairs and out into the August warmth and fragrance. She sat in the sunlight, more pale than the August lilies blooming straight and tall, with hollyhocks and sweet william, in the flower beds. Passersby looked with tender pity at the bridewidow, who did not know that she was a widow. Abigail Morse alone ventured to open the gate and come and speak to her, in tender tones that none of those accustomed to hear her speak at prayer meeting could have imagined to be hers. Perhaps, in years long, long gone by, Abigail had known other "experiences" than those which she was wont to pour volubly forth in meeting to admiring listeners on the inquirers' bench.

Evidently Emily recognized her at once. The never failing, the exquisite and courteous smile of her girlhood, lit her wan, sweet face, bringing the tears in a flood to the watchers' eyes.

"Dear Miss Morse," she said, affectionately, "you are so kind to come to see me. I have been sick, oh, I can't tell you how long, and I cannot remember things. It is all like a dark, blank room."

Miss Abigail broke down for a moment completely; then her excitable religious nature asserted itself with even more than its wonted force.


"Emily, child!" she cried, impetuously, "but can't ye remember? It'll do her no harm, Mis' Humphreys, dear. God Almighty won't let it. In the power of Jesus' name, Emily Humphreys Winthrop, remember! remember! remember!"

*(to be continued)*



## How the stone was rolled away

*By Laura M Fairchild.*

OTTIE was sitting by the window gazing into space. Her hair had been freshly curled, and Norah had dressed her in a little white frock and told her to sit in the parlor and "not stir a hair, for your ma is comin' and goin to bring company." With this injunction Norah had departed to her duties in the kitchen.

"O dear!" sighed Dottie, I wish company'd hurry. It's drefful to sit in a big room all alone."

Then her eyes wandered across the way where she saw another face in the window, the face of an old man, wrinkled and stern.

"Perhaps he's all by his lonesome, too. I wonder if he wants some one to 'muse him. I'd like to ask him." thought Dottie.

This desire had come into her mind once before, but she had been instantly crushed by Norah. "What! face that old monster! I'd as soon put my head in a den o' lions. He's a cross, sour old man and shuts his doors against everybody. Even the beggars won't enter his gate. It's my opinion he hasn't got a heart at all; only a stone."

As Dottie gazed across the street she thought of what Norah had said. "I'd like to make him look glad," she thought, "but he hates everybody and the sight o' me might make him worse."

Then her kind little heart suggested a remedy; "I'll take him a present," she said.

Forgetting all about "company and not stirring a hair," the little girl ran quickly upstairs and drew forth her choicest treasure — a colored Easter card representing the angel at the empty tomb with the three Marys in the background.

Dottie thought the angel too lovely for words and the "biful ladies" looked so sorry about something. Perhaps they were lonely, too.

Stepping lightly across the street she mounted the steps of Judge Edward's house. By some mistake the door had

been left ajar and she entered unobserved, her little foot-fall making no more noise than that of a mouse. However, as soon as the Judge perceived somebody coming, his first thought was to chase the intruder from his room, but when he saw it was only a child, his face relaxed a little.

"Who let you in? Why are you here?" he asked.

"I've—I've brought you a present, a lovely present," said Dottie.

The judge looked grimly surprised. "A present? I do not understand?"

"It's a ticket with a bu'ful angel on it. I thought you might like to look at it when the stone hurts you?"

The blue eyes expressed the deepest sympathy. The judge looked puzzled.

"The stone? What stone?" he asked.

"The one where your heart ought to be. Norah told me about it." At this the old man actually smiled.

"Come here," he said, "and let me see your present."

Dottie leaned confidently on the arm of his chair while he opened it. "You see it's all about a bu'ful angel and a great big stone; but the angel rolled it away."

The judge looked at the card, looked down at the sweet face of the child before him, and then, wonder of wonders! he lifted her on his knee.

"Talk to me little one" he said "I am so lonely."

For more than an hour they talked together as freely and as confidently as if they had known each other always. The judge told her of his own little girl that had died many years before, and, drawing a case from the desk before him, he gave her a little rosary of carved ivory. "Take care of it, little one" he said "for hersake."

In the meanwhile Dottie had been missed from home and Norah had been sent in search of her. The judge was loath to have her go. "I hope your people will let you come again" he said.

"Tell them" and his voice was quite husky, while something like moisture stood in his eyes, "tell them that the stone has been rolled away."

He looked at her as she stood before him a little white-robed figure with a halo of golden hair, one small hand clasping the rosary, the other placed confidently in his own, Obeying a sudden impulse he bent down and kissed her.

"Good night, little Easter angel," he said.

