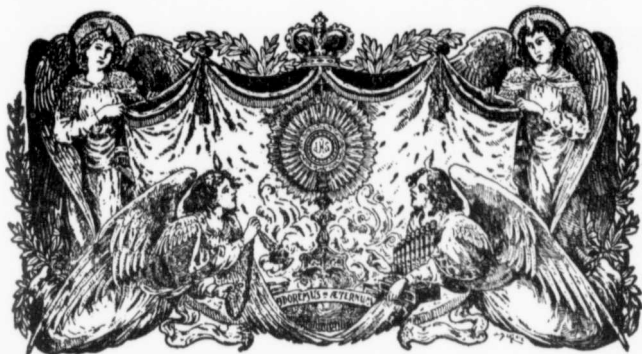


THE VIRGIN AND THE CHILD.
By Azambre.





A L O N E .

BY AMBROSE BEAVEN.

HAST thou e'er felt thyself to be alone,
 Seeing no face, feeling no presence near ;
 No friendly smile, no cheering voice to hear ;
 Only one aching heart, and that thine own ?
 Hast counted weary hours, or heard the tone
 From some far belfry wafted to the ear,
 Wind-toss'd and quiv'ring as in mortal fear,
 Swelling and dying with a feeble moan ?

Go thou, whose heart has known this bitter pain,
 To Him, who in His mighty love doth deign
 With us to dwell ; love's captive — Him thou'lt find
 Lone and neglected — aye, but ever kind ;
 And gentle the reproach He speaks to thee :
 " In prison, and ye did not visit Me."

Daily Communion.

By this document of June 3rd, 1905 which we are happy to publish the Holy Father encourages the practice of daily Communion so salutary for souls generous enough to surmount the difficulties which might hinder them from approaching. It shows us clearly that in the Sovereign Pontiff's opinion the daily reception of the Eucharist is the daily remedy for our daily weaknesses, the soul's daily food, the antidote for our daily venial sins and not a reward for the practice of exalted virtue.

Decree published after an audience with the Holy Father.

Our Holy Father, the Pope ardently desiring that the practice of daily Communion, so salutary to the soul and so agreeable to God, be, by the divine grace, spread throughout Christendom, grants to all the faithful who devoutly recite this prayer an indulgence of 300 days, daily, and to those who recite it for a month a plenary indulgence obtainable on any day of their choice under the following conditions: Confession, Communion and a visit to a public oratory with prayer for the intentions of His Holiness. These indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory and are perpetual notwithstanding all things to the contrary. In testimony of which, etc.

CASIMIR CARD. GENNARI.

This receipt was duly presented to the Most Holy Congregation of Sacred Relics and Indulgences. In testimony of which, etc.

Given at Rome under the seal of the same S. C. the 3rd of June, 1905.

D. PANACI, Arch. of Laodicea, *Secret.*

By attaching indulgences to this beautiful prayer the Holy Father has expressed his wish to see it spread broadcast among the faithful. Hence at the last session of the Eucharistic Congress recently held at Rome thousands of copies were distributed among the sessionists as well as among the vast number of laity present.



Prayer to Obtain the Spread of the Pious Practice of Daily Communion.

Most sweet Jesus, who didst come into the world to give to all souls the life of Thy grace and who, to preserve and nourish this life in them, didst wish to be the daily remedy of their daily weaknesses and their daily food, we humbly beseech Thee, by Thy heart so inflamed with love for us, to shed Thy Holy Spirit on all souls, in order that those who are unhappily in mortal sin may be converted and recover the life of grace which they have lost, and that those who, by Thy help, already live this divine life may devoutly approach the Holy Table daily, when possible; so that by means of daily communion receiving daily the antidote for their daily venial sins and nourishing daily in themselves the life of Thy grace and thus purifying themselves ever more and more, they may finally attain to the possession of everlasting life with Thee. Amen.

PIUS X, 30th day of May, 1905.

300 days Indulgence, each day.

IMPRIMATUR : † Paul, Arch. of Montreal, 5th August 1905.



Particular Practice for the Month of September.

Our Duties towards the Eucharist.

Third Duty : To Visit It.



To visit those we love is the first obligation friendship imposes, because it proves our love and at the same time entertains and strengthens it.

We should visit the Friend abiding in the Tabernacle to prove our love to Him, that love to which He has a supreme right under so many titles.

He expects this testimony of friendship because in the Blessed Eucharist He is as truly man as God, consequently He desires to receive the marks of human love, one of the most common and spontaneous of which is mutual visits among friends. Let us not refuse Jesus, Sacred Host, this evidence of our attachment. Let us come to the foot of the Tabernacle, in order that His Heart, the most fascinating and sensitive of human hearts may enjoy the happiness we ourselves taste when we receive the welcome visit of our dearly loved friends.

We need not pretend we love Jesus if we never visit Him. Love is, doubtless, a unitive power but it only acts on hearts coming into contact.

We should also visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to entertain our love for Him.

To entertain love is to maintain and nourish it, that is to say, to put it frequently in presence and in possession of the loved one. We will, then, often visit Jesus in the Eucharist, in order to entertain our love, frail little flower

condemned to lose its radiance and its life as soon as it is deprived of the warmth of the Eucharistic Sun.

We are told of little birds that sing only when intoxicated by the ardent rays of the burning sun, that never give out a note under sombre skies, seeming at such times to have completely forgotten their instinctive art. Our heart is like those songsters, it sings love and remembers its art only when the divine fire of the Sun of the Sacred Host warms and intoxicates it.

Jesus is the one Friend, infinitely perfect, infinitely amiable, who only gains on better acquaintance, consequently the more we visit Him, the more we shall feel our hearts enamoured of his perfections and amiabilities. Furthermore visiting the Eucharistic Christ is putting ourselves in direct contact with this great source of divine love, lent by heaven to earth. Would it, I ask, be possible for us to approach this divine Furnace without little by little feeling its ineffable ardor? What wood is to the fire, our heart is to God. As wood must be thrown into the fire to become fire itself, so our heart must be thrown into God, who is love, that it may become love itself. After Communion there is no more efficacious means of thus immersing our heart in God than by putting it in contact with the adorable mystery in our visits to the Tabernacle.

How constant and ardent is love thus ignited at the fire of the unchangeable love of God Himself burning here below in the Eucharist! The source whence the saints and martyrs drew the love which made them so firm and courageous in suffering and trial, so heroic in face of torments and death!

Sweet Jesus, I understand now why Thou dost complain so sorrowfully to Blessed Margaret Mary, of the abandonment and neglect Thou receivest in the Eucharist; because when we no longer visit Thee, we cease to love Thee and not to be loved by us, Thy creatures, is for Thee the greatest of all sorrows.

Let us multiply our visits to the Blessed Sacrament since they satisfy the love of Jesus and since without them our love for Him only lives in languishing when it does not die in forgetting Him.



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St. Michael=Archangel.

*O Jesu! life-spring of the soul!
 The Father's power, and glory bright!
 Thee with the angels we extol:
 From Thee they draw their life and light.
 Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread
 Embattled o'er the azure sky:
 But Michael bears Thy standard dread,
 And lifts the mighty Cross on high.
 He in that sign the rebel power,
 Did with their dragon prince expel;
 And hurled them, from the heaven's high
 towers,
 Down like a thunderbolt to hell.
 Grant us with Michael still, O Lord,
 Against the Prince of Pride to fight;
 So may a crown be our reward
 Before the Lamb's pure throne of
 light.*



The Magician and the Sacred Host.

LANCIANO is an Archiepiscopal city of Abruzzo where in the XIII century took place an event clearly showing the deplorable ignorance and credulity prevailing among the illiterate, as well as the diabolical hatred of the Jews and Magicians for the august sacrament of the altar... Such excesses imply an involuntary belief and are a confession of the real presence on the part of hell's agents who would not vent such rage on mere symbols.

The wife of a laborer named Rizziarella was often the victim of his hasty temper and consequent ill-treatment. One day, to escape his passionate outburst she fled from her home and sought refuge with a neighbour, a woman of Jewish nationality and known throughout the country as a magician. This odious creature tried to console the poor woman by promising her a powerful draught which would change the choleric disposition of her husband. The unhappy wife pleaded to be given without delay this wonderful charm that should restore peace in her household. But to her entreaties the Jewess replied that she could not mix the draught until she possessed as one of the principal ingredients a consecrated Host. The miserable creature did not recoil even before this awful crime. She went to communion and like a second Judas betrayed her God into the hands of the magician who immediately began preparations for her sacrilegious orgies.

She heated a tile and put the Sacred Host thereon to burn it and reduce it to powder, but to her great dismay this Sacred Host suddenly changed into flesh from which the blood flowed in abundance, spreading over the live coals and extinguishing the fire. The women gazed at each other in consternation. Still the blood kept running while neither dust nor ashes thrown to stop it had any effect. With courage born of desperation Rizziarella seized a coarse towel and quickly wrapped it round this bleeding



flesh and blood stained tile and ran and hid them in a corner of the stable. The culprits then hastened to clear away all traces of their diabolical crime so visibly and wonderfully punished by God...

In the evening, when her husband returned from work, he, as usual, led his beast of burden to the stable. To his great surprise the animal would not enter, neither blows nor commands could make him; instead he knelt at the door. When, after incredible efforts, he was pushed into the stall, he would not even touch his food. Every

animal brought to that stable acted in the same strange unaccountable manner. Finally, the stable was said to be haunted by evil spirits and was abandoned.

For seven long years the crime remained undiscovered. From time to time, extraordinary things happened around the scene of profanation, which were inexplicable to all except to the miserable creature whom the remembrance



of her foul deed pursued incessantly. At last, overcome with remorse and fear at the thought of the terrible judgments of God she resolved to confess her crime.

She went to Confession to Father Jacques Diotalevi of the order of St Augustine of Offeda, prior of Lanciano. The holy monk could scarcely credit such malice and doubted of a similar prodigy, nevertheless on the reiterated assertions of his penitent, he repaired to the stable, to the designated spot, dug up the earth and there in a

coarse cloth saturated with blood as if freshly shed he found the Sacred Host perfectly intact, one part having the aspect of bleeding flesh, the other the appearance of bread. The prior reverently lifted from this unworthy place the Sacred Host containing the King of Heaven and lovingly bore It to his monastery to offer solemn reparation for so many abominable outrages.

Afterwards wishing to endow his native land with this precious treasure he brought it to Offeda and deposited It in the Church of the Augustinians where the feast of the miracle is yearly celebrated with great religious solemnity on the third of May. The scene of the profanation at Lanciano was surrounded with great veneration and a beautiful church built there in the year 1582.

The monastery of St. Francis in this same city of Lanciano was also signalized by a eucharistic miracle. A Priest was tormented with doubts about the consecration. Once while celebrating Mass, after pronouncing the liturgical words, he hesitated when, instantly, he saw the bread change into flesh, the wine take the appearance of blood. At first he was filled with fear ; but his doubts were completely vanquished and desiring that others might profit by this miracle of which he had been the cause, he invited the assistants to approach the altar and showed them the wonderful transformation. The Sacred Host was then preserved to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful at Easter.

Then the miraculous Host was divided into five parts of different sizes, one of which was given to the Bishop. Led by divine inspiration the prelate weighed the various parts and saw with admiration that each one, the biggest as well as the smallest, weighed exactly alike. Thus clearly confirming the truth so well sung by the Angelic Doctor : "*Nulla rei fit scissura ; Signi tantum fit fractura.*"





JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE.

THE MEMORIAL.



THE Most Holy Sacrament of the altar has been appropriately called the last effort of the boundless love of Our Saviour for man. Consider the Holy Eucharist in this visit as a memorial. Every tabernacle is surmounted by a cross, because the Blessed Sacrament is a memorial of Our Lord's passion and death. "As often as ye shall eat this bread and drink this chalice, ye shall show the death of the Lord, until He come." Why? First, because it was given as a parting gift on the eve of the Passion, and, secondly, because it contains Our Lord and perpetuates Him as the Victim of the Cross.

The author of "The Lover of Souls" beautifully discourses on these two points in the following words:— "Let us recall the touching episode of the Last Supper. Jesus and His apostles are seated at the table for the celebration of the Paschal solemnity. It is the last meal they are to take together, for He is about to leave them. They have lived in His company for almost three years. He has been the kindest of masters and truest of friends, and now He is to part from them. Their hearts are filled with sorrow. Our Lord is sorrowful too. He knows how they will miss Him. He knows their weakness. You shall all be scandalized in Me, He says to them. Every farewell makes a pathetic scene. He is going to meet

death ; to-morrow evening at the same hour He will be in His grave, and they will have shamefully forsaken Him ; their head and chief will have thrice denied Him. Jesus forsees all this, yet He will not cast them off. Having loved His own, He loved them unto the end. Even in those last hours of His life, when his soul is sorrowful unto death, He will give them a token of His undying love. He will give them a pledge of affection which shall compel them to remember Him. A death bed gift is always a precious gift, more especially if it be a souvenir to which the heart of the dying one clings, and around which entwine all the tenderest memories of the dear departed one. What gift will He bestow in that last hour? The Father had so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son. What will the Son bequeath to us.—He Who is not only God, but also man, Whose kind human heart with all its human love is shrinking from the impending separation, and bleeding to leave those He loves, alone, like poor sheep, scattered without a shepherd? " My delight is to be with the sons of men ! " O Lord, we may exclaim, ' abide with us. ' The greatest gift Thou couldst bestow would be Thy lasting presence in our midst. Alas ! that cannot be, since Thou art to die and to return to Thy Father. But lo ! The loving pledge we hear : I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Yes, love makes all things possible ; His presence among us is indeed the gift He is about to confer upon His children. He is to die and yet to remain living amid these scenes, until the end of time. Listen to His words : ' I am the Living Bread that came down from heaven... Whosoever eateth Me, the same shall live by Me... Take ye and eat, this is my body. Drink ye all of this, for this is My blood. ' And then He adds : ' This do ye for the commemoration of Me '—this do, as you have seen Me do. You also take bread and wine and consecrate them into My flesh, and My blood, and do this in memory of Me. And, as often as ye shall eat, this bread and drink this chalice, ye shall show the death of the Lord, till He come.'

" O Lord, is it possible? Is this indeed Thy dying gift? Ah ! yes, we, too, shall be Thy guests. Blessed be Thy

holy name. Thou hast fed us, as Thou didst feed Thy apostles and disciples, and Thou art still as truly, really and substantially present here on the altar as Thou wert that blessed night, with Thy chosen ones in Jerusalem's 'upper room.' The Blessed Eucharist is a 'Memorial,' because it is the parting gift of Our Lord to the apostles and to us. But it is also a 'Memorial' because it contains Our Lord as the Victim of the Cross and perpetuates Him, as it were, in that state. How does it do this? First, that divine Victim of the cross was silent. It had been prophesied of Him: He shall be dumb as a lamb before His shearers, and He shall not open His mouth.' He was reviled, but He did not revile; He suffered, but He threatened not; He was cursed and blasphemed, but He cursed not His guilty blasphemers. And when He was dead, His ears did not hear the wails of His Mother and of the women, His eyes did not see the tears of the dear ones around Him; a corpse feels not, hears not, speaks not. Such is the state of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He speaks not. Day and night there reigns perpetual silence in and about His tabernacle. He never breaks the stillness around His altar throne. In many a church and chapel He remains a whole day, sometimes a whole week, without receiving the homage of a single heart, but He utters no complaint. In some churches—let us blush to acknowledge it—He is neglected, His tabernacle is enveloped in dust, yet no murmur falls from His sacred lips. He sees His children frivolous and irreverent even during the celebration of the divine mysteries, still He does not rebuke them. He beholds some before His very face polluting their souls with mortal sin, but not a word of indignation escapes Him. The unworthy communicant approaches, opens His sacrilegious lips, receives Him and hands Him over to the demons of sin in his Judas-like soul: but Jesus is silent, except, perhaps, for a whisper of reproach breathed to that conscience stained with the infamous crime committed against his patient, long-suffering Lord. It is night; all is peaceful in the church; the little lamp alone sends a few trembling rays of light into the dark aisles. Suddenly the gates of the church are forced asunder by lawless, ungodly men.

The tabernacle door is ruthlessly opened, the ciborium seized, and He is made mockery of, He is cast upon the floor, He may be trampled upon amid diabolical laughter, and then He is left alone to be wept over in anguish by His angels, His priests, and His people : but He is silent, for He is none other than the Christ Who died on Calvary, the ancient Victim of the Cross.

“ Again, as Man, Jesus was, until His Passion the most attractive and the most beautiful of the children of men. But behold Him on the cross, behold Him dead in the arms of His weeping Mother. All His beauty has departed, the light has vanished from His sacred brow. Was ever a body rent and bruised as His? His face is disfigured with welts and blots of clotted blood ashy pale, and haggard beyond description because of the terrible agony He has endured. His whole body is disfigured by cruel blows, by piteous falls, by lash and scourge, by hunger and thirst, and by the sharp wind blowing that day over the mount of sacrifice. The words of the Prophet Isaias have found their fulfilment : There is no beauty or comeliness in Him, and we have seen Him, and there was no sightliness in Him that we should desire Him... He was despised as the most abject of men. Poor, outraged Jesus ! Now glance at the Blessed Eucharist and behold Him there. Where is His beauty ? Where His strength ? Where His Majesty ? Where the splendor of His glory ? He is so concealed that He does not show the form of a human being. At the foot of the cross, in the arms of Mary, we do not see His divinity, we see at least His body,—mangled, horribly disfigured, it is true,—still it is His body. But here He cannot be seen at all. We perceive a little white veil,—Nothing more. Faith alone has power to penetrate the folds of that veil.



The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday, September 21st, at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

**An Hour of Adoration before the
Blessed Sacrament**

The Angelic Salutation. Hail Mary !

I. — Adoration.

Hail Mary ! I salute Thee, Mary ! I congratulate and admire Thee, O incomparable Virgin, blessed and most holy Mother of God ! I salute Thee principally as the most perfect adorer of the Word made flesh and become our living Bread in the holy Eucharist. I come to put myself under Thy maternal direction in order that guided by Thee I may render less unworthy homage to thine adorable Son Jesus, ever present, ever living in our midst in His august Sacrament.

O Mary ! Thy name a thousand times blessed is a light for my intellect, a charm for my heart to allure me to follow Thee to the foot of the altar When I say : Mary ! a celestial echo answers : Jesus ! and fills me with an intense longing to make acts of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and prayer in union with my heavenly mother.

According to the most illustrious doctors the name of Mary signifies, first, Soverign, Queen, Mistress : meaning that thou, dear Mother, art above all creatures by thy power and better still by thy sublime virtues ; that thou dost surpass them all by thy eminent qualities of every kind, from

which we naturally conclude that thou art the model of all contemplatives.

And when we think that Mary saw her powers of contemplation expanding day by day according as the admirable life of her divine Son unfolded before her eyes, that life of which she incessantly scrutinized the events and movements and pondered over them in her heart ; what must we think of the state of her soul in presence of the Most Holy Sacrament, which recalled and revived before her all the past mysteries of the life, passion and death of that divine Son, and which already gave her a foretaste of the delights of Paradise ? How truly Mary has realized the first meaning of her name ; how truly she has been and always will be the Sovereign, the Queen and the Mistress of adorers in spirit and in truth ! O Mary ! Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, Mother and Model of adorers, I unite with Thee to adore thy well-beloved Son present under the Sacramental veils.

II. — Thanksgiving.

Hail Mary ! I salute Thee, Mary ! Allow me, my kind Mother, to seek equally in thy blessed name a subject of thanksgiving towards the Eucharistic Christ. I know thou art the most grateful creature imaginable ; I know thou art a living act of thanksgiving ; I know that the hymn of eternal thanksgiving sung by the Angels and Saints could not be better expressed than by thy Magnificat ; but tell me, Virgin Mother, from what fountain-head didst thou draw this grateful love. Was it not from an ineffable light thou alone didst possess ; a light that made thee recognize and appreciate at their full value the innumerable gifts of God showered upon thee, *fecit mihi magna qui potens est* ; a light that showed thee thy personal nothingness, in as much as the creature is the pure gratuity of all God's graces : *quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ* ; a light that made thine immaculate heart, so noble, so sensitive, so capable of responding to the merciful advances of the divine goodness as no longer to contain its holy joy but compelled it to burst forth in the sublime canticle : My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour ? Is there anything in thy name, O Mary, to remind me that thou art a light to fathom God's secrets and to discern His gifts ? Yes, because, Mary also signifies light which illumi-

nates ; yes, because thou art compared to the resplendent moon and invoked under the title of Star of the Sea. O, Our Lady of the most Holy Sacrament, Mother and Model of grateful souls give me a share in the supernatural lights thou didst possess concerning the inexpressible gift of the Eucharist so that, like thee, I may no longer live but in thanksgiving and love.

III. — Reparation.

Hail Mary ! I salute Thee, O Mary, and ask Thee what shall thy name so bright, so sweet, so consoling say to me about reparation ? If I believe the best interpreters Mary also signifies sea of bitterness : meaning that thy life was filled with sorrow and though thy Virginal being was submerged in the waters of grace these waters were, nevertheless, terribly bitter. The Blessed Virgin in her capacity of Mother of the Redeemer was to participate with her divine Son in the salvation of the human race. That Son desired to save the world by the cross ; His whole life was but a cross and a martyrdom, consequently from the very beginning a sword of sorrow pierced the most pure heart of Mary. Moreover, suffering is the law of love and it was Mary's ardent love that constituted her principal suffering. Because she loved more than any other creature she suffered an incomparable martyrdom. Sorrow was for her a refuge, a relief, a refreshing water to quench her thirst, a food to appease her hunger and, finally, the object of a devouring and insatiable passion. From the crib to the cross Jesus and Mary lived in perfect unity, following the same influence, under the same inspiration, obeying the same law, walking the same way, advancing with an even step, loving together, suffering together, loving each other and suffering one for the other. How keenly thou must have suffered, dear Mother, through thy foreknowledge of the abandonment, contempt and outrages to which thy divine Son should be exposed in the course of centuries in the Sacrament of His excessive love !

Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, Mother and Model of reparation, give us, we implore thee, a share in thy state of Eucharistic Victim.

IV. — Prayer.

Hail Mary ! I salute Thee, Mary. Animated with lively confidence I come and cast myself at thy feet earnestly

asking thee, O Mother most loving and amiable, to teach me how to pray, thou whose very name itself invites to prayer.

For if thou art a brilliant light thou canst also be called a burning one even more justly than St. John the Baptist whom the Lord designated "a brilliant and ardent lamp;" and thy most eager desire is to spread the light and the fire of grace. It was under thy tuition, in praying to thee, in praying with thee that were formed those geniuses of science and piety called the Bernards, Thomas Aquinases, Dominics etc. Thou art the "Star of the Sea," the "Morning Star" who if we invoke under these titles will calm the most fearful tempests and show us even now the dawn of the Sun of divine Justice. St Bernard bears testimony to the truth of my assertion, that privileged soul on whom thou didst confer thy most precious favors, says: "If you are tossed about by the winds of temptation, or hurled against the rocks of tribulation, look at this Star, invoke Mary; if you are agitated by the waves of pride, ambition, hatred or jealousy, look at this Star, invoke Mary; if the frail barque of your heart is harassed by the storms of anger, avarice or illusions of the flesh, have recourse to Mary... In your dangers, in your sorrows, in your anxieties and in your doubts, think of Mary, invoke Mary." I still further learn, dear Mother, from thy devoted servant St. Epiphanius that thy name also signifies hope. The church confirms this interpretation by daily putting on her children's lips this beautiful prayer: Hail holy Queen Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope. Hail our hope! Hope is the essential element, the foundation of the life of prayer, and how when animated with this hope can we pray to Mary, or to Jesus through Mary, in Mary, by Mary and with Mary without our prayers being answered.

Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, Mother and Model of prayerful souls, obtain for us the spirit of prayer, the love and taste for prayer at the foot of the altar. Amen.





The Holy Sacrifice and the Curé of Ars.



ALL good works combined are not equal to the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, because they are the works of men, whereas the Mass is the work of God. Martyrdom, the sacrifice man makes of his life to God, is nothing in comparison to the Mass which is the sacrifice God makes to man of His body and blood

Oh ! but the priest, Christ's representative, empowered by Him to offer the divine oblation is something great. If he thoroughly understood his dignity and power the knowledge would crush him. God obeys him. He pronounces two words and Our Lord comes down from heaven at his voice to enclose Himself in a small white Host, then the Eternal Father looks with complacency on the altar saying : " this is my well-beloved Son in whom I am well pleased " and to his infinite merits He can refuse nothing.

If we had lively faith, we should see God hidden in the priest like a light behind a mirror, like wine mingled with water.

After the Consecration, when I hold in my hands the most holy body of Our Lord Jesus Christ especially in hours of torturing discouragement, when keenly realizing my unworthiness I see myself only fit for hell, I try to

console myself by saying : " Ah ! if at least I could take Him with me ! Hell would be sweet near Him ; it would not cost me to remain there in suffering for all eternity if we were there together... But if He were there, it would not be hell, because the flames of love would extinguish those of justice. "

How beautiful it is to think that after the consecration the good God is on the altar as He is in heaven... If we rightly understood this sublime mystery we should be consumed by love, but God in His tender mercy shrouds it on account of our weakness. A priest celebrating the holy sacrifice after the consecration doubted slightly that words of his could make Our Lord come down on the altar. Instantly, he saw the Sacred Host redden and the corporal stain with blood.

If some one informed us that at a certain hour and place a corpse would be resuscitated we would hasten to see the marvel. But is not the consecration which changes the bread and wine into the body and blood of Jesus a much greater miracle ? To hear Mass properly we should spend at least a quarter of an hour in preparation, annihilating self after the example of the profound annihilations of Jesus in the Sacrament of His love, examining our conscience, exciting ourselves to contrition for our sins, because the more perfect our dispositions are the greater spiritual profit shall we derive from the holy sacrifice. Moreover, if we realized its full value, or rather if we had lively faith, we should show much more zeal in assisting thereat.

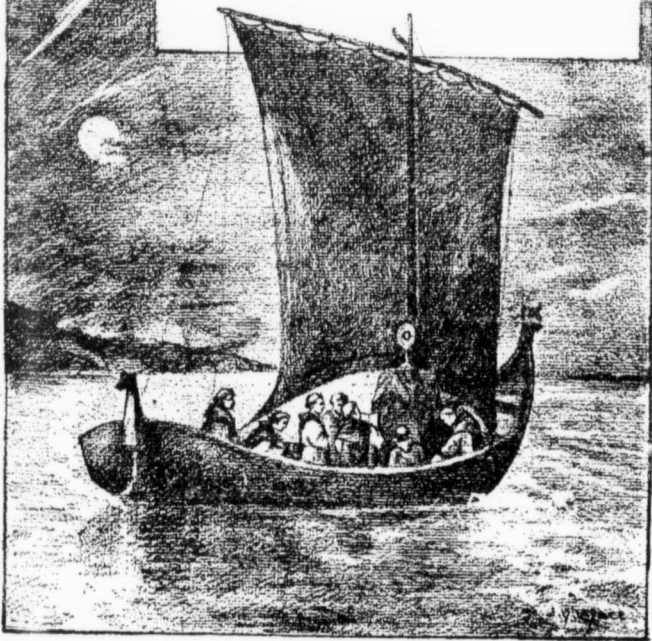
My children, you remember the story I told you about the priest who was praying for his friend ? Apparently God had revealed to him that this friend was in purgatory, and the priest thought he could not help him more efficaciously than by offering Mass for his deliverance. At the consecration he took the Sacred Host in his hands saying : " Holy and Eternal Father, let us exchange. You hold the soul of my friend in purgatory, I hold the body of your divine Son in my hands, deliver my friend and I offer Thee Thy Son with all the merits of His passion and death. The compact was accepted. At the elevation the priest saw the soul of his friend, resplendent with glory ascending to heaven.

Not Blanche

A White Night.

V. DELAPORTE, S. J.

*A summer night, a night of June, 'neath heav-
ens silvered o'er,
After a day of storm, and wind, and lightning
going before,
A Summer night upon the hills of Cambria
and the sea,
In pale lamplight of lambent moon, that silvers
rock and lea.
A summer night upon the waves that lift their
crested heads,*



To catch the gleam of tenderness, that sea and
land o'erspreads—

While silently there glides a bark far out into the night,
A summer night, a night of June, a bark that still in
Parts rippling waters white. [sight,

Whence comes the bark, from Erin, Y-Kom-Kill, or from
Bangor?

—The Saxon satiate with wine, with gold, and human
gore,
Has burned the house where night and day ascends the
voice of prayer
And darkened pearl and spotless flower of Cambria
hidden there.

The monks defenceless of Bangor have fallen by the sword,
Or self-exiled are driven forth to suffer without word.
They drift afar this Company, made humble in God's
might,

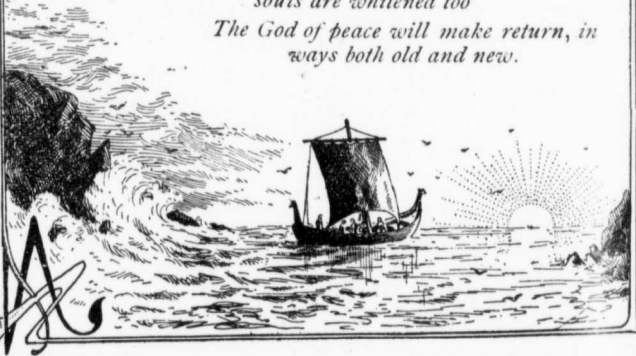
But breezes carry them and theirs, in trembling skiff
Rejoice souls pure and white. [aright—


Towards the middle of the mast, white pendant folds
enclose,

The humble tabernacle where the Lord doth find repose.
The Monks of old Bangor, whom cruel Saxon has exiled,
This refuge for the Holy One, have made, all undefiled.

Their treasure there is veiled in white, their
souls are whitened too

The God of peace will make return, in
ways both old and new.



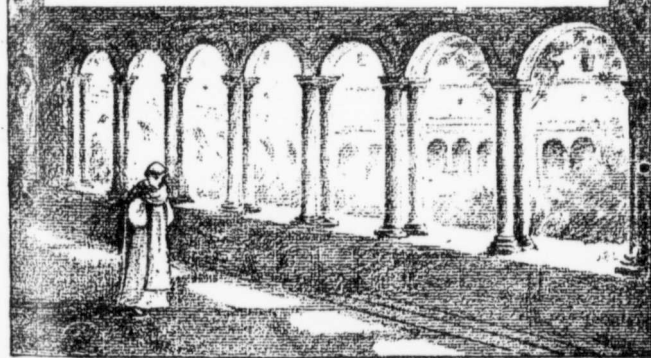


*His Angels ever guiding, as they wing the starry
height,
Surround, protect the vessel, as it sails the summer
night.
Unfold wings glist'ning, white.*

*Where go the voyagers whose way, the Lord Himself
doth trace,
To Neustria, Flanders, or Amor—they know not yet
the place.
And they no more Bangor shall see, nor Cambria
make their home,
But who seeks God alone, the earth shall no more
friendless roam.
Is man exiled who walks with God, and answering
to His call,
In desert wild or stony place, finds God is all in all!
Beneath the cross on land or sea, by day, or summer
night.
Shall ever rise the church of God, when men in God
delight.—
A tabernacle white.*

Translated by HONORA McDONOUGH.

September, 1905.



The Happy Death of Three Brothers after Holy Communion



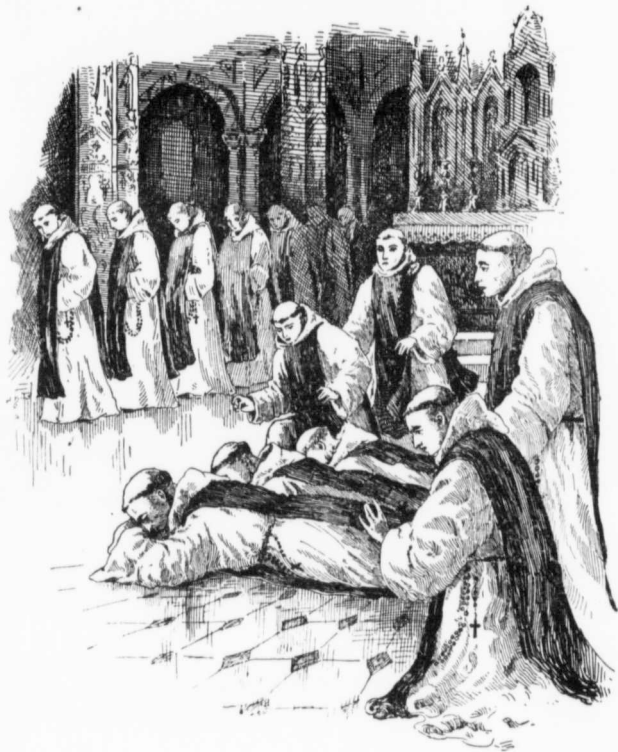
OME followers of Christ have felt such great devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament and so ardent a love for it that they have found the sweetest death imaginable in the very act of communion. Father Bzovius relates an admirable occurrence verifying this assertion which took place at Cracorie, in the Dominican monastery.

In this monastery were three uterine brothers who had received the religious habit from the hands of the glorious servant of God. Saint Hyacinth. The first named Wenceslaus, was ordained a priest, the second Ladislas a deacon, the third, Wislas a sub-deacon. They were an exemplary trio, models of exactness in the perfect observance of the rule, mirrors of all virtues and so fervent that it was impossible to say which of the three excelled. The object of their special devotion was the Blessed Eucharist to which they continually rendered the most affectionate worship and homage. Some years after their entrance, on Holy Thursday, the day set apart by the church for the solemn commemoration of this great mystery of love and ineffable charity, the three brothers prepared even more fervently than usual to receive Holy Communion by meditating on this wondrous gift and purifying their hearts through the sacrament of penance. Thus carefully prepared, inflamed with divine love and thirsting for the heavenly nourishment they approached the holy table with the rest of the monks to receive Holy Communion from their superior's hand. Immediately afterwards, according to the custom of the monastery and in token of humility, all prostrated themselves to offer thanksgiving to the God so deeply annihilated in this august mystery.

After the thanksgiving the Community rose to accompany the Blessed Sacrament to the repository ; but the

three brothers remained prostrate. Their conduct was ascribed to excessive humility, yet blamed by some as a singularity.

The beautiful ceremonies were over. The last strains of the glorious "Pange Lingua" had died away, still the three brothers remained prostrate. The prior appro-



ached and commanded them to rise ; for the first time, they did not obey ; seeing this he ordered them to be shaken and pulled up. But all was useless—they were dead. Great commotion and discussion followed. Some of the monks attributed this sudden death to a punishment from heaven, saying perhaps on such a holy day those three brothers had presented themselves at the holy table

without being purified from some grievous fault and God had stricken them on the spot. On account of this unjust supposition, suggested by the devil the three bodies were deprived of ecclesiastical burial.

A miracle was needed to refute this erroneous conclu-



sion which soon spread throughout the city. God allowed the three brothers to appear resplendent with glory and happiness to the same prior telling him that their sudden death, far from being a punishment, for sin, was a reward for the great love with which they had received the Blessed Eucharist from his hands.



The Children's Hour.

“Paddy,”

The Street Cleaner.

THE prosperous village of Spithfield could not boast of many homesteads more snug and comfortable than that of Thomas Cassidy. It consisted of a ground-floor and a first flat, wainscotted in pretty bright red, lighted up by four large windows through which the sunbeams came dancing to the great amusement of the children. The interior was not remarkable for any luxuriousness, but for its spotless cleanliness and restful home like air. But remarkable were the granaries, plentifully stocked with rye and barley, the cellars packed with potatoes, the closets filled with fine-spun linen.

This prosperity was partly due to Cassidy's grandmother, a woman over eighty years of age and known throughout the country under the name of “Paddy, the street cleaner.” It was beautiful to see the love and respect shown her by her grandson Thomas and by her three little great grandchildren Jack, Mary and Jane. The best bed in the house was hers also the best place at table. And were she not slightly blind, slightly deaf, slightly paralysed, Paddy would have been the happiest old lady in the county of Cork and perhaps, for that matter, in all Ireland. But had she been even more infirm less loved and less cared for, the Irish peasant had

not required pity while her lively faith and ardent piety sustained her. Like all her class, she dearly loved her beads and spent the greater part of her days and nights reciting them.

One thing about her puzzled the children : whenever the church-bell rang for mass, she invariably blessed herself and said : " God give me a share ! "

Jack thought there must be some special reason for this, Mary differed from him saying : " what reason can there be only that Grandma asks God to give her a share in the merits of the Mass at which she cannot assist on account of her age and infirmities." To which Jack replied that it was only a year since Grandma had given up going to Mass on Sunday, whereas, as long as he could remember, she had always blessed herself and said, " God give me a share." Even when she had been at mass, if the bell rang for another, she repeated the ejaculation ; " consequently," persisted Jack, " there is some reason for her doing so and I shall satisfy myself by asking her and showing you that, thought you are three years older than I, nevertheless, I am wiser than you."

That same evening after supper, he went to Grandma and laying his soft rosy cheek caressingly against her thin wrinkled face coaxingly said : " Grannie dear, I want to ask you something."

" Ask Alanna."

" Why, Grandma, when the mass bell rings, do you always make the sign of the cross and say : " God give me a share ? "

" Because, my jewel, its a holy and salutary practice." " I know that Grandma. But why are you the only one in the parish who follows this custom..." I was arguing with Mary this morning that there must be some reason for it, some circumstance or event connected with your early life."

" How clever he is, my little Jackie ! You are right, my treasure. I say the words, " God give me a share," because the first time I did so, they seemed almost miraculously answered. That was not yesterday, but fifty years ago : Listen children,"—the others had gathered round while Jack was questioning her,—" while I tell

you all about it and learn from my experience that the good God never abandons those who put their confidence in Him and who despite suffering and misery, do not give way to discouragement."

"Fifty years ago, I lived in London,—a city where it is hard to gain a living and almost as hard to save one's



soul. Never go there, dear children, if you can help it. My husband died after a short illness and left me penniless with three little babies, the eldest of whom could scarcely tell its right hand from its left. Then began a period of such hardships and sorrow that the very remembrance of it even now makes me shudder. The time came when to give my little ones even potatoes to eat, I was obliged to work Sundays as well as week days. My

work was not hard. I swept the crossings, according to the season, of snow, mud or dust, in the hope of getting a few pennies from the charitably disposed passers-by, who, truth to say, were generally in the minority, so my earnings did not amount to much.

Before undertaking the Sunday work, I consulted my confessor, Rev. F. Brown. He would not say "yes" or "no," or whether it was allowed or forbidden, merely advising: "Do the best you can and as your conscience dictates, but above all things never miss Mass on Sundays."

I was carefull to follow his advice. Ah, little ones, if we realized what Mass is, the heaviest crosses would seem light viewed from Calvary's height. I have never been able to understand how a Christian believing in the passion and death of Christ could give way to murmuring and despair.

I always went to the early Mass in the chapel of the Holy Cross. Some Sundays this consolation was denied me. Fifty years ago, priests were not numerous in London and when the one who celebrated the day-break Mass for the working people and servants fell ill, there was no one to replace him. This happened on the particular Sunday to which I am alluding, so I had to content myself with a short prayer before taking up my station at my accustomed crossing. I, who was without boasting the cleverest sweeper in London, that morning plied my avocation so awkwardly that I spattered the freshly polished boots of a fine gentleman. It was not the surest way to gain pennies... But you see it was the Mass I had not heard which upset me. I sometimes wonder how people can live who do not pray. I could not do it, I should die of weariness. To return to my story: I was sweeping discontentedly and awkwardly because I had not heard Mass. At eleven o'clock, the three big bells of Holy Cross rang out joyously for High Mass. Instinctively, I stopped my work, made the sign of the cross and said aloud very earnestly and fervently,—"God give me a share!"

Scarcely had I uttered the words when a lady dressed in black who was passing asked me:

"Did you not hear Mass to-day, my good woman?"

"No, madam," I answered sadly, "I am obliged to deprive myself of that happiness if I wish to earn food for my children."

"Well, in that case, give me your broom and go and



hear Mass. I shall do the work while you are gone and faithfully remit you all the pennies I may earn." I hesitated, but the lady took the broom from my hand and pointed to the church with so much authority that, half confused and half glad, I did her bidding.

When I returned she was still sweeping. I could plainly see she was not accustomed to the work; nevertheless, she had succeeded much better than I ever had, judging from the handful of coin she gave me, among which sparkled four guineas.

"Four guineas!" excitedly interrupted Jack."

"Four bright new guineas! Who do you think this lady was?"

"The Blessed Virgin," hazarded Jack.

"May be, but a poor creature like me is not worthy of a miracle. No, the lady of the guineas was not the Blessed Virgin."

"A kind fairy," suggested Jack.

"Fairies do not walk the streets of London, Jackie. The lady who swept in my place while I assisted at Mass was the duchess of Longthorn, renowned throughout England for her charity and eccentricities.

To make a long story short, those guineas brought me wonderful luck and were instrumental in saving me and my children. With their help, I left London and came here to my relatives where I knew a warm welcome awaited me. Had it not been for their timely help, I should probably have died of want in London with my helpless family and you would not be alive to listen to my story. Since then, whenever the Mass bell rings, I never fail to bless myself and to say, "God give me a share." "Well, Mary," cried the irrepressible Jack, wasn't I right? Didn't I tell you there was some special reason for Grandma's practice?"

Mary, deeply impressed by the story, failed to retort. Jane in her childish treble broke the silence saying, "I will follow Grandma's example, whenever I hear the Mass bell ring I shall ask Jesus to give me a share in the merits and fruits of the Holy sacrifice."

"And so will I," cried Jack and Mary simultaneously.

"You will do wisely, children. May the practice bring you as much joy as it did me," said Grandma kissing the sleepy little ones and sending them off to bed...

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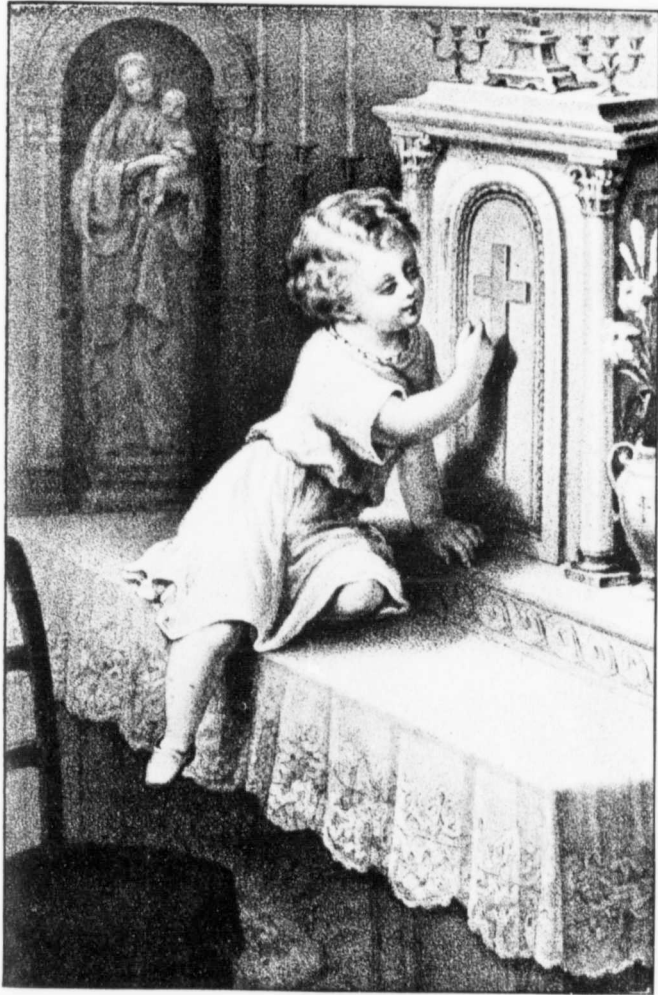
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