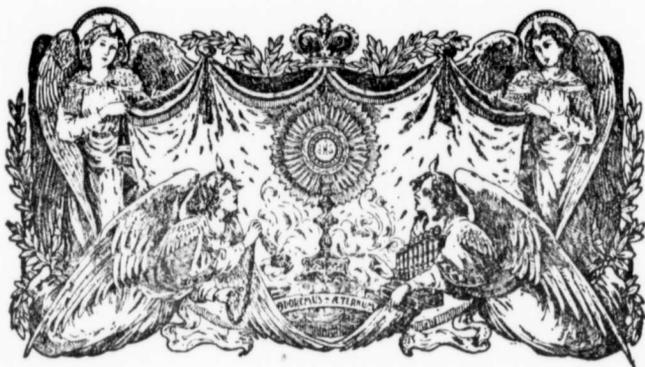


THE PREACHING OF JESUS.

HOFFMANN.



## THE HOLY HOUR.

**H**ADST thou been in Gethsemane  
 That darksome night and dreare,  
 When Christ the bitter chalice drained,  
 With none to soothe or cheer.  
 When all the crimes of sinful men  
 His cup filled to the brim,  
 And trickling fell the sweat of blood.  
 Wouldst thou have wat hed with Him?  
 All agony that heart can bear,  
 All sorrow earth has known  
 He suffered in that cruel hour,  
 And suffered it—alone.

The comfort that the angel brought,  
 Oh! had it been from thee!  
 Oh! hear His cry of wounded love,  
 "Wilt watch one hour with Me?"  
 His Heart is calling to thee still,  
 Canst thou resist its power?  
 Go! bow before His lonely shrine,  
 To watch with Him—one hour.

## The Eucharist and the Rosary.

### The Sorrowful Mysteries.

#### Second Mystery.—The Scourging.

##### Sacrileges.



WHEN Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him." (John 19)

The Sacred Scripture throws a veil over the details of this torture that sets our flesh a quivering but the scene comes home to us most forcibly. We see the pillar, the iron ring at the top of it to which Jesus is attached, and the leathern lash spiked with iron. The soldiers fix their own number of cruel stripes and He is agreed. They may cut to the bone, but in His heart He says : " Cut deeper for every blow you strike resounds in My Father's court and pleads for the pardon of those I love."

The cruel and bloody outrage of the Scourging, cannot be renewed upon the natural body of Christ. By His resurrection He placed it beyond the possibility of suffering, but in His Sacramental life He has delivered it up to executioners just as unmerciful and blood-thirsty as were those of the Pretorium. For over nineteen hundred years now, Christian humanity has been rendering homage to the Eucharist. Yet side by side with this homage, how much ingratitude there is and how many profanations of the Sacred Body ! Pagans, Barbarians, Heretics and Jews have succeeded each other in their dark efforts to ill-treat the world's Redeemer in the Sacrament of His love.

If we have not seen these horrors, we have read of them or heard of them furious hordes rushing into God's Temple, prying open the Tabernacle, brutally open the ciboria, throwing to earth the pure white hosts and trampling them in their rage with their sacrilegious feet, Others furtively steal into the holy place and carry off the Bread of Angels putting it to the vilest use through sheer malice.

How strange all this is ! The majority of the Sacrilegious hearts pretend that they do not believe in the Sacred Presence, and yet they struggle against this little circle of bread as they would against the greatest of their living enemies, piercing It with instruments hoping to reach the heart or crushing It as though they could smother It. " *Mentita est iniquitas sibi* " Ps. xxvi, " Iniquity hath lied to itself " and its insensate gusts of anger and hatred are really, in spite of their efforts to turn it otherwise, one of the greatest proofs of the real presence.

Public crimes against the Adorable Eucharist are horrible to think of, but, after all, precautions can be taken to prevent them. We can lock our Tabernacles with secret devices, make the doors more substantial, or set sentinels to watch for those living demons, but more horrible still are the dark crimes of sinners, who under the cloak of devotion, approach the Holy Table, receive the Bread of angels, and force our Dear Lord to accept the hospitality of their putrified souls, thus changing the Sacrament of life into a token of death. They deceived the priest by lying words in the confessional, and they deceive him at the altar rail by approaching with those who have been purified from all stain. They deceive the assembled faithful who look upon them as the friends of God and they would, if they could, deceive the God whom they outrage.

The kiss of the traitor in the Garden is a poor, weak picture of their crime ; we must in order to understand it, picture the agony inflicted of old upon the unfortunate victims, who, according to the whims of a tyrant, were bound while living to corpses in an advanced state of putrefaction. This is a picture of an unworthy communion

St Paul tells us that the sinner eats his own condemnation. And see in spite of all this, how merciful our dear Jesus is ! These miserable souls who condemn themselves do not meet with judgment at the precise moment of their crime, Jesus waits and even at times works out His interests at the soul's by causing such a pang of remorse that the sinner throws himself upon the

merciful Heart of his God and cuts short with sin and its occasions. But just think of all the sorrow, the tears, the suffering and the penance it will require to efface this heinous crime. O God ! the very thought of the possibility of such a crime makes us quiver ! In looking back over my past, I cannot see that I deliberately accepted a sin like this against Thee, but did I have the audacity of approaching the Holy Table with a doubtful conscience as to my real guilt on such and such an occasion ? Did I willfully shrink from revealing my soul to myself, first of all, and then to my confessor ? And were I guiltless of these accusations even if my conscience be free from these remorseful weights, is there not the remembrance of a communion made without preparation without devotion and without any fruit : consequently I have rendered the Sacrament sterile by the lack of proper dispositions.

A serious meditation of this will do us good and open our eyes to the necessity of aiming at drawing from our Communions three principal graces : First — A deep, broad love for Jesus Christ who foreseeing the outrages to which He would be subjected nevertheless did not hesitate to give Himself to us. Second — An ardent desire to atone for all the sacrileges committed in the world. Third — A true zeal for the practice of bodily self-denial in preparation for Holy Communion.

Dear Jesus, scourged for love of us, help us to form habits of purity and meekness by bringing to our Communions the will to be pure and meek. Help us to struggle so that each communion may make us better, help us to make Thee forget the dark, sad days Thou hast spent in hearts that would not love Thee when Thou wert longing and pining for one little mark of sorrow, more for the harm they were doing to their own souls than for the outrage committed against Thee, the God of love and mercy !



## THE LITTLE MARTYR'S FIRST COMMUNION.



THE tropical sun's ardent rays shone on Central Africa and under its magic touch the blue sky looked lovelier, luxuriant nature more beautiful and the waters of the great lakes like sparkling diamonds. Amid the loneliness and wild beauty of this isolated region, stood, like a silent sentinel, the little chapel of Tégoua, ever pointing the upward way to those dusky children of the forest, ever urging them to abandon their free lawless life, ever spreading its beneficent influence on the few who entered its sacred precincts. It is true, its bare white walls were cold and unattractive, its furnishings almost miserable... but what did that matter since on its altar of wood, the powerful and benign God of heaven and earth rested as surely and as gladly as in the richest cathedral on altar of marble or ciborium of gold.

Before the Tabernacle with bowed head, clasped hands, an expression of anguish not often seen on his fine strong countenance knelt an old Missionary.

Long ago, full of zeal and enthusiasm, he had left home and country for this far away land dreaming of the many souls he would save, the amount of good he would do. And now though he has spared himself in naught, though he has toiled and prayed and suffered, aye and waited patiently too he is forced to admit his bright dreams are still far from realization, his Apostolate almost fruitless. Kneeling there in sorrow too great for words to express he thinks : where does the fault lie ; What more can he do since neither his prayers, words, or sacrifices can win those souls to God.

A day or two afterwards a loud knock rouses him from his sad thoughts and hastening to the door, he asks :  
"Who is there ?"

"Father, its Pangolo. I came to ask you to go and see a poor Christian in the village of Maguesi. She is dying and craving to receive the good God."

"Come in! Come in," cordially invited the priest who had recognized in Pangolo one of those too rare Christians. "Come in, and stay here till I return. I shall go alone to Maguesi," for added he lowering his voice as if talking to himself "the persecutors may not be very far away."

While he was yet speaking a little negro glided up to him, timidly caught his hand and whispered :



"Father, surely you are not going without me. You told me so often I was God's little servant and that when you bore Him to the sick I should accompany you."

"Yes Samo! I know I did. But not today because I might possibly meet wicked men."

"Father," and the big black eyes that rested on the priest's face were full of astonishment—"since you will have the good God with you, what danger could you fear? Oh I beg of you, let me go with you."

Touched by his earnestness the priest replied.

" Since your heart is so set on it Samo, I cannot refuse you. God and His Immaculate Mother guard us both."

Together priest and child left the house, entered the chapel and knelt before the Tabernacle. The child's spontaneous gratitude burst forth anew. No fear of danger had place in his heart as he murmured : Thank Thee, my God ; thank Thee for letting Thy little servant accompany Thee." After a brief fervent prayer the priest opened the Tabernacle took the Sacred Host, pressed it to his heart and followed by Samo left Tegoua.

Silently they pursued their way : the priest thinking of the Sacred Host he carried, the soul he was going to save ; Samo of the thrice happy day he child of the forest would receive the great God of heaven for the first time.

" Father, " he said, suddenly interrupting the priest's prayer : " You know and Jesus knows I try hard so hard to be good and pious ; when then shall I receive Him into my heart."

" Soon, child soon. But do not talk any more now."

More than once, vaguely uneasy the priest stopped and looked around. Apparently there was nothing to confirm his fears. Under his feet lay the smiling valley like an immense carpet of green strewn with various colored blossoms, here and there solitary cedars perfumed the air, huge oaks stretched out long arms protectingly; musical placid sounds, warbling of birds, fluttering of wings, hum of insects fell soothingly on his ear, and somewhat reassured he resumed his walk.

Priest of Christ take care. Your fears were not groundless. You are being followed by wicked armed men who thirst for your life, and while you think only of God they think only of murdering you. Looking backward to see what the sound of crackling branches mean, the priest stops abruptly, as if turned to stone, for there close to him are the enemies he feared, who at sight of their prey shout with savage joy. Instantly the thought flashes through his mind : " What will he do ? Fly Alas flight in this thicket abounding with trees, hedges, and the like is out of the question.

Surrender ! Yes if he were alone, but never willingly while little Samo clings to him for protection."

Striding up to the priest one of the ruffians says : " We are looking for the white Father from Europe who came here to preach Christ ; Answer, are you he ? "

Without any attempt at dissimulation and as calmly as he could the priest answered :

" Yes "

" Then we are going to kill you. Yes kill you, and put a sure stop to your preaching. "

Hearing those awful words Samo shuddered and throwing his arms round the priest whispered : " I'll die with you Father. Die to save the good God. "

One of the brutes seized the child, threw him some distance from the priest and plunged his dagger into his breast. Without a cry the little Martyr fell and lay motionless. In speechless agony the priest witnessed the dastardly crime. When Samo fell he made a step forward to go to him but instantly the same dagger, laid him low.

Thinking both were dead the murderer fled knowing full well the terrible penalty he would pay if he were caught, for the devoted priest was beloved by all, even those he had not succeeded in converting.

The Angels who had come to bear Samo to heaven tarried there for the little martyr was still alive, waiting as it were, for the realization of his supreme earthly desire.

The priest was the first to recover consciousness and almost lost it again when he saw Samo lying there so still and white the blood oozing from his wound, the pallor of death on his brow. With superhuman courage he dragged himself to the little victim and tried to bind his gaping wound.

Suddenly Samo opened his eyes and seeing the priest asked faintly :

" Father where am I. I had such a lovely dream. I thought the Blessed Virgin had wrapped me in her blue mantle and was taking me up to heaven. "

" Would you really like to go to heaven Samo ? "

" Oh yes ! It must be beautiful, so beautiful up there. "

And as if carried away by the thought he closed his eyes. A minute or two afterwards an expression of sadness spread over his face and he whispered :

" Father you told me I would receive the good God soon, but soon will be too late for I'm dying now. "

Knowing that he spoke only too truly the priest answered.

"It wont be soon Samo, but right away the God you love so well and desire so cagerly will come to you "



Oh I am so glad, so glad, Yet I fear Jesus may not find me ready."

" I a n sure He will. Still if you like, accuse yourself of all your faults and I'll give you absolution."

' Father since you baptized me, I've loved the good God too well to ever offend Him, or hurt Him in any way."

Seeing there was no time to lose and deeply moved by his purity and fervor the priest held the Sacred Host up before him saying : " Lord, I am not worthy."

And the child repeated, No, I am not worthy, but I love Thee and long for Thee with my whole heart and soul."

No words can tell, no pen portray what transpired in that first meeting between the Great God of heaven and the poor little Negro, in that first heart to heart converse of Jesus and the young martyr.

His face was radiant but his voice a mere whisper as he said :

“ Father the Good God is taking me away with Him. How beautiful He is ! He is putting a lovely crown on my head !” Then more feebly still : — “What a lovely crown.— O Jesus ! Jesus !” And his spirit had flown to receive the bright crown of the Angels, as well as the Martyr’s palm.

Towards evening some Christians passing that way found the priest kneeling in prayer before the lifeless body of Samo. His eyes were still wet with tears, and his voice husky with emotion as he murmured :

“ My God the Blood of Martyrs is a seeding of Christians. This my vine yard lacked. But now O Lord, the blood of this innocent Child Martyr, will be the fruitful seed to make souls bloom for eternal life.”




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## Apostolate of the Priesthood.

Precious advantages and easy conditions :—Whoever sends ten cents with his name and address to the Director of the Juniorate, Terrebonne, Que, becomes a member and is inscribed in the register of this Association, whose object is to defray the expenses of students equipping for the Priesthood and especially the Eucharistic service.

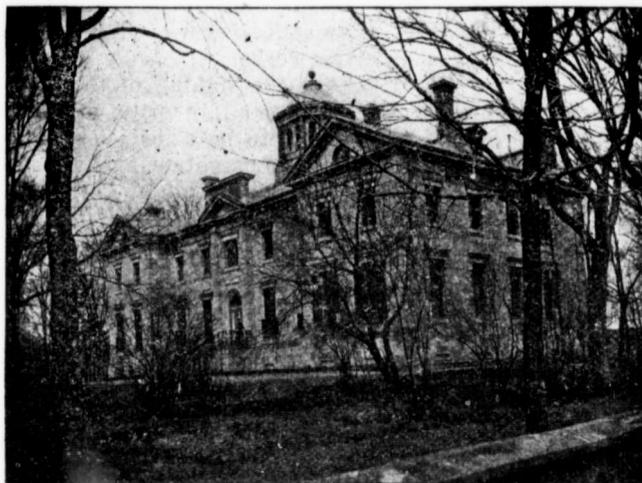
This small sum entitles the donor to participation in the following spiritual advantages :

1. A Mass, in the Juniorate chapel every Sunday for all Associates living or dead.

2. In numerous Communion received during this Mass.

3. In the merits of an hour of adoration, made by the Community, every week, before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

4. In special prayers recited daily after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.



A donor of \$5 00 becomes a Benefactor and is entitled to the above mentioned favors for life. Even though this amount be collected it in no way derogates from his privileges, nor from that of those on his list, who participate in all the spiritual advantages for one year.

If this donor is zealous enough to revise his list a second year, it is less for himself, notwithstanding his renewed merit of Apostleship than for other Associates living or dead and to help us form new Levites for Jesus Sacred Host and future Eucharistic Apostles.



## Venerable Père Eymard's Beatification.



WE are happy to be able to give our readers a few details concerning the Beatification of Père Eymard ; that ardent lover of the Blessed Sacrament so dear to all interested in Eucharistic works.

Shortly after the signing of the introductory documents (Aug. 12th 1908) by virtue of which the Servant of God was entitled to be called Venerable, we deposed with the Sacred Congregation of Rites the Process "de Non Cultu," gone through at Paris, and proving that no public worship had ever been rendered to Père Eymard. It was stamped with the approval of the Sacred Congregation Aug. 10th 1909.

Without delay the Postulator then obtained the remissorial letters, permitting the beginning of the Apostolic Process wherein a searching investigation is made into the life and conduct, the sayings and doings and writings especially the virtues of those whose reputation for sanctity is under consideration. It is called the Process of "Ne Pereant Probationes" and was held at Paris and Grenoble.

The Process "de Fama Sanctitatis in genere," destined to fully establish that the Servant of God is really looked upon as a saint, and that miracles have been worked through his intercession was concluded in Paris last January.

Much and very important work still remains to be done and we earnestly request your prayers that it may be brought to a successful issue.

### *Venerable Père Eymard's Intercession,*

We have already asked those devoted to the Blessed Sacrament to have recourse to the intercession of Père

Eymard, its enthusiastic Apostle, and forwarded to those who requested his likeness, a tiny piece of his garment, and a prayer to recite during a Novena or triduum. Some of those grateful clients have written us of wonderful cures and consoling favors obtained which space will not allow us to publish to-day but which we shall certainly do later on. In the meantime it would be well for those who intend to make the novena, to bear in mind that during it, they must leave off all medical treatment and invoke only Père Eymard so that it be evident the cure or favor is due to his intercession.

#### *Miracles necessary for Beatification.*

From Mgr Battandier's Pontifical Catholic Annual (1903) we quote some practical and interesting observations about Miracles in general.

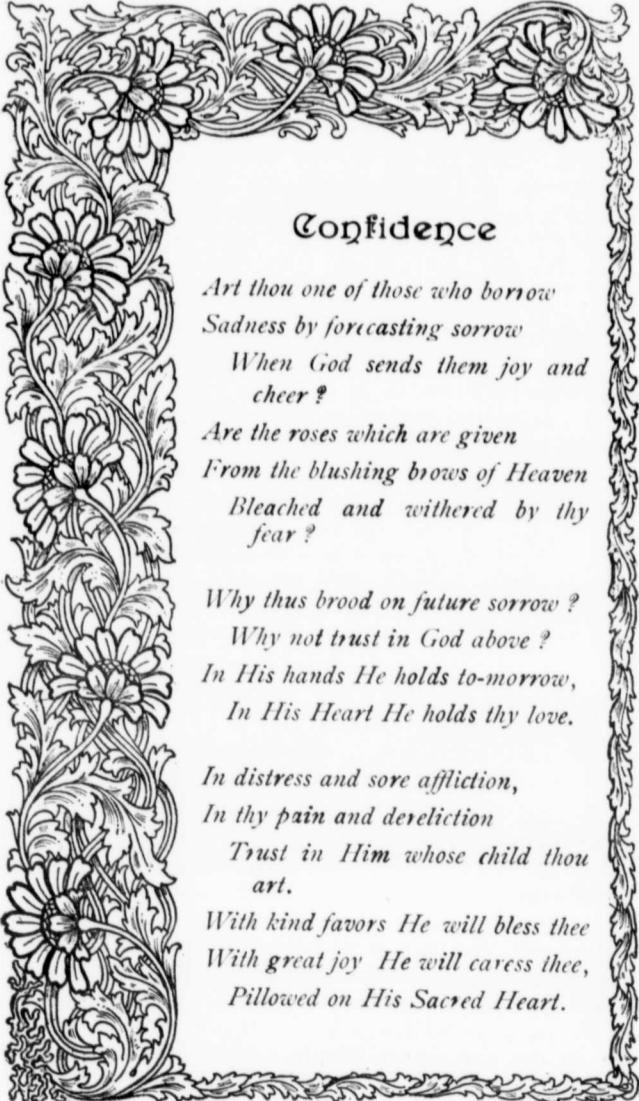
"In order that a Miracle be accepted by the Sacred Congregation it is necessary :

1.—That the sickness be real and spring from some organic cause. This very fact excludes all nervous diseases ; not that their cure could not be miraculous but because the miracle would be too hard to prove. Paralysis not caused by traumatism, or an organic alteration is also questionable and a Postulator will be careful not to present a miracle of that kind.

2.—That the cure cannot be attributed to medicine even though its use had been abandoned some days previously. In such a case it is easy for the physician to say the medicine acted gradually and that to it is due the cure claimed as miraculous.

3.—That the cure be instantaneous and permanent. These two conditions mark the difference between God's action operating by Himself, from that of natural agents angels or men, who can only heal with time.

4.—Finally, that the cure be due to the intercession of this saint and his only. If other saints have been invoked at the same time there is reason to contend the miracle is not due to the Venerable. In this case it is not the miracle itself which is so much under consideration as the one whose reputation for sanctity is to benefit by it.



## Confidence

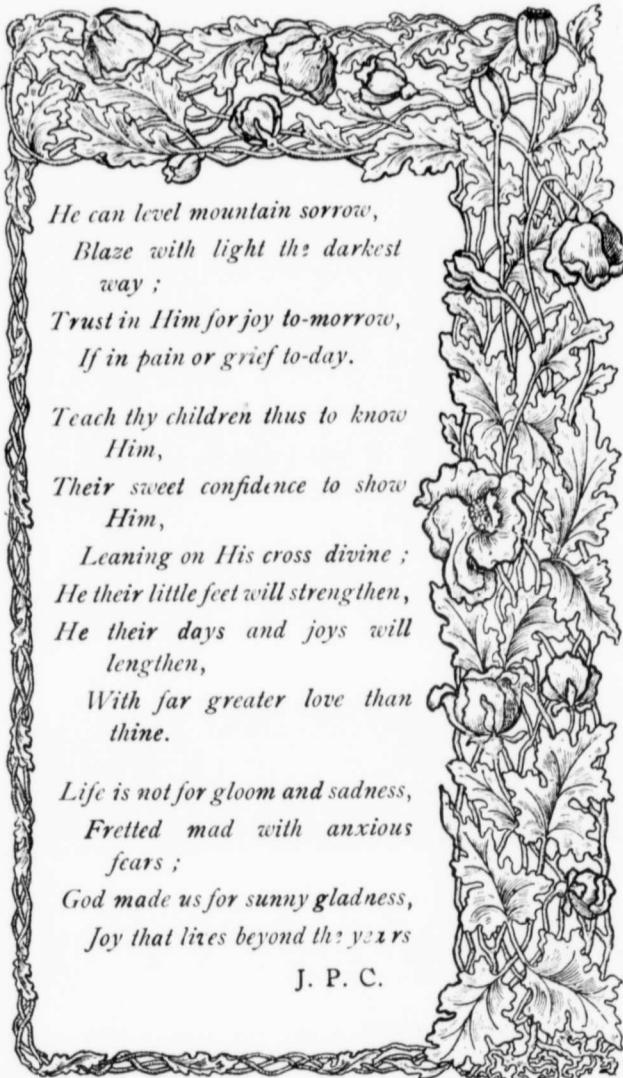
*Art thou one of those who borrow  
Sadness by forecasting sorrow  
When God sends them joy and  
cheer ?*

*Are the roses which are given  
From the blushing brows of Heaven  
Bleached and withered by thy  
fear ?*

*Why thus brood on future sorrow ?  
Why not trust in God above ?  
In His hands He holds to-morrow,  
In His Heart He holds thy love.*

*In distress and sore affliction,  
In thy pain and dejection  
Trust in Him whose child thou  
art.*

*With kind favors He will bless thee  
With great joy He will caress thee,  
Pillowed on His Sacred Heart.*



*He can level mountain sorrow,  
Blaze with light the darkest  
way ;*

*Trust in Him for joy to-morrow,  
If in pain or grief to-day.*

*Teach thy children thus to know  
Him,*

*Their sweet confidence to show  
Him,*

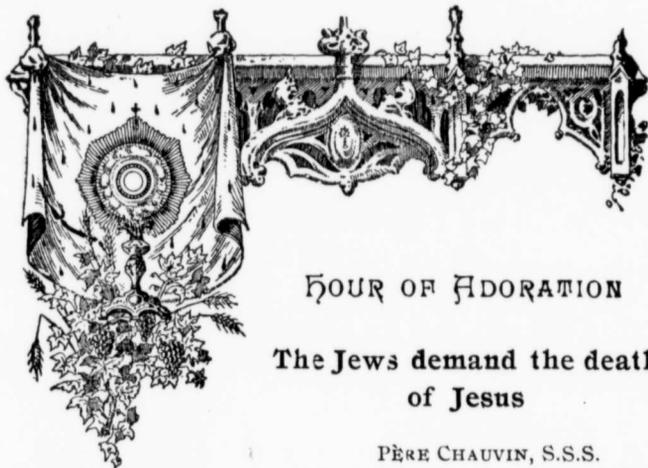
*Leaning on His cross divine ;  
He their little feet will strengthen,  
He their days and joys will  
lengthen,*

*With far greater love than  
thine.*

*Life is not for gloom and sadness,  
Fretted mad with anxious  
fears ;*

*God made us for sunny gladness,  
Joy that lives beyond the years*

J. P. C.



## HOUR OF ADORATION

### The Jews demand the death of Jesus

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

*Cum vidissent eum pontifices et ministri, clamabant dicentes, Crucifige eum !*

When the chief priests, therefore, and the servants had seen Him, they cried out, saying : Crucify Him ! Crucify Him !

(JOHN XIX, 6.)

#### I. — Adoration.

“ *According to the law, He ought to die.* ” The Jews were deceived in their hopes. In spite of their audacious accusations, Pilate is not convinced of the guilt of the Accused. In the modest and dignified demeanor of Jesus, it is impossible for a just judge to see a public agitator and a seditious man. His conviction is strengthened on hearing those savage beasts, athirst for blood, responding to his appeal for pity by the cry of death : “ *Crucify Him ! Crucify Him !* ” Not only to death do they wish to condemn Him, but to the most ignominious death.

Pilate indignant shouts ironically to them : “ *Take Him you, and crucify Him. for I find no cause in Him.* ” But the Jews, implacable enemies of Jesus, wish at any cost to impose their views on the Procurator. To that I of Pilate, they oppose the *we* of their own will. It may be possible

that the Roman law finds nothing to condemn in this Man, but *we*, they say, "*We have a law, and according to the law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God.*" Here, in reality, lies the whole question. Jesus' great crime consists in being the Son of God. The true reason for His condemnation will be His having said it and having wished to prove it by His words and works. This was the perfect realization of the prophecy: "*Let us therefore, lie in wait for the just, because He is not for our turn, and He is contrary to our doings, and upbraideth us with transgressions of the law and divulgeth against us the sins of our way of life. He boasteth that He hath the knowledge of God, and calleth Himself the Son of God. He abtaineth from our ways as from filthiness. . . and glorieth that He hath God for His father . . . Let us condemn Him to a most shameful death.*"

"*According to the law, He ought to die!*" What law can condemn the Divine Author of the law? . . . All the laws that rule you, O Jews, were made by Him, and it was in his name that Moses and the prophets promulgated them to you . . . All the ordinances that God has sent you by His representatives aim at preparing you to receive the Messiah. And it is in the name of this same law that you condemn Him to the most dishonorable death!

The Jews condemn Jesus, the sovereign and universal Legislator, to die. We, on the contrary, wish to recognize Him, adore Him as the Author and Inspirer of every law, not only of the divine law, but also of every human law marked with justice and wisdom. He is there in the Host governing the world and directing human society. To speak truly, He is even the only and unique Legislator of the world, of heaven and earth. It is He who has laid down the laws of the physical world, as it is also He who has made those of the moral and supernatural world. It is He who, alone among legislators has the right to command all men, kings as well as subjects, for His kingdom embraces the whole world. He alone has the right to touch directly the conscience of every one, to penetrate into the sanctuary of the soul, and to direct its most secret thoughts. All legislators, of whatever society they may be, religious, political, or civil, depend directly on Him, and the laws they enact can have value, can oblige in conscience only in as much as they are conformable to His laws.

I cast myself at Thy feet, O Divine Saviour, and in spite of the Jews' accusations, I acknowledge Thee for the Son of God ! By that title, I proclaim Thee the Sovereign Legislator of nations and individuals, and I offer Thee the homage of the most respectful, the most profound adoration.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

“*According to the law, He ought to die !*” The Jews were right. Jesus ought to die. He had undertaken to redeem the human race and, consequently, to expiate by suffering and death all the sins of the world. He wishes this redemption to be abundant, superabundant. By reason of His hypostatic union, everything in Him, the least thought, word, action, the slightest suffering was of infinite value and would in rigorous equity discharge the debt contracted by sin to Divine Justice. But what was sufficient for justice was not sufficient for love. And so the thought of giving His life for His redeemed had been the ruling one of His thirty years on earth, the ever loved and cherished dream of His Sacred Heart. But to give His life was not enough. He must pour it out, drop by drop, with His Blood, and endure the most brutal, the most ignominious death possible. Great God, to what an abyss of abnegation and sacrifice Thy love made Thee descend !

Then, Jesus ought to die ! “*According to the law, He ought to die !*” But O Jews, do not mistake ! If, according to the law, Jesus ought to die, as you declare, it is not according to *your* law falsely applied, but by virtue of a law far above yours, of the law laid down by God Himself when He decreed the Redemption of the world.

“*According to the law, He ought to die !*” The law according to which He ought to die, is the law of Moses, the law of the Prophets, of the Psalmist, in virtue of which the Messiah was to die and die on a cross. “*According to the law, He ought to die,*” because He Himself wished it in His Charity for men, and not because you wish it in the malice of your hearts.

“*According to the law, He ought to die,*” because He is really the Son of God, and being the Son of God by nature, He made Himself the Son of Man of His own free will, to save men by His Passion and death.

Can we sufficiently thank Our loving Saviour for having with so much charity fulfilled this law, which cost Him both honor and life? How prove to Thee, O Jesus, my gratitude? I desire, with Thy grace, to die to all my evil inclinations and henceforth to live only for Thee.

### III. — Reparation.

“ *According to the law, He ought to die.*” The hatred of the Jews is insatiable. It is not disarmed by the sight of Jesus scourged and unrecognizable. That sight, on the contrary irritates them more, and they cry with greater fury: *Crucify Him! Crucify Him!*” Oh, how cruel this cry must have been for the Heart of Jesus! And the first from whom it escapes are His priests, men consecrated exclusively to His worship, obliged more than all others to defend Him against the injustice of the Procurator! And the priests are the very ones who are going to urge the people to demand the Messiah’s death. Not only to death do they wish to condemn Him, but to the infamous death of the cross. To answer Pilate’s hesitancy, they quote to him the law?

That cry of death, Jesus hears at this very moment from all who, down through the centuries, have dragged their brethren into mortal sin, to sacrilegious Communion, and to crucifying Him in their hearts. Every man who leads his brother to sin is a new Pilate who, while presenting Jesus, repeats the words: “ *Take Him you and crucify Him!*”

— In the name of what law do Jews and sinners put Jesus to death? In the name of the law of the senses, the law of the passions the law of the old man, the law of the world. The sight of Jesus crowned with thorns, humiliated, covered with wounds, annoys the partisans of the law of sin and according to that law, the Saviour must die.

“ The Son of God on the cross!” exclaim the ambitious. “ We must have honors, and Jesus is despised.” — “ The Son of God on the cross!” cry the avaricious. “ We must have money, and Jesus is poor.” — “ The Son of God on the cross!” exclaim the voluptuous. “ We must have our satisfaction, but Jesus is a Man of Sorrows.” He must die by the law of the human passions and of the world.

Not only individuals and nations demand the death of the Son of God, but still more the majority of governments legislate against His social life in the midst of the people. "The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against His Christ." In their parliaments, they have met and decreed the legal death of Jesus Christ. The Messiah has no right to live in the midst of His redeemed ones.

*"In the name of the law, He ought to die,"* in the schools. henceforth, we will no longer speak of Him. The teacher shall not have the right to pronounce the name of Jesus Christ, nor that of His Divine Father. Every religious symbol that might evoke His memory, shall be rigorously banished. The teaching that He has left to the world shall be unmercifully struck from the child's schedule of studies. *And all this in the name of law of neutrality!*

Pardon, Divine Saviour, pardon this national crime which has transpierced Thy Heart! Thou wilt not suffer those *dear* children, whom Thou dost desire to embrace and shelter in Thy arms, to be torn from Thee. Enlighten and convert the wicked men who aim at removing from Thee these young souls whom Thou dost love so tenderly. Pardon these great crimes, and let not the frightful maledictions which Thou dost fulminate against them that scandalize even one of Thy little ones, fall upon their heads!

*"In the name of the law, He ought to die"* in the hospitals. The Crucifix, so strengthening in the midst of suffering has been removed from the sick ward. The spouse of Christ, whose beautiful mission was to teach the sick to divinize their sufferings, has been proscribed along with her Divine Spouse. The priest himself can no longer approach the dying to carry to them Jesus, the supreme consolation of Christians at the hour of death. No, Jesus Himself no longer has the right to enter legally into a hospital ward! It is the law, the law of tyranny, and in the name of the law, He must die!

Pardon, O Jesus, pardon the injuries that these miserable men do Thy tender Heart, by casting Thee so brutally out of the doors of those houses which Thou dost love with special predilection! It is, however, to the poor sick that Thou hast said: "Come to Me, all you who suffer, and I will relieve you!" Batter down, O Jesus, the gates they close against Thee, and, we beg of Thee, enter to console our poor afflicted brethren!

"*In the name of the law, He must die*" in the courts of justice. Formerly, it was the image of the Crucified that presided at the decisions of the tribunals. It was before the Cross that witnesses came to depose for or against the accused. It was before the Cross that the judge, in the name of the Sovereign Judge, rendered sentence. The law has decreed that man's conscience alone can replace Christ and, consequently, they have removed His image from the courts.

Pardon, Jesus, pardon! Come back to our praetoriums, and bring with Thee justice and equity! Convert those evil-minded legislators, pardon them, show them mercy at Thy great tribunal on the grand reckoning day!

"*In the name of the law, He must die.*" In the name of the law, Jesus Christ is forbidden to go out of His churches. In the majority of the great centres, and even in villages, on the day of his own Feast of Corpus Christi, permission is refused Him, and always in the name of the law. He can not be borne in triumph through the streets in the midst of His children. The law foresees that He disturbs public traffic on such occasions and might, therefore, be a cause of disorder. And Jesus, like a prisoner, is obliged to submit to this shameful enactment!

Arise, O Lord, and break Thy chains! Give faith in Thy Divine Sacrament to these poor blind ones! Make them comprehend that Thou art the only, the unique Lawgiver of the world and that, without Thee, they can enact only injustice and iniquity.

#### IV. — Prayer.

"*According to the law, He ought to die!*" The iniquitous laws of the world are those according to which Christ ought to die. The soul that wants to live according to its laws, cannot live according to Christ. If one lives, the other must die. The laws of the world cannot go hand in hand with those of Jesus Christ. One of the common laws of the world is that man should give full and entire satisfaction to his senses; but Jesus Christ promulgates the law of penance. It is a universal law in the world that man should by all means, lawful or unlawful, seek to enrich himself; but Christ commands detachment of heart, and declares happy the poor in spirit!

The world proclaims that humiliation is to be shunned with horror, and honors sought with passion ; Christ proclaims the necessity of humiliation, and declares that, if we do not become like little children, we shall have no place in His kingdom.

Every one for himself — such is the precept of the world's charity ; Christ Jesus says to us : “ My commandment is that you love one another as I have loved you ! Jesus has carried His love for us even to the sacrifice of His life ! There is, then, no middle course : either Jesus in me, by the fulfilling of the Gospel laws, by dying to the world and to its maxims, or to live by the spirit of the world, by making Jesus Christ die in me !

Lord, I have made my choice ! There is a law which urges me to give Thee the preference, and that is the law of gratitude. After what Thou hast done for my salvation can I still hesitate to give myself entirely to Thee ? I desire it, O loving Saviour ! Thou must live in me, and I must be able to say with truth : “ For me to live is Christ !

Be Thou, then, the life of my understanding Does not the law of gratitude oblige me to make Thee the principal subject of my reflections, of my studies and occupations ? Be Thou the life of my will ! May it have no other law than that of following always and in everything Thy adorable good pleasure ! Be Thou the life of my memory ! Engrave on it in ineffaceable characters the remembrance of Thy immense benefits. Be, above all, the life of my heart ! May its only happiness be to love Thee above all things, and all else in Thee and for Thee ! Be Thou the life of my life now and forever !

Be Thou the life of families ! May Thy divine law be for the father and the mother their only torch to light and direct them in the education of their children ! May the desire to please Thee be the chief motive which determines the children to submit in obedience to their parents !

Be Thou the life of nations ! May governments give to Thee a large share in their legislation ! May nations acclaim Thee their Messiah and their King ! And if some audacious insensate again tries to take away from Thee Thy right of citizenship among us, may the people, stirred by gratitude and love, rise as one man with the cry : “ We have a law, and according to that law He ought to live and reign !

an



## THE CORPUS CHRISTI

OF

### LITTLE FERNANDO

"Please, Doctor, do not write so much! Mamma is poor. She has not enough money..."

At this moment, little Fernando is in despair. There would soon be nothing to eat in the house. How, then, could his sick mother give him for the feast of Corpus Christi the white lace surplice, long the object of his desires, and in which he had so long dreamed of honoring God on the day of His triumphal procession through the streets? He was too little to swing the incense, but he could very well scatter the flowers.

His tears began to flow when one of his little comrades joyously announced to him that he had his surplice and a long red cord with golden tassels.

"I shall have to wait till next year, because mamma is sick," said Fernando with restrained emotion.

At last, the beautiful feast arrived, Corpus Christi had come. The streets were hung with white drapery studded with golden stars and adorned with green foliage.

A group of children arrayed in white walk before the canopy under which glistened the ostensorium. Showers of blossoms, thrown by innocent hands, fell under the feet of the celebrant. Clouds of incense arose toward heaven, and the liturgical chants were interspersed with the rolling of the drum.

And Fernando, generally so joyous, even careless, advanced sadly along one of the lines of the procession. He raised his head only when entering the church, for now he could weep unperceived.

One hour later, the church was deserted, the worshippers had regained their homes. Evening fell. The piercing cries of the swallows seemed to echo back the noisy games in which Fernando's companions were now engaged. But he, poor little fellow, was weeping in a corner of the church still redolent with the perfume of flowers. Seeing himself alone, he had the courage to approach nearer to the altar, nearer to the tabernacle, into which he had watched the priest placing the Blessed Sacrament.

It was not without emotion that he took each step. Holding his biretta in both hands, he twirled it nervously between his fingers. In spite of this instinctive movement of timidity, he felt his courage increase as he approached the Holy Place.

"He is, indeed, there," he thought. "When He passed awhile ago, surrounded by the grandeur of the feast, I could not speak to Him. But now..."

And in the silence of the Holy Place, he ventured to say in a low voice, and then a little louder:

"My God!... My God!"

Was it his ear or his heart that received the reply:

"Speak!"

Then feeling himself at home, at home with the good God, he gathered up in the sanctuary, from under the seats, from the steps of the altar, the flowers that had been strewn there only a short time before. He filled his biretta with them, and then standing and smiling before the tabernacle he scattered his flowers.

When he left the church, his gait had returned, but without a touch of levity.

The following year, it was Fernando who led the group of flower-scatterers in the procession of Corpus-Christi. Health returned to his poor mother, and the humble table was not again without food. And to-day?... Little Fernando is sowing the flowers of heaven by his preaching and zeal, and distributes to souls the Bread of the Eucharist.



## Frequent Communion during Vacation

Letter to Children

Rev. HENRI DURAND, S.S.S.

*My Dear Little Friends :*



HE time of vacation, so necessary for mental and bodily welfare, has always been regarded as dangerous to the good of the scholar's soul. This is understood when we reflect that during vacation the occasions for weakening in the practice of virtue, I mean temptations, are more numerous, while the means for resisting evil and sustaining piety are fewer.

On this subject, listen to a luminous comparison that will make you see at once the truth of my proposition, namely, that during the time of vacation, it is well to strengthen one's self more frequently than at other times.

Well, dear children, vacation has very rightly been compared to a time of war, to a time of famine, to a time of plague. You will see that if, for some privileged children this comparison seems exaggerated, for the most of you it is, unfortunately, too true.

1. The time of vacation is a time of war. "*The life of man on earth is a warfare,*" says Job. Thus does he express this mysterious fact, which dates from the fall of our first parents and which renders us subject to the unending attacks of the devil, of our own evil nature, and of the world. Now, curious thing ! these agents of evil have more or less power over us according as we are more or less occupied, more or less given up to self. The devil, seeing that children are without regulations to protect them, multiplies temptations around their weak souls. You may even meet persons capable of attacking your faith, your simplicity, your innocence.

Yes, dear children, the time of vacation is a time of war. Now, in time of war the soldier must have arms with which to defend himself, he must have ammunition bread to strengthen himself for the fatigue of the march and the battle, But the principal weapon of the soldier of Christ, of the Christian, is the Most Blessed Sacrament, the terror of Satan ; and his ammunition bread is what the Church calls the Bread of the Strong, the Bread of Holy Communion.

Do you wish, young scholars, surely to gain the victory over your spiritual enemies? Communicate, communicate often, above all during the holi lays.

2. Vacation is, as I have told you, a time of famine. Understand well, dear children, that our soul, as well as our body, has need of food. Our spiritual life must be kept up by prayer, instruction, good reading, and above all by good Communions. At college, in the Christian boarding-school, these precious viands were served to you regularly, almost without your thinking of it, and thus you were supported in grace. During the holidays, in this respect, however good may be your families, you will be almost masters of your own actions, and especially on points of piety. It is very probable that you will have no sermons or pious reading, and that you will say no prayers to which you are not obliged. You ought, consequently, to make up for these spiritual losses by the more frequent reception of this substantial Nourishment, which has the taste of all supernatural food and can supply for them all. Go, then, to Holy Communion during vacation more frequently than at any other time.

3. Lastly, I tell you, my dear children, that the time of vacation is a time of plague. I mean that the moral atmosphere in which you then live is pestiferous. Understand me rightly. I love to think that your families are Christian and that, in your intercourse with your relatives, how close soever it may be, you will meet only edifying examples. But leave that circle, go a little beyond it, and what will you see? Pernicious example, sad spectacles, wicked journals, shameful pictures, etc. The very air of our times is infected with all this filth. To resist it, not to fall sick and die under its baleful influence, we need the most solid of spiritual temperaments. We can

preserve ourselves from the general contagion only by means of an energetic antidote.

My dear children, this antidote is the Holy Eucharist, and there is no other. It is the Church herself who calls the Most Blessed Sacrament the *antidote* by which we are preserved from mortal sin. It is for this reason that I repeat my words to you : Communicate often, above all, during vacation !

A thousand times happy they who, responding to the pressing calls of the Heart of Jesus and of the heart of His representative on earth, the gentle and firm Pius X, communicate daily with the advice of their confessor.

A lieu, dear children ! I salute and bless you with all my heart and wish you a good and Eucharistic holiday !

Your friend,

H. D. S.S.S.

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### Jesus Addressing the Multitude

(See frontispiece)

To the great multitude assembled on the banks of Capharnaum Jesus spoke as follows :

“ Amen, amen, I say to you Moses did not give you the bread of heaven !... I am the Bread of Life !... Whosoever eats of this Bread shall live forever !... The Bread I will give is my Flesh that I shall deliver for the life of the world !...”

Behold Our Lord's solemn declaration. He is not speaking of the multiplication of loaves but of the Bread that will satisfy the soul forever. Manna fell from the clouds but ceased to fall when the desert was passed, and was gathered only by the Israelities. Whereas this new Bread descended from heaven shall last unto eternity and be eaten by all.

Jesus Himself says : “ The Bread I will give.” That Bread is His Flesh. And in consequence Jesus will not only be the life of the world by His grace, His merits, His doctrine : He will be the life of each one of us by the gift of Himself.

Let us listen to His word, believe in Him and come to the Holy Table to seek our Bread of Life, for whosoever eats of this Bread shall live eternally.



## Some Beautiful Prayers



MISSION was going on. The children had their special exercises. One hundred little boys and girls, the eldest about eight years perhaps, are assembled for instructions.

"My dear children, you say every day 'Good morning' to papa and mamma, and 'Good-night' before going to bed. You must be just as faithful in saying 'Good-morning and 'Good night' to the good God. You will do that by saying your morning and night prayers. Now who knows his morning prayers?"

The little ones looked timidly at one another with an embarrassed smile, when an "I" came almost inaudibly from the side of the boys. "Let us see, who said "I"?" asked the priest. "Father, Father, it was Tony," came from several eager tots. "Ah, well, Tony, where are you? Rise!"

His comrades pushed him up, rather than he rose, one finger in his mouth, his head hanging, his eyes cast down, and with a little smile not exactly stupid, while his left hand rolled and untolded desperately a Tam-o'-Shanter cap, white, perhaps, in its early days

"Come on, Tony, tell us your prayer! You shall have some candy!" The argument was irresistible. Now hearken . . . a theological treatise on grace! In a timid voice, but sweet as the song of the lark, Tony began:

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Little Jesus is in my heart. Grace put Him there. Sin takes him away. Go away, cursed sin, which takes the little Jesus from my heart! Horrid sin, I will never commit you! Little Jesus, I give Thee my



heart. Our Father, etc., Hail Mary, etc. In the name of the Father, etc."

"Very good, Tony! Say that beautiful prayer all your life, and you will be sure to go to heaven. And now, who knows his night-prayers?"

An "I" came from the side of the girls.

"And who is 'I'?" asked the Father. An answer from many young voices not at all timid, resounded: "Lillie! It is Lillie!"

"Lillie? Come, Lillie, get up and say your night-prayers for us!"

With a spring that might have dislocated a shoulder, a "scrap of creation" stood erect and confident, without a smile, hands joined, not waiting for the promise of picture or bonbons, and with great volubility, imperturbably repeated:

"In the name of the Father, etc. . . . Good-night, my good angel, to God and to Thee I commend myself! Thou hast guarded me during the day. Watch over me this night, please, and keep me from evil, from danger, and, my God, without offending Thee!"

Are not these beautiful little prayers? And here is another:

"By night, by day, watch over me,  
My angel dear, my little brother,  
To Jesus say 'Good morn' for me,  
And lead me to my heav'nly Mother.  
The thorn from out my pathway pluck.  
The devil chase, for I choose thee,  
And lest I fall upon the way,  
Good angel, by the hand take me!"

When Clement Brentano, Ven. Anne Catherine Emmerich's amanuensis, was visiting Flamske, a hamlet three miles from Dülmen in the country of Münster, he tells us: "Early one morning, as I was passing along by a hedge, I heard a child's voice. I drew near softly, and peeping over I saw a ragged little girl, about seven years old, driving a flock of geese before her, a willow switch in her hand. With an inimitable accent of piety and innocence, she exclaimed: 'Good-morning, dear Lord God! Praise be to Jesus Christ! Good Father,

who art in heaven ! Hail Mary, full of grace ! I want to be good. I want to be pious. Dear saints of paradise, dear angels ! I want to be good. I have a nice little piece of bread to eat, and I thank you for it. Oh, watch over me ! Let not my geese run into the wheat. Let no bad boy throw a stone and kill one. Watch over me, for I want to be a good girl, dear Father in heaven !"

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### INDIANS BEFORE THE GREAT CHIEF.

"ONE day," says a missionary, writing about a newly converted Indian family, "the entire family, father, mother, sons, and daughters assembled in our church before the most Blessed Sacrament. 'Great Chief' began the father in the name of all, 'Thou art here present ; I know, that Thou art here. I do not see Thee, but Thou seest and hearest me. Here is my oldest son. Make him understand that he is not good. He does not obey my commands. There is my daughter, she is not good. She is negligent at prayer ; she is slothful, when she should rise in the morning.' Having spoken to Our Lord about each of his children, he continued, 'And my wife there is not good : when I return from hunting, my dinner is seldom ready.' Lastly he began to accuse himself. 'Great Chief, you see me too ; I also am not good, often I am angry with my wife.' Then addressing his oldest son and pointing to the tabernacle ; 'Now, will you promise the Great Chief, to become better and obey ?' The son promised. Turning to his daughter—'Do you promise the Great Chief to become better, not to be negligent in prayer, and to get up at once in the morning ?' The daughter likewise promised to do better. The other children and his wife were questioned in the same way. Lastly the father promised to do better himself, not to get angry and to give his wife and children a good example."

If Christian parents can bring all the members of their family to examine themselves in all simplicity of faith in the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and promise to amend, and if the parents themselves set the good example the family will soon be a model family.

## The Sources of the Christian life



AMONG the pious practices that promote the increase of faith and the re-establishment of Jesus Christ in souls, there is one more efficacious than all the rest, and which it is especially gratifying to us to recommend to you : we refer to Holy Communion.

In instituting the Sacrament of the Most Holy Eucharist, Our Lord wished to provide mankind with a neverfailing nourishment for their supernatural life. The form in which He clothed it is sufficient indication of His intention. "The bread that I will give, is my flesh, for the life of the world" "I am the living bread which came down from heaven" and, since bread is intended to be eaten, He adds : "If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever". Nothing could be clearer or more convincing than these words. They should constitute the supreme and guiding rule of every Christian life. On the one side, we are under obligation to preserve, increase and bring to perfection the supernatural life which was imparted to our souls by baptism, and which should reach its state of perfect fruition in Heaven ; on the other, we have the assurance of Jesus Christ Our Lord that life can be sustained only by the Eucharistic food. We cannot but conclude, therefore, that the partaking of the Sacrament of the Eucharist is an imperative necessity to the true Christian. For him its use or neglect resolves itself into a question of spiritual life or death. "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you."

First Plenary Council of Quebec.

*(to be continued)*

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