

The venders driven from the Temple.

Hope Pius Tenth.

Our Pontiff great and good is now no more,  
In vain his death our mournful accents grieve:  
Heart-gushing tears can ne'er such loss retrieve,  
Nor waft his soul from heaven's peace-girt shore  
To earth ablaze with horrid hell of war  
Where Christian millions meet in crimson strife.  
How faithfully till ebb of full-spent life  
His mystic name of "burning fire" he bore!  
How glowed his heart with Eucharistic zeal,  
With love of God and man! A peasant born,  
He loved the poor and made the mightiest feel  
Their power or wealth he held in noble scorn.  
Though dead his praise grows strong in hearts of men,  
God grant the Church may see his like again!

D. S.

S. S. S.

### Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament



St. Philip once beheld our Lord in the Host at Exposition giving benediction to the kneeling crowd, as if it were the natural attitude and customary occupation of His goodness in the Blessed Sacrament. It would be difficult to find words to express the greatness or the reality of the graces which our dear Lord imparts to us at Benediction. They fall not only on the cares and sorrows, the troubles and temptations, the faults and unworthiness, which we venture to spread before Him at the moment; but they light also on all the weak points of our soul of which we ourselves are ignorant, and on our present circumstances the danger of which we are unable to perceive, and on the evil spirits around us, making them stupid and nerveless, and on our dear Guardian angel, rewarding him for his charitable toils and enlightening and invigorating him in his blessed office. We must remember also that the grace of Benediction is not only in the faith and love which it excites in our souls, great as is that boon, but that it comes from Him, solid, powerful, and substantial, purifying and creative, because it participates in the reality, of the Blessed Sacrament itself. Everything which has to do with this mystery enters behind the veils into this awful reality, and thus has a characteristic life, which is like nothing else in our devotions. In this reality lies the attraction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Gospels mention three especial benedictions of our Lord, and to some one or other of these we may spiritually unite all the Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament which we receive.

One while He blesses little children, as in the tenth chapter of St. Mark, and we may in spirit prostrate ourselves beneath the shadow of His outstretched sacramental arms as if we were little ones, and desired nothing so much from Him as an increase of that childlike simplicity, with which He Himself is so intensely pleased. Again, we read that at the Ascension when He was parted from the Apostles, He lifted up His hands and blessed them, and at once their sorrow was turned into exceeding joy, and their timidity into bravest zeal for souls. Their are times and duties when we are fain to have these graces of joy and zeal multiplied in our sad and weary souls. Again, their is the Doomsday benediction which He describes Himself as giving; "Come, ye blessed of My Father, enter into the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world." We may unite ourselves to this benediction to obtain the grace of final perseverance the dearest of His gifts because it is one so altogether His. There are some, if I may dare to recommend a practice myself, who are so overwhelmed with the extent and variety of their own wants and of our Lord's gifts, that at the moment of Benediction, they bow their heads, and at each sound of the bell repeat that prayer of one of the saints of the desert; "As Thou knowest and willest, Lord!" and then add, remembering that we are blessed that moment by the very substance which was taken from Mary these words of the office, "And all kinds of purity with her!" as if these two ejaculations concentrated all they had to say, and all they would fain in that brief moment lay before the Sacred Heart of their dear Redeemer.

FABER.



*Frequent Communion  
for Schoolchildren.*



How, dear Jesus I am sure  
My Communion is my cure,  
All my soul is strong and pure  
Keep it, keep it, always such!  
Lord, I thank Thee — oh! so much  
For Thy sacred, healing touch.

(A Sister of Notre Dame)

There is a time honored comparison which likens the entrance into manhood or womanhood to the passing from a comfortable box seat to the stage, — to the transition from the role of a spectator to that of an actor in the drama of life. It means, of course, that when we take up a new burden in life, it is usually much heavier than we expected it to be, and that our surprise may be as painful as that experienced by children when allowed to inspect stage scenery, and to handle the costumes they admired from their places in the boxes. This comparison is often on the lips of parents, when explaining to their children the importance of a step they are about to take. For, it is not applicable only to the case of entering manhood or womanhood. Indeed, we are continually passing from the boxes to the stage. That is, we are daily becoming actors in scenes in which we have hitherto been but spectators. Our last role on the stage of life will be in our struggle with death, a scene we may have often witnessed before.

The month of September offers many examples of the passing from the boxes to the stage. We will confine our remarks to schoolchildren, as September is always associated with the opening of school. Some will go to school for the first time, others will take up more advanced work, while others still will leave home for the first time to be educated in a college or convent. In each case, most boys and girls are deceived when they come

to compare the reality with their childish expectations. They are as optimistic as only children can be, till experience clips the wings of their imagination.

Take the little lad about to run off to school for the first time. Unless he already has an absolute horror of books, he will look forward with eager impatience to the great day. But the chances are, that before the first week is over, he will fairly detest the great building in which he is kept so long each day and everything connected with it. The silence, the restraint and the daily tasks will have dampened his ardent desire to be able to count and to read through his storybooks unassisted. Schooldays will seem eternities, while holidays will be all too short, and our little lad will look back with regret to the days when he romped and played from sunup till sundown, when he tumbled into bed tired but happy, with no visions of school, teachers and books to trouble his dreams or disturb his waking thoughts. He would like to get back there into the boxes, but he must stay on the stage.

Children entering higher classes are also liable to fall into this delusion. The first month at least is a trying period, when many tears are shed over tasks just a little beyond the grasp of youthful minds. But some of the boys and girls who leave home for the first time to enter colleges, convents and academies, are most to be pitied. Besides suffering from lonesomeness, which all experience sooner or later, many come to grief when they find that things are not what they imagined them to be. Girls sometimes form their ideas of boardingschool life from school periodicals edited by the students themselves. They imagine that their new life will be a round of amusements and distractions. Discipline and hard mental work soon undeceive them. Of course there are amusements, and plenty of them, but school is first a place for the formation of character; amusements serving to make it bearable. This fact spells trouble for more than one lively youngster.

For some boys, the trial is greater still. They have long been devouring books dealing with school life, in which everything concerning study is carefully omitted,

while the heroes perform superhuman feats on the diamond and the gridiron, or at lacrosse or cricket. Hence they picture themselves, not as bending over their tasks or getting things by heart, but pilching their nine to victory or clipping seconds off the record for the 100 yard dash. But like their sisters, they will find, that before their characters have been trained and developed and they are ready to take their places in life, they will have to do an amount of hard serious work.

Now, to come back to our comparison. Whoever uses it, generally follows it up by some advice to those about to pass from the boxes to the stage. What suggestions then, are likely to benefit schoolchildren such as we have pictured above? One could advise them to confide their troubles to the Prisoner of the Tabernacle, — to Him who has said, "Come to me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you". Many will doubtlessly have recourse to this means, and when the schoolday is over, the sanctuary lamps of parish churches and convents and college chapel will throw their light on many a youthful figure at prayer.

But, Our Lords words—"Come to me all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you," may be taken in another sense. They may rightly be construed as a call to receive Him frequently in Holy Communion. We all know the Holy Fathers wish to have children communicate very often, daily if possible. In the case of these schoolchildren, besides the desire of Christs representative on earth, there is a real necessity so to say. If children are not heart and soul in their school-work they may suffer for it in afterlife. Frequent Communion is a source of strength and courage to do the duties which fall to our lot. Think of the happy schoolday which will inevitably follow the child's reception of Jesus. And every single day may thus be made happy. Again, the fact that the children are receiving their education would alone demand a frequent reception of Holy Communion. For the fundamental idea in education is the making of character. The Holy Communion so affects mind, heart and will that its very reception is an education. The consequence is, that the work of the tea-

chers and parents is sensibly lessened; the children being really as wax in their hands. Besides, the trials of school-days are presages of the greater trials of afterlife. And if while as yet young, the children are taught to bear up with their little vexations by approaching the Sacraments, later on, as men and women, they will turn, in greater difficulties, to the same source of consolation, — to Him who has said "come to me all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you".

A. J. V. S. S. S.



☞ *Toil Sanctified by Jesus* ☞



How sweetly has the life of the Son of God on earth been ordered with a view to our salvation and our help! Had we been asked whether a commonplace, uneventful life, or one of marvels and miracles would best achieve the end for which Messiah came we should have been at a loss how to reply. Manifestations of Divine power would accredit His mission, but they would make His life for our admiration rather than for our imitation. On the other hand, a lowly position and an ordinary career would want the prestige belonging to the Redeemer and universal Teacher of mankind. How could both needs be met? How should He be at once the Wonder-Worker to sustain our faith and our hope, and our Companion in the unheroic paths of daily life?

We could never have guessed. We might have imagined the stilling of the tempest, the healing of every disease and infirmity. But we could no more have suspected

the thirty years of toil in the workshop of Nazareth than we could have reconciled the Transfiguration on Thabor with the scene beneath the olive trees, or the three hours on Calvary. Yet all has been harmonized for the confirmation of our faith and hope, and for the sustaining of our courage along the toilsome way of homely duty by the force of His example who is like to us in all things, save only sin. Thabor, Gethsemane, Calvary, are our resource in the crucial hours of life, in the strife between the spirit and the flesh, which reduces to an agony. But these reasons are the exceptions, and the lessons they call for were briefly given. A few moments He showed Himself to us as our glorified Head; a few hours as our Model in the extremity of mental and physical pain. But for the monotonous round of labour which is the rule of our life, He judged a corresponding term of teaching to be necessary. And so we have the thirty years of hidden life in the cottage and the workshop of Nazareth.

It is only because we have not studied it in detail that this period of our Lord's life appears less wonderful than the years of miracles or the death of the Cross. In one sense it is more wonderful. That earth and sea, and disease, and death should obey Him, that all nature should be convulsed on Calvary, is not surprising. But that God could do anything commonplace, that He should be a helpless Babe, an errand Boy, a tradesman—His back bowed beneath burdens, His hands hardened with toil, His work of the simplest and commonest, uninteresting, unnoticed, bringing Him no reputation—could it have entered into the heart of man to conceive this?

Nazareth is the school in which all must learn. In whatever station of life our lot may be cast, there must be labour, and labour sanctified. Though heaven has

been opened to us by the death on the Cross, it has still to be earned as a reward. Work of mind or body is the price all must pay for eternal rest. We must bring to God His gifts improved by industry if we are to be welcomed as faithful servants; we must work in the vineyard if we are to except the hire when evening comes.

Many of us look upon labour as a hard necessity. Yet it was a law in Eden itself before it became a punishment: "The Lord God took man, and put him into the paradise of pleasure to dress it and to keep it". And when sin brought the decree: "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread", labour was to be no mere penalty, even then, but a remedy and a safeguard. It is to heal what sin has wounded, to ward off the moral evils that rush in upon the indolent soul, as the sea upon low-lying lands when the dykes are swept away.

We know this, we feel it by the intimate conviction of experience, and nevertheless we are not reconciled to our lot. Our courage flags under the burden and heat of the day. There are times when the monotony of life chafes the most enduring of us. Therefore our Head would bear it first. Toil should have the unspeakable honour of being consecrated by the touch of His hands. It should be made easy to us by the example of the Man God, poor and in labours from His youth.

Call me, O Lord, and bid me come to Thee. Let me watch Thee in Thy poor Home and at Thy lowly trade. Keep me by Thy side till the lessons of Thy life and the dispositions of Thy Heart have passed into mine. Let me see Thy form, bowed beneath the burdens carried to and fro; Thy hands laid to the drudgery of the saw, the hammer, the broom; Thy mind given to the petty details of the village carpentry. And, seeing this, can I, O Master, go on reckoning by the world's standards? Can

I repine at my station or my means, and harbour thoughts of impatience or regret? Shall I not rather account myself blessed if I am called to share, in any degree, Thy lot?

Let me not be among the restless and the self-seeking who want vocations that are no call of Thine; who fret because Thy service means doing Thy will and not their own; who keep their gaiety and attractiveness for strangers, and their discourtesy and moroseness for their own homes. Lord, let me realize that I belong not to myself but to Thee, that I came into this world, not as a proprietor into his domain, but as a servant to watch and wait for his master's beck. And make me feel that that beck is a call to happiness no less than to service, happiness inseparable from faithful service, happiness begun here, to be perfected in the life to come.

Why should I seek to carve out a life for myself when there is one of Thy choosing at my door? Why not loyally accept Thy Will for me in events and circumstances, instead of rebelling against them or trying to modify them after an ideal of my own? Let me enter into Thy designs for myself and others, not with the passiveness of unresisting matter, but with the zeal of a servant devoted to the interests of his master, the loving eagerness of a friend to fall in with the plans of his friend. Thou art more to me, infinitely more, than master or friend.

Jesus who in Thy days of humble toil pleased God, who couldst say: "I do always the things that please Him", come to me today to make my heart like Thine. Unite me so closely to Thyself that I too, in every thought and word, and deed, may be acceptable to God, and do always the things that please Him.

MOTHER MARY LOYOLA.

**Guard of Honor**  
OF THE  
**Most Blessed Sacrament.**

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A Godhead veiled in humble form  
 On our souls His love to shed;  
 To dwell upon an earthly throne  
 E'er to be our Daily Bread.

Twenty one new members were admitted to The Guard of Honor at the August meeting bringing the registered number up to one hundred and ninety five.

Members are especially requested to write on their Adoration cards their number as *Adorer* otherwise their Hours of Adoration can not be credited to them. It may prove interesting for all to learn that the official report for the months of May and June, the first of our Society's existence, shows a total of one thousand and seventy five Hours of Adoration.

How beautiful are those hours of love spent in union with Our Lord, the God of heaven and earth who has deigned to unite Himself so intimately with us, first, at the Creation of the world, by making man to His image and likeness, and placing him in the Garden of Paradise.

When our first parents, through their sin, brought upon themselves and their descendants the penalty of their crime, God, in His ineffable goodness came down from heaven and in the Incarnation gave man another proof of the love that burned in His Sacred Heart.

Still the Incarnation was not the supreme height of God's love of union with man. He knew the need of a

still greater union, and in the Holy Eucharist that need was realised. When you approach the Holy Table do you always bear in mind the infinite love that God is manifesting toward you? The Host of your Communion is so frail and motionless, so small, so unresisting, yet nevertheless in It is hidden the living God, Jesus Christ, Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity.

Through the Holy Eucharist Jesus and the soul are united in the closest possible union. This union has no example on earth; men may love one another but their souls are ever separated. Heart can not melt into heart even when love is greatest. "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me and I in Him," are the words of Our Savior, and to establish this ideal union so greatly beneficial to our soul, let us every day if possible, receive that Sacred Host, the Essence of Purity, that, washed in the Blood of the Lamb, we may be kept free from aught that might tarnish the beauty of our soul. Let the Communion of to-day be a Thanksgiving for the previous and a preparation for the next loving reunion, till we are admitted to the realms of the eternal kingdom where we shall enjoy a union lasting through the countless years of eternity.

O Sacred Host! O Precious Blood!  
With zeal our hearts inflame  
Further to spread an ardent love  
For Thy Eucharistic reign.

MARGUERITE FELDMANN,  
COR, SEC'Y.



## Subject of Adoration

### *Jesus Dies on the Cross.*

REV. PERE CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

*Et hæc dicens, inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.*

"And saying this, bowing His head He gave up the ghost."

(JOHN XIX, 30.)

#### I.—ADORATION.

(Continued.)

At the same time that He is Priest upon the Cross, Jesus is also the Victim. That man should be saved, a *victim for sin* was needed, who should reconcile him with God, restoring to him the divine friendship along with innocence of soul. He had need of a *pacific victim*, who would maintain that friendship and render staunch that purity of soul. He had need of a holocaust, the transformation and, as it were, the annihilation of what he had been in order to become a new and divine creature in the communion of glory. This was precisely the work that the Saviour accomplished on the Cross.

Jesus became the *Host*, the *Victim* of humanity. He offered Himself as a victim for sin. The decree of our condemnation, our *death-warrant*, the fatal contract which delivered us to sin, to the demon, and to death, was torn to pieces and victoriously *nailed to the Cross*.

Jesus is the pacific Host—"He Himself is our peace." He it is who has "*reconciled us to God by His Blood*." He will be for regenerated humanity the Source of all grace, love, virtue, and glory. By the act of His death, Jesus be-

comes the perfect holocaust. By the holocaust, the creature proclaims most perfectly the sovereign dominion of the only King, the imperishable life of the only eternal Being, the independence of the only Master, in a word, all His perfections, all the power and glory of the only infinite God. By the holocaust, the creature effaces himself, shrinks, disappears in his own nothingness, and thereby proclaims that God alone is Being by Himself, the independent Power, the eternal Sovereignty. At the death of Jesus, it is a God who abases Himself before a God, who for the glory of His Father consumes Himself, dies, disappears in the shadows of death, even *in the dust of death*. Never before had God received, never will He again receive homage, glorification, an act of religion more complete than that of the death, the sacrifice of the Man-God.

And the world beholds flowing upon it in abundance the Precious Blood of the Victim. It is entirely sanctified by "*one oblation of the Body of Christ*."

Bossuet says in one of his sermons: "Oh, the admirable spectacle! on one side, all men in revolt against God, and on the other, justice ready to precipitate them into the abyss with the demons, whose counsels they had followed, whose presumption they had imitated, when suddenly the holy, the loving High-Priest, the High-Priest faithful and compassionating our miseries, appeared between God and men. He presented Himself to receive the blows that were about to fall upon our head, He poured out His Blood over men, He raised to God His innocent hands and, thus reconciling heaven and earth, he stayed the course of divine vengeance, and changed implacable fury to eternal mercy."

But that Divine Victim was not immolated *alone* on the Cross. Human nature is there with Him. Every

member of the mystical Body of Christ has reason to say: "*With Christ I am nailed to the cross.*" Such is the holocaust of Calvary. By this unique oblation the work of the Redemption of the world is infinitely consummated.

O Divine Redeemer, I unite with that magnificent act of adoration which Thou didst give to God, and I adore Thee as the Victim most holy, most pure that can be offered to the glory of the Divine Majesty.

Dead and laid in the tomb, is all over for this Sovereign Pontiff? Did His priesthood end on Calvary?... No. The Word Incarnate is "*Priest for eternity.*" The manner of immolation will differ, but the priesthood and the oblation will remain. Always and everywhere, Jesus Christ will remain a Priest, and by that title offer gifts and holocausts.

After His bloody Sacrifice on the Cross, He mounted to the highest heaven, and there He exercises the divine functions of His priesthood. It is a God adoring a God! A God chanting the praises of a God! A God become a Pontiff lending His Intelligence, His Soul, His Heart, His Voice to every part of His immense Church to hymn to the Eternal, His Father and His King, the canticle of adoration, gratitude, love, reparation, and supplication! Still more, Jesus is immolating Himself in heaven and offering Himself to His Father as a victim. True, it is no longer the bloody sacrifice of Calvary, but it is the drama of Calvary eternized under a new title, "*The Lamb standing, as it were slain.*"

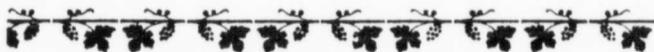
Unite your adoration to that of the Victim in heaven and, moreover, render to Him, also, your homage of adoration; for although He abases Himself to an infinite degree before the Infinite Majesty, possessing the same nature, the same divine personality Himself, He has equal rights to divine honors. If Calvary had its Victim,

if the Church Triumphant still possesses Him, the Church Militant will not be deprived of Him on that account. Under another rite the unique Pontiff will offer throughout all time His unique holocaust, one and the same with that on Calvary and in heaven. This rite consists in offering to the Most High the Divine Victim under the species of bread and wine. It was on the eve of His death that the Saviour instituted and offered this Sacrifice. Taking the bread, He said: "*This is My Body.*" Taking the wine, He said: "*This is My Blood.*" The sword of the word will separate the Body from the Blood. And still to-day, when the priest consecrates the bread and the wine, he will have there only the Body only the Blood. If Jesus Christ is really and wholly present under the appearances of bread and wholly under the appearances of wine it is because His Body and His Blood can no longer be separated, since Jesus can die no more. The Sacrifice of the Mass will be, then, with that of Calvary and that which is offered in heaven, a mysterious unity. It is the same Priest, the same Victim, the same Blood, the same effusion of that Blood—a bloody effusion on Calvary, mystical in heaven, sacramental and, mystical in the Mass

Adore here present under the Sacramental Species that Supreme Pontiff, consummating by a single oblation for eternity the sanctification of the world. Come to Him confidently, come to the throne of grace, to present to Him your homage of respectful adoration, and to receive mercy and grace in the hour of your need. Adore the august Host of our Redemption at the moment He gives up His life for the good of humanity. Adore His Body. Its personal union with the Word can not be broken, not even in the winding-sheet, nor in the tomb. Adore His holy Soul always united to the Divinity, and separated for some hours only from His most holy Body. Adore the Divine Victim in union with Mary who, standing at the

foot of the Cross, animated with a spirit of lively faith, consents for love of us to the bloody immolation of her cherished Son.

In union with the angels, adore the Divine Victim. They are looking down from heaven to contemplate the unheard-of spectacle—the death of a God! They still gaze in wonder at the Sacrifice of the God of our altars, unable to comprehend the reason for such annihilation.



### ✻ The Magnet of Souls ✻



THE Blessed Sacrament is the magnet of souls.

There is a mutual attraction between Jesus and the souls of men. Mary drew Him down from heaven. Our nature attracted Him rather than the nature of angels. Our misery caused Him to stoop to our lowness. Our repentance wins

Him to us. Our love makes earth a paradise to Him; and our souls lure Him as good lures the miser. On the other hand, He draws us to Himself by grace, by example, by power, by lovingness, by beauty, by pardon, and above all by the Blessed Sacrament. Every one, who has had anything to do with ministering to souls has seen the power which Jesus has. Talent is not needed. Eloquence is comparatively unattractive. Learning is often beside the mark. Controversy simply repels. But the simple preaching of Jesus Christ and Him Crucified, will collect a congregation, fill a church, crowd the confessional, furnish the altar rail, and solemnize a feast when nothing else will do so. All the attraction of the church is in Jesus, and His chief attraction is the Blessed Sacrament.

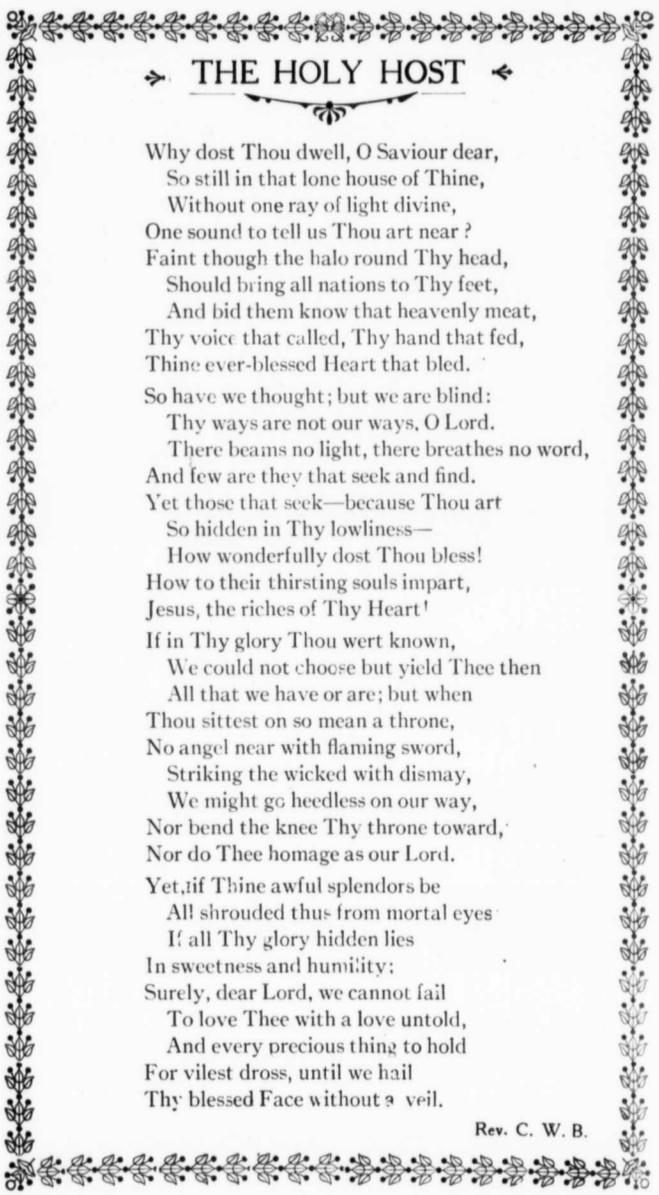
Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is the queen of all devotions. It is the central devotion of the Church. All others gather round it and group themselves there as satellites; How can a man be a Christian who does not worship the living Presence of Christ? It is the devotion of all lands, of all ages, of all classes. All times are its own. As a sacrifice, it is the daily expiation, and as a Sacrament the daily bread of the faithful. It is the cause and the object of many religious orders, whose whole lives and energies it simply engrosses to itself. There is incessant adoration of it ever going on in the Church; there are many cities where the Blessed Sacrament only taken down in one Church when it is put up in another, and night and day the inhabitants watch and pray before it. In many convents through the silent night, gentle victims of reparation weep and worship before the lonely tabernacle. In many countries pious seculars, men and women, are banded in associations to take hours of adoration in succession, wherever they may be. Here and at the antipodes, if we count both sides of the earth at once, through the four and twenty hours there is uninterrupted mass. And what with preparation for Mass and Communion, and what with thanksgiving, if we could see the whole world at any given hour, we should see multitudes deeply absorbed in the Blessed Sacrament. Nor less wonderful is its power over private life. It is at all hours making all men happier, because it is hindering sin, sweetening bitterness, calming angry tempers, soothing sorrow and engendering countless works of mercy. Social life, with marriage and its domestic institutions, is always feeling its hallowing influence; and it is ever multiplying peace in the political world between governments and the governed. It can even attract heretics by a kind of spell, and in gentle but **erring** hearts it silently preaches itself, sweetly constrain-

ing more souls into Peter's fold than the close reasonings of the controversialist or the greater influence of the hot words of a true preacher of Jesus Crucified. Its alliance with the deep spiritual life of interior souls is unbroken, and is continually leading to the heights of self-renunciation and the wonders of supernatural prayers. The ordinary world, the moral, social, political, literary, devotional, ecclesiastical, and mystical worlds,—the Blessed Sacrament is brooding over them all with fertile, pacific, and creative power throughout the mighty centuries. O silent whirlpool of divinest love! how calmly and strongly art Thou ever drawing Thy creatures within the bosom and the inner circles of Thy gracious influence! O swiftly and surely and compassionately draw us down into the depths of everlasting love, down to the very Vision of the most dear and glorious Trinity!

The Holy Sacrifice of the mass pays all our infinite obligations to God. Through it comes all the graces earth receives. We have never had a grace which did not come to us through the Mass. Numberless temporal calamities are averted by it daily all over the world. From it is continually rising up to the Majesty of the Most Holy Trinity a perpetual incense of adoration, intercession, thanksgiving, satisfaction, and supplication, itself in man's imperfect words equal in worth to the worth of the uncreated God. Multiplying words will not enable us to say more.

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Jesus went about doing good and healing all. In holy Communion He comes as the supreme Good, as our Physician, to bring health and life to each individual soul. We cannot remain in church all the time; we, too, must leave the Tabernacle, but let us show by our good works that we have been with Jesus and that He has healed our infirmities.



## THE HOLY HOST

Why dost Thou dwell, O Saviour dear,  
So still in that lone house of Thine,  
Without one ray of light divine,  
One sound to tell us Thou art near ?  
Faint though the halo round Thy head,  
Should bring all nations to Thy feet,  
And bid them know that heavenly meat,  
Thy voice that called, Thy hand that fed,  
Thine ever-blessed Heart that bled.

So have we thought; but we are blind:  
Thy ways are not our ways, O Lord.  
There beams no light, there breathes no word,  
And few are they that seek and find.  
Yet those that seek—because Thou art  
So hidden in Thy lowliness—  
How wonderfully dost Thou bless!  
How to their thirsting souls impart,  
Jesus, the riches of Thy Heart!

If in Thy glory Thou wert known,  
We could not choose but yield Thee then  
All that we have or are; but when  
Thou sittest on so mean a throne,  
No angel near with flaming sword,  
Striking the wicked with dismay,  
We might go heedless on our way,  
Nor bend the knee Thy throne toward,  
Nor do Thee homage as our Lord.

Yet, if Thine awful splendors be  
All shrouded thus from mortal eyes  
If all Thy glory hidden lies  
In sweetness and humility:  
Surely, dear Lord, we cannot fail  
To love Thee with a love untold,  
And every precious thing to hold  
For vilest dross, until we hail  
Thy blessed Face without a veil.

Rev. C. W. B.

## → Your First Communion ←

Are you to make your First Communion this year? Yes? How happy you must be! I wish I could take you in my arms, and under some big tree greening in the warm spring sun talk to you of the great, glad event. As we watched the puffy white clouds float across the blue sky, I'd tell these things to you:

Once upon a time when Our Lord walked on earth great crowds used to follow Him. Blind people asked Him to make them see, and lame people begged that they might walk, and sick people implored that they might be made well.

One day as He was discussing learned questions with disciples and many other men, a number of mothers who loved Christ because He was so good, pushed past the crowd. They had their little children with them, and begged Christ to bless them—just as your mother would ask Him for you if Christ were on earth today.

But the disciples did not like to have the talk broken into.

“Go back,” said they to the women, “Christ is busy with learned men, He has no time to waste with children.”

Christ heard them and gently scolded them. He said:

“Let the little ones come to Me. Don't forbid them. Heaven is for such as these.”

So He placed His hands on their heads and blessed them. Wouldn't you have been happy if you had been there and He had lifted you on His lap and pushed back your hair, as your own father does sometimes, and looked at you with His wonderfully kind eyes. Then you could have told Him of all the things you had done and played and He would have smiled at your happy times, and

been sorrowful for the sad and bad times. Then you would have asked Him for all the little favors you wanted. And last, because you loved Him so much you would have said to him:

“ Dear Lord, I want to do something for You, too. I'll try to be the kind of a child I Know You would like—even if it is pretty hard sometimes.”

It would have been wonderful to have talked to Our Lord, wouldn't it? But that is the very sort of thing that you are going to do on your First Communion day, when you receive Our Lord as bread. It's harder to understand how it can be Our Lord than if you saw Him face to face—but He is just as truly going to be with you as He was with those little ones of long ago for He loves you just as much.

And so before that happy First Communion day, you must think of the joyous things you may tell Him. You will be glad if you have very few things to make Him sad. The favors you ask for yourself and your family and your little friends, He will listen kindly to, and grant if they are good for you and them.

Then offer all the love in your heart to this kind Father and say to Him :

“ Dear Lord, I am only a little child, but because I love you so, I am going to try to be the kind of a little child You would like me to be.”—Selected.

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Mamma every time you go to Mass you receive Communion also. I am like you and I also want to receive Communion every time I assist at Mass. Happy child to have such an example, and happy Mamma to inspire such a desire.

## REPARATION



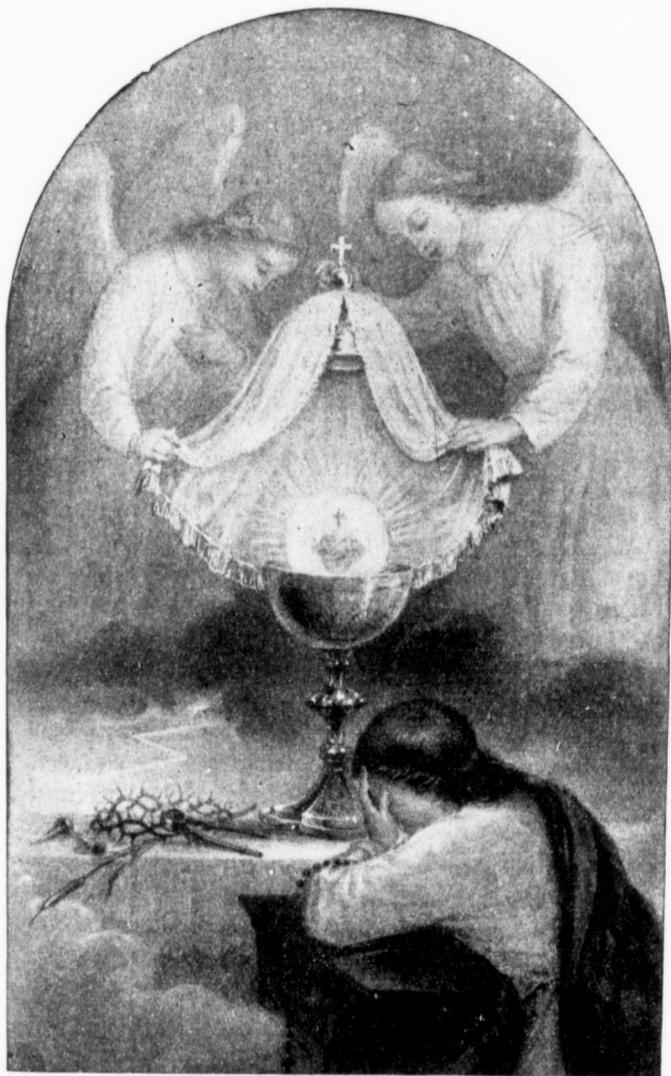
There is no real child of the Church of whom it must not be true to say that devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is his special devotion. It cannot be otherwise. Without it there are no other devotions, and of its supremacy over all the rest Catholics cannot lawfully have two opinions. For it is the only devotion which is a divine worship at the same time that it is a devotion also. This is its peculiarity and its pre-eminence. But whether we look at it as a devotion or as a worship, in both points of view reparation occupies a most prominent part; and it belongs to all. For all souls who have a right to love are bound to reparation.

How immense is the reparation the poor can make to the majesty of Jesus in His Blessed Sacrament! for what is more dear to God, more precious in His sight, than the worship of the poor? Jesus was poor Himself; He is poor now; the Blessed Sacrament is the very depth of His poverty. He chose to redeem the world as a pauper, when He might have redeemed it as a king. Poverty suited Him, had attractions for Him. It was His task, His bent. There was something conformable in it to His infinite wisdom which He did not find in wealth. As the Saint of Saints, He was the founder of a huge religious order, the order of the poor; and He meant the rich to exist principally as benefactors of His order. O it rejoices me to see the poor around the Tabernacle of our Sacramental Lord, getting as near to Him as they can, and drinking in the beauty of His marvellous veils. They seem to understand Him, and He them. Life is so dark and dreary, so strong and harsh, that it drives them to Him with a reality and simplicity that even sorrow can

only imitate far off. Worship on, dear Poor of Christ, you are doing for Him what none but you can do. O that it might be given Him to feed ever on your continual love.

How immense also is the reparation that the rich can make to this sweet Sacrament! And how needful for themselves, as it is welcome to Him! So far as the best interests of the soul are concerned, we know from His own lips that riches partake somewhat of the nature of misfortune. The possessors of them therefore have by their own acts to compensate for their disadvantages as regards salvation. Now, the rich are either those who have inherited the faith from the martyrs, or those whom God has gone out of His way by a miracle of mercy to call into the True Fold; and both these classes have peculiar obligations of their own to the Blessed Sacrament; the one because He was always theirs, the others because He was not always theirs, but is theirs now. What Jesus gives us in this mystery is His whole Self and His time; they too must give their time to Him, to His Sacrifice, His Benediction, His Exposition, His Tabernacle; and so make reparation for the outrages His love endures.

How beautiful is reparation, and what a mystery that God allows so high a work to creatures so poor as we! As if we could build up His ruined glory, and raise temples out of ruins, we who are what we know ourselves to be, something so much worse than those who know us best could for a moment suspect! Reparation! the very thing for which He Himself exists in the Blessed Sacrament; for if it had not been necessary He should come in humiliations to redeem us, it had not perhaps been necessary He should have hidden Himself in this lowest depth of secret silent love. What is so full of heart as reparation, or more full of joy even while we mourn? What is redemption but reparation? What else was Mary's compass-



ion? What else was the earthly occupation of the Sacred Heart? And is it not its occupation in heavenly glory, as well as in the mysterious Host this very hour. How dear to us all should this deep and quiet devotion of reparatory love be; how we should strive to offer reparation at all times and in all places with Our Lady and St. John beneath the Cross on Calvary; reparation for ourselves, for sinners, for those who wound Him sorest, for the universal Church; in a word for all the pain and anguish and sorrow so often His share in the Sacrament of His love.

FABER.

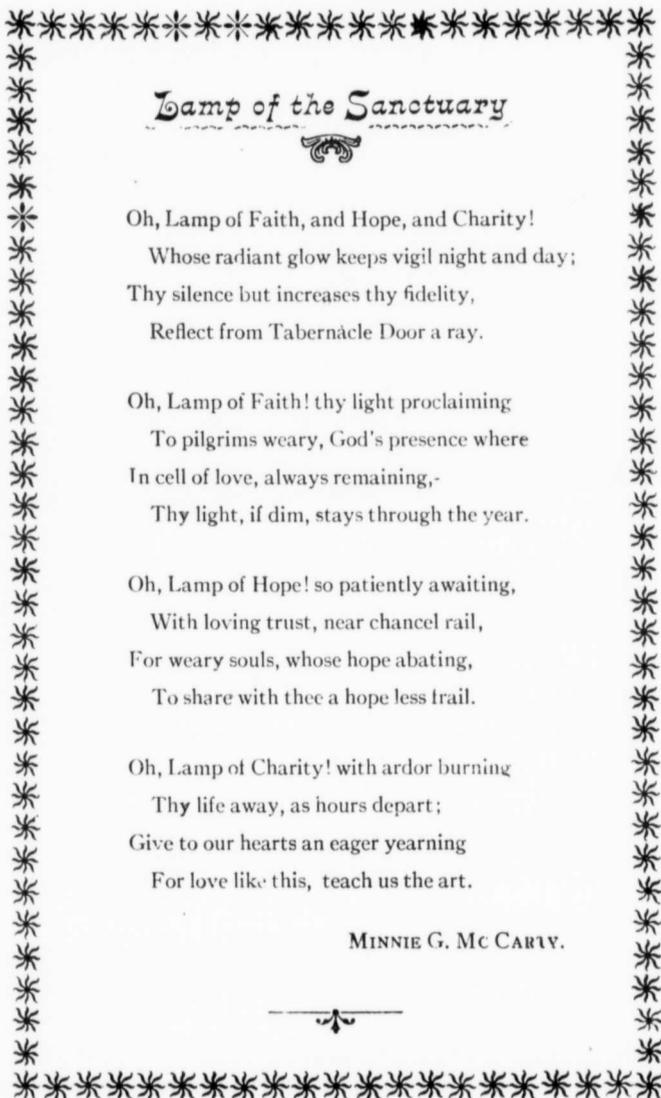
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*The Catholic Church —*

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M. Alphonse Fiernes D. P. & L., has given us in Flemish a living picture of the Church in the XIX century. He proves that in Protestant countries notably Germany the forces of Catholicism have increased ten fold in a hundred years. At the beginning of the last century England had only 160,000 Catholics and 300 priests; to-day she has 1,500,000 Catholics with 3,000 priests. The conversion of Cardinal Newman was the signal for a great movement towards Rome. In the United States a hundred years ago they could count but one Catholic to every hundred inhabitants, now they may count one to every five — What a glorious gain. The talented writer pays a glowing tribute to the Missionaries mainly instrumental in bringing about such grand results.

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*Lamp of the Sanctuary*



Oh, Lamp of Faith, and Hope, and Charity!  
Whose radiant glow keeps vigil night and day;  
Thy silence but increases thy fidelity,  
Reflect from Tabernacle Door a ray.

Oh, Lamp of Faith! thy light proclaiming  
To pilgrims weary, God's presence where  
In cell of love, always remaining,-  
Thy light, if dim, stays through the year.

Oh, Lamp of Hope! so patiently awaiting,  
With loving trust, near chancel rail,  
For weary souls, whose hope abating,  
To share with thee a hope less frail.

Oh, Lamp of Charity! with ardor burning  
Thy life away, as hours depart;  
Give to our hearts an eager yearning  
For love like this, teach us the art.

MINNIE G. MC CARTY.



## → The Accursed Bread ←



The Kings of France and England had landed with numerous troops, provisions, money and help of all kind had poured in from Europe; enthusiasm and courage reigned everywhere. Among the distinguished Prelates who had espoused the cause of the Cross, the valorous and saintly Bishop of Beauvais was undoubtedly the most illustrious. At his feet the repentant blacksmith confessed his guilt listened to paternal admonitions and received absolution. After which the gracious prelate led him to the Church, where the people were all assembled, and from the pulpit announced the glad tidings of the Prodigal Child's return, so that all might rejoice, and finally allowed him to sit at the Father of the family's table.

So great is God's mercy that scarcely had James Smidt received the Sacred Host than the gnawing hunger that had tortured him since his defection disappeared, and he became as strong and robust as ever. Heaven, no doubt, wished to show how acceptable was his repentance, and how generously Eternal Justice forgave him for having eaten the Accursed Bread of the Sons of Mahomet.

Still James felt he had to do penance to repair the scandal he had given, rising up he extended his right hand towards the altar saying in a loud clear voice: my fault shall be expiated in my blood, but for the Sepulchre of Christ; I swear it.

From thenceforth the big blacksmith was never seen but at Mass and the Communion-rail, where his fervor drew tears from the most obdurate. The rest of his time he worked in his smithery where blow after blow resounded on the anvil with a rhythm and precision thats howed

how faithfully he was carrying out his self-imposed expiation.

However on the evening of the eight day he stopped his work, and slept all through the night. The next morning he received Communion and after a long fervent thanksgiving sought out Jacques d'Avesnes and said :

" Master, to-day the war begins. The signal of assault will be given against the ramparts. The day will be a very trying one and you will need all your men. Allow me to remain here and guard the camp on the side facing Karouba. I promise you, I will defend it."

The Commander gave consent. Shortly afterwards James emerged from his smithery unrecognizable except by his great height. A shining coat-of-arms enveloped him from head to foot, in his right hand he carried a sword of prodigious length whose double blade seemed to emit sparks of fire; in his left he clasped a large crucifix.

And to see him thus stationed at the door of the camp where it was most likely Saladin would attack it, filled the warriors who marched to the defense of the ramparts on the opposite side, with courage and made them think of the Angel with the flaming sword who had so bravely and loyally guarded the entrance to Paradise.

The trumpets sounded, banners were furled and waved in the breeze, the battle cry "Dieu le veut!" rent the air and the Crusaders headed by the Kings of France and England hurled themselves against the walls and towers they must capture.

And while they fought like heroes and died like martyrs, James Smidt the point of his sword turned towards the mountain where he had renegaded, waited.

Suddenly a cloud of dust lit up by occasional sinister flashes appeared heralding the enemies approach. At

the sight James and even his breast-plate thrilled with joy.

At the head of the fierce band rode the cruel Caliph himself. When he saw only one man on guard, he thought his plan had succeeded and that the Franks were taken by surprise; glad beyond measure, he put spurs to his horse, dashed forward, ordering all "to the fire and sword," or in other words murder and pillage.

But his joy was shortlived as he beheld his brave soldiers fall one by one, like wheat before the sickle, and he himself though some distance away almost blinded by the light that flashed from this formidable foe.

Fearing that none of his men, the pick of his army, would return alive from this peculiar struggle, he recalled them and sent the firing squad to take their place; to his dismay their murderous arrows broke against the giant's breast plate, but made no impression on the hurculean figure, who never moved, nor showed the least sign of fear.

Must my 50,000 warriors recoil before one Frank, cursed the conqueror of Tiberiade as he aimed a deadly fusillade at the undaunted figure. In swift defense the flaming sword swung right and left mowing down so many that their bodies formed a veritable rampart at the entrance to the Crusader's Camp.

The enraged Caliph was at a loss how to act for precious time was passing and unless he overcame this seemingly invincible defender he could not force an entrance before the return of the soldiers battling on the other side of the hill.

"Greek-fire" he thundered, pointing to the head of the once more motionless figure; "see whether he is man or demon."

Then a strange sight was witnessed, a troops of Egyptians carried the fire that water cannot quench, stood on a pile of corpses, a flame shot up, hissing through the air, hit the brave defender on the head killing him instantly.

His fall made such a deafning noise that the affrighted Caliph and the rest of his army fled in consternation.

The Crusaders tenderly gathered up the remains of their loyal defender. Soldiers, Barons, Knights all assisted at his funeral and showed him every honor and respect possible. The Bishop of Beauvais who had absolved him sang the "Absoute". His epigraph was the words he had murmured as he fell: I have expiated; Noel.

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J... is twelve years old and loves to go Communion oftener than custom allows, and he does it to a certain extent. But what courage he needs to brave the ridicule of his companions. Shyly he whispered to me: "they call me a little girl because I go to Communion often", and young as he was, I could see how the taunt hurt. The Communion League came like a God send to his help, inspired him with the needed courage, and allowed him to gratify his holy eagerness to receive Jesus often. \*

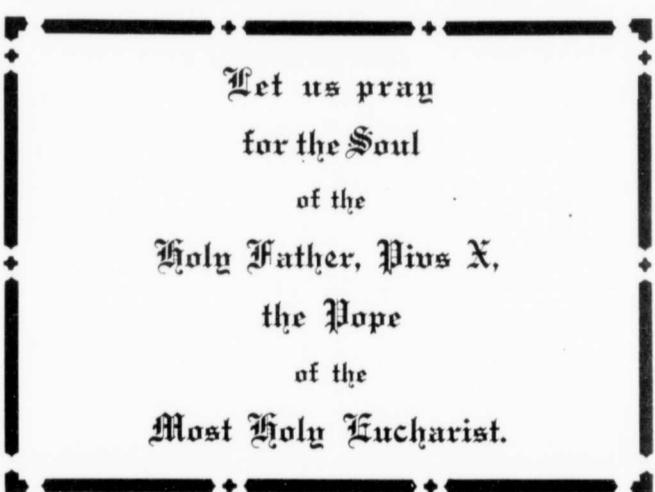
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All human lives are condemned to labor and none are exempt from grief and pain. Either physical suffering or mental sorrows — perhaps both — may be your lot. Then heed the loving invitation and come to Jesus in the Tabernacle; to Jesus who sees, knows and understands; to Jesus who has promised refreshment, light, and peace; to Jesus who loves and pities as no human friend can; to Jesus the source and giver of all good.

 Daily Mass 

Attending daily Mass is, of course purely a question, not of obligation, but of devotion, and of devotion that does not interfere with the performance of other duties of one's state in life. That the devout hearing of Mass is the most excellent of all good works possible to lay Catholics is a mere truism. St. Francis of Sales tells us, that prayers offered in union with the Divine Victim have an inexpressible power; that favors can be secured at the time of Mass which can be obtained at no other time. Our feeble petitions are strengthened during the Adorable Sacrifice by Our Saviour's own prayers, and His are never offered in vain; or, as St. John tells us, "the Father heareth Him always".

Let us then give this time for Mass, this one-half hour of the day's twenty-four to the worship of God on whom life and health and happiness depend.



Let us pray  
for the Soul  
of the  
Holy Father, Pius X,  
the Pope  
of the  
Most Holy Eucharist.

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The Master calls.