

JOAN OF ARC. AFTER BATAI'S VICTORY.



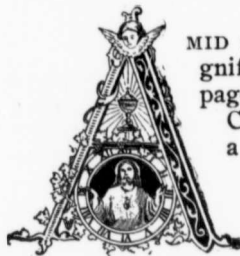
The Rosary of my Days.

I count the saddened Rosary of my days
 On Memory's silver chain, the fair beads strung,
 Glide slowly on along their gleaming ways,
 Till where the decades end, a cross is hung.

*See, e'en the chaplet chants a sermon true,
 And breathes in minor tones from sorrow wrung
 A warning, that though life seems fair to view,
 Somewhere adown its course a cross is hung.*

*Dear Lord, as we press onward toward the end,
 With blinded eyes not knowing gold from dross,
 Be Thou our guide through paths where sorrows
 blend,
 Until we learn to kiss the waiting cross!*

Twentieth Eucharistic Congress.



MID scenes of pomp and splendor, magnificent church ceremonial and public pageantry, the Eucharistic Congress at Cologne, Germany, was brought to a close on Sunday August eighth.

As the Cardinal Legate remarked in his opening address : no city in Germany could have been better chosen than this fair Cologne with its essentially Catholic spirit, its numerous and beautiful churches, its immense Cathedral, its renown as the most intellectual, religious, and artistic centre of that cultured Zone, the Rome of Rhineland immortalized by such heroes as Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas the Angel of the Eucharist, Duns Scott, etc.

In point of numbers, in the splendor of its surroundings and the beauty of its details, the Cologne Convention rivaled, if it did not surpass that of London last year.

Several Cardinals, and between sixty and seventy Archbishops, Bishops and Abbots, gave added dignity and impressiveness to the proceedings, and came from the various districts of France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, England and even from distant Australia.

RECEPTION TO THE PAPAL LEGATE

Nothing could exceed the fervor and enthusiasm of the popular welcome given Cardinal Vannutelli, the Papal Delegate, who presided over the Congress. At about one o'clock the great white steamer Rheingold came up the river flying the German flag and the red and white colors of Cologne. Her bulwarks and the rails of her upper deck were hung with green laurel wreaths. On board were the priests and laymen of the congress committee.

She lay off the point where the Moselle meets the Rhine and waited till twenty minutes to two before the Legate's steamer was sighted with white and yellow Papal flag at the bow, the colors of all the federal states of Germany flying from a forest of flagstuffs on the upper deck and the black eagle standard of the Empire at the stern. The people cheered, the bells of the churches rang out a grand peal, and crash after crash the guns of the Ehrenbreitstein batteries sent out a loud salute echoing along the Rhine.

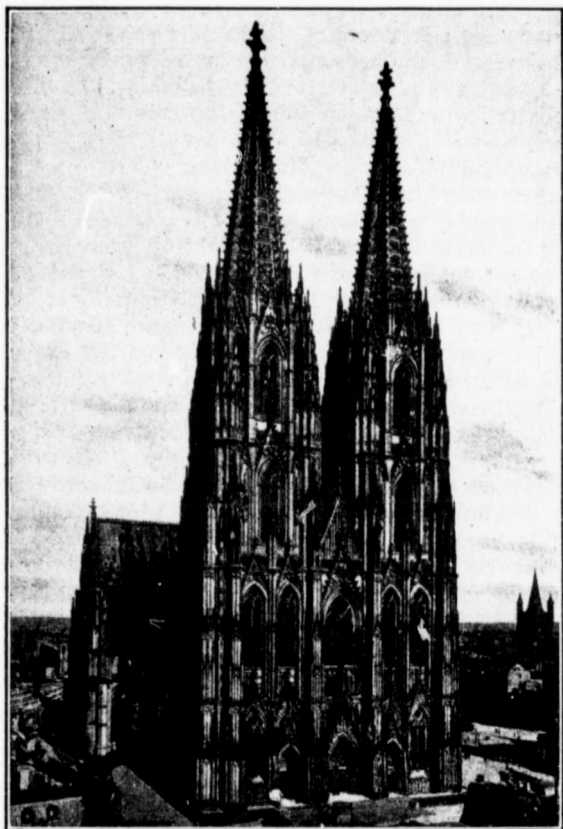
Never had a Papal Legate a more splendid welcome. As the steamer turned opposite the town and came up to the landing place heading against the stream there was an uproar of enthusiasm, and amid the cheering one heard the clanging of bells, the roar of the saluting canon, and the music of the band on board the Cologne boat, which came up and lay alongside of the Legate steamer. The Cardinal went on board the Rhinegold and the Papal flag was transferred to her bow. then the two steamers swung out into the stream bound for Cologne, while Ehrenbreitstein fired one more parting salute.

It was not until after seven o'clock that the flotilla at last reached Cologne. Dense crowds had been waiting since six o'clock on the wharves and along the line of route to the Cathedral. When the Legate landed all the bells of this city of spires and church towers rang out together answering the loud signal by the great "Empe" of the Cathedral, which is rung only on occasions of high state.

At the end of the short street which opens from the Haymarket Square on to the wharf, a triumphal arch had been erected, adorned with shields bearing the arms of Pius X, the Legate and the Archbishops of Cologne. Under the arch, Cardinal Fisher, of Cologne, in his scarlet robes was waiting with the Provost of the Cathedral in a cope, a group of Bishops in purple, and the Oberburgomaster (chief mayor) of Cologne with a deputation of the city council. Two lines of white-dressed children of Mary formed an avenue leading to the arch and beyond the Cathedral Choir was massed

Along the quay the clergy, regular and secular, and the canons of the Cathedral were formed in procession,

and whilst the choir sang the " Ecce Sacerdos " they escorted the Legate from the steamer to the triumphal arch, where he was received by the Cardinal Archbishop of



CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

the city and the various notabilities present were introduced. Just before Cardinal Vannutelli arrived, Princess Mary of Saxony joined the waiting group. After Cardi-

nal Fischer had greeted the Legate, the mayor of Cologne welcomed him in the name of the citizens. The Cardinal then spoke of the deep impression made upon him by the reception that the Catholic Rhineland had given him and of his pleasure at finding himself in fair Cologne.

After a few minutes the procession reformed and passed on to the Cathedral between dense cheering crowds. There the Pontifical Letters were read and Benediction was given.

SESSIONS AND CEREMONIES.

The business proper of the Congress began on Wednesday, with a morning reception by the Legate. In the afternoon of the same day, the first session was held, followed by a public meeting in the church of the Assumption; Benediction and a sermon by one of the attending Bishops was given in the evening at the Cathedral. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday the order was early mass in all the parish churches, celebrated by one of the Bishops; 8 a. m., Pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral; 10 a. m., sectional sessions in the Gurzenich and the Minorite Church. These were held in French and German. 3 p. m., sectional sessions in French, German, Italian and English. 4 30 p. m, public assembly in the Church Assumption; 8 p. m., Benediction and sermon in the Cathedral.

Sunday, the closing day, General Communion in the Cathedral and in all the Parish churches. The general Communion of the men in the Minorite Church was a grand and consoling sight and a most eloquent sermon. Pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral was sung at nine o'clock by Cardinal Vannutelli.

THE PROCESSION

CHOIR OF 16,000 SINGERS

That Sunday afternoon Cologne was one vast sanctuary. The procession of the clergy with the Legate bearing the Blessed Sacrament was to leave the west doors

of the Cathedral at 3.30, but before 2 o'clock the various lay contingents were being marshalled. Each body of men had its own mustering place. The foreign contingents were marshalled in the streets around St. Ursula's Church under the direction of Mgr. Windthorst, a nephew of the famous Catholic statesman. At 3 the various organized bodies moved on to the line of route of the procession, forming up one behind the other, so that when the clergy began to come out of the Cathedral there were already nearly two miles of men marshalled eight deep along the streets from the centre of the city to the broad lines of outer boulevards. Then the signal was given for all to move forward.

WONDERFUL SCENE

First came the Cross and then the first part of the procession was formed of a great column of 50,000 German working men and young men's associations and organizations representing trades and professions. The largest contingent in this army of processionists was that from Fssen, the great gun, armor and machinery works of Krupp. There were no less than 10,000 ironworkers, led by their engineers and foremen from the workshops, and displaying a long array of banners. Splendid men they were, some of them giants of strength. They had their rosaries and hymn-books. Now they all sang together. Now they said the rosary. I wish some of those who say devotion is only a thing for women could have seen this march of the strong men who forge the weapons of the German Empire. Then there were a thousand miners from Westphalia. There were contingents of every trade. The banners they carried showed religious emblems, St. Joseph with his tools, Our Lady or some patron saint, or again the Sacred Heart, or the Cross, and there was an inscription telling us what town or district had sent its trade guild. Nor were they workmen only. One society I noticed was that of the merchants of Cologne. There were bankers and railway directors there, walking shoulder to shoulder with shopkeepers. Here and there was a band of music, or a church choir singing as they marched.

STREETS LIKE SANCTUARY AISLES.

Overhead flags fluttered. The houses on each side, the banks and business establishments, were all decorated with green garlands and bright tapestry. The roadway was strewn with leaves. In many windows candles burned round a crucifix or Madonna. Window and balcony were crowded with ladies. No women but the Nuns were in the procession. Numerous as the processionists were, only a small number of the men in Cologne could find a place in the long column. But those who could not march lined the streets in dense crowds. And what crowds there were ! The few tourists and mere curious visitors were unnoticed in the vast throng. There were very few policemen—perhaps one every fifty yards. But the police had nothing to do. The people themselves kept order. For the moment the streets were like the aisles of some great sanctuary. Women and children and old people were given the front places. The men stood behind them. There was no pushing, no sign of the mere sight-seeing, holiday-making spirit. In many places as they waited the people said the rosary. The men stood bareheaded for hours in the sun, even before the Blessed Sacrament was within a mile of them. Our Lord was not yet passing, but this was his mighty escort marching by, and they paid honor to Him by respect for it.

Often the front rank of the crowd was a line of white-dressed school-girls. They held up garlands of flowers, or bunches of white lilies and red gladioli. Sometimes they bore the emblems of the Blessed Sacrament. Some had flowers ready to strew before the canopy. At the street corners altars blazed with lights. Before St Michael's Church acolytes waited with incense burning in thuribles. Before the Church of the Sacred Heart a beautiful statue of Our Lord stood on an improvised altar. Along the house fronts from the boulevard to the Church of St Maurice the verses of the *Te Deum* were inscribed. At the Church Children of Mary were grouped at the open door and looking in, one saw the altar lighted up. Beyond the Church to the Feumarket Square, and on the houses round it, tablets displayed the verses of the *Lauda*

Sion. As the head of the procession approached each church its bells pealed out a welcome.

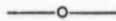
16,000 VOICES.

After the workmen's societies were tens of thousands more. There were the national delegations—French, Italian, Spaniards, Dutch, Belgians, English, Irish, Switzers, Poles. These Polish delegations were a picturesque feature in the long array. Another uniformed army was that of the German veterans, and a rifle club who carried their shouldered rifles. Then there were the Student's corps of the universities in quaint costumes, a blaze of color. Next we saw the habits of the religious order of men, and more than a thousand nuns. Then the clergy in their surplices, parish priests in copes, professors in their robes. The Chapter of Aix-la-Chapelle were there, led by their Provost: the Canons of many German Cathedrals; the Chapter of Cologne. Then there was the great choir of 1600 singers, and the sixty Bishops in cope and mitre, bearing their croziers. Then acolytes bore silver vessels filled with flowers, and candles burning in huge gilded lanterns, and then came the Chamberlains of the Papal Court in their crimson uniforms, and the great canopy escorted by the Knights of St John, with bright swords at the slope, and under it the Papal Legate carrying the Monstrance, and accompanied by Cardinals Fischer, Ferrari and Mercier. Few in the dense crowd could kneel, but every head was bowed in solemn silence as the Legate went up to the great Altar of Repose, before which some 3,000 clergy, acolytes and singers were grouped.

The rear of the procession formed up before the altar. The Mayor of Cologne was here with the City Council, wearing their chains of office, the Catholic nobles of Germany, and the members of the Legislature, and the Catholic Guilds representing the employes of the city. The Tantum Ergo was sung by the choir and taken up by the crowd and re-echoed by those who were out of sight of the altar in the neighbouring streets. Then, the Legate gave Benediction.

FINAL BENEDICTION.

From first to last the procession had been nearly five hours on the way when at length the Legate placed the Blessed Sacrament on the throne of the altar erected before the great door of the Cathedral. On either side were grouped hundreds of happy children who had made their First Communion this year. Behind them massed banners of the processionists formed a wall of color. The two spires soaring up to a height of 500 feet into the sunlit sky formed a gigantic reredos for the altar. The great open spaces around, and all the converging streets were crowded. It must have been a congregation of 200,000. Again the *Tantum Ergo* was sung and the hymn was taken up far away through street and square. Then came the solemn hush as the Legate, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, passed into the Cathedral where the Benediction was given once more, the crowds began to disperse in perfect order bearing with them ineffaceable memories of the glorious festivities.



PRECEDENCE.—During a great rush for tickets at a railway station, a priest was in line.

Traveller to the priest: "I am going ahead of you."

Priest: "Very well, you may go, although I was here first."

Traveller (blustering): "Here, like at the confessional, each one in turn and money in hand."

Priest: "What! Did you ever give money at confession?"

Traveller: "Yes, sir."

Priest: "Oh! I understand. Money is given sometimes at confession in cases of restitution."

(Laughter and applause from bystanders.)

If children, at the age of reason, usually about the seventh year, are amenable to the precepts of the church; if they are bound to confess their sins, hear Mass, and, in danger of health, receive the Viaticum, they must be capable, under competent tutors, of learning something, and, perhaps, a great deal more than we would believe, about the mysteries of the Holy Eucharist.

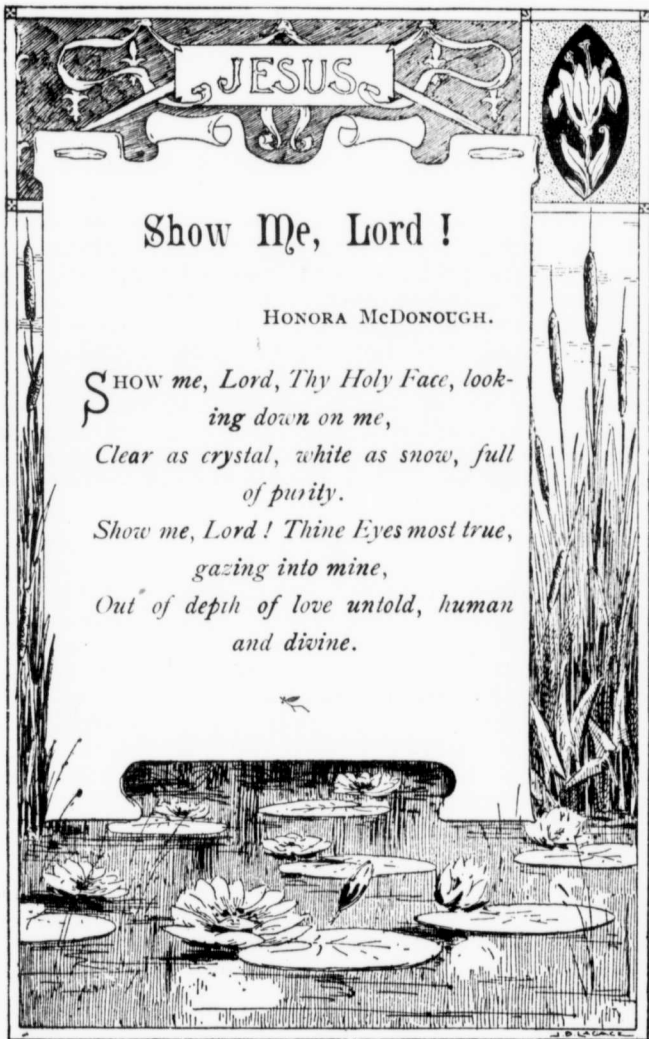
G. HEER.

JESUS

Show Me, Lord !

HONORA McDONOUGH.

*SHOW me, Lord, Thy Holy Face, looking down on me,
Clear as crystal, white as snow, full of purity.
Show me, Lord ! Thine Eyes most true,
gazing into mine,
Out of depth of love untold, human
and divine.*





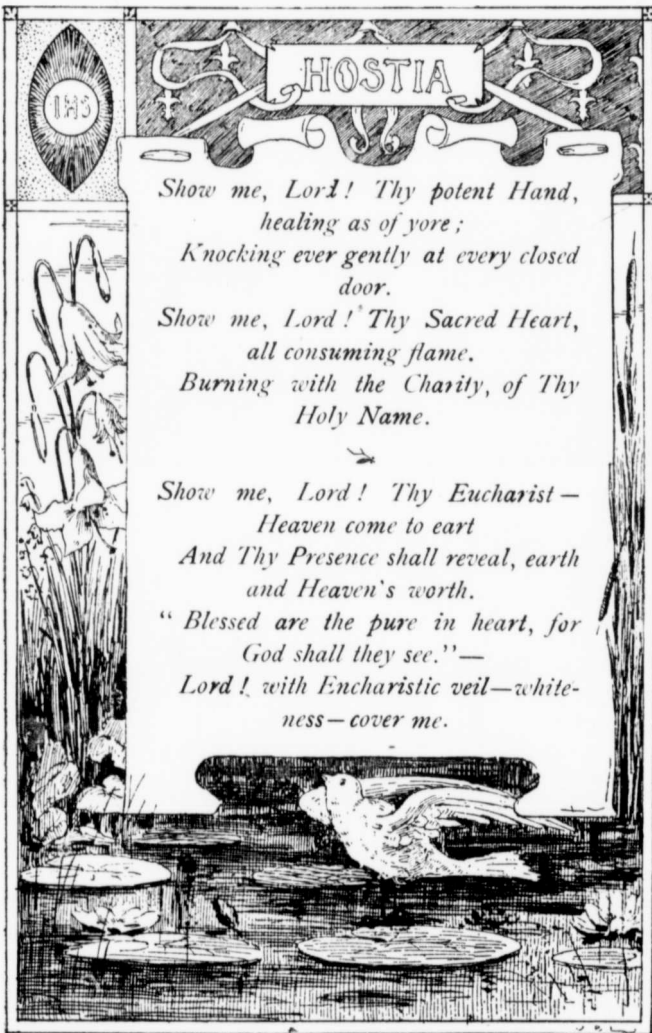
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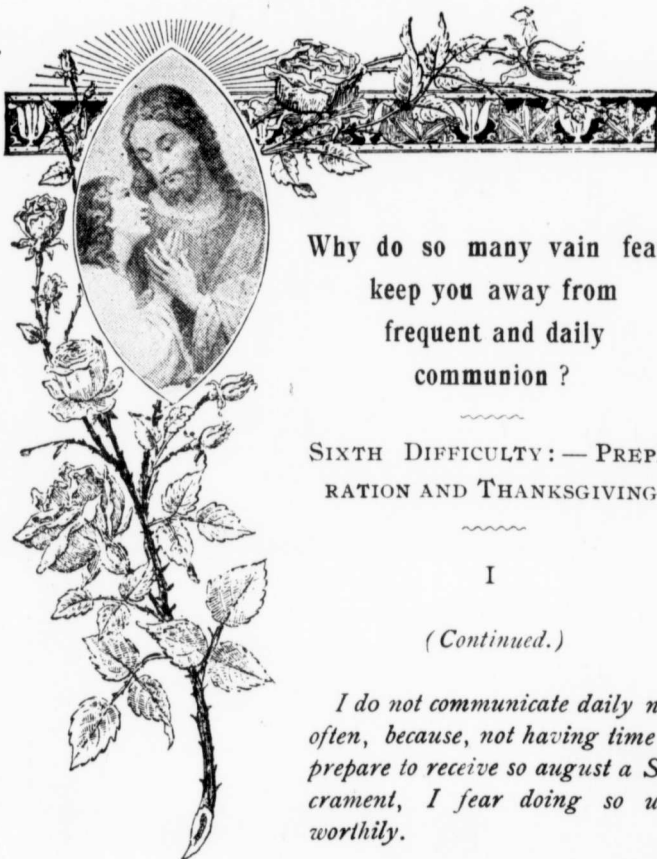
*Show me, Lord! Thy potent Hand,
healing as of yore;
Knocking ever gently at every closed
door.*

*Show me, Lord! Thy Sacred Heart,
all consuming flame.
Burning with the Charity, of Thy
Holy Name.*

*Show me, Lord! Thy Eucharist—
Heaven come to earth
And Thy Presence shall reveal, earth
and Heaven's worth.*

*"Blessed are the pure in heart, for
God shall they see."—
Lord! with Encharistic veil—white-
ness—cover me.*





Why do so many vain fears
keep you away from
frequent and daily
communion ?

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SIXTH DIFFICULTY: — PREPA-  
RATION AND THANKSGIVING.

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I

(Continued.)

I do not communicate daily nor often, because, not having time to prepare to receive so august a Sacrament, I fear doing so unworthily.

What do you understand, Christian soul, by that word *unworthily* ? Do you mean the committing a grave sacrilege ? I reply that it is a *vain fear* ; for as I have proved to you, a Communion is really unworthy and sacrilegious *only* in the case of *certitude* with regard to being in the state of mortal sin.

Perhaps you wish to say that, not having the time to prepare, you fear not having all the devotion required.

This time your fear is justified. The preparation is, in effect, of high importance, not only to draw more fruit from Communion, but still more because, if you neglect it, you would run the risk of *voluntary* distraction in the very act of Holy Communion. I repeat it, you would then commit a venial sin that would hinder you from tasting the spiritual sweetness of the Divine Eucharist, that heavenly sweetness which helps you so much to walk more fervently in the way of infinite love.

But is there need of special time for this preparation ? Yes, if you have it ; no, if you have no leisure to take for it. Every moment, you say, is taken up by the duties of your state. In that case, offer them to God as a continued preparation for Communion, and perform them without allowing yourself to be distracted by business and useless talk. If, for example, you cultivate the ground, offer to your Jesus the sweat that trickles constantly from your forehead amid the rude labors of the fields. Would not that be a good preparation for the reception of the Divine Eucharist ? Still better would it be if, to those labors, you join from time to time some ejaculatory prayers, as : " O my Jesus in the Sacrament, all my sweat are for Thee, for love of Thee ! " And if, in the course of your labor, you sometimes make spiritual Communion, some act of desire to receive your Saviour, O what an excellent preparation for you who can have no other !

Here is what St. Alphonsus says : " If you have not the leisure desirable to prepare for Communion, on account of your occupations or the demands of obedience " — (due for instance to parents, to a husband, to superiors) — " know that if you discharge these different cares with the intention of pleasing God, all will serve you for preparation." And he relates the example of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, hearing one day the signal for Communion (customary in religious communities) while she was kneading the bread : " The saint immediately fell into ecstasy and thus, all out of herself, her hands full of dough, she went to communicate." St Alphonsus adds afterward that the same saint said to her Sisters : " *Offer to God all your actions as preparation. Act with the intention to please God, and communicate.*"

I conclude, Christian soul, with the words of the holy Doctor : " You must never omit Communion through want of time to prepare for it, when you have been employing it in serving the family, in caring for some sick person, or any other act of charity which could not be postponed," that is, which could not be conveniently deferred.

(to be continued.)

A Missionary incident.

IN an interesting sketch contributed to Les Missions Catholiques by Archbishop Langevin of St Boniface, we find the following graphic account of an edifying death among the Indians of the Canadian Farthest North :

" A good old convert, seventy-six years of age, fell seriously ill, and received the last Sacraments with the most admirable dispositions. His whole family were assembled around his couch. ' It is now' he said to them when the Viaticum had been administered ; ' it is now that I understand all that the priests have explained to me about religion. You know that I once adored evil spirits and was a medicine man ; I danced the sun dance . I sacrificed victims, and invoked the thunder and the great Bear against the missionaries ; I spoke evil. But I didn't understand, and I tell you I did wrong. The Great Spirit is good ; He has pardoned me. I am happy ; I am going to see Him in His grand Paradise. I don't fear to die, and am glad to suffer for our Lord who suffered so much for me.' "

After stating that the old man died a few hours late, in the most edifying disposition of faith, hope and love, Mgr. Langevin adds a sentence that throws some light on the hardships of the missionary career : " Such consolations make one forget that one is lost in the bleak and savage Farthest North. and that one's daily bread is not always forthcoming."—Ave Maria.

Ven. Joan of Arc and the Blessed Eucharist.

(See frontispiece.)

ON the 13th of December, 1908, Pius X, solemnly approved the miracles of Venerable Joan of Arc, and in the course of an eloquent allocution on that memorable occasion said : She was all love for the Eucharist, like a Cherubim."

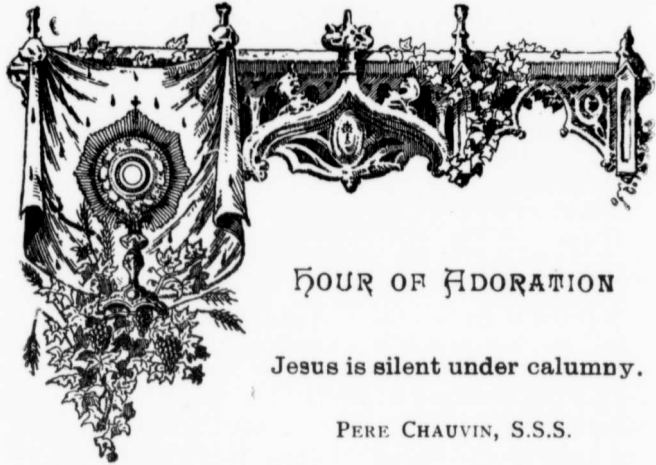
These words of the Sovereign Pontiff show us, in Blessed Joan, a model of Eucharistic devotion accessible to all ; a model he holds up to us as an example, and exhorts us to imitate ; one whose whole life whether as child, maiden, victorious warrior, prisoner or martyr was filled with the most lively devotion and ardent love for the Eucharist ; a fact attested by all her cotemporaries religious and secular, native and alien, friend and foe.

But it was especially while the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was being celebrated that she loved to frequent the church. In this sublime offering her faith, as enlightened as ardent, recognized a purely divine act, the continuation and the reproduction of Calvary's immolation ; and in the assistance thereat the most sanctifying practice of devotion.

This great attraction showed itself even in her childhood. At Domrémy she assisted at Mass every day, and was so impressed with its greatness and efficacy that, young as she was, she often longed to have Masses offered for her special intentions, and whenever she heard the Mass-bell ring no matter where she was, or how she was employed, she left all, and hastened to answer its summons.

Later on, at Vaucouleurs, from early morning, she was a daily and devout worshipper at the Masses in St. Mary's Chapel. The day after her arrival at Chinon she heard Mass in the royal chapel and remained faithful to this devotion all through her warrior career. On days of combat she never failed to warn the Chaplain, who always celebrated Mass in her presence that he would have to advance the hour of sacrifice, so that she would not be deprived of her daily consolation.

The very day of her brilliant victory over the English ; at Patay, she had a Mass of thanksgiving offered on the battle-field before the assembled army.



HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus is silent under calumny.

PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Et cum accuseretur in multis principibus sacerdotum et senioribus, nihil respondit.

"And when He was accused by the chief priests and ancients, He answered nothing." (Matt. XXVII, 12.)

I. — Adoration.

After questioning Jesus, Pilate is convinced of His innocence, and he goes out boldly to proclaim it to the people: "I find no cause in this Man!"

The Sanhedrites tremble with fear. Their prey is about to escape from their hands! But hardly has the Roman Governor pronounced the words when a tempest of new injuries, fresh accusations bursts from all sides. The crown suborned by the members of the Grand Council, foaming like an angry sea, launched against its Victim the most outrageous calumnies.

"*And Jesus was silent.*" This single line of the Gospel is truly divine. By it alone is demonstrated in the most emphatic manner the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Pilate is struck by it. Turning toward Jesus, he exclaims almost inadvertently: "*What! Thou answerest nothing? Dost Thou not hear the crimes of which they accuse Thee?*" But Jesus answered "*to never a word,*" so that Pilate, amazed at first, was suddenly seized with admiration for this extraordinary Man. He was amazed, he, a gentile, that one accused could preserve such peace of soul, such patience, such meekness in the midst of enemies so enraged.

Pilate felt himself before a power that surpassed the strength of human nature. Never during his career as judge had he met a man accused of capital crimes, facing an ignominious death, yet keeping silence in so imperturbable a manner, with so calm and serene a countenance, and with dignity so majestic. This Man, who was reputed so wise, so learned, so eloquent in the judgment of the many, will not utter a single word in His own defence, although in danger of death, before a benevolent judge, and when, by a single word, He might demolish all the accusations of His enemies.

What a contrast! On the one side, this furious multitude vociferating their false accusations in order to force the judgment of Pilate; and on the other, this Man absolutely alone, holding in check by His silence the multitude roused against Him. Between their fury and His calmness, who could doubt as to which side belonged right, justice, and virtue?

Pilate may well be astonished at this silence of Jesus; and in it, the Jews should have recognized the Messiah. The prophecies are formal. God Himself had predicted it by the mouth of David in these expressed terms: "*And they that sought my soul used violence, and they that sought evils to me spoke vain things... But I as a deaf man heard not, and as a dumb man not opening his mouth. And I became as a man that heareth not, and that hath no reproofs in his mouth.*"

This silence is not only the most eloquent plea for His innocence, but still more for His Divinity. Not less potently than speech does it affirm His divine attributes, His wisdom, strength, and power. No, it is not an ordinary man who, in the face of death the most ignominious, the most dishonorable, wills to be silent when, with one word, he could easily refute calumnious accusations and save his honor and his life!

On your knees before this divine Accused! He is there in the Most Blessed Sacrament, crushed under the weight of frightful accusations. Men deny not only His innocence, but even His very Presence. By one word, one gesture, He might triumph over His enemies. And yet, there too, He answers nothing, although He hears everything, He feels everything in His infinitely sensitive Heart. He remains immovable as a deaf man who hears nothing, as one who cannot open his mouth, as a man who does not know how to defend himself. This silence, which He began to observe before Pilate and His accusers, which He will continue before Herod, He has almost never broken for over nineteen centuries in His Sacrament. When He has at rare intervals uttered a word, it was never to exculpate Himself, to plead His innocence, but to open His Heart, and beg for that of His guilty children.

I adore Thee, O Jesus, silent before the outrages of Jews and of Christians! Thou art the Word, the Wisdom of God! Thou

didst unbind the tongue of the dumb, didst render children eloquent! Thou art He of whom the Jews themselves were forced to recognize that never man had spoken as Thou! Under this appearance of weakness, I recognize Thy strength, Thy power. Under Thy exterior of extreme impotence, I proclaim Thy infinite power. By no other means couldst Thou show forth the nobility of Thy birth, nor more convincingly prove Thy dignity!

Jesus, silent before Pilate, mute Host of our tabernacles, before the whole world I proclaim Thee the Eternal World of God, the inborn Word of the Heavenly Father, and I adore Thee with Thy Divine Spirit, in union with the Immaculate Virgin!

II. — Thanksgiving.

Pilate, who is interested in the Accused and wishes to save His life, urges Him to defend Himself. A man who displays such dignity will surely overthrow without difficulty the evidently passionate accusations of the Grand Council. But Jesus is silent. He sacrifices His honor and His life.

Why? Let us seek the answer written in the depths of His Heart. There we read the word, *Love*. Yes, love is the sole reason for Jesus' silence. Pilate was right in thinking that it would be easy for Jesus to defend Himself, to justify Himself. If He would manifest His Divinity, who would dare lay hands on Him? Who would dare undertake to crucify the Lord of glory? Yes, if He is sacrificed, it is because He so wills it. Behold why He keeps silence. Like a lamb led to the slaughter, like a sheep before the shearer, He is silent and opens not His mouth.

Yes, He loves, He loves His enemies! And because He loves them, He is silent, not wishing by any word of His to increase the malice of their calumnies. He loves Pilate, and therefore is He silent, not wishing to enlighten him as to His innocence, and thus render his unjust sentence more detestable.

He loves us, and behold why He is silent. He knows that from this heroic silence ought to come a new proof, a most striking proof of His Divinity. He values His life less than this manifestation of His Heart, and He is silent. He knows that, by keeping silence, He will repair the false excuses of Adam and Eve after their sin. He knows that, by this silence, He will expiate all the sins of the tongue: lies, perjury, blasphemy, calumny, maledictions, curses, detraction, obscenity, idle, wicked, and vain words. Life is less precious to Him than the reparation and satisfaction of our sins, and so He is silent. He knows that a word of defence would retard the work of our Redemption, would arrest the course of His Passion, and so He is silent.

He knows that from His silence, as from a never-failing source will flow waves of patience, valor, and heroism. He knows what

this silence is worth — to martyrs divine courage lovingly to endure the tortures of their executioners—to all Christians numberless graces of resignation in the difficulties and weariness of life—to us our own sanctification. His Heart prefers all this to life, and He is silent!

This heroic silence of Our Divine Saviour is one of the most beautiful manifestations of His Sacred Heart.

Contemplate Jesus, calm and silent, before the populace yelling, vociferating, uttering prolonged shrieks of blasphemy and all kinds of injurious words. Contemplate Him as calm, as silent during the ages and in our own day in all the consecrated Hosts, before the bloody outrages of hatred and impiety. It is for Thee, Christian soul, that He has kept, that He still keeps silence in the Host. Say to Him, your heart filled with unbounded gratitude, say to Him: "Jesus, I thank Thee!"

I thank Thee for having by Thy silence strengthened my faith. I thank Thee for having by Thy silence expiated the sins of my tongue and those of all mankind. I thank Thee for not willing to break that silence for fear of retarding the shedding of Thy Blood and the hour of my deliverance. I thank Thee for having obtained by Thy silence the favor for me to be able to bear suffering in silence, of meriting for me the grace of courage and resignation. I thank Thee in the name of all Thy martyrs, who owe in part to Thy silence their patience in suffering and the place they occupy near Thee at this moment. I thank Thee for all the sacrifices Thy Heart imposed upon Thee to keep silence.

In return, I promise Thee that henceforth, in the time of trial, it will be to the contemplation of Thy divine silence, O Jesus-Hostia, that I will turn to draw the strength Thou hast merited for me at so great a cost!

III. — Reparation.

Pilates declares Jesus innocent. "*I find no cause of death in Him.*" In his character of judge, he should not have contented himself with making this declaration. He should have imposed silence on the accusers by saying to them: "It is not enough to accuse Him. You must prove your words. Since you have no reasonable proof, I will set Him free." The first principle of justice would have dismissed Jesus covered with glory, and the Jews in shame and confusion.

The cowardly Procurator forms no decision. On one hand, he wants to save the Innocent; on the other, he desires to secure the favor of the Sanhedrites and the people. How the Heart of Jesus, so upright, so just, must have suffered under the shuffling of this minister of justice! Poor Victim of the crooked policy of this representative of authority! "*Jesus was silent.*"

True, Pilate cannot help admiring Him ; but his admiration, which added to his certitude of Jesus' innocence, only increased his responsibility as judge.

The High Priests and the Jews before Christ's noble silence do not feel even this admiration of the idolatrous Pilate. To the declaration of the judge, to the silence of the Accused, the multitude respond by cries of rage, by multiplied blasphemies against Jesus. All His words and works, His whole life is passed through the sieve of perfidy and befouled by the gall of His adversaries.

They accuse Him with ever-increasing violence. There is not one who has not some monstrous calumny to hurl at the ears of Pilate in their effort to assail the past life of Jesus. The Evangelists are far from relating all the insults of the Jews. They say only that the crimes of which the Jews accused Him were numerous and enormous *in multis .. im quantis*. Above all, did they love to dwell on the following accusation : " *He has stirred up the nation, teaching revolutionary principles throughout all Judea and Galilee.*"

The Victim does not break silence. This was the most terrible chastisement He could inflict on His accusers. Had He broken it, the Divine Saviour would have made those priests blush with shame by unmasking their hypocrisy. The Gospel says that formerly, when lashing them with His reproaches, He cast on them looks of anger. Or again, as the Gospel further attests, His words were the language of love and compassion. But now, all the resources of His Sacred Heart having been exhausted in vain, His silence became the declaration of their reprobation. He abandons them to their blindness. Ah ! how terrible is the silence of Jesus ! How sinners are to be pitied when God will no longer speak to them ! How wretched is the soul obstinate in sin to whom Jesus speaks no more, to whom Jesus will speak no more !

If God tries us by sickness, if He deprives us of our reputation, our riches, our human support, our affections ; if He disquiets us in the midst of our insensate joys and changes them into sorrow, if He sows thorns on our disorderly path, if He casts upon us indignant glances—all is not lost. By this apparent severity, He is working for our salvation. He is the physician who probes and cuts in order to relieve and cure. He is the mother who frightens her child to make it return to her bosom. He is God who makes us weep here below that He may give us eternal happiness. But if He ceases to speak, if He abandons the sinners to his passions, to his caprices—woe to him !

Pardon, O Divine Saviour, for all sinners who, at this moment are refusing to listen to the repeated calls of Thy Heart ! May I not myself be of the number of those unfortunate creatures who fearlessly abuse Thy graces ? Speak to me, Lord Jesus, chastise me in any other way, but not by Thy silence !

Pardon, also, O Divine Silent One, Patient One, pardon for the innumerable multitude of sins of the tongue which men have committed since the beginning of the world, and which they will commit to its end ! It is to expiate them that Thou dost refuse to speak and defend Thyself. Pardon for the souls in purgatory who are now expiating these same sins by fire ! I ask pardon for all those that I have myself committed.

Eternal Father, in expiation of so many crimes, I offer Thee the infinite merits of the expiatory silence of Jesus during His Passion and in His Eucharist. Henceforth, I will mortify my tongue and keep silence for love of Thee !

IV. — Prayer.

The admiration with which I regard the silence of Jesus ought not to be the admiration of Pilate, that is, a sterile admiration that will have no effect on my life. It ought to attract me to imitation. Christ Jesus came not only to save, but to leave us an example of all the virtues, especially of meekness, humility, and patience.

I am persuaded that, by my own strength, I am incapable of such virtue. It is, perhaps, more difficult to endure an affront, a calumny in silence than to suffer the most painful chastisement. My nature is ever ready to excuse itself even when its acts are inexcusable, but with how much more vehemence when it thinks itself calumniated !

It is this help, O Heart of Jesus, that I come to beg from Thy liberality ! Grant me that humility, patience, and silence which Thou didst practise so well before Thy calumniators. May I render to all good for evil !

It is to Thee also, O God of the Eucharist, that I will leave the care of justifying myself, unless Thy glory demands otherwise. "When my heart shall be sad and suffering," says Venerable Père Eymard, "I will tell it first to my good Master, thus to give Him the first fruits of the sacrifice." If I feel myself weak in the presence of calumny and outrage, it is at the Holy Table I will henceforth seek strength. It is near Thee, close to Thy Heart in the Blessed Sacrament that I will strengthen myself against temptation, and find courage to make to Thee the *sacrifice of my lips* !

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth, and communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. In the midst of injuries and contradictions, reflect on this word of the Gospel : "*Jesus accused, kept silence.*"



A MISSION OF LOVE.

(ANNA T. SADLIER.)



MELANCE was so tall and slender, that she had often been compared to a lily, and her movements were swift and alert, as she sped through the darkness, while the night around her seemed to throb and palpitate, full as she fancied of whispering voices. She paused from time to time, to listen, too, to more real sounds, which she heard with apprehension. It was the enemy advancing upon the village, which she felt certain they would reduce to flames. The girl had but one anxiety, for of parents or kindred she had none, only the little home remaining now dark and silent at the farthest extremity of the place and she had abandoned it without fear. Her sole thought was of the church and of the Blessed Sacrament, which might be exposed to sacrilege, for the Cure, no later than a week before had been led away to prison, and there was none who might dare to open the Tabernacle.

The enemy had come stealthily to surprise them so that the inhabitants, knew nothing of their designs, till a frightened shepherd had rushed home from the hills to declare that strange soldiers were at their very door. Although it was dusk then, Melance had not hesitated an instant. She had set resolutely forth, over the hills in the opposite direction from where the foe was approaching to bring thither, if that were possible, the pastor of the adjoining parish. She had but little hope that her undertaking would prove successful ; for even if she found her way thither the priest was old and for one of his years, such a journey, almost impossible, even could the return be made in time. But at least that venerable ecclesiastic, would advise her as to what was the best course to pursue in such an emergency, and if any secular hand

might dare to touch the Holies of Holies. She literally flew over a wooded path, which, to any foot less sure than hers would have offered manifold pitfalls, threading her way almost instinctively, over hill and dale, over rocks and brambles, praying always for help and guidance, and determined at least that she would lose not a second. To her relief, she presently saw the moon rising clear and cold, illumining the darkness which would have been intense, but for its light. And that light likewise revealed the spire of the neighboring church, giving the way farer new hope and courage.

Breathless, she reached the presbytery, where a light was still burning, almost the only one in that village, where the inhabitants were early folk : and that friendly glimmer came from the tiny study, where the priest sat writing out a sermon. The old man heard the girl's tale to the end, than he rose, and reached for his hat and coat, seizing also a stout staff, which stood near the wall : " Come," he said, " let us go."—" But Father, the girl faltered." " But, but, there is no time for buts, I tell you this must be done," he cried. " You will never be able, *mon Père*," she cried, " it is over the hills, the way is rugged.—" So is always the path of duty," answered the priest already out of his house and down the road.

" Your age, Father " remonstrated the girl, " Alas woe is me, that I should have come."

For she had not realized till that moment, how bent and aged was this holy pastor.

If you will not have me make the journey alone, my daughter, hasten called the priest over his shoulder. And then Melance feeling that nothing was to be done, and reflecting with joy, that the Blessed Sacrament would be saved, if only they could get there in time and that God and the Blessed Mother would obtain help for this brave old priest, she placed herself at his side, making only a last protest :

If the enemy should find you Father," she cried. " Alas, they will put you to death.

" Ah," said the priest, " you think so meanly of me then, because I am old and the years have bowed my head, and slackened my feet. You believe that for co-

ward fear, I would fail, when rude men are risking their lives, every day for pay."

Melance, murmuring a word of excuse, made no farther objection but hastening along, acted as guide for the good priest. Valiantly, he made his way supported by his stout staff, and when the ascent became too toilsome and the path too rugged, he accepted, the arm of the young heroine, and together they walked under the risen moon murmuring only occasionally a word to each other and it was of hope and prayerfulness, of love and adoration towards that Victim of the altar whom they were thus speeding to save from profanation.

As they neared the village, Melance stopped an instant to listen, to the sounds which were now unmistakable, the tramp of cavalry and the jingling of spurs. Her cheek blanched, and her lips murmured a prayer, but the Curé, whose hearing was impaired heard nothing. Before they had gone much farther, Melance put her hands over her eyes, and stopped involuntarily :

"What is it my daughter?" asked the aged priest who could not see, what was so evident to Melance, that the advance guard of the enemy, had already entered the village and that the sky was reddened to the east by burning farmsteads.

"The enemy, they are there," Melance murmured,

The old priest said nothing, but the girl, perceived that he strove to hasten his faltering steps, and leaned more heavily upon her arm.

"Melance," he cried presently, "good girl, tell me, is it not the church?"

"No," answered his guide, "I see the Cross shining, in the moonlight." And again there was silence and the two hurried on. All their strength and the aged man had very nearly exhausted his feeble stock thereof, was employed to bring them to the little edifice, which as they presently perceived lay calm and cold in the moonlight. It seemed to Melance, that her companion would never be able to measure the distance which still lay between them, but he trudged valiantly on, though his breathing had become oppressed and his feet seemed to lag. At last, and surely there was not a moment to spare for the flames, were spreading rapidly, and the other end of the

village was a scene of wild disorder. Any moment those fierce troopers whose shouts and whose oaths carried on the calm night air caused the girl to shudder, might come riding down, to prevent their mission. The two stole stealthily towards the church and entered, hastening up the aisle. The old priest almost stumbled and fell, so great was his exhaustion, as he reached the altar steps. His adoration was brief, for the work was still to be done. A tiny red lamp burned before the Tabernacle, and Melance hurrying to the sacristy, brought thence a taper. The priest opening the little door brought forth the chalice and reverently consumed the hosts which it contained, while the girl knelt in lowly adoration. The sacred vessels rich and costly, having been the gifts from time immemorial of the lords of the Manor, were next removed, Melance guiding the steps which she perceived grew momentarily more feeble. The two had to go back and forth to the hiding place many times, since secular hands might not touch the vessels of the altar. Their destination was a dried up well near at hand, into which the sacred articles were lowered carefully, though, it was a fortunate circumstance that this strange receptacle had been used for a similar purpose before then, and shelves had been placed at a convenient distance from the ground. When all were arranged there, Melance, covered up the well carefully and strewed some sand and leaves thereupon, to divert suspicion, after which the girl, in a very agony of fear and suspense gave her arm to the old man and led him gently from the spot. She strove to bring him towards the presbytery, but he mentioned to the church. His voice had become almost inaudible, and his movements so heavy that the girl could scarcely drag him along. Just before the door, Melance hearing that the sounds were now close at hand, cried :

“ They are coming, they are here, and oh, Father, they will kill you ”

The priest made no reply and the two stumbled blindly forward. As they crossed the threshold, Melance felt the pressure upon her arm relax, and before she could catch him the venerable ecclesiastic had fallen to the ground. She bent over him in a terror, which momentarily banished that other dread. Then she knew with that know-

ledge, that comes to those who have early matured and who are no strangers to the horrors of death that the priest, at least, was safe from the malice of the enemy. The tears which rolled down her cheeks, fell upon the pallid countenance of the servant of God, his eyes staring upwards and a smile upon his face. Melance in her bewilderment, thought no more of flight, and indeed, it would have been useless, for at that instant the heavy tread of armed men was heard upon the steps, and brutal men invade the sanctuary, where a moment before all had been calm and peace. Astonished at first by the sight which met their eyes, they paused and then ruthlessly thrusting aside the corps without inquiring how the priest had come to his death, made their way to the sanctuary in search of those vessels which they had heard were of such value. When they discovered that all had been removed, they subjected the girl to a searching inquiry, resorting when all else failed to the most brutal violence. They could not force her to tell however, for within her heart repeated always :

“ It is for the good God. The dear Curé, has died for him and cannot I suffer something.”

When threats and blows and every barbarous device were exhausted, and the girl remained immovable, a trooper maddened with drink and without waiting for any sign from the Commander which might possibly have been with held, thrust her through with his sword, and her body fell close to the spot where already lay, another martyr of the Blessed Eucharist.”

And so the bodies were found later, when the enemy, having exhausted its fury had gone on its way, and the villagers, said with a sigh : “ For them it is well. The old man has gone a little earlier to heaven and as for Melance, her sacrifice has been sooner accepted, for she was going to “ make herself a Carmelite,” before the Winter snows have settled on the ground.”





The Angel
and his charge.

WAXEN lights are faintly gleaming
On the altar cold and bare,
And their fitful rays are beaming
On a child and spirit fair.

Spoke the child, so free from malice,
And all guile, with hands o'erbold
Stretched before him toward the chalice,
Wonder in his face untold :

" Look, my angel ! O what is it
Sparkling in this golden cup ?
See ! 'Tis hid—you cannot miss it,
And anon comes bubbling up ! "

" Sweet my child," the star-crowned murmured,
" Sweet my child," the angel said,
" 'Tis the Blood of Him who suffered
And rose glorious from the dead."

*" Then, my angel, tell me one thing,
Why it dances in such glee ?
It may be my wild imagining,
But it seems to smile on me ! "*

*" Nay, my child, 'tis not in seeming
Glow Its ruby drops for thee,
Thou art fruit of His redeeming
Whom He loves eternally."*

*Still they gazed in awe low bending,
Child and blessed spirit-guide ;
And the Sacred Blood kept sending
Flashes from Its crimson tide.*

ELPIS.

Little James was present at High Mass for the first time with his mother. He had been told " to be very good in church and to bow his head at the Elevation, for it was at that moment that little Jesus came down from heaven."

The Elevation came and the tiny bell tinkled. James, somewhat puzzled, looked up at his mother with the question : " Say, mamma, does little Jesus come down on a bicycle ? "



In the Hands of the Lord.



ON Friday the seven boats which constituted the fishing fleet of the little village had gone forth from the Breton harbor of Kermaror. It was on a pleasant evening in late September that they set sail, the unruffled sea scarcely rocking the boats as, one by one, they slowly left their moorings; the women and children assembled on the beach, silently watching the barques that contained their loved ones until they disappeared in the offing.

The tiny hamlet made a beautiful picture as it lay quietly under the smile of the setting sun; the old stone church, with its sharply serrated tower, standing high above all; the little gardens brave with autumn flowers sending forth their sharp fragrance to meet the pungent air from the ocean.

The male portion of the population—men, youths, and even the small boys—had gone to fish in the direction of the Ile de Sein, close to the terrible headlands of Finistère. Only the women and young children remained at home, with the exception of the Curé and the bell-ringer, Antoine, an ancient fisherman too old to work and long incapacitated by reason of a wooden leg.

They had started in good spirits. Only old Claudine, whose husband and four sons had been cast, stiff and stark, years before on the beach of Trepasses, had opposed their going. No one would listen to her. The Curé's

barometer—the only one in the village—promised well ; and, then, the voyage would be very short. They would return on the morrow, before dark, with a fine haul of fish, and all would be ready then for the Feast of the Rosary, some days later.

During part of the next day the fine weather lasted ; but towards evening the wind freshened, the sky changed, the sea grew angry and began to mount higher and higher upon the beach. Long, lurid clouds passed in hurried cohorts across the sky ; the wind blew fiercely ; the heavens opened their cataracts upon sea and land. And now might be seen along the sea-strand pale groups of women, some holding little children by the hand, others alone, scanning with eager eyes the distant surface of the raging sea. That night the lamps burned till daylight in the wakeful cottages of Kermaror.

The next morning (Sunday) the storm redoubled its violence. The sea rose to the very level of the little gardens submerging and destroying the brilliant flowers blooming so gaily a few days before, the wind blew a hurricane.

At last the women could look no longer on the furious monster that seemed bound to destroy all they held dearest in life. With one accord they left the beach, and in slow procession ascended the hill to the church. Antoine rang the bell for first Mass. The bell was cracked, and the doleful sound it sent forth added to the fury of the storm a sorrowful, agonizing peal.

In the darkness of the tempest the church appeared unusually dim and sombre. The women turned drearily to the little Chapel of St Anne, and throwing themselves at the feet of the good Patroness of Brittany, silently wept and prayed, while awaiting the arrival of the Curé for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice.

Presently little Henri, the acolyte, touched the small bell, and the priest, at the foot of the altar recited the Confiteor. The women quietly turned to the celebration of the Divine Sacrifice, the sight of the purple vestments renewing their grief.

A tremendous gust of wind shook the building ; the door flew open and Antoine stood upon the threshold, silently pointing to the sea. The women, with their little

ones clinging to them, or held in their arms, rushed from the Church, to behold at the extreme horrizon, where the midnight clouds met the white sea, three or four black specks, which seemed now to be engulfed, now to rise again from the breast of the furious ocean. Henri, whose father was with the fleet, seeing the women crowd forth, ran from the altar steps through the sacristy, and the church was left empty, save for the old rector, who, in the fervor of his devotion, had seen and heard nothing, but went on in a tearful voice reading the Epistle of St Paul to the Christians at Rome.

At this moment the door opened once more, and a child about ten years of age, dressed in black, wet to the skin, her muslin bonnet hanging down her back, her hair unbound, glided timidly into the church,—having removed her sabots at the door out of respect to the house of God. Advancing to the altar of Ste Anne, she made a genuflection, and deposited there a little bouquet of crushed marguerites, dripping with rain. Then drawing from her pocket a small candle end, shorter and slinner than her little finger, she gravely lighted it and placed it with the others already burning there ; after which, reverently joining her hands, she turned noiselessly from the good St Anne and prepared to assist at Mass.

The curé abandoned by his young server, had himself carried the Missel from the Epistle to the Gospel side of the altar. It was the Gospel according to St John which relates the cure of the child dying at Capharnaum ; and as the old priest read the words of Jesus, " Unless you see signs and wonders you believe not," he turned to the crucifix, regardless of ritual, adding in French : Another miracle " My God, in the name of Thy Passion, and by Thy Crown of thorns ; in the name of Thine Immaculate Mother ! "

The little one heard and softly murmured : " Amen ! " She had neither father nor mother. Her brother Patrice, a boy of fifteen, gone with the fishermen, was her only relative. And she was pleased this sorrowful morning to hear the curé praying to the good God in French, which she could understand.

When he had finished reading the Gospel, the priest, his eyes closed in the intensity of his feelings, turned about and said :

" Let us pray, my children, for those who are in peril at sea. We will recite the Our Father, that Our Lord may deliver them from shipwreck.

Facing the altar once more he began the Pater Noster. Not a single voice replied to his own. The wind and rain beat violently against the windows of the church. The clamor of the waves seemed to re-echo through the shadows of the vaulted aisles. He thought the women were all grouped about the altar of St Anne in the corner of the church, hidden by the pillars ; and he repeated in a louder tone : " Our Father, who art in heaven ! " But from the chapel, where the little candles burned themselves out one after the other, no answer came. The priest wondered whether the Angel of Death had not carried away his entire parish. For the third time he cried out, in a voice of anguish that resounded through the deserted church : " Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed by Thy name—."

Suddenly from the depth of the blackness and silence came the clear, sweet voice of the little orphan, straining to make itself heard above that of the winds and waves : Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven"—The prayers ended in a sob.

The supplications of the saintly priest and the innocent child ascended far above the voice of the storm, higher than the roaring of the waves, louder than the plaintive sighing of the wind, to the feet of our Father who is in heaven. The ocean receded little by little, and as evening approached, the seven barques, welcomed by the rector, the women and young children with tears and prayers of thanksgiving, came in, one after the other, to the harbor of Kermaror. The masts were broken, the sails torn, the net and fish gone : but no one, either man or boy, was one whit the worse for the perilous voyage. And never was the Festival of Our Lady of the Rosary celebrated with greater joy and greater solemnity than that year in the parish of Kermaror.