



Jesus bidding farewell to His Mother  
before beginning His public Life

*after a painting by Plockhorst.*



## The Holy Sacrifice.

Translated by E. LUMMIS.

R. P. EYMARD.

*Hoc facite in meam commemorationem.*

This do in commemoration of me. LUKE XXII, 12.

### I.



To assist at Mass in the morning will bring happiness and success to your day. All your duties will be better accomplished and your soul will be strengthened to carry the daily cross which is the portion of the Christian.

Mass is the holiest act of religion ; we can do nothing that gives greater glory to God, and more good to our souls than to hear Mass frequently with devotion. It is the chosen devotion of the saints.

It contains all the value of the sacrifice of Calvary, which is applied to us personally. It is the same Sacrifice, the same Victim, the same Priest,—Jesus Christ, immolated in an unbloody manner, but as really and as efficaciously. Oh ! if you were to see in Itself the Mystery of the Altar at the moment of consecration, you would see Jesus Christ upon the Cross, offering to His Father His Wounds, His Blood, His Death, for the salvation of the world and your own soul. You would see the angels prostrating themselves around the Altar, marvelling at love so great for creatures so indifferent and ungrateful. You would hear the Heavenly Father contemplating

His Divine Son, say as upon Thabor : " Behold My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased. Adore Him, love Him, serve Him with all your hearts."

## II.

To comprehend the value of the Mass we must remember that this act has in itself a value greater than that of all the other good works, virtues and merits of all the saints united, from the beginning until the end of the world, even including those of the Blessed Virgin herself, because every Mass is the Sacrifice of the God Man, dying as Man, elevating this action to a divine dignity as God, and consequently giving to it an infinite price. One is filled with respect at the definition which the Council of Trent gives to this Mystery. What majesty, what grandeur in every word ! " Because in the Divine Sacrifice which is comprised in the Mass, Jesus Christ, Who was immolated but once in a bloody manner on the Cross, is contained and immolated in an unbloody manner, the Holy Synod teaches that this Sacrifice is truly expiatory, and that by Its means, if we approach God with a sincere faith we will obtain mercy, grace and help at our need. The Lord, indeed, appeased by the oblation of this Sacrifice, in according to us the grace and the gift of repentance, pardons our sins and crimes, however great, because It is the same and only Victim Who was offered upon the Cross, Who offers Himself to-day by the ministry of the priest. The manner of the oblation only is different. By this Sacrifice we receive abundantly the fruits of the Bloody oblation—far from its being, as Protestants assert, only a commemoration. This is the reason why, according to the tradition of the Apostles, It is offered not only for our sins and other necessities, but also for the dead who, though in the grace of God, are not yet fully justified."

What consoling words ! But Jesus Christ dies no more, suffers no more. In what then, consists the Sacrifice ? If Faith but penetrate the veils of the Mystery, you will see Jesus Christ triumphant, in a state of immolation, Jesus full of Majesty, in a state of humiliation, Jesus all Power-

ful, bound in chains, Jesus impassible, in a state of dissolution, Jesus who can die no more, taking upon Himself a state of death in order to continue the Sacrifice of Calvary.

## III.

But to what end? In order to glorify His Father perpetually by His office of Victim, that the Father may love and bless the world for which the Victim is offered ; to perpetuate His office of Redeemer and Saviour and to apply to us directly the fruits of His Passion and Death by associating us with His offering, and teaching us to sacrifice ourselves with Him. Lastly, oh beautiful thought ! that we, too, as Mary and John, may assist at His Sacrifice and death.

## IV.

Since Jesus Christ has replaced all the sacrifices of the Old Law by the single Sacrifice of the Mass, He has comprehended in it all their intentions and fruits

In obedience to God the Jews offered Sacrifices to four ends: to acknowledge His sovereign dominion over all creatures ; to thank Him for His gifts ; to supplicate Him to continue them, and to appease His wrath, enkindled against their sins. Jesus Christ does all this and in a most perfect manner, when, instead of the offering of sheep and bulls, He offers Himself to God as a holocaust, He, the Son of God, and God Himself. He adores His Father, when in the name of all men, of whom He is the First born, He acknowledges that God alone is the source of all good, and that all creatures live but through Him, and offers His own life to acknowledge that having received it from God, God alone has a right to the free and absolute disposition of it.

A hostage of praise, Jesus *thanks* His Father for all the graces accorded to Him and through Him to all men ; He makes for us an eternal canticle of Thanksgiving. He becomes a Victim of Propitiation, imploring pardon continually for the sins of men that are being continually renewed, and desires to associate man with His Reparation as He does with His Sacrifice.

Lastly, He is our Advocate, who intercedes with tears and piercing cries for our salvation, Whose Blood cries to Heaven for mercy.

## V.

To assist at Mass in union with Jesus Christ is therefore the most salutary action we can perform. There we receive the graces of repentance, of justification, and strength and grace to fall no more.

Here do we find the sovereign means of exercising charity for others, in applying to them not alone our feeble merits, but the infinite merits, and immense riches of Jesus Christ which He places at our disposition. We plead efficaciously the cause of the suffering souls in Purgatory. We obtain the conversion of sinners

Heaven is by it inundated with joy, and the saints receive an increase of accidental glory.

## VI.

The best method of assisting at Mass is to unite ourselves to the Divine Victim, to enter into His intentions, and offer ourselves with Him. Our own offering will be ennobled, purified, made worthy of God's acceptance, if united with that of our Lord. Follow Jesus Christ to Calvary, meditating upon the circumstances of His Passion and Death. But above all, unite yourself with the Divine Sacrifice by participation, by consuming your part of the Victim with the priest. It is then that the Mass has its full efficacy, and responds completely to the design of Our Lord.

Oh! if the souls in Purgatory could but return to earth, what would they not give to assist once more at the Holy Sacrifice! If we ourselves could truly understand its excellence, its advantages, the benefits it confers and the fruit that is derived from it, we would let no day pass without being present at Mass.

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## Roman Memories.

JUNE DAYS.

E. MCAULIFFE.

**V**ERY few strangers remain in Rome after May, but we were loth to leave it, so took the risk of Roman fever and stayed on, tempted by the beauty of the surrounding hills which we had not yet explored. During winter and spring there is so much going on in Rome, between the religious and social functions, that it is impossible to steal a day for the *environs*.

One lovely morning, guide-book in hand, we took the train for the Alban Mountains. A delightful run of two hours across the *campagna* in all its summer glory, brought us to Albano, nestling among the hills. We had made a little plan from our maps, and strictly adhered to it. The great attractions in Albano are the two lakes, and *Castel Gandolfo*, the Summer residence of the Popes, when the Popes were free to choose their residence. The Alban lake is about a mile to the left of the town, with *Castel Gandolfo* situated at its farther end. The other lake, that of *Nemi*, is in the opposite direction, to the right, and about four miles distant from the town.

Our plan was to walk to *Lago Albano*, spend the morning exploring its beauties, then return to the hotel for dinner, after which we should take a carriage for the longer excursion, which would just fill the afternoon.

We left the town behind us, and walked along the road, dazzling white in the sunshine; looking for the long grove of *Ilex* trees, which the guide-book said led to *Castel Gandolfo*. After half an hour's walking there were no trees in sight, no human being in sight, no houses, no shelter from the heat—we began to feel discouraged, when our hopes revived on seeing a countryman coming along the road towards us; we asked him to direct us, and with the unflinching courtesy of the Italian peasant, he explained

that at a little distance we would find a monastery, and beyond that the Ilex grove. Five minutes brought us to the point which he indicated, and we had a vision of Paradise ! We found ourselves suddenly on the banks of the lovely lake, lying cool and still under its shady banks ; the Ilex grove stretching along its near side as far as the eye could reach, and the picturesque form of a brown-robed friar plodding along under the pleasant shade with his large wallet slung over his shoulder.

We seated ourselves on the grassy bank, drinking in the loveliness of the scene. When the son of St. Francis passed out of sight, we were alone in the Summer splendor ; alone, but not lonely—the songs of birds, the chirping of insects, the hum of bees, mingled with the sweet fragrance of flowers, filled us with a kind of languorous ecstasy. The only note of sadness was the chateau at *Castel Gandolfo*, no more the home of the Popes ! Silent and deserted it stood, mirrored in the green waters of the lake.

When the noontide *Ave Maria* rang out from the *campanile* of the monastery, with many a retrospective glance we turned and retraced our steps to the town.

One hour for rest and refreshment, then commenced our trip to *Lago di Nemi*. The drive is beautiful beyond description, along the lofty *Via Appia Nuova*, crossing the great viaducts erected by Pius IX. As we neared the village of Ariccia our coachman rose in his seat and pointing to the right with his whip, exclaimed : “ *il mare* ” (the sea). With a thrill of joy we saw the line of silver bounding the horizon. For two years we had been loitering along by inland lakes and rivers, and that glimpse brought the sweet memory of our far away home, by the Western ocean, so vividly to mind, that in imagination we inhaled

“ the odor of brine from the ocean.”

Another minute and the stony pavement of Ariccia rang beneath our horses feet ; we had soon left it behind, and were again coursing along the Appian Way ; this time under the shade of fine over-arching trees, and quite out of sight of the distant sea.

The lake of Nemi is near the little town of Genzano ; to see it to advantage one must see it from the garden of the *Cesarini Palazzo* ; the permission to enter Las only to be asked to be courteously granted. These exquisite gardens run all along one side of the lake, which is three miles in circumference, the tower of Nemi is perched high up on the green slope at the further side ; the drive in the cool shady garden paths extends quite around the lake. It is a veritable fairy-land. This lake, like that of Albano, is the crater of an extinct volcano, and fed by innumerable subterranean springs. Each lake is encircled by high wooded hills, which reflected in the water, give a beautiful emerald tinge, which is refreshing to the eye after leaving the sunlit road.

We lingered in these flowery regions until the slanting rays of the sun warned us that even in June the days are all too short. Our return drive in the shades of evening was cool and pleasant.

Tivoli was the next on the programme. We leave Rome by the *Porta San Lorenzo*, and direct our course to the Sabine mountains. The pleasantest way is to go all by carriage, as every road of the journey is so beautiful one hates to hurry it over by trains or tramways. No words in any language would describe the exquisite beauty of Tivoli. There are many ruins of ancient villas, the villa of Horace, the villa of Mæcenas, and others ; the villa of Adrien, however, was the most beautiful, exceeding that of the Emperor Augustus himself. Even in ruins it is an *embarras de richesse* with its temples, baths, grottoes and cascades. The grounds cover several square miles, and a whole Summer would scarcely suffice for seeing all that is worth looking at. We gave it a few days, and every day discovered new marvels : columns, statues, cool colonnades and flights of steps leading to spots of enchantment, and everywhere the soft music of falling water mingled with the notes of nightingales singing all day in the deep recesses of the wood ! The imagination of my readers must complete the picture.

From Tivoli to Subiaco is but a short distance, and we were eager to visit the places sanctified by the presence of the great St. Benedict, so did not give as much time as



we otherwise might to the artistic but material beauties of Tivoli.

St. Benedict, and his sister, St. Scholastica, were born at Norcia, a small town in the Sabine mountains; small, by geometrical measurement, but great if we consider that it was the birth-place of two of the saintly founders of Monasticism! The parents of Benedict and Scholastica were wealthy and noble, but more distinguished for their virtues, than for their lofty position. They encouraged the growth of sanctity in the infant minds of their children, and saw them, with secret joy, indifferent to all the allurements of life, and seeking only the things of God.

The monasteries which the brother and sister governed with such wisdom are aureoled with an unfading lustre. There are three monasteries of St. Scholastica, where ladies of the highest rank sought instruction in the way of perfection; higher up in the mountains we find the monastery of St. Benedict. Here he received a visit from the "scourge of God," Attila. The latter having heard the fame of his miracles, desired to see and speak with him, and sent him a message to that effect. Wishing to test his power, he sent one of his esquires, clothed in royal state, and followed by a royal retinue, to personate him. When the esquire came before the saint, he, who

"with Amyclas  
Was found unmoved at rumor of his voice,  
Who shook the world."

said to him: "My son quit these royal ornaments, they do not belong to you." The esquire and all his suite prostrated themselves before the man of God, and hastened back to their master to relate what had happened. Then the barbarian, at the head of his mail-clad warriors came himself, but at sight of the saint he was overcome with fear, and fell face downwards on the earth before him. The saint bade him rise, but after waiting some time, and seeing him still motionless, he lifted him up. Then fearlessly upbraiding him for his crimes, he predicted the time of his death. Filled with a new fear the tyrant besought the prayers of the saint, and departed.

Tivoli and Subiaco are so full of memories of these great saints, that their wonderful lives are the constant subject

of conversation at the hotel tables, and many are the conversions consequent on visits to the monasteries, and reading and discussing the virtues of the holy Founders.

On Ascension Day we went to *Frascati*, a small town in the Alban Hills, and as the Roman populace love to take their holidays in the country, we joined the crowd. It is always delightful to mix among the people on days of *fiesta*, and see how different they are to the votaries of fashion; the poorest throw off their cares, and enjoy the day because it is a *fiesta*. The gate by which we left the city is near the great Basilica of *Santa Maria Maggiore*; we stopped there on our way, to hear Mass, and found the immense church crowded at that early hour (8 a. m.) with ardent pleasure seekers.

While waiting at the railway station for our train a little incident occurred characteristic of the people: the waiting-room was packed with excursionists, and one party consisting of three or four grown persons and a child of about five years, came to an anchor near where we were standing. As soon as they set down their hand baggage and settled to wait, the little boy went down on his knees, folded his hands, and, having made the sign of the cross, commenced to say his prayers in a low and reverential voice; evidently thinking, on account of the crowd, that he was in church. A laugh ran around the circle of bystanders, in the midst of which his mother caught him up and kissed him.

As the train approaches *Frascati*, it presents a most attractive appearance, the slope of the hill being all cut in terraces, where Summer reigned in flowers of every hue, and beautiful shade trees overhung the paths. Italian gardens are a blaze of color, in early June the *Acacia* is still in blossom, the pink of the chestnut, the yellow laborinums, and, on every corner of vantage the purple clusters of the wisteria vine, make altogether a dazzling *coup d'œil*.

When we reached *Frascati* we were just in time for High Mass at the cathedral, and following the pious crowd, entered. After Mass we admired the work of art with which the church is embellished, and said a prayer at the tomb of Prince Charles Edward ("bonnie Prince

Charlie''), who ended here in Frascati his sad and blighted life; deserted by all the friends of better days, even by the frivolous wife, who never gave up the style and title of Queen of England.

The afternoon we spent exploring the villas that cover those lovely hills. From the earliest times wealthy Romans have had their Summer residence here, and their ruins remain side by side with the medieval and modern villa. It is all a land of enchantment, the views from the heights are surprisingly lovely. We go up to the villa of Cicero, on the site of the ancient *Tusculum*, mounted on donkeys, with such comfortable saddles that there is no fatigue. The donkey with his tranquil pace is the best friend of the mountain traveller.

I must not omit to mention the beauty of the peasant women, whom we met in great numbers, in all the bravery of their native costumes. Miss Julia Kavanagh who, although a Protestant, has written many beautiful things about Catholic countries, was deeply impressed by the modesty and unconscious loveliness of the contadine (country-girls). I quote the following passage from her "A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies :"

"She came down the mountain with the step and mien of a mountain nymph. Her dark hair was drawn back from her white brow; her eyes had the clear light of stars; her features were open and radiant with smiles and beauty; her complexion of pure red and white had never felt the burning sun; all her life she had lived in cool orange gardens. She wore a violet silk jacket, long gold earrings, and numberless rows of chains passed around her white neck and falling down to her waist. As I looked at her, mute and breathless, her rosy lips parted in a smile that disclosed two rows of pearl, and bending her head, saying sweetly : '*buon giorno*' she passed on.

"This beautiful creature left me a sense of joy which brought to my mind a little speech which an old Franciscan made to us : 'Signora, there was a time, before we had railroads and tourists, when, if you went up to Santa Agata, or any of these mountains, and met a young girl on your way, you saw her so lovely and so pure, that you could not help saying : blessed be the hand of God that has created thee so beautiful !'"

## Passion Flowers.

### GETHSEMANE

**J**ESUS kneels there. Why will not the Precious Blood keep back until its time? Can it not wait some twelve or fifteen hours more for Calvary? It is His blood, it is burning to be shed. It is the way of human desire to grow more impatient as it draws nearer to its object. See what a true human heart this Heart of Jesus is! We dare to love it more when it looks so very human.

To-morrow men will crucify his blessed body and pour out his blood like water; but to-morrow is not soon enough; to-night his adorable soul will itself crucify his body. To-night he will suffer a martyrdom on Calvary.

Never on earth was there such mortal heaviness, such acting sadness, such an exceeding sickening of soul. The Sacred Heart can bear no more; it gives out its red life as in a wine-press. Drop by drop unnaturally through the burning pores of the skin the beads of blood ooze out; they stand upon His brow, and then roll down upon His face; they clog His hair; they blind His eyes; they fill his mouth; they mat his beard; they wet His hands; they suffuse every limbs as in a universal sweat of blood; they stain His garments; they ruddy the olive roots; they spot the white dust with black. Truly, if ever suffering was beautiful, it was the woe which the paschal moon beheld beneath the olive-trees that night.

### THE SCOURGING

The sun is in the heavens, and the shadows in the streets mark it to be about nine in the morning in Jerusalem. It is the hour of the Scourging. This is the most intolerable of all the mysteries of our Blessed Savior's Passion. It is the one which is the hardest to contemplate in the quietness of prayer. The shame of it seems to gather

round ourselves, and we are hardly able to hold up our heads. We pray about it with our eyes shut as if by instinct. The shape, the gaze, the variety of the instruments of torture are alike horrible. Then the sounds of the scourges as they fall upon the living Holy of Holies, monotonous yet various, changing as the whips are changed; and then the wet sound as the thongs become soaked with blood mingles with that fainter sound as of the almost inaudible bleating of a dying lamb, which we know to be the voice of God complaining with that inextinguishable human tenderness.

Though our eyes are closed we see the staring looks, the ferocious countenances, the swarthy chests of the myrmidons of cruelty denaturalised by the brutality of their task. We see them sprinkled with Precious Blood which mixes with their sweat and rolls down their limbs with discoloured stains. Him we do not see, even with the eyes of our souls, for we have thrown ourselves on the pavement in His blood, and are holding His feet and devouring them with kisses.

#### THE CROWN OF THORNS.

If there be no other use of the Eternal God for Roman soldiers, at least He shall relieve the tedium of a Syrian guard-room.

Protecting their hard skinned hands with their leather gauntlets the soldiers weave a Crown of Thorns.

With jest and gibe and heathen oath the rough work is speedily accomplished. Then they rise and come near their king. Jesus is sitting on a bench. We hardly dare to look at him, he is so God-like in his abjection. How patiently he sits, blood-stained, wan and pale yet strangely pleasant to look on and exceeding gracious! Fearless and peremptory and loud, they lay hands on his long hair. If they only waited a moment they might feel the pulses of that blessed life beating in his head. They thrust the Crown upon with rude vehemence. It is not round. It will not fit. They force the spikes into his skin; the blood comes backly and slowly, and with excruciating pain. Long spikes go under the skin of the forehead, and come out above the eyes; others pierce his ears, others fret

against the nerves of the neck ; others penetrate the skull and burn like prickles of fire. He trembles from head to foot with intolerable agony ; his beautiful eyes are clouded with pain ; his lips are bloodless with the extremity of endurance. O Lover of God's Dominion ! Thou hast thirsted for thy kingdom long, but with what strange and startling ritual hast thou ordained thy Coronation !

#### WAY OF THE CROSS

This is a veritable procession of the Precious Blood. Slowly winding and unwinding itself out of the streets of Salem up the ascent of Calvary, it had not far to go, but it was long in slowness, long in suffering. Every wound was bleeding. The drops from the Crown trickled slowly down, or gathered and curdled upon the face of Jesus. The hundred fontinels of the scourging oozed out into his garments. The weight of the cross opens the wounds wider still and increases the blood-shedding. It also disturbs the crown and keeps the head freshly bleeding, while it makes another wound of its own upon the shoulder and is the cause of new wounds on the knees through the cruel falls which it occasions. The sight of Mary's face quickens the beating of his heart, and makes the blood flow more freely. He leaves his foot prints on the way and they are of blood. He imprints the likeness of his features on the napkin of Veronica, and the impression is in blood ; they that brush against him are stained with blood ; they that walk after him dye their sandals in his blood. It covers everything ; it clings to the meanest object ; it seems to multiply itself. It flows to save souls ; anywhere, everywhere, always it must flow. Sweet blood of Jesus ! longing to be shed, and loving to be shed, impatient yet so patient too !

#### THE CRUCIFIXION.

The Precious Blood has found at last a home ; it is the wood of the Cross. It has been so impetuous that it has shed most of itself, but the discomfort of the Cross makes the Sacred Body hang downward and outward, and so reopens the almost exhausted wounds. The blood flows

very slowly ; in some places it still trickles on the pale limbs, in others it only blackens round the wounds. Yet the scarcely moving streams blend with each other in many places and steal down to the feet. The Cross is wetted by blood and the wood is darkened. Mary's hands are red ; the dear Magdalen has a consciousness that the blood of her Love is upon her hair ; and the wells of the Sacred Heart drop as with pulses upon the disciple who pillowed himself upon that Heart the night before. Here and there a blade of grass is ruddy ; there are spots on the skulls of the dead ; the torturers and soldiers have gone down the hill with their garments and accoutrements discolored. Blood is life ; it was within him, now it is almost all outside him. How beautiful are his thoughts upon the Cross ! How beautiful are the seven words ! Now the Precious Blood has come within reach of its end ; it abandons the slowness of its oozing ; it will be precipitate once more ; it bids one cell of the heart to keep what it contains, dislodges all the rest of itself with a loud cry and leaps forth at once from every cavern of the body, and death accomplishes itself, so far as it was a natural death, by the shedding of the Blood.

#### THE WOUND OF THE HEART.

We often know men best by what they do when they come to die ; so it is with the Precious Blood ; or rather we know it best by what it did when it was dead. Death contents men ; hearts ask no further proof of love, but death does not content the Precious Blood. Once more it reveals its character in that wastefulness which is a secret of divine economy. As the head in the evening had been jealous of the body in the scourging, so now the heart was jealous of the hands and feet. It envies them their dripping wells of life ; it grudged them the beauty of their eternal stigmata. Even when dead the Sacred Heart has irresistible attractions ; the soul of Jesus beneath the earth felt the dear constraints of that grand heart, and so the heart wooed the lance of the centurion, and hidden blood sprang forth, baptised as if in gratitude its heathen liberator with all the cleansing graces of con-

version, and stole gently down the side of Jesus, kissing the flesh which it had animated so long.

#### COMMUNION.

When the beams of the morning sun come in at the window of the church and fall for a moment into the uncovered chalice, and glance there as if among precious stones with a restless, timid gleaming, and the priest sees it, and the light seems to vibrate into his own heart, quickening his faith and love, it is the Blood of God which is there, the very living blood whose first fountains were in the immaculate heart of Mary. When the Blessed Sacrament is laid upon your tongue, that moment the blood of Jesus is throbbing there in all its abounding life of glory. You do not feel the strong pulses of his immortal life; if you did you could hardly live yourself. Sacred terror would undo your life. But in that adorable Host is the whole of the Precious Blood, the blood of Gethsemane, Jerusalem, Calvary, the blood of the Passion, of the Resurrection, and of the Ascension, the blood shed and re-assumed. As Mary bore that precious blood within herself of old, so do you bear it now. We believe all this and yet our love is so faint and fitful. We may well tremble to think what sanctuaries we are when the Blessed Sacrament is within us. Our very fires are frost in comparison with such a faith as this.

#### THE TABERNACLE.


The Blessed Sacrament is God. In the hands of the priest, behind the crystal of the monstrance, on the tongue of the communicant, now, and for a thousand times, there are the hands and feet, the eyes and mouth, the swift blood and living heart of Him whom Thomas touched, and Magdalen was fain to touch. There behind those veils are the five glorious wounds whose bright scars are the unspoken eloquence of the Sacred Heart. There is One who knew me from all eternity, and loved me, and made me, and will one day judge me more indulgently, I believe, than even my good mother could do, who saw



no evil in the child of her foolish love. Just as Jesus stood quietly among his apostles in the amazing beauty of his Resurrection and said: Handle me and see, so does he abide with us in the Blessed Sacrament, that we may get to know him, to outlive our tremulous agitation, and to grow familiar with him as our life-long guest.



## Eucharistic Notes.

 DESPATCH to the *Evening Telegram* from Chilli-wack, B.C., gives some interesting items of work among the Catholic Indians. They are preparing, under the direction of the missionaries, to give a representation of the Passion Play. But what is of special interest to THE SENTINEL is the fact that upwards of a thousand of these poor Indians were brought together to celebrate the Feast of Corpus Christi by a solemn High Mass. It was followed by exposition of the Blessed Sacrament which continued all day, each tribe coming in turn to make an hour's adoration in union. How beautiful are the truths of the Catholic faith, in which all tribes and nations are one indeed!

### THE EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE CELEBRATIONS.

No one who had attended our celebrations this year could have any fear that the work of the League was languishing, as we have heard remarked by those who knew in fact little about it. Our Council in May proved beyond a doubt that though less has been said about it this year, the work has been steadily and solidly growing everywhere. Our Local Centres have been revising their lists and putting the work on a true and systematic footing, and it is more vigorous than ever. Every one of the 4,000 tickets for the women's reunion was distributed

long before hand. Several Centres which had miscalculated the number required could not be accommodated. The ceremony was, as usual, beautiful and impressive. The Prior of the Dominicans at St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, Rev. Father Logan, preached the sermon, and the Most Rev. Archbishop was present. The day was fine and our Centres were well represented.

#### THE MEN'S REUNION.

What shall we say of our men, and what can we say? Only this, that the call to honor the Blessed Sacrament has won from them from the very first a response so spontaneous, so hearty, so reverent and so universal that one cannot understand how it is that heretofore there have been so few churches to institute among their numerous associations and sodalities some one directly in honor of our Eucharistic Lord. There is nothing so winning, so wonderfully attractive to the human heart as the recognition of the Personal Presence and personal love of Our Lord. It goes beyond all forms and figures, in its attraction, and is all important in its spiritual effect, and were a congregation adequately to live up to the requirements of this devotion, the question of numerous sodalities and meetings would be vastly simplified. Indeed, in the quarterly meetings at least of one Eucharistic Association might be included reunions of all the societies in the church as branches and departments of the single one that was the life of all.

The sight of our Men's Reunion was, as a spectator remarked, "an inspiration," a proof of the practical faith that no Church but one could reproduce. The Cathedral was crowded to the very doors with men, men from nearly every important church in the city, and one had rather to retrench the number offered by our Centres than to urge attendance. The Paulist Church won the palm by bringing *one thousand* men. St. Francis Xavier was not far behind with at least 700; St. Gabriel's sent 400; St. Vincent Ferrer's 300; St. Stephen's about 200; the others, the Sacred Heart, St. Catharine of Sienna, St. Vincent de Paul, the Epiphany, St. Ignatius, Holy

Rosary, Ascension, St. Teresa's, St. Bernard's, the Cathedral St. Jean Baptist, Holy Trinity, Mamaroneck, and St. Gabriel's, New Rochelle, being finely represented by hundreds of men. Some Centres made a very impressive appearance, St. Gabriel's especially, the men all wearing white gloves and carrying banners. The Men's Advisory Board led the procession, the official members being Mr. G. S. Floyd Jones, Mr. Martin R. McDonald, Mr. Richard H. Clarke, Mr. Chas. P. Davis, Mr. R. J. Doherty. The Blessed Sacrament was directly preceded by a Guard of Honor, wearing dress suits and carrying lighted candles. Among them were Dr. James N. Butler, Mr. R. J. Hogue, Mr. Emile Vatable, Mr. Edward Peugnet, Mr. Robert McGinnis, Mr. Lorenzo Picabia, Mr. Henri Hogue. The preacher was the Rev. Father Henry, of Castle Garden Mission. The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York carried the Blessed Sacrament and officiated at the Benedictions given at the various altars. Among the priests present were the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, Director General; Rev. L. Estevenon and Rev. A. Letellier, of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament; Very Rev. Vicar General Kenney, of Jacksonville, N.C.; Rev. J. H. Wynne, S.J.; Rev. Chas. W. Colton, Rev. D. Delaney, Rev. D. J. McMahon, Rev. Fr. Healy, Rev. Jos. H. McMahon, Rev. Fathers Myhan, Daly and Murphy, of the Cathedral, Rev. Th. Wucher, Rev. T. O'Connor.

The procession was so long that it was necessary to march through the vestibule of the Cathedral, and to provide in other ways for its progress, and yet at times the men were shoulder to shoulder, with not an inch to spare. It was a magnificent sight, and all joined heartily in the "Te Deum," which concluded the services, and which, sung by so many thousand voices, was a true hymn of thanksgiving.

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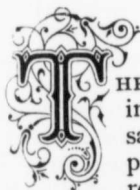
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## Communion, the Manna of the Elect

R. P. EYMARD.

*Panem de cœlis præstitisti eis.*

Thou hast given them bread from Heaven, replenished with heavenly sweetness. *SAP. XXI, 20.*



THE Manna of old, which fell afresh each morning in the camp of the Israelites contained a savor of various meats and was suited to every palate : it was a food adapted to all needs, it repaired failing strength, gave vigor to the body, and was a bread of wholesome sweetness.

The Eucharist, which it prefigured, contains also in itself all virtues, it is a remedy for all spiritual ills, a preventive of our daily falls, a source of peace, happiness and delight.

### I.

The Eucharist, according to the Council of Trent, is a divine antidote for our daily falls, and preserves from more grievous ones ; It is a fire that consumes in a moment the straw of our spiritual imperfection. Holy Communion is the struggle, the combat between God within and our concupiscence ; between God and the devil, who is personified by our evil passions and who is in league with our inordinate affections. Has not Jesus Christ said : " You who are heavy burdened, who groan under the slavery of past sins, come to Me : I will refresh you."

The Sacrament of Penance washes us indeed from the stain of our sins, but we bear still the mark of the chain we have born and are in constant danger of falling again into the slavery of the devil, who though he has been cast out of our house, remembers well all its entrances. Jesus comes to us to destroy the remnants of our sins, to coun-

terbalance our sinful tendencies by the attraction to virtue, to free us from bondage and overthrow the power of the evil one.

## II.

Holy Communion is more than a remedy. It is a force that aids us powerfully to become virtuous and holy.

It is by no means an easy matter to acquire virtue. Virtue is a divine education, it is to copy the manners of Jesus, to imitate the qualities that He possesses. In Holy Communion, therefore, the Divine Master is our Teacher. He forms our manners in His divine school, forming Himself in us. He awakes by the inspirations of His love the gratitude we owe Him as our Benefactor, the desire to resemble Him, the presentiment of the happiness that is found in imitating and living in Him. How sweet and attractive is virtue when learned in the School of Communion! How easy it is to be humble when we have been to Communion and have seen the God of glory so humiliate Himself as to come into a heart so poor, a mind so ignorant, a body so miserable! How easy it is to be meek, under the influence of the gentle meekness of Jesus and His tender goodness in giving Himself to us!

How dear is the neighbor when we see him fed by the same Hand, sitting at the same table, loved with effusion by the same Jesus Christ!

How quickly penance and mortification lose their bitterness when one has received the crucified Jesus! How imperious becomes the craving that fills the heart of the communicant to share the life of Him who has redeemed and has given him the Eucharist! The Christian is more quickly formed in the Cenacle than in any other school. It is because in Communion, all graces act at once, all the virtues are reflected in our soul through this divine sun which shines upon us. Holy Communion is the mould in which our souls and bodies are cast in the resemblance of *Jesu.s*. Listen to this His word: "He who eateth my Flesh and drinketh my Blood, abideth in Me and I in Him." It is a co-habitation of Jesus in the

Soul and the Soul in Jesus ; a union of two lives in one ineffable communication.

### III.

Holy Communion is, moreover, happiness.

What is happiness but the possession of an infinite good, the real and permanent possession of God ! Such is the divine fruit of Communion

It is peace also. Jesus is the God of peace. He says to His Apostles, after having given them Holy Communion : " My peace I leave you, my peace I give you ; not as the world giveth," full of trouble and storms, " but the peace of God that surpasseth understanding." One word from Jesus calms the tempest and one look from Him dispels and terrifies our enemies. It is the Bread of heavenly sweetness. It is the true Manna which satisfies all our desires because it contains all delight. It is the heavenly perfume of the lily of the valley that ravishes the heart.

The humble and recollected soul feels in Communion a certain augmentation of joy caused by the Presence of Jesus. She seems to bloom under the action of this divine sun. She feels a sense of well being, an agility, a greater union with God that does not come from herself. She sees her soul as it were become an earthly Paradise where the Lord dwells. He is the king and she wishes to be His court, repeating all the praise, the thanksgiving, the benedictions which the Angels and Saints sing in the world of glory. Happy moment of Communion, which makes us forget our exile and its miseries !

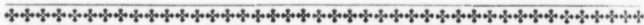
O sweet repose of the Soul upon the bosom of Jesus ! How well He knew, the Divine Master, that we needed from time to time to taste the consolations and the sweetness of divine love !

We cannot always dwell upon our Calvary of sorrow nor struggle without respite in the dust of the arena. The child needs to rest in the mother's bosom, and the Christian in that of Jesus.

Virtue without Communion is like the strength of the lion, it is the result of combats, of violence. It is too

fierce and rugged. That it may have the mildness of the lamb we need to drink of the Blood of the Lamb without spot and eat the honey of the desert.

Happiness promotes love ; we love that which makes us happy. The Lord has not placed this happiness in virtue or in the other mysteries, but has placed it only in Himself. We must eat Him to taste of complete happiness. "Taste and see that the Lord is good," said the Prophet, and our Lord has said : " He who eateth my Flesh and drinketh my Blood hath eternal life." Eternal life is the heavenly life, Holiness beatified in Jesus Christ. The virtues of the Lord are only the road ; the different mysteries of His life, His Passion even, are but the various paths which all end in the Eucharistic Cenacle. It is there only that Jesus has placed His permanent dwelling here below, and there it is that we, too, must dwell, must live and die.



## Letters from a Débutante.

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### II.

Washington Square.

MY DEAR EUGÉNIE,

Your letter from Havre arrived yesterday. So your ocean trip was marred by stormy weather. Evidently you were rocked too much in the cradle of the deep. Too bad !—but I hope that once in gay fascinating Paris, you will forget forever the unpleasantness of sea-sickness.

Is not Havre a charming sea port ? I, too, stopped there one time, and visited all the shops and places of interest.

Incidentally, a tradesman cheated me out of quite a number of francs. I remember him very well, poor fellow, and shall remind him of it, when I again pass through his native city.

It is very gay here, at my cousin's. Each one tries to

outstrip his neighbor in the pursuit of pleasure. My cousin, herself however, has a tender, motherly nature beneath her appearance of worldliness. Charlotte and I are with her a great deal, for she likes young girls, although she says they often sadden her,—their ideals are invariably so lofty and so impossible. She declares her own ideals have long since flown; that she sees life through no rose-colored glasses (even though pink is her favorite shade), poor cousin!

Charlotte, whose parents are dead, and who lives with her grandfather, will soon return to town, in order to resume her studies with a governess. This lady (a Madame Biblot), though a well-read woman, is the possessor of some extraordinary ideas concerning Catholics. However, her bigotry seems not to have had much effect on Charlotte.

"You know, Jeanne dear," she said in her sweet, affectionate way, "I never quite believe all I hear against your religion; I understand that such accusation are usually excited by prejudice and ill-feeling."

"But I can not comprehend your indifference," I exclaimed, "you are acquainted with the doctrines of both Catholics and Protestants, yet you have apparently no choice between them; perhaps you do not believe in the necessity of any religion."

"I believe in Christ and love Him, Jeanne; what more religion do I need?"

"Do you not also believe and revere His words and teachings, Charlotte?" I asked gently.

She did not answer at once, but rose abruptly and walked to the window. We were alone in the drawing-room; the weather was inclement that afternoon, and the rain tapped fretfully on the window-panes. She stood gazing out at the dreary landscape, and without turning towards me, presently said in a low voice:

"I fear that you think me inconsistent, Jeanne, I know that my knowledge of Christ is vague, though often I ardently desire the spiritual; as for instance the other day, when you spoke of the Holy Eucharist, but grandfather is an atheist, and I have become accustomed to thinking with him that religion is mere sentiment, and



that it would be better if all sentiment could be eliminated from the world ; if we could simply lead good lives, satisfying our natural desires, and seeking only what this life can give us."

"To eliminate sentiment would be impossible. Charlotte," I answered, for it is natural to us—such a condition of things would be too horrible to contemplate. Reason without sensibility would make of us hateful creatures—why even the lower animals are capable of a certain amount of sentiment—witness the sympathy between birds, and the faithful devotion of the dog, etc. ; however, only man's nature is perfectly attuned to it ;—it is his highest dignity ; it is a proof of the soul's existence in him, for sentiment, a spiritual quality, has power over our material natures ; how often does it excite our minds to activity, producing thought, insight and imagination, while it appears to control even the circulation of the blood, and to regulate the pulsations of the heart ? Think for a moment what slaves men are naturally to their passions ; of the pleasure and pain they experience from them ; and what is passion but distorted sentiment ? There is hardly an important action of our lives which is not prompted by some emotion, but the religious sentiment surpasses all others in purity and elevation ; when its ennobling influence is thrown aside, man still continues to be a creature of sentiment, but alas ! of the lower kind. It is in the novels written by materialists that the grossest sentimentality is found."

"This is a different way of looking at it, Jeanne," she said, "how stupid you must think me !"

"Oh, no," I replied, "only consider these things for yourself ; study human nature and you will find that the atheist is not the subtle reasoner he seems, but a materialist who accepts only that which can be tested by the bodily senses."

You write, Eugénie, that Charlotte interests you. I am so glad of this, for I want you to be friends.

Last evening we gave a concert. Among other pieces, I played that barcarole by Tschaikowsky which you admire so much. Charlotte had never heard it before, and was quite captivated with its lovely melody.

"What lofty souls great composers must possess, Jeanne," she said standing by the piano, "such exquisite sounds can only be awakened by beautiful thoughts."

"Yes," I answered mischievously, "you know they have always been creatures of sentiment," at which we both laughed.

But enough for the present, Eugénie.

I suppose you will have a glorious time in Paris, and that you will probably secure a titled specimen to show us on your return. Do beware of the imitation article, and if he is noble let him be so in nature, as well as in name.

Affectionately,

JEANNE.





## The Children's Hour.

### Spiritual Communion.

FOR A CHILD.

**I**N this Sacrament, sweet Jesus, thou dost give thy flesh  
and blood,  
With thy soul and Godhead, also, as our own most  
precious food.  
Yes, dear Jesus, I believe it, and thy Presence I  
adore.  
And with all my heart I love thee—may I love thee more  
and more.

Come, sweet Jesus, in thy mercy give thy flesh and Blood  
to me ;  
Come to me, O dearest Jesus, come, my soul's true life  
to be,  
Come that I may live forever, thou in me and I in thee,  
Living thus I shall not perish, but shall live eternally.

“ O sweet Communion ! Feast of bliss !

.....  
What happiness is like to this ?  
Oh, heaven, I think must be alway,  
Quite like a First Communion Day.”



## How Annette kept her Promise.

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THE little Annette lived with her grandmother, the countess, in a splendid chateau in La Vendée. Although only eight years old she had seen much sorrow, her sweet blue eyes had shed many tears, and the black ribbon that confined her golden curls exercised a depressing influence on her young mind. At the time of which I am writing there was war in France, a dreadful war; wicked men had stirred up the people against the King and the Church, even against God himself.

In that part of France called La Vendée the people remained faithful, and freely gave their lives in defence of their Church and their King! So it happened that in the family of Annette, as in many other families all the men were dead, killed in battle! Her father, her uncles all, all were dead, and in the chateau there remained only the aged countess and Annette, the last of a noble race; with them were some ladies who had suffered like themselves, and a few old servants.

One day news was brought to the countess that large bands of the enemy were going through the country near by, burning and destroying all before them; and when night came, they could see the sky all reddened with the light of blazing forests. The countess and her friends after praying to God to enlighten and defend them, decided that they should conceal themselves in a place of safety, before these savage men reached them.

Now in the grounds of the chateau and at some little distance from it, were the ruins of an old fortress, which had not been used for hundreds of years, it looked very beautiful, all covered with ivy, but all the windows were gone, and the walls and stairs crumbling to dust. Under the old building, deep down in the earth, was a fine apart-

ment of several well ventilated rooms, which communicated with the chateau by a subterranean passage, and with the grounds by another; these secret passages were known only to the family, and of course to the old servants. It was here that the countess prepared to bring her household.

For several days all busied themselves bringing furniture and provisions through the subterranean passage-way, and when all was ready, Annette begged to be allowed to bring her pet goat. Every one joined in the request of their little pet, so the countess, although not without fear that her bleating might betray them, consented.

In this gloomy abode where the sun's rays never entered, Annette and her goat with their romps and tricks enlivened the long days of weary waiting. But after about a week Annette noticed that her playmate was losing the brightness of her eye, and showed no more interest in play. She came to the countess, and with eyes full of tears, said: "O, grandma, Blanchette is pining for green herbs, if she does not get them she will die; may I go to the court of the chateau after sunset, and gather some; there are heaps there?" The countess shook her head, but Annette wept and pleaded, and all the ladies joined her, for they knew that the loss of her goat would be a severe trial for the little lonely child.

Then the countess with a very serious countenance spoke to Annette as though she were a grown up person, and told her that if she allowed her to go, she must promise the greatest caution, and if she was seen and followed, must on no account come by the secret passage, for if she did her enemies could come after her and the lives of all their friends who were in hiding would be endangered. The child lifting her large eyes, answered solemnly: "Grandma, I promise that I will rather sacrifice my own life than let your secret be discovered." As soon as it was evening, with many parting injunctions, the brave little girl is led to the steps, and all the intricacies of her expedition explained to her. She reaches the court of the chateau, and gathers the lovely green herbs, filling the skirt of her little frock with them, and

returns in perfect safety. The minute she arrived Blanchette smelled the sweet clover, and before her little mistress had time to give it to her, put her white nose into the lapful of verdure, helping herself to such big mouthfuls that Annette screamed with laughter.

From this out Blanchette recovers her gaiety, and becomes as frolicsome as ever. Annette goes every evening to the chateau, and enjoys immensely her little excursions in the light of the moon and stars. It happened one night as she was kneeling on the ground, gathering the goat's supper, she heard a movement at some distance from her, and looking very keenly in the direction from which it came, saw in the indistinct light, two forms, which she soon discovered were soldiers. They were hiding behind a tree, and watching her.

Now, Annette was a child who had been very carefully brought up, and among the lessons deeply impressed on her young mind was the advantage of self control; so in this danger, she did not start, nor scream, nor in any way betray herself. Although her little heart was beating painfully, almost enough to take the sight from her eyes; she gave no outward sign of fear, but continued gathering the herbs, all the time moving farther away from the path in which lay her only safety, she remembered her promise, and never for a moment thought of breaking it. She only thought of leading the enemy in the wrong direction, and praying all the prayers she knew; when she got to a good distance from the soldiers, she ran boldly for the open morass which surrounded the fortress on all sides, and plunged into the mud and slime, holding on to the rushes and willows which lined the banks to keep herself from sinking.

As soon as she commenced to run, the soldiers shouting loudly, ran after her, but being much heavier with their long boots and their arms, on jumping into the morass, sunk at once.

This morass was a very dangerous place, and so many had been lost in it, that the countess had, some years before, erected a large stone cross on a high rock overlooking the morass, as a monument to the dead and a warning to the living.

On hearing the soldiers plunging in, Annette was so overcome with terror that she fancied they had seized her long hair. But that was only imagination, her hair was entangled in the water plants, which kept her from sinking.

All night the ladies in the fortress wept and prayed for the beloved child who did not return. As soon as it was day they went out to look for her. At the foot of the cross on the high rock, they saw a little white bundle, and climbing up to it, discovered Annette fast asleep with her two arms clasped about the foot of the cross! She told her story just as I have told it to you, as far as when the soldiers jumped in the morass; after that she remembered no more, she never knew how she got to the cross, simply saying "Mais, le bon Dieu est bon !"

Soon after this the war came to an end, peace was restored, and all the good people who were in hiding were able to come back to their homes. The countess offered up thanks for the great mercy bestowed on her, and sent large sums to the churches for Masses, Annette insisting that some Masses must be offered for the two poor soldiers, for, she would say: "They were ignorant, and knew not what they did !"



## Full of Grace.

**T**HE road is rough and dusty; the delicate form of the Virgin-Mother is jaded by fatigue as she goes "with haste" over the mountains of Judea to abide with her kinswoman Elizabeth. It is with much effort that she mounts on foot the steep hills, but the charity of her unborn Babe presses her onward, urging her to become the instrument through which He may already begin to redeem. His future Precursor, even before visible birth, in the robe of sinlessness and Mary's gentle voice must be its harbinger.

Blessed, indeed, would it be for the Virgin-Mother to steal away from the turmoil of the world, and in the quietness of uninterrupted contemplation await in calm ecstasy the first vision of her Babe. But He does not wish that it should be so, and the will of her unborn child being the inspiration of her pure young heart is sweet to her whithersoever it may lead her. Her union with her Babe can be as unbroken amid the jar and fret of travel over hill and dale through town and village as though she knelt alone in the peaceful surroundings of her own quiet garden. Gladly, therefore, she hastens and abides for "about the space of three months" in Zachary's home. The field around it are covered with wild flowers which breathe forth their fragrance as if in homage to her whose gentle footsteps scarcely shake the dew off their fragile petals. Elizabeth marvels as the "Mother of her Lord," becomes her nurse; no care too wearisome, no service too menial for her immaculate hands. She gazes with awe upon that Virginal face with its look ineffable. The awful purity of Him she bears touches with unspeakable grace each feature. Zachary "dumb," for having doubted the glad tidings that his wife should, in her old age, bring forth a son who would convert "many of the children of Israel," looks with mute wonder upon the loveliness of her whom an archangel greeted as "full of grace."

Lovingly Mary abides with her aged kinswoman and when the appointed time has come, her embrace is the Baptist's welcome in the world—as though her tenderness at that moment were to compensate him for the years of future loneliness in the desert. Jesus' Precursor in his Virgin-Mother's arms! Not even the inspired genius of an angel could depict the loveliness of that picture. The dignity of the divine maternity touches with mature beauty her youthful grace. John smiles as her loveliness overshadows him. He recognizes the music of the voice at which the fetters of sin fell from his soul, clothing it in an innocence that almost rivals her own. Our privileges are similar to his. We do not, indeed, enjoy Mary's visible embrace, but that her love shelters each of the redeemed we cannot doubt. Her voice, as it pleads in prayer, is still the instrument through which grace flows



into human hearts to purify and fill them with a charity like unto that which prompted her to share her joy with others. "Each grace is a visit from Mary, bringing Jesus with her." He is still the "gate," through which He chooses to come to His own creatures. Let us then, though we feel with Elizabeth that we are unworthy to hail the "Mother of Our Lord," go with confidence to her each day. Full of grace herself, she is eager to share it with the lowliest of her children. She will so pray for us now that at the hour when the shadows of earth are lifted, we will see her gentle face with its look ineffable greet us in a welcome that shall be our joy forever.

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## Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

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**A** MISSIONARY was preaching in an Eastern country church. In the course of his sermons, he gave this illustration of faith and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament :

"As I was walking along the street of a big city, not long ago, I noticed a letter-carrier on bicycle. He was coming along at a rapid rate and had about as much as he could do to hold to his bundles of letters and papers with one hand and to guide his wheel with the other. Presently, he approached the church. Then he slackened his speed, and as he passed in front of the building he slowed down until he just kept the machine in motion. As he went by the main door, he let go his hold of the handle bar, raised his hat and bowed his head for an instant. Then he was off again with the speed of the wind, and sped on his work out of sight around the corner. As I saw his public act of faith and homage, I said to myself, 'if that man never does anything else, outside of Christian life, for the honor of God, but keeps up that practice of love for Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, I have no doubt he'll be saved, for God could not forget him or fail to reward him publicly for his open reverence for his hidden Lord.'"

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ST ANN AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN

After a painting by C. Muller.