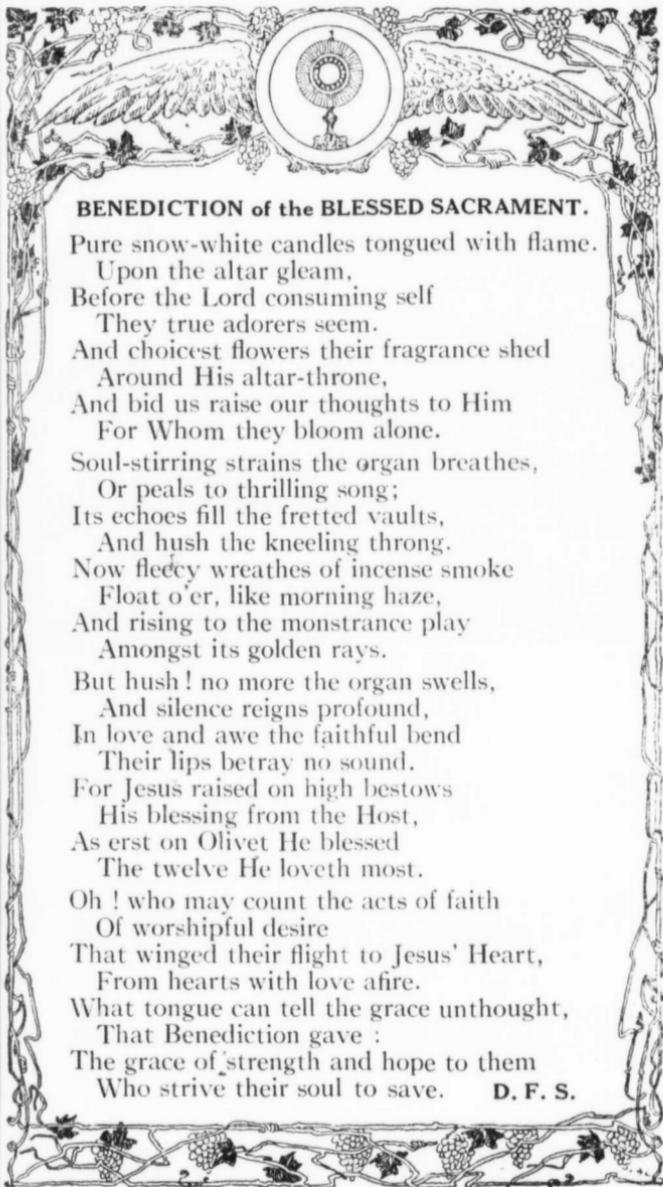


L. B.

Jesus stills the Tempest.



BENEDICTION of the BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Pure snow-white candles tongued with flame,
Upon the altar gleam,
Before the Lord consuming self
They true adorers seem.
And choicest flowers their fragrance shed
Around His altar-throne,
And bid us raise our thoughts to Him
For Whom they bloom alone.
Soul-stirring strains the organ breathes,
Or peals to thrilling song;
Its echoes fill the fretted vaults,
And hush the kneeling throng.
Now fleecy wreathes of incense smoke
Float o'er, like morning haze,
And rising to the monstrance play
Amongst its golden rays.
But hush! no more the organ swells,
And silence reigns profound,
In love and awe the faithful bend
Their lips betray no sound.
For Jesus raised on high bestows
His blessing from the Host,
As erst on Olivet He blessed
The twelve He loveth most.
Oh! who may count the acts of faith
Of worshipful desire
That winged their flight to Jesus' Heart,
From hearts with love afire.
What tongue can tell the grace unthought,
That Benediction gave:
The grace of strength and hope to them
Who strive their soul to save. **D. F. S.**

Christ Appeasing the Tempest.



(See frontispiece).

Night having come Jesus left the multitude and entered a boat with this disciples. But while they rowed a gust of wind swept the lake and suddenly a violent storm arose. The wind hurled the waves against the boat and soon it began to fill. Truly the danger was great. Nevertheless Jesus slept. The Apostles awakened Him crying: Master, save us, we perish. Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Dignified and serene Jesus rises: with one hand He commands the winds and with the other stills the waters, and there came a great calm.

This miraculous incident in the Saviour's life is beautifully depicted in the reproduced masterpiece: Jesus reassuring His frightened disciples and appeasing the fury of the raging elements — what a sublime scene; what a profitable lesson for our souls.

Is not this frail boat about to sink a too true picture of our soul frail craft riding the tumultuous waters of the world, a prey to the waves of passion, to the fury of the elements, the dangers that threaten and surround it on every side.

Let us not fear! Let us place our trust in the Commander of the tempest. This same compassionate Jesus is still with us. He abides in His Sacrament of Love and though He seems to sleep, He, nevertheless watches over us; a fervent prayer will bring Him to our aid and restore peace to our troubled soul.

Let us go to Him, let us cry out to Him in all our difficulties and especially let us receive Him into our soul everyday if possible and with Him, His Peace that calms every storm, soothes every sorrow, assuages every pain, lightens every cross, makes hard things easy, rough places smooth; His peace that passeth human understanding.



Visiting One's Best Friend.

IT is no hardship to seek the presence of those we love.

It is a joy rather to see and converse with them, to confide in them; 'tis a sensible pleasure even to breathe the sympathetic atmosphere that surrounds them. The friend of our heart is welcome to us at all times, and we rejoice in the conviction that our presence is also ever welcome to him. And no one is so poor that he may not, if he will, be intimate with the best of all possible friends. When Lord Kames wrote, "The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend as to find a friend worth dying for," he was leaving out of consideration the One Supreme Friend who is not only worth dying for but who has actually died for us.

In the tabernacle of each of the thousands of Catholic churches, chapels, and oratories throughout the land, there dwells perennially, really present with His divinity and His humanity, the Friend of all friends—our Blessed Lord Himself. His presence there is incontestable evidence of our Saviour's love for us, is convincing proof that His delight is to be with the children of men. Do we sometimes show that our delight is to be with the Eucharistic God? How often from Sunday to Sunday do we visit our best Friend? Of the thousands of Catholics who in the city or large town daily pass by from two or three to half a dozen churches, how many turn in to the entrance to spend fifteen or ten or even five minutes in adoration of the Lord whom they unquestionably believe to be really there? And yet should not our urgent need, if not our gratitude and love, bring us frequently

to His feet? Who among us is not burdened from day to day with crosses and cares, with trials and troubles in the spiritual or temporal order, or in both? Business anxieties, financial difficulties, unsuccessful projects, accumulating debts, household vexations, family worries, exhausting physical or mental labor, coldness and indifference and neglect from those we love most fondly, — does not some such burden often leave us ailing in body, heavy at heart, depressed in spirit? Why not, then, accept the invitation lovingly proffered to us from every tabernacle around us, «Come to Me all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you»?

Are we weak and fainting from interior struggles with our spiriual enemies, with the world, the flesh, or the devil, or, haply, with the combined forces of all three? Is the strength with which we have been keeping our latest good resolutions palpably waning? Have the stormwinds of passion lashed us until the waves of temptations threaten to engulf our souls? Why not seek the actual presence of that Divine Master who, now as of old, is ever ready at the cry of His disciples to calm the tempest and bid the waves be still?

Nor can the advice frequently to visit the Blessed Sacrament be justly styled the advocacy of a standard of piety too exalted for the ordinary, everyday Catholic, and suitable only for priest and monks and nuns. The practice on the part of any Catholic, is only a natural, consistent outcome of a living faith, a genuine belief that the divine Occupant of the tabernacle is none other than He who, nineteen hundred years ago, wrought the redemption of mankind, — the identical Man-God, Jesus Christ, who healed the sick, gave sight to the blind and speech to the dumb.

To seek in our need this most loving of all friends is simply an exercise of our Catholic common-sense; and that He is thus sought by laity as well as clergy is proved by daily experience in Catholic cities, on both sides of the Atlantic, where thousands of men and women rise superior to human respect and display on this point the moral courage of acting upon their convictions. Do we always act on ours in this matter of frequently visiting our best Friend?



On ascending Peter's Throne, Pius X proclaimed his wish to labor to bring back all souls to Christ's merciful gentle way. Is not Christ the Eucharist? Labor to restore all things in Christ would then consist in leading souls to the Eucharist; when the Eucharistic reign is universally established, Christ will rule all hearts and all intellects. Would it not be interesting to review the work accomplished by our glorious Pontiff and to note how desiring to restore all things in Christ, he has laboured energetically and perseveringly to establish throughout the universal world the reign of the Sacred Host.

There is a Gospel law telling us if we want to obtain a grace or a favor we must ask it from God in prayer. This law laid down by Christ Himself is better known to none than Pius X, consequently to obtain that all souls enlist under Christ's standard, he begins by asking for it through prayer. By the Eucharist he wishes to save the world, so Feb. 8, 1905, he added to the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, the following invocation: *Per sanctissimæ Eucharistæ institutionem tuam, libera nos, Domine*; and the 5th of June granted an indulgence of 300 days, plenary once a month, to the daily recital of a prayer for the spread of the pious practice of frequent and daily Communion.

To bring souls to Christ the barriers that keep them away from the Holy Table must be removed. A false theology had laid down rules and principles that had this effect upon the faithful. By his Decree of Dec. 20, 1905, Pius X took away those barriers, removed those obstacles,

and opened wide the doors of the Tabernacle to all the faithful without exception, provided they have the right intention and are in a state of grace.

But opening the doors is not enough. The Pastor must be there near the Tabernacle, he must invite souls to approach, he must even go and seek the strayed sheep. So in the same Decree, couched in the strongest language Pius X outlines a course of conduct for all Pastors: *...quam maxime promoveatur... crebris admonitionibus, multoque studio... omnibus christifidelibus pateat... optatissima...* To make sure the Decree will not be ignored or forgotten, this prudent Shepherd of souls ordains it to be read, at Chapter, in Religious Communities, forbids discussion on the dispositions required to approach the Sacrament with fruit and makes it obligatory on Bishops to inform the Holy See of the ways and means employed in their diocese to carry out his commands.

The door have just been opened and Pastors faithful to the direction of Catholicity's Head urge souls to approach the Holy Table daily. But here a difficulty arises. How can priests hear so many confessions? It will be beyond them. Pius X provides for that. While on one hand the number of Communion increase, necessarily on the other, the number of confessions must decrease, and to this the Confessors' efforts should tend, at least for the greater number of the faithful. To encourage frequent Communion and at the same time not render the pastoral charge too arduous a Decree of Feb. 14, 1906 declares that in future the weekly confession will no longer be necessary to gain the indulgences of each day, provided Communion is received at least five times a week.

The isolated workingman is likely to become a victim of negligence, but unions, associations make for efficiency and are a source of mutual edification that keep up the general ardor and zeal and even stimulate. A League was organized the 27 of July, 1906 destined to enrol the clergy of the entire world; membership therein binds the priest to work with an active zeal for the spread of frequent and daily Communion. This Association: The Sacerdotal League is warmly welcomed by the Pope, he commends it highly, enriches it with many privileges, and confers on

all its members the power to grant a plenary indulgence weekly, to such of their penitents as receive Holy Communion at least five times a week.



Scarcely a year had elapsed since the saving Decree had been issued. Almost everywhere the good work had been started and the movement was gaining nicely when a doubt assailed its votaries: Those children who had just

been allowed to the Holy Table for the first time, should they also be asked to receive Communion daily? Would their youth and their want of reflection allow it? The Pope settled this by declaring on the 15 of September, 1906 that children like their elders should be urged to the Holy Table every day if possible.

Every one knows how sad it is for an invalid to spend weeks and sometimes months without being able to go to Church, while still not suffering from acute or dangerous illness; the privation is even greater if the one thus afflicted is a good fervent soul accustomed to frequent Communion. The Pope in his broad sympathy thought of them also and came to their relief. His Decree of Dec. 7 1906 allows the sick, who without being confined to bed are obliged to remain indoors, to take light nourishment *per modum potus*, and still receive twice a week, if the Holy Reserve is kept under their roof and twice a month in the opposite case, provided the sickness has already lasted a month.

In this work of bringing back souls to Christ it was not possible to overlook the intercession of His blessed Mother. Mary has given us Jesus, and since then all the graces we receive pass through her mighty merciful hands. Moreover is she not, the one most interested to see that her Divine Son receives the honor and homage justly His due. Thus on the 9th. of Dec. 1906, Pius X granted an indulgence of 300 days to the following prayer: « O Virgin Mary, Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Glory of Christians, Joy of the Universal Church, Salvation of the World, pray for us and awaken in all the faithful devotion towards the Blessed Eucharist so that they may be worthy to receive It daily. »

It is no small task to change well-established customs, and especially such a well-established one as had hitherto prevailed regarding the reception of Communion. To start a movement, to win over the masses and bring them to the Holy Table, a mountain of prejudice must be overcome and the true doctrine of the Eucharist well understood. To attain this double end the Pope appealed to the Bishops and asked them to do all in their power to spread frequent Communion in their diocese and to hold yearly in their Cathedral a Eucharistic Tridium and to see that

it was also held in the parishes, if possible, because the people must be well instructed on this very important subject.

Some domiciles have the privilege of possessing a private chapel where a priest offers the Holy Sacrifice. If the friends of the house and even the neighbours could hear Mass and receive Communion therein, it would please them and be advantageous as well, when for one reason or another it is hard or impossible to go to their parish church. The Pope who utilizes every opportunity to render Communion easy and accessible to all gave the desired permission on the 8th. of May, 1907.

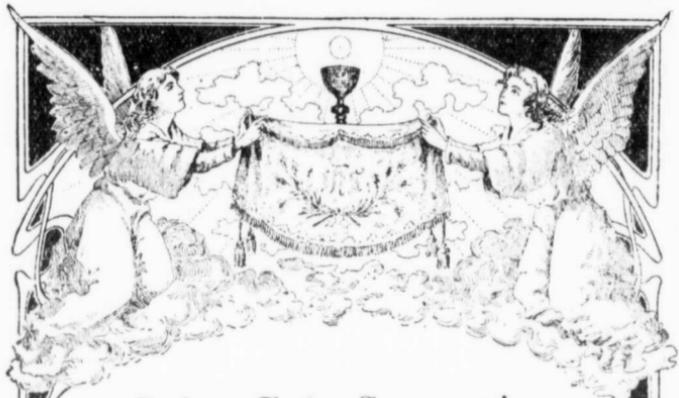
Behold crowds coming to the Holy Table and assisting at Mass. In future the Pope wants them to look upon the Sacred Host when the priest holds it aloft during the Consecration, or when It is solemnly exposed and to say My Lord and My God. To those who do so he grants an indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines, also, a plenary indulgence weekly, (provided they receive Communion) to those who have been faithful to this practice every day during the week. (18 May, 1907)

Midnight Mass always draws large congregations, but according to the ordinary rule, it is forbidden to give Communion to the assistants and even, in many places, to offer the three Masses at midnight. The 1st. of August, 1907, Pius X. granted permission to offer the three Masses at midnight and also to distribute Communion to the faithful. Furthermore this permission is also granted to all Monasteries and Religious Institutes, to all houses of piety and to all Seminaries who by ordinary or particular legitimate authorization enjoy the Reserve, and faithful assisting at these Masses satisfy the precept.

(To be continued.)

Holy Communion is an antidote against the contagion of sin and a shield against the easy approach of violent and deadly infection.

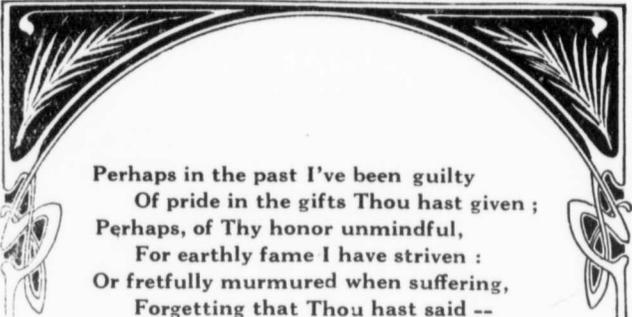
Dearer far to Jesus than any jeweled Tabernacle made with human hands is the simple casket of a child's pure heart made by Himself.



Before Holy Communion

I come to Thy Banquet, Lord, today,
 And draw to Thy altar near,
 Yet, now the sublime moment approacheth,
 I tremble with holy fear,
 Lest spots should be found on my garment
 Unfit for Thine eye to see,
 Or aught that might make unworthy
 Thy privileged guest to be.

It may be some unconfessed failing,
 Lie's hidden within my heart ;
 It may be some earthly affection
 Is keeping us, Lord, apart.
 And now as I kneel adoring,
 Invoking Thy Sacred Name,
 I know not if I be, O Jesus, !
 Deserving of praise or blame.



Perhaps in the past I've been guilty
Of pride in the gifts Thou hast given ;
Perhaps, of Thy honor unmindful,
For earthly fame I have striven :
Or fretfully murmured when suffering,
Forgetting that Thou hast said --
'Tis those who take up the cross meekly
May follow where I have led.

No wonder O Lord when reviewing
My past as I do today,
I tremble and feel strongly tempted
To shrink from Thy Presence away,
Until o'er the voice of temptation
Suppressing all dread and fear,
The words of Thy sweet invitation
Resound in my list'ning ear.

“ Oh, come to Me, all you who labor,
You who are laden with sin ;
Oh, come, for My Heart, long has waited
To draw you safely within ! ”
Yes, Lord ! I will rise at Thy calling,
To kneel as Thy guest today,
And beg Thee in mercy to keep me
Thus close to Thy Heart for aye.

M. LENNOX.



PARVULI



ND behold after nineteen centuries Jesus who once slept in Peter's barque awakes... and right away looking around sought the Little Ones. To His surprise they were not there; to His greater surprise and sorrow they were not even at His Holy Table. Master, blame them not, the too righteous, or too timid have sent them away.

Once again Jesus by the voice of His Vicar vents His indignation... He commands that they be not prevented from coming to Him... not only on the Sabbath... but more over every day... and once again He admonishes "Convert yourselves?"

Let us then hasten to convert ourselves...all of us, Priests, Parents, teachers... all whom Jesus has charged to bring Him the tribe of Benjamins... Like Peter... let us win pardon for being still so big, in spite of the many years generously granted us to become "Little", to be reborn in humility, poverty and love... Let us win pardon for bringing Him only regenerated ciborium, by giving Him as often as possible ciborium still fragrant with their primitive consecration.

Well little Peter did his work... Little Peter preached the Mission.

True, we did not see him in the pulpit with surplice and stole... but he prayed, he went to Communion daily during the mission and that preaching was better than the finest sermon... and many sinners owed their conversion to him. He did so well that the last day of the mission the Little Ones who are very perceptive unanimously elected him Secretary of their Communion League.

And from that time dates a serious correspondence... between the loyal little Secretary and the kind mission Father.

O! the nice little letters Peter wrote.

The Missionary gave them to me to read... I in turn give them to the vast army of Little Ones...

I'll have to change the spelling now and then.

Dear Father,

S.— April, 1912

It's Peter the smallest of your Leaguers who writes to tell you about himself and to let you know he has not passed a single day since the Mission without thinking of you...

The day after you left, the big folks boasted they had gone with you to the depot.

I would like to have gone too but because I am only seven no one told me about it and Mama makes me go to bed at eight o'clock summer as well as winter.

The holidays finished on Monday. I am back at school again and my teacher says he is well pleased with me. He says that now I work well. I must do my best every day because I receive Communion every day.

Oh! I don't yet succeed in all my problems, and I still make lots of mistakes in spelling, but I want to do better, and to let you see in each of my letters the improvement, and that I am good Leaguer...

Father won't the good God bless me if I love Him much, I love Him with all my heart and tell Him so every day.

Since you left I've only broken my promise about daily Communion once.

You won't scold Father because it was not my fault.

I went to the church in good time but there was no mass. There was to be a funeral and no one paid any attention to a little chap like me...

John my big brother belongs like me to the first degree of the League so receives every day. I told him about it.

And I am so glad because I feel the child Jesus is pleased that so many Little Ones receive Him every day.

At home I scarcely give any more trouble. Still sometimes Papa has to chide me at table because I get up so often without leave, and because I tease Kathleen.

I was threatened with a whipping, but it did not come yet, and I hope it won't,

Your affectionate

Little Peter

April 1912

Dear Father,

I am glad to write you and tell you I still dearly love Jesus and His Blessed Mother. But I don't know if they love me as much because I am full of faults yet. Mama told me to tell you about them.

I'm not always obedient... when I'm told to leave Kathleen alone and not tease her, once we even went so far as to quarrel... that won't ever happen again, I promise you, Father. I am as lazy as a door mouse and I often make faces at my lessons. I sometimes answer my teachers back, and I get stubborn when they try to make me eat soup... or fish... Those are my faults. I have many, but I want to correct them right away, so that Jesus will be pleased to see me coming to Communion every morning.

I learned the prayer of the Apostleship by heart. I say it every morning as soon as I awake, so that all my day may be for the Sacred Heart and the Souls in purgatory.

During Mass I say the beads. I say the first decade for the Apostleship, the second for the Pope, the third for Papa, the fourth for Maman and the fifth for John, Kathleen, and myself.

After every decade I say the prayer Maman taught me: Little Jesus, make me very big and very strong, bless and keep Papa, Maman, John, Kathleen and us all?

Your little Secretary

Peter.

P. S. Every day some little children join the League. I have all their names in my book.

Ten go to Communion every morning; eight twice a week, thirty every Sunday... We all go together to the Holy Table. No one has lost his badge yet, true, I gather them up after Mass with the hymn cards... I love you with all my heart.

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May, 1912.

Dear Father,

Grandmama scolded me because I go to Communion every day and she does not though she is much older. She said, "you are not good enough for that" I answered, as you told us too; it is not because I am



good dear Grandmama that I go to Communion, but because I want to become good... and I promise you I will try hard." Now she leaves me alone.

I get up without being called. John helps me on with my boots, then we steal downstairs on tip toe so as not to disturb Papa. I am always telling Papa he should

make his Easter duty, but he won't, and he never says any prayers. Every day, I ask Jesus to convert Papa, and I often cry when no one sees me, because I don't want to go to heaven without Papa and you told us once those who don't make their Easter duty give great scandal and endanger their eternal salvation. I told Papa you said so and he was angry and told me to shut up. Please pray for him... with lots of love from.

Peter.



Jesus a Child like You

Does it ever occur to you that when Jesus was on earth He was once precisely as old as you are today? He was a child playing with other children. He was nine, ten or twelve. He was only twelve when He talked with the Rabbi in the temple, and surprised them by the depth of His wisdom. Your father and mother, your teachers and your friends do not understand you quite so well as Jesus does, Jesus who was once a child of your own age. Ask yourself when you are in doubt about a question of right or wrong, what would Jesus do if He were here? Then try to imitate Him.

Our hearts are Christ's kingdom. There He would establish His empire, and reign. Can we wonder that He asks us to give Him back what cost Him so dear, and to which He has so great a claim?

By sacrifice we learn to live this higher life.

P. Didon.

Subject of Adoration

"All Is Consummated"

REV: PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Cum ergo accepisset Jesus acetum, dixit :
CONSUMMATUM EST !"

Jesus, therefore, when He had taken the vinegar, said :
IT IS CONSUMMATED !

Reparation.



ALL is consummated!" The Saviour has done for man all that He can do. He has obtained for him all the graces necessary for salvation. He has left him His example that he may imitate Him, His divine teaching that he may make them the rule of his life, His Sacraments that he may participate in them, His grace that he may constantly and worthily cooperate with it. All is, indeed, consummated on the part of the Saviour. But on man's side, is all accomplished?

Why, then, after so many means of salvation, why after this glorious victory gained over Satan, do men still remain under the empire of the infernal monster and lose their souls? And yet, is it not God's will to save them? The only response to this enigma is, that if man loses his soul, it is only by his own wicked will. The means that God has so freely placed at his disposal, he may use or refuse. The graces necessary for his salvation have been acquired for him, but his own malice rejects them. It is, then, to himself, to himself alone, that damned soul can impute the irreparable misfortune of his eternal reprobation.

The Jews, who should have been converted by this word of Jesus, were only hardened in their crime. They obstinately refused to see in the life of the Crucified the realization of the picture the prophets of the Ancient Alliance had given of the Messiah. And how many Christians down throughout the ages will pass by like them at the foot of the Saviour's Cross and, hearing that cry from Calvary, will refuse to recognize in Jesus their God and their Saviour.

How have you profited up to this time by all Jesus' benefits, by all the means at your disposal for the furthering of your salvation? Let

your thoughts dwell on the moment when the God-Saviour, commanding death to snatch you from this world, will call you to His tribunal in order to demand of you a rigorous account of your life. At that solemn moment when for you the world, time, and the things of time shall have passed, Jesus will say to you: "*All is consummated!*" Then, placing under your eyes the holy Gospel, by recalling to you His Passion and death, He will show you all the minutes, all the seconds of your existence from the first dawn of reason: "See whether your life is conformable to My Gospel! Did you, like Me, ascend the Cross? For love of Me, did you remain on it till the moment of your death? Soul, answer Me!

"How have you used the graces of salvation that I merited for you? In temptation, did you take care to strengthen yourself by approaching the Holy Table? Were you faithful to the vocation to which I called you. Soul, answer Me!" "How have you accomplished all God's desings over you? Can you in all truth pronounced with me the *Consummatum est*? Soul, answer Me!"

Examining myself at this moment, O my Saviour, I behold in myself only sins and ingratitude. What I have to fear is to be obliged to pronounce in a very different sense Thy divine word when I shall have come to the end of my career. Yes, all will, indeed, be consummated for me: pleasures, honors, riches, sensuality—all will be passed, — all will be finished — body, soul, mind, strength, health, parents, friends, — all will be lost. Sin, also will be consummated, the time of grace past, heaven lost, eternal damnation consummated, and consummated forever! Shall I have the misfortune of being obliged to pronounce in this sense that terrible word?

What grief for the Heart of Jesus to think of so many sinners for whom His sufferings will be useless and who giving themselves up to despair, will in their last moment consummate the work of their reprobation! What grief for Jesus to have to repeat that frightful word at the particular judgment of those that die in the state of mortal sin, and of being obliged by His justice to deliver them to the avenging flames of an eternal hell!

Pardon, dear Jesus, all the sorrow that has been inflicted on Thee by damned souls in spite of Thy many sacrifices! Grant that we may never have the misfortune to hear the "*Consummatunn est*" of eternal reprobation when, at the end of the world, Thou wilt come to pronounce it before us, no longer as a Redeemer, but as a Judge. I confess that, up to this day, my life has not been conformable to Thy Gospel, and I most humbly ask Thy pardon. Grant, merciful Jesus, that on the day of the great assizes of the human race, when

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we shall all be gathered in the valley of Josaphat, I may be at Thy right, and hear from Thy lips this word of supreme comfort addressed to Thy elect: "All is consummated. Come, ye blessed of My Father, come possess the kingdom that I have prepared for you."

Mary, my Mother, offer to the Heavenly Father the "*Consummatum est*" of your Divine Son, to obtain for me and for all who are dear to me pardon for our sins and negligences in the accomplishment of the divine will.


**In Communion**


When you draw nigh to the sacred altar, listen first to Jesus who will say: "I stand at the door of thy heart and knock. I only came down on earth and only hid beneath the Eucharistic veil, to be nearer to thee: a very little distance is still between us: hasten to pass over it and open thy heart that I may rest in thee, that I may shed all my treasures in thee, that I may burn with love within thee." And then you answer: "Lord, am I not unworthy that thou shouldst enter into my soul?" But let me stand at the threshold of thy Tabernacle and knock. My heart is narrow to receive Thee but Thine is wide and deep, that I may hid and shelter within It; in Thee henceforth will I live with Thee will I act, for Thee will I offer up my-self and die." O unutterable joy, that moment in which the soul, by a prayerful flight forces the door of the Tabernacle to open, and in which Jesus, by the outstretching of His love breaks open the door of our heart! You knock no longer and Jesus knock no longer: for He enters, and you enter. He is in you, and you in Him. And the prayer of our Lord Jesus in the Cenacle: « I in them, and They in Me, O my Father, that all may be perfect in one » is realized in Communion.

THE MISSION
of
MARIA ANNUNCIATA



I

Maria Annunciata lived in one of the most crowded quarters of densely populated New York. There the children of sunny Italy had gathered in tenements that were veritable human hives, where the pitiless sun of summer beat down on scorching pavements, and the smells and the sights and the sounds, the everlasting din of traffic, must have been distraction to those who came, perhaps, from those lovely mountain districts, high up amongst the Sabine or the Umbrian hills, or the shore of some tranquil lake.

In these sordid and fetid surroundings, Maria Annunciata had grown to woman hood, though she had been brought thither somewhere about the age of twelve, from a charming little village, on the slopes of the Apennines. By one of those ineffaceable impressions, that engrave themselves so deeply on the mind of a child, she remembered having seen Rome, and its wondrous churches. Her grandmother had brought her there on a pilgrimage, to pray at the tomb of the Apostles and to see the Holy Father. The whole had seemed to the simple and fervent soul of the child like heaven.

Her grandame, had been some years dead, and as Maria firmly believed, in Paradise. Often when she stood at the door of that tenement, on the fifth floor of which she lived, and looked up earnestly at the glowing western

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sky, of which she could catch only glimpses, she wondered what was like that new country and that new inheritance, upon which that dear old woman, who had mothered her orphaned youth and those other dear ones, had entered.

The girl's father had married, again and they had come out to America. His new wife was not unkind, and very far from being irreligious, but still it was all so different, and all the surroundings were strange.

Maria never complained, and tried hard to help her stepmother with the work, and to be a dutiful daughter to her father, and to walk faithfully in the path which the good old guardian of her youth had marked out for her. But a veritable passion of zeal had taken possession of her, when she heard read in church, the Encyclicals of the Holy Father about Frequent Communion, and the First Communion of children. She had seemed to see the words falling from the lips of that holy Pontiff, whom with her grandmother she had seen, just after his accession to the throne of St Peter. They had been admitted to his presence with a lot of other peasants, whom this Pope of the people, so dearly loves, and the kind benignant face had smiled at her, and as he passed along, had laid one hand upon the head of her grandmother, and another upon her own. Perhaps, with his keen spiritual vision, he had noted something unusual in the two, and so he had specially blessed them. That blessing the old woman had taken with her, soon after into Paradise, and the young girl, to that crowded slum of the New World. But its vivifying influence seemed to go with her there and to shed an influence on that crowded haunt of men.

So, when she had listened to the Encyclical, it seemed as if it were spoken by the Holy Father, and she had made it her special mission to make it know, more intimately and familiarly, to the people of that quarter, especially such as had grown careless in the practice of their faith, and also to the little ones, whom she gathered about her, trying as best she could to explain, what it was that the Pope wished.

And she brought it more vividly home to all their minds, by talking at the same time, of beautiful Italy and of the great Pontiff who loved the poor, as if they were his own

children. So it came about that her influence, in all that quarter could not be measured, nor the number of those she had brought to the Holy Table, and kept faithful to the best traditions of their race.

II

Now all this time, Maria had many suitors, for the men of that quarter, knew the value of such a woman as Maria who was capable and helpful, beside, being pious and good, and always in good humor.

She had too, her share of physical attractions that are common to the women of her country, the rich complexion and eyes that were dark and full of poetry and sympathy, and a mouth showing white and even teeth, in a laugh, that was full of good humor and kindness.

Now of all her admirers, the one which in her heart she favored was Tomaso, who had steady work and excellent pay, as foreman of a gang of workmen. He was a tall, strong youth, as simple and full of faith as Maria herself. But the girl, by her influence over him, had made him, more devout and regular in his attendance at church and had induced him to become a frequent communicant. So that it was good to see, that stalwart, man in the prime of his years, advancing so often to the Holy Table. But though Tomaso, having good wages, and the prospect of being able to keep a comfortable home, was anxious that Maria should marry him, the girl remained undecided, telling him that he must wait, since she was not quite sure what was the will of the good God.

It seemed to be decided for her, when Tomaso met with an accident, which threatened to render him helpless; for then all her heart cried out for him, and she longed to be giving him the devoted care and attendance, that a wife alone could give. She went to see her pastor, and told him how she had been waiting, and how uncertain she had been hitherto of vocation, for sometimes it seemed to her that she was called to go away to some holy house of religion and there work for that cause dearer to her than anything on earth making the will of the Holy Father and the desire of Christ himself, known to his people.

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The priest asked her a few questions, and then he sat pondering, though a smile came to his aged lips, when she talked, yet so simply and guilelessly of Tomaso.

«But what if our poor Tomaso», he asked her, at last, “should be for life a cripple. Would you marry him even so?”

“Oh, father” cried the girl, her eyes filling with tears, “that is when he would need me, since his mother is no more.... And it would make me so happy to help him.”



Again, the priest pondered, while Maria told him of the thought that had come into her mind, sometimes, that perhaps, she should be able to do more for the Holy Eucharist, if she put on the habit of religion. “But Oh,” she concluded, piteously, “since Tomaso has been hurt, I feel that it would break my heart, to go away and leave him besides all the poor people whom I have tried to help...”

Then the priest smiling, again, gave her his decision:

“Of course, Maria” he said “you may go on and pray harder than ever, to know the will of the good God. Sometimes He calls and His call must be obeyed. But all the

good people must not be hidden away in the cloister. That would make a spiritual-famine, amongst the children of God. I believe, that it is your mission to continue, as you have done, to work here, amongst all these who are exposed to so many a temptation. To make them love the Holy Eucharist, and go often to the altar, according to the wish, of the *Santissimo padre*. And also to prepare, the little ones for that banquet that has been spread for them. But I do not think that will prevent you from taking care of the good Tomaso, at the same time. You can make him an apostle, too, whether he has to remain chained to his room, by his injuries, or can go abroad later amongst the workingmen. Only be faithful, my child to this mission, which God has given you."

And so it came about that the old pastor himself performed the marriage ceremony, and Maria, become an example of all conjugal virtues, during the time, that her husband lay crippled, or when health and strength had returned to him once more, and he went back to active work.

But for the temporal happiness that was hers, and this favor of the recovery of her husband, Maria felt that she had to work harder than ever. So that the mission of Maria Annunciata in which Tomaso helped, became as a household world in all that quarter, and was blessed with such abundant fruit, that she knew she had done wisely in remaining to work, there where God had placed, her.



According to statistics, one-half of the population of the Island of Malta receive Holy Communion every day of the year.

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He who first scattered like seed and cast the Heavenly bodies into space and peopled the wide, deep water with myriad beings, He Who bade light to appear from the depths of nothingness, He Who designed to fashion the innumerable varieties of flowers that adorn our world, He in fine, Who, with some ineffable instrument, chiselled the beautiful human statue, animating man with His own Spirit, abides there under the silent sacramental veils. He stays there to call us to duty and to bring to our minds the virtues we should put in practice—virtues of which He Himself first gave us the example. Under our very eyes He still continues to fulfil these holy acts. We find them every one there in the Sacred Host, as in a resplendent mirror. He is there to offer help to the weak, to warm all hearts, to gladden every soul with spiritual joys. He is there to contemplate our efforts and to encourage them, He is there that He may witness our sorrows, He is there that He may lead us nigh to His Sacred Heart—in Holy Com-

munion to be our Food and our Drink, our Flesh and Blood, our very Life, yea rather, our soul's sweetest ecstasy.

Troubles may come; whence it matters not. Were they caused by lamentable falling into sin, yet we may remember Him Who suffered for our sakes. We may be abandoned by friends or humiliated, were we ever so sorely tried, we may straightway go to the church and there, kneeling before the altar, we may look upon the humiliated, silent Jesus, still laden with the Cross — the insulting indifference of the multitudes. But in spite of all, He dwells at hand. Behold the faithful Friend Who seems to say: « Wounded heart, come to Me, for I have felt those inner pangs; come to Me, for I have suffered more than thou; be thou ever so burdened and crushed, thou wilt see Me more cruelly burdened and crushed. My example will support thee and the glory which crowned My suffering will enable thee faithfully to endure the trial until the hour of thy triumph.»

Christian people, when one has heard these words at the foot of the altar, when especially one carries from the altar locked within His breast Him Who pronounced them, and ceases not to repeat them, there in the very recesses of His Heart while at the same time the heart is penetrated with love and divine strength, there may be trouble and sorrow, but there can no longer be disconsolate fears or pains that will not find therein a healing balm.

Favors through Ven. Père Eymard.

Waterloo P. Q.: For some time I have been troubled with a pain in my limb I applied a picture of Ven. Père Eymard, promising publication if cured. The next day I was entirely well, A Subscriber.

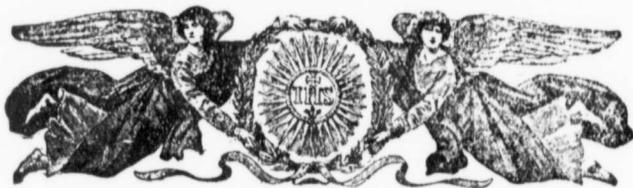
Assiniboia Sask.: I suffered from a painful inward trouble I thought of Pere Eymard and applied his Picture. It brought instant relief, I promised to publish, to offer Holy Communion and have a Mass said. My hearts gratitude to Venerable Pere Eymard.

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MASS ON MOUNT KOSCHIUSKO

In ideal weather and unparalleled surroundings pontifical Mass was solemnized on the highest peak of New South Wales in Australia. This magnificent ceremony previously announced gave rise to universal enthusiasm throughout the province, and the committee in charge did everything possible to facilitate the way for the thousands who wished to be present. Though the Mass was only scheduled for Sunday the previous Thursday and Friday, an uninterrupted procession of vehicles of all kinds wended their way through the mountain, and deposited their precious freight at the Kosciusko Hotel five thousand feet above the sea, and thirty miles from the nearest Catholic habitation. The Mountain that rises to 7328 feet is crowned by the observatory of M. Wragge.

The arrival of Mgr. Kelly, Archbishop of Sidney, accompanied by Mgr. Dwyer, Bishop of Maitland, and Father O'Reilly and Dermott, one president of St. Stanislaus College, of Bathurst; the other, Superior of St. Patricks Seminary, at Manly, was greeted with rousing cheers and every demonstration of joy.

Mgr. Dwyer offered the Mass on a sumptuously decorated altar; hundreds of his vast congregation received Holy Communion, and all without exception assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given immediately after the mass.

Nearly all the carriages bore appropriate flags, banners or emblems; one contingent of Hibernian troops proudly displayed the flag of Australia and Ireland entwined.



EVERY DAY



RENE is only fifteen. He is not a school-boy but a full fledged printer. During a retreat he went to see the preacher and without preamble of any kind said:

"Father my mind is made up, I want to go to Communion every day."

"My boy can you do it? Do not undertake an obligation which in your surroundings seems well nigh impossible."

The priest knew the boy lived a quarter of an hour's walk from the nearest church, and that in consequence, his Communion would require about an hour extra every morning; that he would have to get up very early in order to return for breakfast before going to his work, and moreover, that his parents were anything but religious and apt to make things uncomfortable for him.

Confronted by those difficulties the missionary answered: "My boy, you are young, you need rest. I am inclined to think daily Communion will be too hard for you."

"Father I want to go. I'll know how to manage so as to be faithful?"

"Then try. I congratulate you on your good dispositions. But remember that situated as you are our blessed Lord won't feel hurt or displeased if you receive less often"

A month passed. Rene could write and we give his own words without altering their quaint boyishness:

"I have succeeded famously and I go to Communion every morning. Sometimes I find it rather hard and have to make big efforts to overcome myself especially when Mass is late and I have no time to go back for breakfast. I am very well. Since the retreat I have not committed any big sin, and now the habit has grown so that it seems to me if I did not receive Communion every day I would not be able to keep good."

The time came when through no fault of his own, Rene could not satisfy his devotion and he writes :

“ Father, pray for me, the day I cannot receive sacramentally I have to be satisfied with spiritual Communion which in a certain sense replaces it. Sometimes the deprivation makes me so miserable that if it were not for prayer, hope and desire I don't know what I would do. ”

And this is only a little part of the marvels of grace wrought in this loyal soul. Rene is now a voluntary catechiser, an ardent advocate and promoter of daily Communion, and a most zealous member of the Apostleship.

What daily Communion did for him, It will do for any other boy as courageous and faithful as Rene.

AFTER COMMUNION

Thy Blessed Name, dear Lord, is all I need in the first moment after Communion.

It is Faith and adoration when I say — Jesus, Jesus!

It is praise and thanksgiving when I say — Jesus Jesus!

It means hope and trust when I say — Jesus Jesus!

It is love and welcome when I say — Jesus Jesus!

It is sorrow for my sins when I say — Jesus Jesus!

It is joy and delight in Thee when I say — Jesus Jesus!

I make reparation for the outrages offered Thee when I say — Jesus Jesus!

I abandon myself and all I have to Thee when I say — Jesus Jesus!

I pray for union of mind and heart with Thee when I say — Jesus, Jesus!

I express all I desire for time and eternity when I say — Jesus, Jesus!

From *Welcome*. — Mother Mary Loyola.



« I tried and I did not succeed ? »

Well, we tried and succeeded so well that in few a weeks, there will scarcely be a child over seven, in any of the four parishes of the city who will not have received Communion many times.

And here is the result.

The Communion of these little children is an edifying sight for all, they are so pious, so fervent and so happy.

They all attend Catechism and are more willing to learn Christian Doctrine.

They are no longer afraid of the priest, but show him much confidence and even affection.

Even in more or less careless families parents notice that since their children go to Communion often, they are more gentle, more docile, more obedient and that a real change is taking place in them.

What gratitude do we not owe our Beloved Pontiff, Pius X.

* * *

In a rural district a young teacher, with the Pastor's approval began to « preach » frequent Communion to her pupils. At the end of the year this was the glorious result.

Tuesdays and Saturdays nearly all the children received. Some among them had to walk over a mile to reach Church, but they did it even in bad weather—and bad

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weather in the country is very much worse than in the city—Two little girls of six were faithful under these trying circumstances. Another little one of nine, was not quite so generous in the beginning but now she has conquered herself, and takes the long walk of a mile and a half, twice a week, encouraged by the thought that as little Nellie used to say she is going to “get Holy God”.



Practice for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament

They who are faithful in visiting the Blessed Sacrament as often as they can, know from their own experience, that there is no more sure and easy means for obtaining from Our Lord everything we want, provided that we ask Him for it with a reverent confidence, both in the general assembly of the faithful, and also especially at certain hours of the day when He is most seldom visited, or by very few persons; but for this we must when we approach Him in the church, be filled with reverence, gratitude, confidence and love.

All the sanctity which the Birth of Christ communicated to the stable of Bethlehem, all that His Precious Blood communicated to Calvary, and His Sacred Body to the sepulchre, also invests our churches; and if when we enter them, and approach the alter we are not penetrated by the holy awe which fills us when we draw near to the most holy places, if we have not those feelings which cause the loving tears of pilgrims who are so happy as to visit the manger in which our Lord was born, or the mount on which He died, it is because we are wanting either in faith or in attention. But we must try to remedy this evil before entering a church by making some reflections on the sanctity of the place, and on the majesty of Him who dwells therein, How many people would think themselves very fortunate were it as easy to enter into the palaces of the great as it is to enter the churches! And

yet they think nothing of the happiness of being able so easily and at all hours to approach the adorable Person of Jesus Christ.

When in the church we must never forget to worship the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This devotion is exceedingly pleasing to Him, and will prove of the greatest utility to those who practice it. Generally speaking, it is more profitable when we are in the Presence of Jesus Christ to meditate much and speak little. An affectionate silence, which is, one may say, the language of the heart, is very much more pleasing to our Blessed Lord in those visits than a great many vocal prayers said hurriedly and without attention. The exceeding love of Jesus for us, His goodness, gentleness, generosity and patience in this adorable mystery, ought to awaken in us the most tender affections.

These offerings of reverence, confidence, and tender love for Jesus Christ should occupy us nearly all the time. We ought to seek His presence in the same spirit and with the same intent as did the angels, the shepherds, and the Magi, who visited Him after His birth, namely, to adore Him; or, as did the Apostles, to adore His words and to learn of Him; or as did the Magdalene, prostrate at His feet, to weep for our sins; or, as did the sick, to ask of Him patience and healing; or, as did His Blessed Mother, pondering in her spotless heart His admirable perfections and growing ever more and more unto closer likeness to Him.

F. Croisset S. J.

