

FEAST-DAY OF QUEBEC. PROCESSION OF THE MOST BL. SACRAMENT.

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TO THE
SACRED HEART.

OH SACRED HEART!

*Witness compassionate of
ev'ry woe
Which mortal e'er hath
[known or e'er shall know!
Heart which hath borne all
care,
Carried all sorrow that on
man can press !*

*Oh ! writhing frame and tortur'd spirit bleeding !
Against inhuman outrage vainly pleading !
Each secret dark, each innermost recess,
All to Thy sight laid bare.
Who shall Thy pangs express ?*

OH SACRED HEART !

*Thy love for man hath to the altar bound Thee,
To expiate the very sins that wound Thee
For thine own wrongs to die !
That thou of sufferings chain might'st miss no link,
From the dread vision of Thy Mortal Pain
Outspread before Thee, Thou did'st not disdain
With fear's intensest agony to shrink !
In trembling shall not I
Of Thy dread chalice drink ?*

The Month of the Blessed Sacrament



NUMBERS of pious souls are in the habit of consecrating the month of June to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, on this account it is called the month of the Sacred Heart.

We would also like to consecrate it to the Blessed Sacrament.

Both the feast of the Sacred Heart and that of the Blessed Sacrament usually occur during it, but the latter is more solemn and of a superior rite, it is also more ancient in the Church. Why then could not the month be called the month of the Blessed Sacrament as well as the month of the Sacred Heart?

The two devotions far from excluding each other are, on the contrary, intimately connected.

To honor the Sacred Heart as the seat of the infinite love of Jesus Christ is assuredly a grounded devotion, but eucharistic souls will know how to honor It in the Most Blessed Sacrament. For where is the Heart of Jesus truly, substantially living, if not in the Eucharist and in heaven?

Many like to have pictures of the Sacred Heart, as the visible sign of their devotion, but this is only relative worship: we must go beyond the image to find the Reality. Now in the Blessed Sacrament, It is actually living and throbbing for us; our life therefore should centre in this living and loving Heart, never separating the Sacred Heart from the Holy Eucharist.

In reading the life of Blessed Margaret Mary, we notice that our Lord used to appear to her in the Sacred Host and there would show her His divine Heart burning with love for men and beg for their corresponding love. Since the Sacred Heart manifested Itself in the Blessed Sacrament and there wished to receive the first and most fervent homages of the privileged Saint, selected to be the foundress of this devotion, can we do anything more

conformable to God's desings than to connect it with the Eucharist, the very centre where Jesus not only keeps His Heart, but where He vouchsafed to manifest It visibly for the benefit of all? Let it be understood, therefore,



Our Lord announcing to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Joseph the Institution of the Holy Eucharist.

that we do not wish to separate the two devotions and that the reasons insisted upon in favor of consecrating this month to the Blessed Sacrament sustain also the reasons in favor of consecrating it to the Sacred Heart.

There are in the year several months dedicated to some special devotions which are practiced every day during the said months; thus the month of Mary which may be called a feast of thirty-one days in honor of the Blessed Virgin, during which we honor all her virtues, all the mysteries of her life and treasure up a succession of most precious graces and merits. Such is also the month of St. Joseph, etc. Soon every important devotion will have a special month to practice it in a particular manner. So much the better! These are excellent means of promoting Catholic piety.

By giving a whole month to one devotion the worshiper will be enabled to comprehend its various aspects, to acquire a true and solid knowledge and practice of it. In a word, concentration of thought will generate strength and thoroughness in devotion as in any human art.

How does it happen that there is not a greater proportion of pious souls to reach a high degree of virtue? One reason is that they multiply and scatter their objects of devotion. The spirit of piety is not fostered with sufficient energy because the proper aliment to feed and develop it is wanting.

It is known that to get rid of an evil habit, to root out a vice, there is need of concentrating for some time all our attention upon it by way of meditation, examination of conscience, prayer, good resolutions, before we can make any headway toward the opposite virtue, but the movement once started by this approved method proceeds with rapid strides.

Similar results are to be expected from the proposed practice; it will take us some time to form in our mind and heart an enlightened and well rooted love of that devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, which is the mother and queen of all other devotions, the very sunlight of piety. Devotion to Mary is good and excellent, but as a means to promote devotion to Jesus, as Mary herself is all for Jesus, Jesus the Sun of Justice from whom she sends back all her light and perfection.

Now since the month of Mary brings about so many conversions, and produces so many fruits of grace, what will not the month of the Blessed Sacrament do since it will be consecrated to honor the virtues, the sacrifices,

the Person of Jesus Christ Himself renewing in the Eucharist all the wonders of His Divine Mission? No doubt if we know how to make the Eucharist the centre of our readings, aspirations, religious practices, at the end of the month we shall have gained some important victory: our love will have increased, our grace will have become more powerful.

Our Lord says that he who will eat His flesh and drink His blood will have life in him; what will happen if you complete your Sacramental Communions by a continuous spiritual communion during thirty days, to His love, to His virtues, to His sanctity, to His life in the Blessed Sacrament? You will reap abundant fruits from this unity of action, without which you might have some good thoughts, but not impregnated by one and the same principle of life. When the rain falls heavily and intermittingly, it does not go deep into the ground; but if it falls gently and continuously, it penetrates and imparts fecundity to the soil. The thought of the Eucharist meditated upon for a whole month piously, carefully and with perseverance, will become a plentiful source of virtues, a divine force to make you climb with joy and celerity the mountain of God which is the way to perfection. Reason alone and sound philosophy show if you exercise your faculties during a whole month upon one subject you become familiar with it.

Do not fear that this concentration upon one mystery may narrow down your spiritual horizon. The Eucharist contains all the mysteries, all the virtues of our holy religion; they are there living and present before you in their living centre; you have only to take hold of them by a fervent meditation. No matter what particular subject is proposed, you see it realized in Jesus Christ whom you believe and contemplate present; who reaches your very external senses through the sacred species which are His Sacramental garment. The Host appeals to your eyes and fixes your attention; it speaks to you and sets before you our Lord in His real presence with all His treasures. Make this month therefore a month of happiness for yourself through the intimate intercourse you will hold with Jesus. His conversation has no bitterness: *Non habet amaritudinem conversatio illius*. In following this course,

secure for your soul not only consolation, but giant progress in virtue.

How must you spend this month to profit by it? First of all you must have a book on the Blessed Sacrament, and read some portion of it every day. There is in the Holy Eucharist so much to be known and to meditate upon, such is the depth and length and breadth of this mystery, always beautiful, always infinite, that you need a sure guide; otherwise many points will escape your notice, if you are left to your own weakness and inexperience, and precious fruits will be lost.

Use then some book treating of the Eucharist. I know that sanctity is not found ready made in books, and that they are rather the saints that make good, holy books, than the books that make the saints, but I advise you to read books only to make your instruction more complete, and to suggest good thoughts that you will yourself improve and feed upon in your meditations.

Take, for instance, the fourth book of the Following of Christ; it is so beautiful that it seems an angel wrote it.

Take the Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, by St. Alphonsus de Liguori. This admirable book when it was first published made a revolution in piety; it has produced and still produces every day the most abundant fruits of salvation.

Multiply and lengthen your visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

Communicate with increased fervor.

Practice some virtue suggested by the state of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; imitate His silence, His gentleness, especially His recollection and annihilation in the bosom of His Father.

Offer up some special sacrifice to the Blessed Sacrament. Have every day some new flower to bring Him. He deigns let us come near His adorable person and receive whatever gift we offer Him; the grandees of the earth are not so easily approached. Let us not disdain this favor of His love and this right, granted us as to the children of His family.

I sum up. To spend this month properly you must practice some Eucharistic virtue and read a book on the Eucharist. I insist again on this point. With a book you

will have new thoughts ; without a book you will be dry, repeating always the same things : *tanquam jumentum*. The book alone is nothing, but if you read it with your heart you will draw life from it. The Holy Scripture itself is to be perused with the heart ; read without faith and without love — it will become useless or even hurtful, as it hardens certain infidels who read it constantly with their proud mind alone.

You will say perhaps : " Books do not please me, because I do not find in them all that my soul craves after ; they have not enough food for me." So much the better ! It would be regrettable that books should tell us all things and form all our prayers ; we would then be machine-like, too passive. The Saviour does not permit that books should be everything in the exercise of prayer. He wishes us to win His grace by our own exertion, *in the sweat of our brow*. Never will the life of a Saint, should he be the greatest in the Church, suit you absolutely. And why ? Because you are not that Saint ; because you have a grace personal and appropriate to your character, God working in you through your own personal faculties.

Therefore *attend unto reading*, shall I say with St. Paul to his disciple Timothy (1 Tim. iv., 13 16) ; but also *take heed to thyself* and do not expect any fruit from your reading without serious meditation.

" I would willingly make my adoration, my visit, but I can not come to the Church during the day." It matters not. Our Lord sees you in your own house ; He hears you from His Tabernacle, as well as from heaven. (Suraz, Disput, LIII, Sec. III) Adore Him where you are, your love will make up for the material distance and our Lord will understand your desire.

Far from us the disheartening thought that we can hold intercourse with our Eucharistic Lord only when we are actually in His temple. The light of the Sun surrounds and guides us even when we are not directly under its rays, thus our Lord from the Sacred Host will know how to reach us with the rays of His love that will impart to us warmth and strength. There are currents in the supernatural order, as well as in that of nature. Do you not at times, all on a sudden, feel yourself all recollected and filled with love ? Then a ray of light, a current

of grace has reached you. Have confidence in these currents, in this influence of Jesus though you must be at a distance from Him. It would be sad if Jesus could be adored only by those who actually visit Him in the Church ! No, no ; He sees everywhere. He unites Himself everywhere to those who wish to hold intercourse with Him. Adore Him therefore everywhere turning yourself in spirit toward His Tabernacle.

Let, therefore, your thoughts and your life be for Him during this month ; let your virtues, your love be drawn from this divine fountain, and this will be for you a month of blessings and graces.

Lauda Sion !

WRITING of the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which is a part of the solemnity of Corpus Christi, observed in most churches now on the Sunday following the festival, Mother M. Salome, in her volume, " Feasts of Mother Church " writes : " What conqueror or hero or king has ever had homage to be compared to this? Hidden under sacramental veils without voice or attraction helpless in the hands of men, Jesus captivates the hearts of millions in every part of the world : he commands reverence from an unrevering age, love from a selfseeking generation, homage from an unyielding people. O Jesus, Thou art known and loved ! Men may talk and write and scoff, but Thou art known and loved above thousands ; Thou art served even in these lukewarm days, as never man was. Be glad, then, dear Master and rejoice with us, pardon the defects of our childlike homage. Gather up the loving words that are sung and the humble prayers of the dumb lips unheard but by Thee. Look down and bless thy loving subjects. We cannot wait for Thy blessing. Give it to-day, dear Master, as Thou passest on Thy way. Give it to the little ones, to their mothers, to Thy priest and prelates, to the lonely and the sad. The eyes of all are upon to Thee, for to whom could they turn if Thou didst forsake them? When Thou wast in the way Thou didst go about doing good ; Thou art in the way now, O Jesus, stretch forth Thy hand and do us good. "

A Legend of Our Lady.

IT was at noon-tide, and the burning rays of the eastern sun came down fiercely upon the yellow sand of the desert over which St. Joseph with the Virgin Mother and her Child travelled on their way to the land of Egypt. Not a tree or bush was there to shelter them, and much did the travellers suffer from thirst and heat; yet they murmured not, but passed the time in whispered prayer. Suddenly the ass stopped and would not go forward. What was to be done? They were about midway in the desert, and no help could be obtained. No wonder that St. Joseph looked anxiously at the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son.

But as they stood dismayed Jesus stretched out His hand and smiled, and the travellers saw before them, but a few paces distant, a little stunted withered, bush which they had not noticed before; and Mary alighted and spread her cloak there, so that the Holy Child might rest.

But in that moment instead of a poor withered shrub, it was a blooming tree of hawthorn, full and shapely covered with white fragrant flowers; and beneath its shade sprang up green fresh grass, amidst which a spring of water.

Reverently and devoutly did St. Joseph and Our Lady thank God for His gifts, while white robed angels came towards them bringing cooling fruits to relieve their thirst.

Then the Infant Saviour said: Mother, as this poor shrub did bloom for thee this day so shall those souls bloom with virtue and grace who seek a shelter in thy heart. And in remembrance of this promise it is my will that this bush shall flower always in the month which Christians yet unborn shall consecrate to Thee, and angels shall carry its seeds throughout the earth that men may know its pure white blossoms and with them adorn thine image."

So the Blessed Virgin took up her cloak, on which the little Jesus had rested and as they continued their way the angels divided the branches of the tree which had been so blessed, carrying them to different parts of the earth, as the Divine Child had said, while they sang the praises of God and the purity and sweetness of His Blessed Mother.

The Heart That Loves Me.

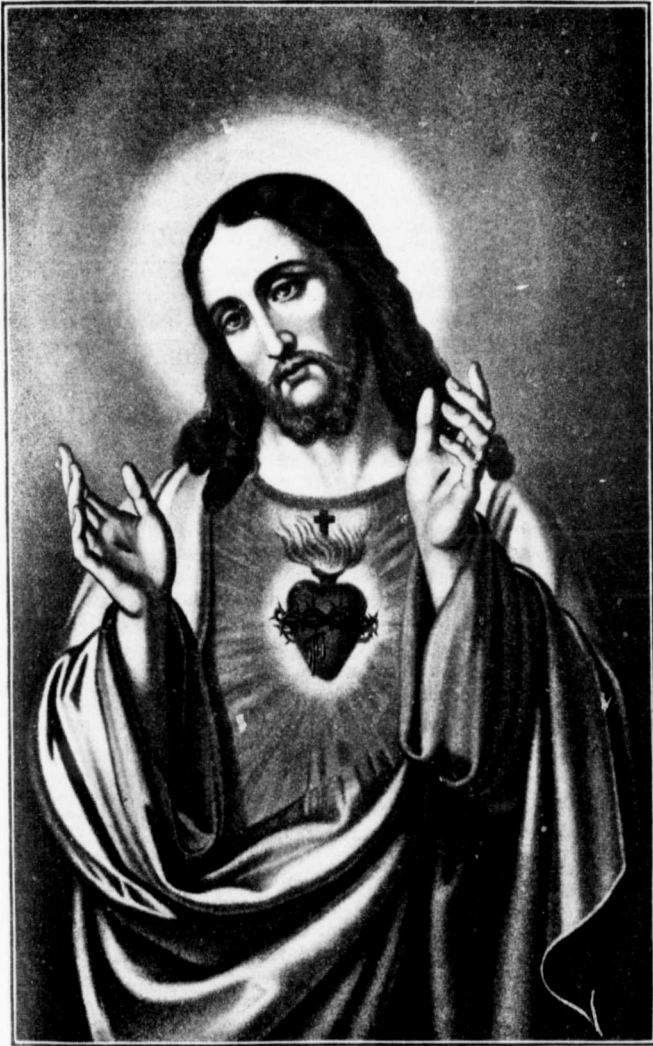
*There is a Face that's beaming
With heavenly love for me,
There is a voice that's speaking
In sweetest tones to me.
There is a Heart that's burning,
I feel Its genial fires ;
It tells me I should love Him
With all my heart's desires.*

*His gaze is ever on me
No matter where I be,
His words come softly to me,
In solemn mystery ;
For His Heart is ever loving,
Consuming with Its love,
And with the cords of Adam
He's drawing me above.*

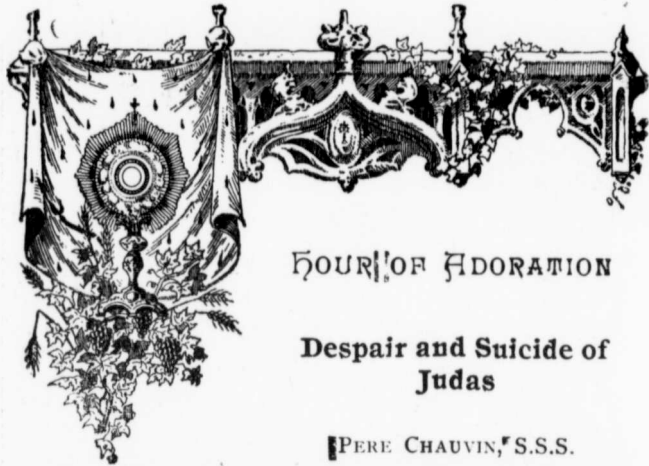
*He's drawing me to heaven,
Where all is joy and peace,
Where His smiles will be eternal
And His words will never cease ;
Those smiles that often cheer me
And that voice that's seldom still,
Will be mine to know forever,
My eternity will fill,*

*Will fill with joy and gladness
For time forevermore,
And banish all the sadness
That marked these days of yore ;
For there I'll always see Him
And love Him evermore,
And be loved by Him forever
With the Heart I now adore.*

BISHOP COLTON.



Always living to make intercession for Us. (*Heb. vii 25.*)



FOURTH OF ADORATION

Despair and Suicide of Judas

PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

“ Tunc videns Judas, qui eum tradidit, quod damnatus esset, poenitentia ductus, retulit triginta argenteos principibus sacerdotum et senioribus, dicens : Peccavi, tradens sanguinem justum. At illi dixerunt : Quid ad nos ? tu videris. Et projectis argenteis in templo, recessit ; et abiens laqueo se suspendit.”

Then Judas, who betrayed Him, seeing that He was condemned, repenting himself, brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and ancients, saying : I have sinned in betraying innocent blood. But they said : What is that to us ? Look thou to it. And casting down the pieces of silver in the temple, he departed, and went out and hanged himself with a halter.

(MATT. XXVII, 3, 4, 5.)

I. — Adoration.

Judas did not go away after delivering Jesus to the Jews, but conducted Him himself to the palace of the High Priest. He assisted at the interrogatory, first before Annas, then before Cai-phas, and, lastly, at the morning meeting which took place in the Temple, in the hall of Gazith. He heard His condemnation to death pronounced several different times by the unanimous voice of the Grand Council. He saw the hostile dispositions of the populace and the ill-treatment it had already made the Prophet endure. He fully understood that Jesus was utterly lost, and there was no doubt of the ratification of the sentence. Perfectly comprehending then the enormity of his crime, horror-stricken at having for so vile a reward bartered away his Master, his honor, his soul, his conscience, and impelled by deep regret, he rushed

to the High Priest and the Sanhedrites. Perhaps, on seeing him, they expected to receive some new disclosures. But no. "*I have sinned,*" he exclaimed, "*in betraying innocent blood!*" With these words, he held out to them the thirty pieces of silver which he had received from them as the price of his treason. Before his crime, Judas saw only the satisfaction of his passion; after it, he thought only of the enormity of his sin.

His confession was in appearance perfect. He was filled with sorrow and confusion at having committed so great a sin, "*poenitentia ductus . . .*" He publicly confesses that he has sinned by betraying the blood of the Just One: "*Peccavi.*" He repairs, as far as he can, the honor of his Master by declaring Him innocent: "*betraying just blood.*" He gives back the thirty pieces of silver, the recompense of his crime: "*Retulit triginta argenteos.*" What is wanting to this confession that it should effect for him peace and pardon? True contrition, sincere sorrow for having offended God and unbounded confidence in His merciful goodness. Judas regrets his sin, it is true, but he cannot believe in his Master's pardon. He has lost faith in the Divinity and the love of Jesus.

Vainly does he seek among his accomplices some assurance to stifle his remorse. They contemptuously reply to him: "*What is that to us? Look thou to it!*" Behold the recompense of those that join the wicked!

Judas, desperate at having thus lost everything, even the sympathy of the Sanhedrites, throws the money down in the Temple, rushes out of the city, and taking a halter, hangs himself, "*and being hanged, burst asunder in the midst: and all his bowels gushed out,*" upon the ground, and his soul was hurled into hell!

Who does not tremble with horror at this spectacle? "Lord, Thy judgments are fathomless abysses! Thou art terrible in Thy counsels over the son of men!"

The fearful prophecy is accomplished: "May the devil stand at his right hand! . . . May his days be few, and is bishopric may another take! May his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow!" He who had been destined to sit upon a throne to judge the twelve tribes of Israel, hang himself, and that not far from the immense valley where the whole human race will be convoked for judgment.

The chief priest gather up the money, saying that it is "*not lawful to put them into the corbona, for it is the price of blood.*" The hypocrites! They scruple sullyng the treasure of the Temple with a sum which was the price of blood, but they thought it not prohibited to draw from that treasure to reward the traitor, bribe the witnesses, recompense the executionners, and purchase the blood of an innocent man! To put into it the money of repentance

would have been a profanation for the pure conscience of these brethren of Judas !

Some days after, therefore, they decreed in one of their meetings that this sum should be employed to purchase a "*potter's field.*" Henceforth, it was to serve as a burial place for strangers, Jews or others, who might happen to die at Jerusalem. The Jews soon gave it the name of "*Haceldama,*" which signifies in their tongue the "field of blood."

Thus, without knowing it, they themselves continued to fulfil the prophecies. It was written, in effect : "*And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of him that was prized, whom they prized of the children of Israel. And they gave them unto the potter's field, as the Lord appointed to me.*"

This frightful end of a disciple, of an Apostle of Jesus Christ, is of a nature to rouse our terror. God abandoning Judas ! Let us adore the just judgments of God !

Let us not forget, however, that, if Judas did not obtain pardon, it was because he did not ask for it. Remembering the benefits of his good Master, the tenderness that Jesus had shown him only a few hours before in the Cenacle and in the Garden of Olives, he could have, he should have had confidence, he should have roused his courage and hastened to cast himself at Jesus' feet, or at least into the arms of Mary, to obtain his pardon. Why, Judas, did you doubt the goodness and mercy of that Master who had given you so many proofs of His love ?

As for myself, O Jesus, it suffices for me to have seen even *one* Host to prevent my ever doubting of Thy love ! Son of God, Thou didst make Thyself man ; Man-God, Thou didst make Thyself bread ; not so much to call to Thyself the just, as to save sinners and excite them to penitence !

I believe in the love, I believe in the efficacy of that Blood which Judas declared pure and innocent. I believe that that Blood which was shed upon the Cross for the sins of the world, and which is now applied by the Holy Mass and Holy Communion to all souls, sinners and penitents, possesses a marvelous virtue of purification and sanctification. I believe in its efficacy, and I also believe that it vivifies the tender Heart, the merciful, the compassionate Heart of the Saviour of the world.

Heart of Jesus, Blood of Jesus, I adore you ! Heart of Jesus, pour out Thy divine blood upon the poor souls of sinners to purify, sanctify, and save them ?

II. -- Thanksgiving.

Judas killed himself in despair. Had he no reason to put all his confidence in Him who had never ceased to testify to him His friendship ! Apostolic vocation, the companionship of the Saviour,

counsels of perfection, admission to the most intimate secrets, the lasting sanctification of his soul, the power to work miracles, to expel the demon, to preach the evangelical law, the promise to sit among the judges of the universe—could the Master have given His disciple more striking marks of good will? And if Judas, stricken with remorse, had had the inspiration publicly to confess his fault and repair it as he could, was not that an effect of the grace of Jesus urging him to conversion?

I thank Thee, O Divine Master, for all the goodness Thou didst show this wicked disciple! It was for not having understood and appreciated Thy benefits and Thy Heart that despair seized upon his soul and cast him into the pit of damnation. How often have I, too, been on the point of discouragement after my faults! For so many years. I have abused Thy mercy! Thou couldst have abandoned me and let me fall into despair, but in Thy great goodness Thou didst not permit it. On the contrary, the sadness which Thou didst make me feel after my faults, was an effect of Thy love, and it brought about the return of my soul to Thee. Thou didst permit that, like Judas, I should find no consolation among men, and Thou didst urge me to cast myself on Thy Sacred Heart and implore pardon. Without special help I should like Judas have fallen. I thank Thee, O Jesus! I thank Thee for myself, and for all the souls whom Thou hast saved from discouragement and despair.

It was not without a special stroke of Providence that the traitor himself, the shameless seller of Jesus, proclaimed aloud in the Temple, before all the Sanhedrites, the innocence of Him whom he had betrayed and whom they condemned to death! Could God have furnished to the world a stronger proof of Jesus' innocence? And he who thus proclaims His innocence is a disciple, who had lived for several years in intimate relations with Him, who had studied Him closely and with hostile sentiments. Still more, it was neither glory nor interest, that drew that avowal from the lips of Judas. It was the power of truth: "*I have sinned in betraying innocent blood.*" And that this word should resound in the ears of all generations, Christian and Jewish, God willed that, with the price of the betrayal, a field should be bought, and that it should be known by the name *Haceldama*, or the field of blood. Every time that a burial would take place in it, they would recall the innocent Blood with which they had purchased it. The passers-by, on leaving or entering the city, would say to one another "Behold the field of blood, the memorial of the treason of Judas and the cruelty of the Synagogue!" That field is an imperishable monument of the innocence of Jesus, a monument so much the more eloquent as it is bound, observes the Evangelist, to a prophecy, which had long ago announced both the price at which the

Messiah would be sold and the use that would be made of the money.

How shall I thank Thee, O my God, for having willed to give to my wavering faith a basis so true and solid? To convince me forever of the sanctity of my Jesus, Thou didst open the mouth of the greatest of His enemies and didst make him utter the most striking testimony. I thank Thee for myself and for all weak souls whom Judas', short and clear statement has strengthened in faith!

Why, O Jesus, didst Thou not make use of this formal declaration of Judas for Thy own defense? Like a good lawyer, wouldst Thou not have confounded Thy enemies at Pilate's tribunal by this telling argument in favor of Thy innocence? Thou hadst but to open Thy lips, and Thy case would have been won. Why didst Thou not do that?

It is from Thy Heart, O Jesus, that we must look for the answer. Thou art Thy own slayer, because Thou didst wish to die for our salvation. Thou didst prefer to pass for guilty rather than not shed Thy Blood upon the Cross!

I thank Thee, O Divine Saviour, for not making use of Judas' declaration to establish Thy innocence before the roman tribunal! To save Thyself would be to lose us. Thou didst choose rather to lose Thyself in order to save us. Mayst Thou be a thousand times blessed?

I thank Thee, Jesus, for having for my instruction recorded in the holy Gospel this awful example of Thy justice. I shall not separate it from the conversion of Saint Peter, who had denied Thee three times, and who, nevertheless, obtained grace in the eyes of Thy mercy. In the perilous work of my salvation, I shall fear Thy justice, but, above all, shall I hope in Thy mercy. I shall place no confidence in myself, but confide entirely in Thy love. As long as I possess Thee in the Eucharist, I have nothing to fear from the enemies of my salvation.

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, to Thee my heart, to Thee my life, to Thee my hopes, to Thee and to Thee alone, I commit the chief affair, that of my eternal salvation!

III. — Reparation.

Judas repented of his crime, and yet on the same page of the Gospel we read his death in despair. His repentance was not, alas! sincere contrition for having betrayed his Master and his God, but simply the tardy awakening of conscience to the enormity of its crime. Judas is not converted, but merely disenchanted.

Such is, indeed, the cleverness of the devil. Before sin, he hinders man from seeing the gravity of the evil; after sin, on the

contrary, he shows it to him in all its hideousness, even exaggerating it, so as to drive him to despair. This is the history of Judas. Judas cannot, however, be ignorant of the love of Jesus for him. Did he not often hear the Master speak of His love for poor sinners? Has he not frequently had proofs of that love? No, Judas, blinded by Satan, no longer believes in the love of his Master. He has lost confidence, and there remains to him only despair. By this, he puts the finishing stroke to his sin and the seal to his reprobation. He damns himself voluntarily, freely. His despair, that sin against the Holy Ghost — the only one that cannot be forgiven — carries him down to the abyss of hell, to the dominion of Lucifer. And Judas was one of those who were to sit upon twelve seats as the judges of Israel.

What sorrow for the Heart of Jesus! His love had forgotten the treason, and He saw only the soul of His disciple. His numberless graces are trodden under foot, the last grace of pardon rejected. Judas, His Apostle, damned! "It were better for him if he had not been born." Is not nothingness preferable to such a crime, to such chastisement?

Sweet Heart of my Divine Master, I compassionate Thy sorrows, and I offer those of Thy divine Mother, of the brethren of Judas in the apostolate, when they heard of his sad end. He who should have converted many nations to the Faith and to the love of thy well-beloved Son, O Mary, was become His irreconcilable enemy, a malevolent Apostle.

I offer reparation, O my Saviour, to Thy divine mercy so despised and outraged! May all who, like Cain or Judas, think their sin is too great to find pardon before Thee, understand that the object of Thy mission here below was to convert sinners, and that Thy Blood can efface the most enormous crimes! May all who, like Judas, lose confidence in Thee and through despair destroy the life that does not belong to them, become objects of execration to heaven and earth, to God and man!

The suicide of Judas was not the only cause of sorrow to Jesus at this moment of the Passion. He was grieved, also, by the tenacity of purpose, the persistence in evil, the obstinacy of the members of the Grand Council. Notwithstanding the clear and precise declaration of the unfaithful Apostle, not one among them dared to shake off the responsibility. All replied: "*What is that to us? Look thou to it!*" Horrible, revolting words in the mouth of judges! words which, perhaps, will be to them for all eternity a subject of shame and ignominy!

"*What is that to us?*" The Blood that you are about to shed matters little to you? But what if it were the Blood of the Innocent, the Blood of the Prophet, the Blood of the Messiah, the Blood of the Son of God? What would that matter to you? You

know very well the innocence of Jesus, but, in order to satisfy your hatred, at any cost you wish His death.

What matters it to you, you, priests, that a sinner should be converted, that a wandering sheep should return to the fold? What is it to you? Truly, your conscience is dead.

What is it to you? It matters to you more than you think. The Sacred Blood that you are about to shed, will be demanded of you. The vengeance of God will strike you in a terrible manner. Even in your own day, your nation will be proscribed and reduced forever to servitude; your provinces ravaged; your capital burned to ashes; your Temple destroyed even to its foundations without the possibility of its ever being rebuilt; your descendants will become wanderers on the face of the earth, proclaiming to the world how greatly it behooved you *not* to have shed the Blood of a God! What is that to you?

What an immense sorrow for the Heart of Jesus, a sorrow still more increased by the sight of all the indifferent of the future! The cry of the Jews: "*What is that to us?*" is the rallying-cry of the mass of Christians. The number of the indifferent and the hostile is incalculable. What is Redemption to us? What is the Church to us? What is the Eucharist to us? What are the Sacraments to us? What is heaven to us? What is Jesus to us?

Pardon, O Jesus, pardon, for all this indifference, pardon for all this hatred! Grant that I may appreciate at its just value the price of Thy Blood and the benefit of Redemption. I wish to consecrate my life to expiating by penance all my negligence in the great affair of my salvation and that of my neighbour.

IV. — Prayer.

The first cause of Judas' loss was the abuse of grace. The unfortunate man had allowed himself to be captivated by the love of money. From a miser he became a thief, from a thief an unbeliever, from a sacrilegious unbeliever a deicide traitor, from a deicide traitor a suicide! And all that, in spite of the constant entreaties of Jesus!

If I am not careful to stifle growing passions, more easily than even to Judas will the frightful woe of eternal death happen to me. Alone, abandoned to myself, I am capable of committing every crime. And I have so much more to fear as I am more elevated in dignity, in holiness. How many have been favored with the gift of miracles and ecstasy, and yet have fallen into the abyss of hell! And I, poor, miserable creature, shall I not watch over my first inclinations to evil? Shall I not be solicitous about my salvation? Shall I continue fearlessly to abuse the graces that Jesus daily grants me in such numbers?

The second cause of Judas' loss was his want of confidence in the mercy of the Heart of his Master. It was to Jesus, and not to the Sanhedrites that he should have said: "*I have sinned in betraying innocent blood.*" Jesus was ready to grant him pardon.

If, at times, I have the misfortune to fall into a fault, however grievous it may be, it is in Thee, O adorable Saviour of the Host, and in Thee alone, that I will place all my hope! It is to Thy Sacred Host that I will come and weep. It is to Thee I will say with sincere repentance: "*Peccavi*, I have sinned! I know that Thou lovest me, that the greatest desire of Thy Heart is to save me. I wish, therefore, to abandon myself unreservedly to Thy goodness. Stretch out Thy hand to those tormented at this moment by the remorse of a guilty conscience.

Grant me, O sweet Saviour, and I ask it through Jesus and Mary, the grace of a happy death, full of trust in Thy mercy. At that moment when the demon employs every effort to cast sou's into the depths of despair, grant that I may be strengthened by Holy Viaticum, which "gives strength and affords help." To all poor souls tempted to despair on their deathbed grant this signal grace.

Yes, O Divine Jesus of the Eucharist, I trust in Thy fatherly goodness. Redeemer of my soul, Thou who didst deign to look upon Peter in his apostasy, and hear the thief on Calvary, Thou wilt not abandon me. I confide in Thee! Behold me at Thy feet! Take pity on my tears and my repentance.

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth, and communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Express each time to the Saviour your sincere repentance for all the pain you have given His tender Heart by your sins.

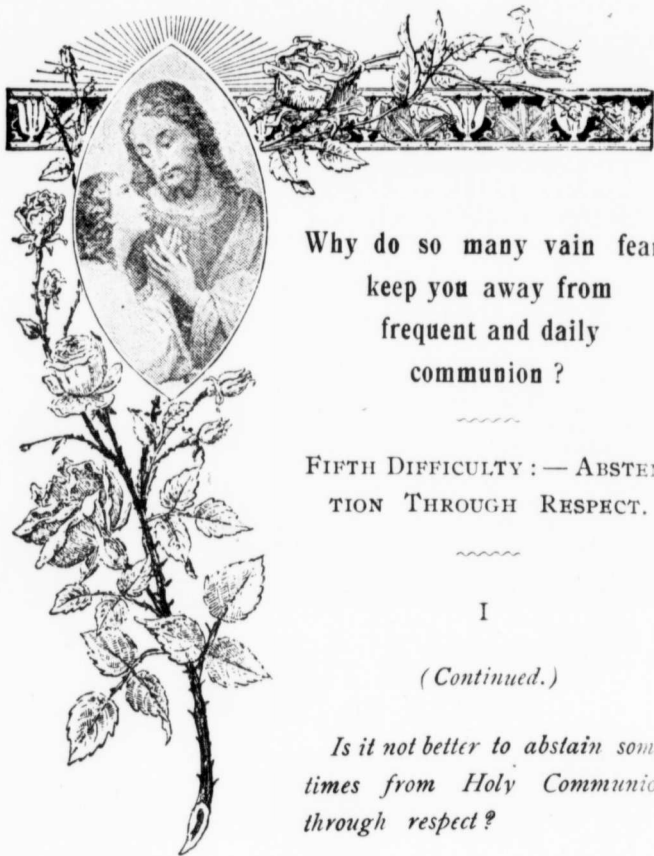


A Christian intention is that which proposes to itself, as the end of its action, the glory of God. Every thought, every word and every action of yours during the day should have such an intention.

Our Beloved Deceased.

Brechin, Ont.: Mrs M. M. Brennan.

R. I. R.



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

FIFTH DIFFICULTY : — ABSTEN-
TION THROUGH RESPECT.

I

(Continued.)

*Is it not better to abstain some-
times from Holy Communion
through respect ?*

I answer you plainly, no, Christian soul. This is the common opinion of the Doctors, and especially of the prince of theologians, St. Thomas, and of the most distinguished of the moralists, St. Alphonsus. They say that it is much better to communicate daily through *love*, than to abstain sometimes through *respect*, and this for the following reasons :

First, by communicating daily through *love*, we procure more glory to God than by abstaining sometimes through *respect*. For these are the words of St. Thomas :

“ The glory and goodness of God consist above all, in giving Himself entirely to His creatures, according to their capacity ; whence it is manifest that we render Him greater glory by *receiving* Him than by *abstaining*. ”

Secondly, because daily Communion is most ardently desired by the most loving Heart of Jesus, and that it is always preferable to realize the Divine desires than not to respond to them. And do not say, Christian soul, that Jesus Christ does not desire daily Communion from all souls living in His grace, but only from those that, detached from affection to venial sin, always walk in the way of perfection. No, for, as we have already seen, the Church, the infallible interpreter of the Council of Trent, expresses to us the desire that all the Faithful should daily communicate. Speaking afterwards of the dispositions *necessary* for communicating worthily, making no distinction between Communion rare, frequent, or daily, she exacts nothing more than the state of grace or, better, nothing more than not to be certain of having committed mortal sin, without having previously confessed it.

Thirdly, because you suppose, Christian soul, that sometimes omitting Holy Communion through *respect*, you receive It afterward with more fervor and devotion. But this appears to me inadmissible. What, in effect, do you understand by more *fervor* and *devotion* ? Is it, perhaps, *greater charity* ? But by communicating daily through *love*, you will certainly have *greater charity* than he who abstains sometimes through *respect*, for this Divine Sacrament is precisely instituted “ not only to increase habitual charity, but still more to excite actual charity. ” By greater fervor and devotion, do you understand the *sentiment* of charity itself ? In that case, I reply that I would prefer to have one degree more of charity without the *sentiment*, than to experience the sweet sentiment with one degree less of charity.

Fourthly, because communicating *devoutly* every day, also is increased in you *habitual* and *actual* charity. Then it is impossible not to increase in the same way this *habitual* and *actual* respect, for which you wish to deprive yourself sometimes of Holy Communion. For not only

is "charity the mother of all the virtues which it produces" and "the form" which animates them; it is still more, it is "their foundation and the root that supports and nourishes them;" consequently it is impossible for this divine virtue to increase in us without producing simultaneously an increase of all the virtues, among which is certainly found respect for the august Eucharist. It follows from this, then, that a soul who daily receives Jesus *devoutly* in Communion, will have for Him more *habitual and actual respect* than he who remains afar through *respect*. Such were certainly St. Gertrude, St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Jane de Chantal, and other holy souls who never deprived themselves of daily Communion.

And if it is objected that in our days there are no St. Teresas, we reply very justly with Père Barisone: "It is rashness to suppose that the arm of the Lord is shortened in our days."

Fifthly, because every time that you communicate, you surely make a little preparation before receiving the august Sacrament, and that, communicating every day through *love*, every day "you gain the merit of that preparation, *very short though it may be*," — this is the word of St. Thomas *quantulacumque* — merit that you lose when, *through respect*, you omit Communion.

Sixthly, because on the days that you communicate through *love* you make an act of *charity*, and the days on which you abstain you make an act of *humility*. Now do you not know, Christian soul, that an act of *charity*, "which *unites* you directly to God," is much more meritorious and therefore much better than an act of *humility*, "which *prepares* you only for this divine union?" Is not charity "the most excellent of all virtues," that "which comprises the root of all our merits?"

Seventhly, because, if the desire to communicate every day is born of *love*, the *respect*, which restrains us sometimes proceeds from *fear*." Now do you not know, Christian soul that "the love and confidence to which the Holy Scripture always invites us are much more excellent than fear?"

(to be continued)

BISHOPS' PROCESSION.

(See frontispiece)



As the twenty first of June is the anniversary of the memorable procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of the city of Quebec during the Tercentenary festivities and will naturally recall the famous triumph then accorded the God of the Host, we concluded to offer our readers as supplementary frontispiece a distinguished group of that imposing cortege, the sixteen Archbishops and Bishops robed in full pontificals and carrying staffs.

Secular clergy, deacons in dalmaties, priests in chasubles walked before the Bishops of whom Mgr Roy representing the diocese of Quebec was the leader followed by Mgr Guertin, Bishop of Manchester; Mgr Blanche, Apostolic Vicar of the Gulf of St Lawrence; Mgr Merel, Apostolic Prefect of Canton, China; the Bishops of Joliette, Nicolet, Sherbrooke... His Excellency the Papal Legate walked before the Ostensorium which was carried by Mgr Bégin. After the dias came the professors of Laval University headed by the Prime Minister. Science and civil authority deeming it an honor to walk after the Man-God and that for nearly four hours. Everywhere along the route the Sacred Host was acclaimed and revered, even our separated brethren instinctively bending their knee as the King of Kings passed.

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus triumph over all Thy enemies, make all adore Thee as their God and Saviour and acknowledge Thy living Presence among us. Reign over this fair Canada of ours by Thy Eucharist.

Venerable Père Eymard says: the Church is powerful and fruitful through the Eucharist and her children must be fed and educated and have God's grace developed in them by this Sacrament which contains the fulness of light and of love and the strength of all virtues."

DEVOTION AT MASS

To hear Mass with devotion, it should be remembered that the sacrifice of the altar is the same as that of the cross, with this distinction, that on the cross the blood of Christ was shed in reality, while on the altar this takes place in a mystical manner. Had you been present at Calvary when Christ was hanging on the cross covered with the blood of His wounds, with what tender devotion would you not have followed the course of the great sacrifice. With lively faith and tender devotion, therefore, assist at the sacrifice of the altar, which is the same as that of the cross. This divine sacrifice, moreover is offered not only by the priest, but also by all those present. Hence by assisting at Mass all the faithful in a manner perform the office of priest, and thus the merits of the passion of Christ are applied to each one in particular. Be mindful also of the fact that the sacrifice of the Mass was instituted for four ends : (1) For the honor and glory of God ; (2) in satisfaction for our sins ; (3) in thanksgiving for benefits received ; (4) to obtain all graces and blessings. Our divine Saviour has given us the means of obtaining all graces by asking them in His name, and by offering himself to the heavenly Father, in the holy sacrifice ; for here He unites Himself to us in our prayers, and thus we obtain the benefit of His infinite merits.

Our Lord said to St. Mechtildes : " Receive it as a most certain truth, that if any one hears Mass devoutly and fervently, I will send him, for his consolation and defence in the hour of his death, as many of the glorious spirits who stand around My throne as he shall have heard Masses with devotion ". And, on another occasion He said : However guilty a man may be, however inveterate the enmity of his heart against Me, I will patiently bear with him whenever he is present at Mass, and will readily grant him the pardon of his sins, if he sincerely ask it."

These considerations should inspire you with sentiments of reverence, confidence and love. Resolve to avoid the faults you are liable to commit when assisting at Mass, and beg of God the grace to be faithful to your resolutions.



The Last Supper.



“ Hear Me
When I Call.”

I need Thee Heart of Jesus,
I need a Friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.

I need Thee, Heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want,
And all my sorrows share.

Sweet Jesus, keep me by Thee,
Close by Thee all the day,
And tho' I would, permit me not,
From Thy loved side to stray.

Uphold me with Thy gentle hand,
My tottering footsteps guide,
And should I fall ten thousand times,
I'll fear not, but confide.

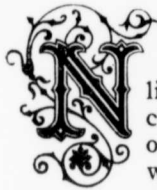
And Thou wilt teach me, wilt Thou not?
Each duty to fulfil,
And it shall be my sole delight
To do Thy Holy Will.

And one request alone I make,
This favor I implore,
By every thought, and word, and deed
To love Thee more and more.



Atoning soul before the Blessed Sacrament.

A FOREST FLOWER



LIGHT had closed in on a wild stormy day in February, and the inhabitants of the little mining town of L... were enjoying the cheery glow from their one comfort—plenty of coal. The lights from the presbytery windows twinkled out over the snow covered ground, like beacon lights to guide the chance wayfarer to a place of refuge and comfort for both soul and body. For miles around, the hospitality of "Father William", as he was lovingly called by old and young, was proverbial, but the day had been cold and uninviting, and the good priest had just settled himself for an hour or two with his books, when faithful Bruno pricked up his ears, and gave a low rumble, his first prelude to a bark

"There must be someone outside the house, Lizzie, let us go and see. It's too stormy, and the thermometer is too low to allow anyone to wait."

A fumbling at the storm door set Bruno off into a paroxysm of barking, and hastened the priest and the housekeeper to the outer door, where they found a young Indian youth who delivered himself of these brief sentences.

"Indian maiden much sick. Want good Fader; him going to die."

And then stood with folded arms, stoically watching the look of consternation on the good housekeeper's face as Father William instantly doffed his slippers and ordered a warm meal to be given the messenger, while he gently remonstrated with the kind hearted Lizzie.

"Now you know it's no use trying to dissuade me when duty calls, and my forest children are very dear to my heart."

"But, Father, it's nearly ten miles to Pine Tree, and the roads are awful after the day's storm."

"Oh, that's nothing, I can trust my brave warrior here, and besides I shall have the Blessed Sacrament with me. So don't be at all anxious."

After the necessary preparations the good priest and his Indian companion drove off in the light sleigh, as the clock in the hall chimed out eight.

"Fader, you give me reins. Me know how to drive, and me look out for bad places on road when me come."



The horse and sleigh seemed to almost fly over the roads, but the cold was intense, yet that loving Presence pressed close to his heart, seemed to send a glow of warmth through his frame, a warmth that defied cold and snow.

Very soon they saw lights from a lonely farm-house ; and Father William recognized his aunt's home ; so bid-

ding his silent driver turn in, they were soon thawing out their frozen members at the huge open fire place, filled with a sputtering cracking log. The young Indian was despatched ahead to prepare the wigwam for the August Guest whom the priest was to bring in a short space of time ; while " Cousin Dan ", a stalwart son of Bonnie Scotland prepared to accompany the priest to the Reserve, which could only be reached by a footpath through the dense forest.

Bravely the two set off on foot, following a trail that would have been difficult to follow in daylight by a less practised eye. Above them, tall trees arched and met overhead, while here and there, through the network of branches, the silent stars kept watch like sentinels guarding the Host lying on the heart of the devoted priest.

After tramping silently through the forest for fifteen or twenty minutes they came to a clearing where five or six wigwams dotted the snow-covered ground. From the crevices in one, a light gleamed, and at the sound of their footsteps an old squaw, bent almost double with age, opened the flap of the tent and beckoned them in.

Lying on a bed of spruce and pine branches, her two brilliant, dark brown eyes eagerly gazing into the darkness, and her thin, transparent arms extending welcome to the priest and his heavenly Guest, lay this wild woodflower in the last stages of the dread foe, consumption.

" Fader, me so sorry to bring you through the storm, but we couldn't go on long journey to God till you bring God to me. No, no ; we could not go to God without God."

Motioning the old squaw out of the tent, Father William knelt by the rough bed of leaves and branches and heard the simple confession of this maid of eighteen ; a confession make so humbly and with such strong sentiments of humility and contrition, that the good priest mingled his tears with those off Juanita.

After a few words of comfort and consolation, he raised the flap. Three or four dusky Indians filed into the tent and knelt like bronze statues while God descended from His throne and took up His abode in the pure breast of Juanita. A look of such radiant happiness illuminated her face that Father William involuntarily knelt

by the rough couch and placing the thin slender hands on his head, asked her to give him her parting blessing. Raising her eyes towards heaven, the young girl solemnly said :

“ Oh Fader, when I get to heaven I will never stop asking God to bless and watch over you till I see you coming into heaven.”

Assuring the old grandmother that the girl would linger a few days longer, Father William and Dan started on their homeward march through the woods. In a short time they reached the farm-house. It was after midnight and the kindhearted aunt and cousins persuaded the priest to remain until morning. The tiny bed room off the front parlor was in readiness, and leaving their guest the rest went off upstairs and were soon wrapped in sleep.

The priest had brought with him two Sacred Hosts so reverently placing the remaining one in a little niche above the head of his bed and leaving the outer room, the good Father retired to snatch a few hours' sleep.

He did not seem to have slept very long when he awoke suddenly, almost dazzled by the brilliancy of light that filled the room. Hastening into the outer room to see if anything had happened to the lamp he was amazed to find it in complete darkness, the lamp having burned out. Unable to account for the strangeness of the whole thing, he roused his cousin and together they examined the outside of the house and land, yet on returning to the little room they found it flooded with light.

Both fell on their knees, filled with a holy awe, for the rays seemed brighter round the little niche where the unconsumed Host lay, and each felt that choirs of unseen angels were watching and adoring their Lord. Father William mechanically gazed at the little time-piece on a corner bracket and saw that it was just two o'clock. Presently the light began to fade, and both men thoroughly tired with their late travels went off to bed. Father William threw himself on the lounge in the outer room, determined to keep vigil, but nature got the complete mastery over his senses ; and he fell asleep. He was only roused by the bright sunshine falling on his face, and the busy sounds of active preparation for break-

fast. At first he thought he must have dreamed it all, but Dan's serious face at the breakfast table overthrew that idea when his aunt entering with a plate of hot smoking biscuits informed him that the Indian who had brought him the night before was waiting to speak to him,

"Bring him in here," said Father William, "perhaps the girl is worse."

"Well, how is little Juanita?"

"The young fellow's face looked very grave as he slowly muttered:

"Him gone, Fader, gone to God, and me left all alone with old grandmother."

"Dead!" exclaimed the priest; "Why she was not near death last night," and then as if struck by a sudden thought, he asked, "what time was it when she died?"

"I tink, Fader, it must have been just 'bout two o'clock."

All this happened twenty years ago, but the story had always impressed me very much and yesterday in the blaze of a glorious August day I got the cherished wish of my heart and rode over the very scene of this manifest miracle of God's love for his lonely children of the forest. Over hills and into beautiful sheltered valleys where the fields of fast ripening grain were waving like little emerald oceans in the soft breeze, snug little farms nestling at the foot of the big hills, and over all God's beautiful blue sky and golden sunlight, made it difficult to realize how pitilessly the winds would roar over those delightful hills, and how mercilessly the snow would drift in those smiling valleys. But when we reached the little grey farm-house, and were shown the very room where the light was seen, and beyond the green fields stretched the dark forest of pine and fir once the home of the pure and simple Juanita I saw in imagination the whole scene enacted again, and tried to pen, though very imperfectly, the simple story of Father William's Forest Flower.

MARIE DE MARIE.