



Lo Jvre's Museum — THE VISITATION. — *Ghirlandajo.*



AN Hour with Thee.

*My heart is tired, so tired to-night —
 How endless seems the strife!
 Day after day the restlessness
 Of all this weary life!
 I come to lay my burden down
 That so oppressteth me,
 And, shutting all the world without,
 To spend an hour with Thee,
 Dear Lord;
 To spend an hour with Thee.*

*I would forget a little while
 The bitterness of tears,
 The anxious thoughts that crowd my life,
 The buried hopes of years;
 Forget that woman's weary toil
 My patient care must be.
 A tired child I come to-night
 To spend an hour with Thee,
 Dear Lord;
 One little hour with Thee.*

*The busy world goes on and on—
 I cannot heed it now;
 Thy sacred hand is laid upon
 My aching, throbbing brow.
 Life's toil will soon be past, and then,
 From all its sorrows free.
 How sweet to think that I shall spend
 Eternity with Thee,
 Dear Lord;
 Eternity with Thee.*

By MARY WHEATON LYON.

The Gospel of the Eucharist

Nazareth



He returned to Nazareth with them and was subject to them." These words resume the most beautiful life ever lived, the life of the Saviour of men during His first thirty years on earth. Jesus Christ came to manifest Himself and He hides ; to teach and He remains silent ; to work and He devotes Himself to the hidden life, to the most ordinary and simple actions : verifying the the Prophet's words : " Thou art truly a hidden God." Had a venerable seer been asked to outline the life of God made Man, he would have depicted his hero, even in childhood playing with miracles, letting words of marvellous wisdom flow from His boyish lips, or at least from His gifted pen. But God's ways are not our ways ; Jesus Christ has only thirty three years to spend among us, and instead of manifesting Himself right away, He retires into the workshop of a poor carpenter where He remains until almost the eve of His departure, only disclosing His identity as the sacrificial hour draws nigh. The obscurity in which He shrouds Himself, the obedience to which He submits are the characteristic traits of the mystery of His hidden life, and are reproduced in His life in the Blessed Sacrament. Yea, even a deeper obscurity, a more wonderful obedience, a perfect fulfilment of Isaiah words : " Verily, Thou art a hidden God."

1. — Jesus had chosen Nazareth a little city of such humble renown as led to the query : " Can any thing good come out of Nazareth?" To day, His chosen abiding-place, the tabernacle, is even more humble and confined. How many poor churches whose similitude to the poverty of the Holy House is not far to seek, yet Jesus uncomplainingly dwells therein. In the days of His hu-

manity, we saw a little child growing in wisdom and in grace, a youth developing and maturing, an apprentice, a labourer eating His bread by the work of His hands ; yet on His candid brow, in His angelic modesty, His



The Holy Family.

pure ethereal countenance, His noble winning personality shone the divinity like the sun through the cloud that covers it. In those days He had hidden His divinity, now He hides His humanity also. We no longer see what is, we see what is not ; nothing discloses the reality ; sight, taste, touch are deceived by the appearances.

At Nazareth Jesus spoke to His Mother and to those who adressed Him. In the Tabernacle, Jesus, the Word is silent ; Jesus, the Creator dumb. Hearken !... No sound breaks the silence, or betrays His secret, mystery shrouds His obscurity : Yet we doubt not His real Presence there !

When He shared His Foster Father's labors, the Son of God bore a name among men, does He to-day ? Is He mentioned in reference charts or statue-books ? I tell you no one considers Him ! He is ignored ; forgotten. How could it be otherwise. His very impassiveness might lead one to question His existence. He is no longer, some One—only something. O annihilation !...

I understand why those who meditated the life of God made Man despised earthly crowns and earthly honors ; why they lived in solitude and silence, humble and hidden like Him ; why they reached and loyally acted up to heroic conclusion since my Master is accounted nothing dare I wish to be something ; why they were inflamed with zeal and strove to be forgotten ; why they loved obscurity and lowliness as much as others fame and glory ; why they adopted such an unusual motto : *ama nesciri et pro nihilo reputars*.

Who will dare question our urgent need of the lesson taught by the Saviour in His hidden life at Nazareth, and in His hidden life in the Blessed Sacrament, by His apparent inaction. Our century is noted for its mad precipitation, its over-eagerness, its feverish activity, its longing to attain at giant strides riches, honors, ease, sometimes even virtue and sanctity, aye, heaven itself.

It is to control and calm this fever of unrest and pride, to allay this thirst for renown, this desire to appear, to govern, that Jesus has condemned Himself to live among us, unknown, silent, passive.

2. — Jesus was the wisest as well as the most beautiful of the children of men, full of grace and of truth. He is the Angel of the great Council, the all-powerful eternal God, holding in His hands the reins of Empires and to whom belongs all glory, majesty, power and might. Nevertheless, during His mortal life He allows Himself to be led, He obeys : what a profound mystery and how it shames and rebukes our unbridled love of independence, our wonderful unparalleled desire for liberty.

This lesson would have been quickly forgotten did not Jesus find a way to continue it, and even surpass it in the adorable Sacrament of the altar ; where, He obeys in all, to all, and always.

He obeys in all. He no longer has a will : His liberty is, as it were, circumscribed by the fetters of the Sacrament. He abandons Himself unreservedly ; He goes where He is taken ; the Sun of Justice stops, retreats, advances at the beck of the human, His Ministers lay Him in a ciborium, enclose Him in the Tabernacle, call Him down now on one altar, then on another, transfer Him from place to place, give Him to the faithful, make Him bless children and in all He unhesitatingly obeys.

He obeys all : During His mortal life Jesus obeyed Mary His Mother ; Joseph, His Foster-Father. Now in the Blessed Sacrament He obeys as many men as there are priests, as have been since the foundation of the Church, as will be until the end of time. Had Judas celebrated Mass, Jesus would have obeyed even Him ; He would have descended at his word and trembled in those hands still red with His blood.

He obeys the faithful : You come to adore Him, to receive His blessing and He leaves His Tabernacle for you, He disturbs Himself for you. He obeys those who ask for Him, the priest cannot refuse Him to any one asking for Him at His Holy Table.

He obeys even the robbers who steal the Sacred Spices. He does not interfere with their nefarious work.

He obeys the laws of gravitation. He who upholds the universe lets Himself fall. O What a trial for faith ! Thou hast done well, O Jesus, to fortify our faith by Thy words so clear and unmistakable.

Have you ever seriously reflected on this perfect obedience of the Son of God in the Eucharist ? So perfect that He does not reserve even the right to choose His hour of sacrifice, but accepts that marked by His Ministers and is ever faithful to it. As soon as the Sacramental words are pronounced behold Him !... He is there !

He obeys everywhere : There is not a church, not a chapel, not a sanctuary wherein He does not reproduce these acts of wonderful submission. His obedience is as wide as the universe, a denizen of every clime. No matter

where the priest goes Jesus recognizes him and answers His call.

In whatever part of the Globe the words of Consecration are pronounced, He answers. As fully as Jesus obeyed at Nazareth, the Eucharistic Jesus still obeys everywhere. The Missionary calls upon Him in new territories and fortunate regions rejoice under His blessing as He immolates Himself for the first time.

He trusts Himself to steam, smoke, fire, water ; He goes with us to the end of the earth. How affected, I, myself, am when I recall the astonishing obedience He renewed for me in my travels !... He obeyed me in St. Bernard's room, at the " Grande Chartreuse ; " He came to me on the Mountain of La Salette ; He recognized my voice on the ocean ; He accompanied me everywhere as my sweetest viaticum, my dearest companion.

He obeys continually without growing weary. He is forever submissive to the Sacerdotal Ministry to which He has given Himself in perpetuity. Therefore as long as the church lasts, (and it must last until the end of centuries) the God of the Eucharist will be faithful to obedience, since there is no church without priesthood, no priesthood without sacrifice, no sacrifice without consecration, no consecration without Real Presence, no Real Presence without an heroic act of obedience.

On account of the revolution of the earth on its axis and consequent unequal distribution of nights and days it follows that the Holy Sacrifice knows no interruption ; one mass ends another begins entailing on the Son of God the practice of incessant obedience.

Some day, some where, a priest shall stand at the altar and take in his venerable hands, a little bread, a little wine, and pronounce the words of Consecration and Jesus Christ, faithful to His promise shall descend, veiled into the Sacrament, and it shall be His last humble obedient descent heralding His triumphant one in the splendour of the majesty of the only Son of the Father.

Why does Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament give us so many and such admirable examples of entire, universal, constant, humble obedience ? For our instruction, because we need them. The life of the Son of God at Nazareth is so remote that only a few contemplative souls

could understand and meditate it, consequently, Jesus resumes and continues this life in the Blessed Sacrament; the Evangelist's words might fittingly be engraved on every tabernacle door : " And He returned with them to Nazareth and was subject to them."

What must we oppose to that excessive spirit of liberty and independence that agitates all men, that sways all countries all doctrines? What! but the infallible antidote of Jesus submissive and obedient.

How shall we subdue rebellions, calm restless factions, change unruly hearts! By bringing them to the Nazarene school, where rich and poor will learn what they need to know and always bear in mind, the science of the hidden life, the practice of obedience. And to love and practice this sublime life, this heroic obedience we must study it in the Eucharistic Christ.

Oh! when we have seen Him obeying in the Blessed Sacrament we dare not refuse to submit; but must in acknowledgment of so great love obey all for His sake. Servants reject authority, children refuse to obey, people rebel, nations revolt, Jesus Christ alone continues to submit; He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and is at our service.

Listen to my advice all you who find the yoke of obedience galling, study it in the Eucharistic King and your difficulties will vanish like mist before the sun, while you are forced to admit, that your lot is the best, your vocation the noblest and the safest as well as the one that comes nearest to the Heart of Jesus and renders more like unto Him.

No matter who we may be let us all willingly yield obedience to the laws of the Church, to the laws of the State; obedience unto death; it may not be to that of the cross but to that which nevertheless is always a painful sacrifice an oblation of self.

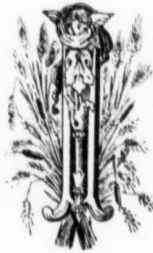
Obedience assures peace in this world and happiness in the next: it is written: The obedient man shall relate his victories. Yes, in heaven, to the Blessed Virgin, the Angels and the Saints, and to Jesus who crowns obedience with eternal glory.

Amen.



A short account of my conversion

TO THE
Catholic Faith.

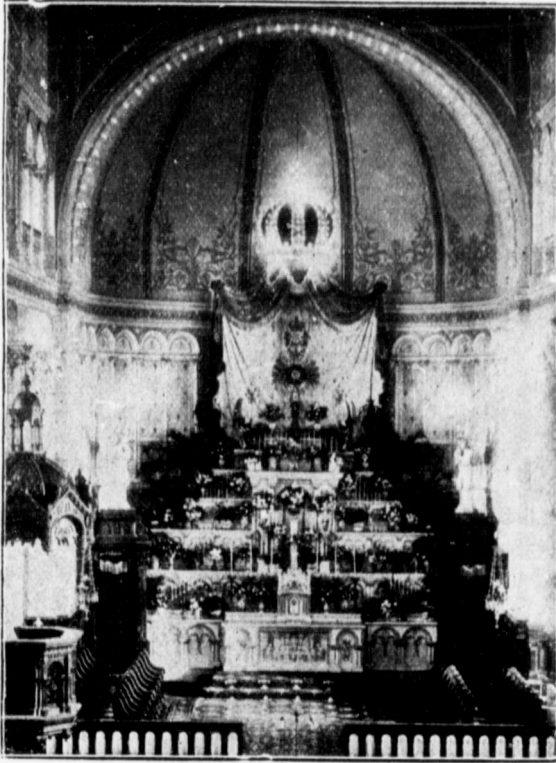


left my home in the United-States to come to Montreal against the wishes of my friends. I was deep in sorrow and they thought it unwise to go to reside in a city, where they were all entire strangers; but in the events which followed I knew that ;

. My bark was wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rested a hand,
Other than mine.

I was a Protestant, a member of the Episcopal church, the American branch of the church, of England... On my arrival in Montreal, I went to my church, and was received by the minister and the congregation very graciously ; they made me welcome and I felt at home with them. Strangers coming to Montreal usually visit the Catholic Churches, and soon after my arrival, I went to the church of the Blessed Sacrament. I joined the sight seers and entered the church. The sunlight streamed through the stained glass-windows and rested lovingly upon the Altar with its beautiful natural flowers and lights ; and, at the first glance my heart sang ; Oh ! what a beautiful place ! Where am I ! I only know this, where I have never been before, no ; never anywhere near this place ; dear heaven what is it ? I go to the Altar with the rest, and kneel on the first step of the chancel, many others standing ; then, all at once the

answer came. I remembered I was told the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and adored day and night, never left alone on the Altar. O, Blessed Jesus, now I know; I am with you, the Real Presence Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity.



Throne of Exposition—Blessed Sacrament Church Montreal.

I am a stranger; will you please let me come here with you, and rest my sorrowing heart? If I may, I will kneel at the door, anywhere only that I may be here with You. I live near the church, and during the day, I hear a bell ringing every hour, and am told it is the

bell of the Blessed Sacrament Church. I pause and listen; it seems to say, come! come! Yes! it is calling me. Then I hear a voice saying; No? it is not your religion; you cannot go.

When I go to my own church on Sundays, and on week days to meet the Ladies of the Guild, I pass the corner that leads to the Blessed Sacrament Church, and my heart cries: that way; but the voice says: No! You have no right; you do not belong there. Go to your own place of worship. Now the doubt comes. Is that the right place? Am I on the path that leads to heaven? Oh! dear Lord my heart aches. In the "Blessed Sacrament Church" I see the people with what I called prayer beads. I obtained a pair and asked a Catholic lady to teach me how how to say them. I did not know exactly what they meant; only they were prayers to the Blessed Virgin. All I knew about her, was, that she is the Mother of our Lord; we say nothing about her in our Protestant religion.

When I was alone in my little apartment, and shadows lengthened toward evening, I was lonely, my heart ached because I was in grief and a stranger away from home. I think of the beads and begin to say them; I feel comforted and said them every day. At four o'clock, in the afternoon, there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, I heard the bell and the desire came to go; it still said, come! come! and I could not resist. Opening the door of the church, I pause and look toward the Altar, and say: "here I am Lord, may I come?" As I go up the aisle I still hear the voice close at my ear, saying: go back, you do not belong here. No! I will not go back. I will hold the beads close, close in my hand and go on.

I obtain two books, one on account of the Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette, and the other "The Glories of Mary." I read with great interest and cry: Oh! Mother of Mercy intercede for me; show me the right way; I am lost, lost! All at once, the light comes; my heart sings, and I know what saying the beads mean. She has heard my prayers and has stretched out a hand from heaven, a real hand, one that I may reach up and grasp. Hail Mary full of grace! Dear Jesus and your holy Mother, I understand Thee. I am never to be

alone any more. You are both with me ; always, always. Praised be the divine Precious Blood of Jesus !

Months pass ; I read and study the Catholic religion ; nothing ever being said to me by any one about it, no one knew my thoughts. I go to the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at four o'clock, and in the quiet stillness of the holy Church, listen to the tinkle of the beads that chain connecting us with heaven, as the people are praying to the Mother of God, asking her intercession for them.

Every fiber of my being responds to the religious atmosphere ; and the light divine, that radiates from the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

“ It was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou,
Shouldst lead me on,
I loved to choose and see my path,
But now, Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.”

A year has passed and now I must examine my conscience, and know what my religion is. Mother of God, help me ! ! I love you and have confidence in you !

At last the cloud breaks and the light shines with resplendent rays, direct from the Throne of Grace, the glorious spiritual Light that never dies ; and by its clear rays I know ; I am a Catholic... I must see a priest and tell him I wish to enter the Church. I received instructions from a priest of the Blessed Sacrament Church for six weeks ; was then baptized by him and taken into the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church, to found which our Lord assumed our nature was born into this world of sorrow, and suffered and died, nailed to the Cross.

On the day I was baptized I received Holy Communion, the happiest day of my life ; only one more blessed ; and that, if through the mercy of God, I may enter into paradise and see Him face to face.

Nine happy years have passed since then in the glorious sunlight of the true faith, and my heart ever sings a joyous psalm assumed by the holy Angels and Saints.

“ Oh ! heart of Mary I give thee thanks for all the benefits thou hast obtained for me from the divine Mercy.

I unite myself to all the souls that have found their joy and consolation in loving and honoring thee ! O heart most amiable henceforth thou shalt be to me, next to the Heart of Jesus, the object of my tenderest devotion, my refuge in affliction, my consolation in sorrow, my place of retreat from the enemies of my salvation, and at the hour of my death the surest anchor of my hope."

O ! divine Precious Blood of Jesus, from the depth of my heart, I adore Thee and invoke Thee ; through Thee I have been redeemed and through Thee I hope to obtain the joys of heaven

May all the words I have written be dipped in the Precious Blood of Thy Sacred Heart, O Jesus ; that they may be so many arrows, to pierce the hearts of all who read them with love, and draw them to Thee. Amen.

Third Centenary of the Famous Faverney Miracle.



FAVERNEY is the principal little town of a district in the division of Haute-Saône, not far from Vesou, and one of the oldest settlements in the Besancon diocese. According to Mgr. de Segur, on the 25th of May, in the year 1608, during the Paschal solemnities in the Abbatial and Parochial Church, famous sanctuary of a pilgrimage in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Benedictine Fathers in charge, in order to animate the fervor of the faithful, had erected, at the entrance to the chancel, an exquisite repository on which they had exposed the Blessed Sacrament ; and had also obtained from the Holy Father special indulgences in favor of sinners, attending these feasts, with the intention of honoring and praying to the Virgin Mother of God.

During the night from Sunday to Monday, the Blessed Sacrament exposed being unguarded, save by the sym-

bolic light of two lamps, the repository took fire, and in a few moments was at the mercy of the flames.

The next morning, on entering the Church, the first thing the astonished monks saw, was, the Monstrance holding the Blessed Sacrament suspended in mid air, without visible rest or support of any kind. The repository on which it had rested the previous night was totally consumed, even the marble slab, overthrown and broken in three pieces. Closer inspection showed the Monstrance covered with ashes and live coals, and contrary to all laws of physical equilibrium slightly inclined. The Sacred Hosts it contained were intact though one was a little scorched by the flames.

The Monstrance remained thus suspended holding its blessed burden for thirty-six hours, sustained by the God it sheltered. Thousands flocked to see It and minutely examined every detail of the wonderful occurrence. Tuesday about ten o'clock the miracle ceased. At the Consecration during Mass celebrated at the main altar by the abbe Aubry, Pastor of the neighbouring parish, the immense congregation had their attention drawn to the miraculous Hosts, in the suspended Monstrance, by the extinguishing three different times, without apparent cause, of the candle nearest to It. Some also say they heard the silvery tinkling of an unseen bell. All eyes were riveted on the Monstrance as it resumed its horizontal position, and slowly descended to the altar, but, so evenly and so gently, that not a speck of ashes with which it was covered fell on the white Corporal.

The Delegate sent by the Archbishop of the diocese, Mgr. Ferdinand de Pye immediately began a searching investigation which lasted six weeks, and during which the Archbishop, several Theologians, Canons and Lawyers thoroughly examined the occurrence.

Then the Archbishop publicly announced in an encyclical the doctrinal decision, authentically and officially declaring the veracity of the miracle.

On the twenty third of May of the present year a Eucharistic Congress was held at Faverney in commemoration of the third Centenary of this great Eucharistic miracle.



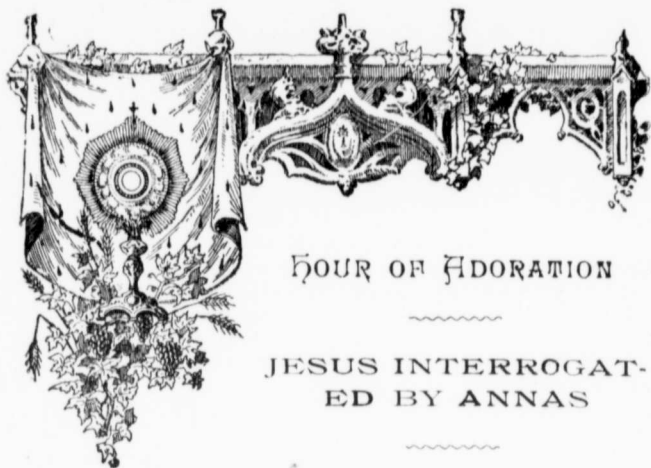
The Magnificat.

*MY grateful soul doth magnify the Lord,
 In God my Savior hath my spirit joyed ;
 Because His humble handmaid, all devoid
 Of worth, He deigns to favor and reward :
 For lo ! He wills that all who Him adore
 Shall henceforth call me blessed evermore.*

*For he that mighty is great things hath done
 To me, His servant ; holy is His name.
 From age to age His mercy shall they claim
 Who fear Him, the supreme, eternal One.
 His arm a power exceeding great hath show-
 ed.—
 Dispersed He those whose hearts gave pride
 abode.*

*He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
 To raise instead the humble He hath willed ;
 The hungered ones with good things He hath
 filled.
 And empty-handed bid the rich retreat.
 All mindful of His mercy unconceived,
 His servant Israel He hath received ;
 As spake He our fathers in their day,
 To Abraham and all his seed for aye.*

(See frontispiece)



HOUR OF ADORATION

JESUS INTERROGATED BY ANNAS

I — Adoration.

The High Priest is seated on his throne, around him the members of the Sanhedrim, if not all, at least a great number of them. Jesus is standing in the middle of the hall. Under the pallor of death, all traces of the bloody sweat having been washed away by that of the toilsome journey, the beauty of Jesus shines forth in majesty and sweetness, in sadness and love. The servants of the High Priest along with those of the Sanhedrim, are near the Divine Prisoner. Annas questions Jesus. The interrogation turns upon His disciples and His doctrine. Perfidious questions! The old sectarian wanted, by His own confession, to convict Him of conspiracy, of attacks against the national religion. That would have given to the Sanhedrim the power to condemn Him to death. Jesus refuses to enter into any explanations. He merely dismisses all idea of secret meetings, and refers Annas to His disciples who have heard all He had to say. "*I have spoken openly to the world: I have always taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, wither all the Jews resort, and in secret I have spoken nothing. Why asketh thou Me? Ask them who have heard what I have spoken unto them. Behold,*" He adds, *with a gesture of the hand toward those around Him, "they know what things I have said."*

His teaching could not be more open, since it had been given in the Temple and the synagogue. If Jesus sometimes taught in private, it was with the desire of having proclaimed on the housetops what was whispered into the ear. The High Priest might, then, interrogate them who had heard Him, especially as the greater part of them were enemies of the Saviour, and we know that there is no better proof of innocence than the testimony of an enemy.

With what amazement the angels looked on this spectacle, praising and adoring the incomprehensible judgments of Divine Wisdom ! A sacrilegious priest having at his bar of justice the Incarnate Wisdom in the guise of a prisoner awaiting His death warrant ! Jesus passing in the eyes of the people for a pretentious innovator of false doctrines ! Alas ! Jesus is no better treated at the bar of the savants of our own day. They judge the precepts, the maxims of the Gospels erroneous, the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist false, in spite of the formal teaching of Jesus.

Adore Jesus standing before Annas, and now in heaven and in the consecrated Hosts. Adore Him, for He is always the Divine Wisdom. His teaching can spring only from a Divine Intelligence. His doctrine is that of His Father. He received it from Him in order to deliver it to the world.

There before me in the tiny Host, I recognize Thee, O Jesus, the Teacher of teachers ! Art Thou not the truth ? O Jesus, no man has ever spoken as Thou hast, has taught a doctrine as true, as simple, as good, as divine.

O Jesus, I adore Thee, and I proclaim Thee before Annas and all the judges of this world Infinite Wisdom and Truth !

II. — Thanksgiving.

What a signal favor for a mere mortal to see Jesus, to speak to Him, to listen to His replies, and to receive Him into His house ! Jesus granted all these favors to His most cruel enemy.

Annas had never before seen the Saviour so near. He had never beheld the sweetness of His glance and the majesty of His features. Never before had he been able to address Him, never had he heard His voice, never the wisdom of His replies. A sinner, unless he obstinately wishes to persevere in evil, cannot resist the charms, even the exterior charms, of Jesus. Annas is a hardened sinner. He does not question to know the truth. He is laying a snare, seeking an occasion to be able to calumniate and destroy Jesus.

In presence of such hypocrisy, one word from Jesus would have been sufficient to confound the wicked man and lay open the secrets of his heart. The least sign of His almighty power would have been enough to close the lips of this impious man, who was speaking only through hatred and pride.

No, Jesus, as always, will be kind. What moderation, what gentleness in His answer ! It is as if He said : " I do not refuse to answer you nor to instruct you in the doctrine that I teach, but I prefer you to ask those that have heard Me. You will believe them more readily than you would Me."

I thank Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, for having been so kind toward Thy iniquitous judge ! I thank Thee for the light that Thy

answer shed upon the truth of Thy heavenly doctrine. I thank Thee for having left us Thy Church to preserve it for us pure and intact in the midst of all human errors.

Above all do I thank Thy Heart for having instituted Communion, which allows Thee to come *Thyself* to enlighten my understanding, warm my heart, and strengthen my will in the way of commendments and counsels.

Thou hast already done so many times ! What shall I return to Thee for so many benefits ? I give myself through love to Thy good pleasure, O my Divine Saviour ! Do with my heart and will, all that Thou pleasest. I wish to belong to Thee in life and death !

III. — Reparation.

It was probably to Annas that Judas had promised to deliver his Victim. The traitor was well pleased to place Him in his hands, as well as to keep his promise and to receive his reward. Who can depict the joy of that spiteful old man on seeing Him a captive whom he regarded as his mortal enemy ? With what joyous greetings did he receive the unfaithful Apostle ! Annas seated on his judgment-seat ; Jesus standing before him bound with cords like a criminal. It is necessary at any cost to surprise on the lips of the accused some error or some assertion contrary to the law, in order to be able to accuse Him and have Him condemned at the Roman tribunal. Not being able to do that, the judge questions Him about His disciples and His doctrine. Shall he not here find an excellent means of making Him pass for a seditious person exciting the people to revolt ? The hypocritical judge has a still more wicked motive for questioning Jesus about His disciples. Judas at this moment is near his Master. None other is present to render to the Saviour the testimony of his fidelity, for all fled at the time of the arrest, and Annas knows that.

What confusion, what sorrow for the Heart of Jesus ! Such as is the doctrine, such the disciples, such the Master ! And so, Jesus having nothing good to say of His Apostles, answers not a word to the High Priest's question. And, singular co-incidence, at the very moment when Jesus, appealing to those that had heard His doctrine, was saying to Annas : "*Ask them,*" Peter was declaring to a servant-maid : "*I know not that man !*"

The High Priest next questions Christ about His doctrine. To profess and to teach a new doctrine, was to render Himself worthy of death. What a humiliation for Jesus to see His celestial wisdom submitted to examination as suspected, to behold His doctrine, the science of salvation, serving the cause of iniquity. Jesus passing for a revolutionist ! What horror ! Not one of Thy followers is present, O Divine Prisoner, to constitute himself the advocate of Thy cause, to dissipate the suspicions cast upon Thy

doctrine, to defend the honesty of Thy disciples now called into question.

Am I worthy to bear the title of disciple of Jesus Christ? Can the Saviour without blushing point me out to His enemies as one of His own? Am I sufficiently instructed in His doctrine? Have I ever thought of questioning Jesus about it sometimes when before the Most Blessed Sacrament? Have I not given occasion to blaspheme the Divine Master at the sight of a disciple such as I?

Pardon, Jesus, for the humiliation inflicted upon Thee by the High Priest's scorn and contempt of Thy teaching. I acknowledge that I myself am a wicked disciple. I am sorry for having given Thee pain. Pardon my faults! Henceforth, with the help of Thy grace, I wish to study more and more the truths of Thy Holy Gospel, and to fulfil more perfectly Thy commandments and counsels.

IV. — Prayer.

To teach is Jesus' mission on earth. During His mortal life, He published His doctrine in the Temple and the synagogues. Some were converted by His teaching, but the mass of the people remained hostile or indifferent. In the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus still fulfils the office of Teacher. He speaks to those that are willing to listen to Him. He illuminates souls with His divine knowledge, He gives them faith in His mysteries. He there still makes fervent disciples.

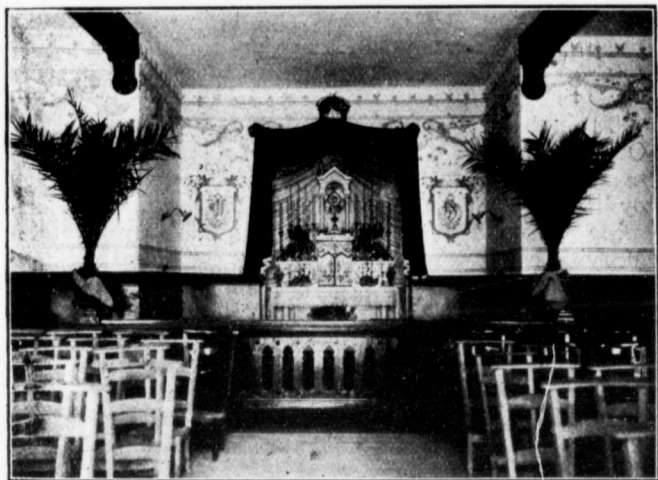
But why is their number so restricted? It is because the majority of men do not go to Him for the doctrine of truth. They do not question Him. And among the few exceptions who do interrogate the Host, how few there are who listen to the teaching of the Master!

And if Jesus sometimes does not answer, it is because He does not find in them the disposition requisite for understanding His doctrine. Then He is silent.

Annas no longer deserved to hear the words of His mouth. Had He not uttered the precept, "cast not pearls before swine!" Jesus, I am no better than Annas, and yet I wish to be instructed in Thy divine school. Dispose my soul to receive Thy adorable teaching. Grant that I may love and esteem it as Thyself.

RESOLUTION.—Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Ask for the grace to be very docile to His inspirations, above all during your thanksgiving after Holy Communion.





Cenacle of Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, at Tolosa, Spain.



HE many friends of Père Eymard's spiritual sons will be glad to hear that they have opened a new Cenacle on Spanish soil.

For the last three years the V. R. F. General has been energetically working to establish a Juniorate, to recruit vocations in this Catholic country, that has at all times manifested a special devotion for the august Sacrament of the Eucharist, and where even to-day, little children still run to meet the priest and kiss his hand saying: "Praised be Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and the most holy Virgin Mary."

This idea of a Eucharistic nursery was, not only, kindly received by the ecclesiastical authority; but the Bishop even insisted that the new Juniorate be transformed into a regular house with novitiate and chapel of

public exposition ; at the same time cordially expressing to the V. R. F. General his desire to see all our works spread in his diocese.

The little chapel was placed under the protection of Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament. This beautiful name given Mary, by our Venerated Founder, belonged by right to this foundation, the first since the official recognition of this glorious title by His Holiness, Pius X. Mary once in possession of her new home did not delay to introduce, therein, her Divine Son.

For months past, seven devoted Religious worked indefatigably to prepare, His dwelling, for the great King. Their efforts were successfully crowned on the sixth of January, feast of the Epiphany, when the Virgin Mother could offer, as she did at Bethlehem to the Magi, her well-beloved Son to the adoration of the children of Spain. Literally speaking, the chapel is poor enough to carry out the similitude, even so, our hearts cling to it, because it holds the King of kings.

From early morning a pious recollected crowd began to gather at the church. During the Holy Sacrifice the singing was rendered by a choir of young Spaniards, whose clear bird-like notes thrilled with a wealth of expression and feeling that found an echo in the hearts of the devout worshippers. Towards the end of Mass the Sacred Host appeared for the first time in the brilliant Ostensorium henceforth Its Throne, Its abiding place.

Then the procession formed and slowly and reverently wended its way down the aisle ; and as that sweet chalice of benediction, the Monstrance passed by, one after another heads bent low and Jesus blessed His own.

After the procession, the Blessed Sacrament was raised aloft and exposed on Its new Throne, amid brilliant lights, fragrant flowers, and the *Gloria in excelsis Deo* of those little earthly angels He loved so well. Yes, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, Glory to the God of the Host on His Throne of love.

Tolosa has just seen the God of the Eucharist take possession of a new Temple of Exposition, on the very same day that fifty one years ago our Venerable Father held Exposition at Paris for the first time.

The crowd slowly disperse ; a few pious souls linger as if loathe to leave that blessed atmosphere and when

they must do so, depart reluctantly promising to return soon again and frequently. Alone the official Adorer, in surplice and stole, remains motionless on the prie dieu. Happy because the God of his heart, the Sovereign Master of all, has pitched his tent in an other part of the globe, and acquired a new domain, wherein, forever more He will be adored and praised; and the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament numbers one more regular house.

May Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament protect the new foundation. May she grant it success and lead to the service of her Son numerous loyal Adorers.

Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, pray for us.

(300 days ind., before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.)

PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF THE MOST HOLY
SACRAMENT.

O Virgin Mary, Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, who art the glory of Christians, the joy of the universal Church, and the salvation of the world, pray for us, and awaken in all the faithful devotion towards the blessed Eucharist, in order that they become worthy to communicate daily.

(300 days ind. each time.)

Parochial Monthly Adoration

— AND —

The First Friday Communion.

(Continued.)

Extracts from our correspondence.—Canada.



INFLUENCED by Mgr. de Segur's admirable treatise on Communion, I had already been preaching and recommending the devotion some time before the Holy Father's decree was issued. In the year 1875 I inaugurated my Pastoral career, in X, and to my dismay, found a few of the

parishioners only went to Communion once a year to fulfil the Easter precept, and the others, about three or four times a year as exacted by the Sacred Heart League. Things have changed since then, and, now among my communicants numbering 1,100 I distribute about 8,000



Take ye all and eat.

A College Preceptor writes: "Enclosed please find the names of our pupils, who desire registration, as members of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. The greater number are daily communicants, while all make their hour of adoration on the first Friday. Frequent and daily Communion is of honor among us and works wonders. The next time I go to Montreal I will cail and

communions every year. For instance, last month I distributed 830, from sixty to a hundred on the first Friday, likewise the first Sunday, and two hundred on the Feast of the Rosary. It seldom happens, that I say or sing mass, on week days, without giving Communion, although some of my people live four and five miles from the Church and some even six."

The Curé of Belcail says, "In my parish comprising 1,300 communicants, I distributed more than 17,000 Communions in the course of the last year."

see you about certain little pamphlets relative to Eucharistic propagation. Another writes : " Be kind enough to register my name as member of the Sacerdotal League of Communion.

Since the beginning of the scholastic year frequent and even daily Communion is of honor in our Seminary and you could scarcely believe the result. I do not want to neglect anything that might propagate or help foster this attraction for frequent Communion."

Even in Egypt, at Tahta, also at Minieh, thanks to the zeal of Bishops and Pastors the Blessed Sacrament is exposed all day in the Cathedral, every first Friday ; we may say all the parish receives Communion and from morning till night numerous fervent adorers uninterruptedly succeed one another before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

At Mallaoui, a city of 40,000 souls, the excellent Curé, Marcos has established the same usages in his church, although his parishioners only number from 450 to 500.

In Belgium :

St. Gertrudes Parish : The Communions of the first Sunday have increased from 200 to over 800, while those of the first Friday number about 500.

At Exelles : From 43,000 the Communions increased to 49,000 and later on to 57,000. Notwithstanding the division of the parish St. Croix still counts 55,800 communions.

Soignies : The Curé writes : " 970 members are invited to take part in the general Communion of the first Sunday or the first Friday ; the three fifths generally receive both days."

St. Marc—Fiezet :

" I obtained 330 more Communions this year than last. In two years the number increased by 740."

The following are even more consoling showing as they do a revival of Eucharistic fervor. For obvious reasons we shall withhold names.

A Pastor writes : " In spite of the indifference of a people accustomed for years to the mere fulfilment of their Easter duty, now, in my parish of 500 about 30 approach the Sacraments on the first Sunday."

An other : Formerly, only the Nuns received on the First Friday, latterly about fifteen or twenty have joined them. The first Sunday Communions have also increased and regularly include about a dozen men."

Still another : " The First Friday was not observed here at all until recently. Now about 150 receive Communion on that day."

The director of the work at Manille says : " We have 150 men and 300 women promoters actively engaged among twenty-two centers, including about 8,000 associates. 3,600 of that number receive Communion at the beginning of every month ; and in the course of the year 120,000 Communions are distributed."

In Portugal : The last report shows a real triumph for the Eucharist through the intermediary of the Apostolship of Prayer. We quote the following : " In a hamlet of 125 families there are 20,601 Communions a year ; in another 31,400 ; in a College numbering 210 members 23,471 Communions of reparation are offered to the Sacred Heart of Our Saviour. While in the United Kingdom the number of Communions of devotion reaches 3,000,000.

Italy : At Venice, Rev. I Cerruti, Curé of Murano, a manufacturing socialistic town, lately wrote us : that owing to the industries, and a zeal inflamed by love for the Blessed Sacrament, the number of Communions, after ten year's work has increased from 2,000 to 18,000.

In Holland : M. Kolkman, the Minister of Finance, is head of the Catholic party, and by no means a merely nominal one, but, the founder and president of an Association of men, pledged to a half-hour's adoration, every day, whenever and wherever the Blessed Sacrament is exposed in any of the ten churches of Hague.

May this work of Adoration and Monthly Communion, through the zeal of Pastors, and the co-operation of the faithful spread more and more in parishes, and extend

everywhere, the knowledge and love and beneficent reign of the Eucharistic King.

This practise of frequent Communion is, by excellence, the vital principle of the people. Père Eymard often said: "Lack of faith in the Blessed Sacrament is the greatest of all evils... Wherever the Blessed Sacrament is neglected, the Church has disloyal children and soon grieves over new defections." Cardinal Coullé's encyclical on Communion a sentence of which we subjoin supports this: "We do not hesitate to affirm that the actual state of society is due solely and incontestably to the fact, that Catholics of France have for the last two centuries given up frequent Communion."

Let us Canadians profit by this sad experience and approach the Sacred Banquet frequently if we desire to preserve our religious vigour.

Mgr. Gourant, Bishop of Vannes treats of frequent Communion in his encyclical, also, Mgr. Abbet, Bishop of Sion. In our next issue we shall publish some interesting extracts from the writings of several other Bishops on the same subject.

* * *

Before concluding we beg to call the reader's attention to the precious favors enjoyed by priests belonging to the Sacerdotal Eucharistic League:

Membership therein enables them to impart a plenary indulgence weekly, to those among their penitents, who receive Communion at least five times during the week.

Therefore, in the course of a year, fifty two plenary indulgences may be gained by the faithful who go to Communion daily, or almost daily, if their Confessor is a member of the League. All they need do is ask for the commnnication of this indulgence, which may be imparted once for a number of weeks.





At the Elevation of the Host.



What should be our conduct in presence of the Host elevated by the priest at the Consecration?

The Ephemerides Commentator says: "It is an almost universal custom for the faithful to bow the head profoundly during the elevation." Is that what the Rubric teaches?

The Rubric ordains the priest to show the Host to the faithful in order that they may adore It while looking upon It. Naturally, where an obligation to show something to a category of people exists, it also implies their right to look at it. This is proved by the Rubric of Consecration: "He shows the Host with respect to the people in order that they may adore It; and that of Good Friday. "He elevates the Host so that It may be seen by the people; and from the Bishop's Ceremonial: He elevates the Blessed Sacrament in such a way that it may be seen by all; the celebrant elevates the Blessed Sacrament in order that It may be seen by the assistants."

Therefore if the faithful can see the Host they are not profoundly inclined during the elevation according to the present custom.

Apart from this sequence deduced from the passages of the Rubric we have just cited, we can learn from the Rubric itself the conduct of the faithful during the Con-

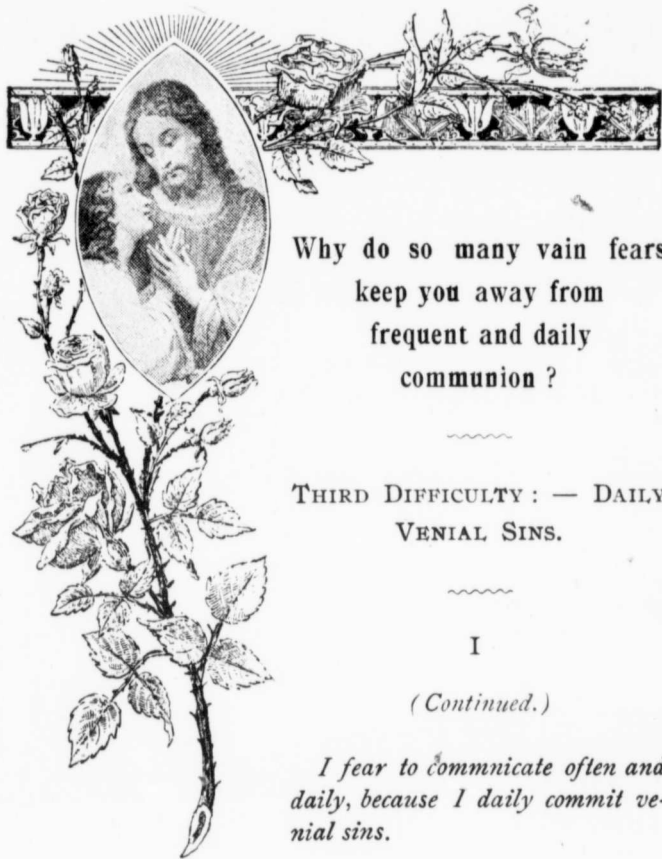
secration: it demands that during low mass they kneel until the end of mass, and at High Mass that they kneel during the elevation. So the real meaning of the Rubric is that the celebrant show the Sacred Host to the assistants, and that they kneeling adore It while looking at It.

Now how shall we put this into practice?

Shall we bow the head during the first genuflection of the priest, then raise it, and look at the Host when he elevates It, and at his second genuflection; bow down again adoring Our Lord Jesus Christ with the Angels surrounding Him? this would have the advantage of conciliating actual traditions with the spirit of the Rubric and the recent rescript; but, in our humble opinion it would be too complicated, and in practice would be for all, especially children, an inevitable source of distraction.

Therefore until the Sacred Congregation of Rites speaks definitely about the matter we shall follow the rule observed by the Chartreux: wait kneeling, eyes fixed on the celebrant, the moment he elevates the Sacred Host, look at It piously and say: My Lord and My God; then bow down profoundly until the end of the second elevation. Though we must still admit that according to the Ephemerides Commentator and L'Ami du Clergé, nothing in the Rubric calls for this inclination.





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

THIRD DIFFICULTY : — DAILY
VENIAL SINS.

I

(Continued.)

*I fear to communicate often and
daily, because I daily commit ve-
nial sins.*

I REPLY to you, Christian soul, that it is above all desirable that, with the help of divine grace, you should shun committing the slightest fault with full deliberation.

Venial sin, it is true, does not, like mortal sin, " cause us to turn back on God in order to follow after the creature in a disorderly manner. " It is, nevertheless, a deviation of the will which, although habitually turned toward God, actually walks no more, and defers going to Him as He would wish.

Venial sin is, then, always intrinsically bad. It renders you less dear and even, in some way, disagreeable to Our Lord, who loves you so much, and ardently desire to give Himself to you daily in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

But suppose the case that you commit daily these light faults, and as often repair them, say a hundred or a thousand times. If on this account you fear to do wrong by communicating every day, I call your apprehension a vain fear proceeding from a Jansenistic *prejudice*. The prejudice lies in the idea that daily communion is only for souls that do not habitually commit daily venial sins ; but it is just the contrary. For it is an effect of Communion to remit daily venial sins, as all theologians with St. Thomas teach. Still more, as the Church teaches expressly through the Council of Trent, that Jesus Christ "wishes this Sacrament to be received as an antidote by which we are delivered from our daily faults."

It is for this reason that the holy Fathers—surely excellent spiritual directors—far from teaching not to make daily Communion when sinning venially every day, exhort the Faithful, on the contrary, to communicate daily, precisely because they daily commit venial sins. "Because you sin daily," says St. Augustine, "communicate daily." And in another place: "Take innocence" (*the state of grace*) "to the altar. As to your sins, even daily, it suffices that they be not mortal."

In another place he calls the Eucharist "the daily remedy."

Before him St. Ambrose wrote: "This daily Bread is taken as a remedy for daily infirmity." What is "daily infirmity," excepting daily venial sin? Again, he adds: "The wounded seek a remedy. We are wounded, because we are sinners. The remedy is the celestial and venerable Sacrament." And further on, the holy Doctor says of himself: "I who sin always, must always have a remedy."

St. Isidore teaches: "If the sins are not sufficiently grave for a man to be judged worthy of excommunication" (*that is if they are not truly mortal*) "he ought not to be kept away from the *daily* remedy of the Body of the Lord." Here we have in plain words that he ought to communicate every day. St. Hilary expresses the same

sentiment, and both bring forward the same reason : " We must fear that he who communicates rarely will be lost, that he will be damned, for Jesus Christ has said to us, If you eat not My Flesh, you shall not have life in you."

After all this, see, Christian soul, whether that apprehension of doing wrong by communicating devoutly every day, because of the venial faults into which you daily fall, is not a *vain fear*. Should you not rather fear weakening yourself every day by your daily venial sins ; should you not fear to see your continual weakness ceasing to be light and becoming serious, if you take not the daily remedy of the Body of the Lord ? I wish to say that neglecting to communicate frequently and daily, you risk falling from venial sin into mortal sin. For not only does the Divine Eucharist cure us of our light daily faults, but It has also the power to preserve us from the wound of mortal sin, as the Angelic Doctor demonstrates and as the Council of Trent teaches.

I beg you, then, Christian soul, never to sin even venially, and not to cause with full deliberation the least pain to the loving Heart of our dear Saviour. But since your misery is so great that, in spite of your good resolutions, " you daily commit some venial sins," I say to you, " Communicate daily." I repeat it not only with the great Bishop of Hippo, but with all the other Fathers of the Church who have written upon Holy Communion. In effect " The sentence : *Because you have sinned daily, communicate daily,*" is not peculiar to St. Augustine. Considering it well, we easily discover that it expresses the unanimous sentiment of the Fathers on this question. And it is with reason, for " sinning always, we always have need of the remedy."





Of such is the
Kingdom of Heaven.

(Written for "The Sentinel.")

(Continued)

O mother-love solicitous,
Of thy offsprings so amorous,
Guard well these timorous little nestlings
In first attempt of untried wings
Upon the unknown air. O then
My Heart shall e'er a refuge be
A nest where bruised wings may flee
The unshorn winds. For mothers, too
This saving refuge gives full true
A glimpse of love beyond our ken.

O tender mothers learn from Me
Who lovest thine so tenderly.
Before the name of parents dear,
Before the name of those most near
May Mine be lisped in childish prayer,
And then of her immaculate,
My Mother. Let not love abate
In childish years but increase come
With fuller, richer service gladsome
In maturer years of lives all fair.

For the Eucharistic feast of love
When Jesus from the heights above
Descends to earthly hearts so lowly
Preserve these little ones all holy,
Above whom on the solemn day
When He abides in regal state
With those who gladly Him await
Angels triumphant spread their wings
Of flame for He above all kings
Of earth within their hearts doth lay.

(to be continued.)

To Our Readers.

Magnificent Spiritual Bouquet to offer His Holiness Pius X.



As you are aware, dear readers, the whole Catholic world is rejoicing with Our Holy Father, Pius X, on account of the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood, so while we also rejoice we must be second to none in celebrating worthily this most happy of anniversaries. Therefore to the venerable jubilarian, so justly styled. "The Pope of the Eucharist" we are going to offer, in your name an exquisite bouquet, to which each one of you will kindly contribute a flower. Since the Holy Father is such an enthusiastic lover of Communion, the most fragrant and acceptable blossom in his sight will be a Communion for his intentions. Confident that our project will meet your approval, and that you will, even at your very next communion fulfil your part of the compact, we have already registered your acceptance. Children who have not yet made their First Communion, can contribute to the bouquet by a communion of desire.

We cordially invite those who have the happiness of going to Communion every day, or nearly every day, to offer nine Communions in the course of the Jubilee year for the Holy Father's intentions, and to send us a postal to that effect, in order that we may total the number offered. If this number is considerable, as we sincerely hope it will be, it will gladden and console the Holy Father and prove the loyalty of his Canadian children, in carrying out his wishes, since among our readers alone he will see so many daily communicants.



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