



THE LAST SUPPER.

By Molitor.

For to

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FOR THEE.

*The Heart of Jesus waits for thee,
For thee His loving choice ;
And while the angels sweetest sing,
He longs to hear thy voice.*

For love of thee on Calv'ry's Cross

He suffered, bled and died :

Ah ! canst thou, then, refuse His wish ?

He calls thee to His side !

Within the lonely church He dwells,

A prisoner for thy sake ;

*How seldom has He prayed — " Oh,
give ! "*

How often cried — " Oh, take ! "

He fain would ease thy suffering heart,

He fain would grant thee peace ;

Oh ! tell thy anguish out to Him,

And He will bid it cease.

M. R. C.



Frequent and Daily Communion.

IT is, above all, necessary to labor at re-establishing in the Catholic world the custom of daily Communion. The example of the early Church, the Decrees of Councils, the authority of the Popes and of saints of all ages, teach us that, like the body, the soul has need of frequent nourishment, and its most strengthening food is the Divine Eucharist.

“The prejudices of those that are hostile to this doctrine, the vain fears of a great number, the pretexts alleged for abstaining from It, must be entirely eradicated. There is, in fact, question of a devotion more than any other useful to the Christian people, whether to snatch the present generations from the pursuit of perishable goods or to rouse and entertain Christian sentiments that will last.”

Animated by these authorized words of the wise Pontiff, Leo XIII., of glorious memory, I have published two little books on Holy Communion. The first is entitled, *Daily Communion*; the second, *Why, Christian Soul, do you not Communicate every morning that you assist at Holy Mass?*

Since it has pleased Divine Goodness to bless my modest labors, as it is permitted to infer from the felicitations and encouragement I received from their Eminences, the Cardinals (among them Cardinal Sarto, now Pius X.), and from many Bishops, also from the rapid diffusion of the little books and the fruit they have already produced, I readily give this new effort to the public.

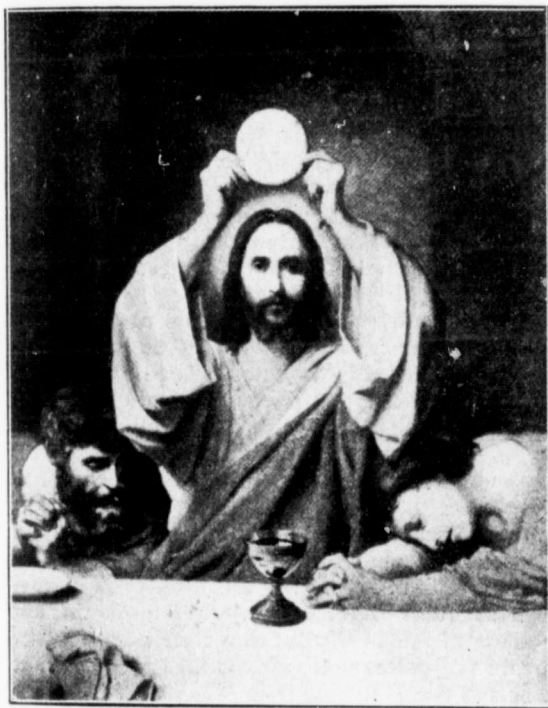
Resting on the authority of the Fathers of the Church, of St. Thomas, and St. Alphonsus Liguori, I have endeavored to answer the objections of timid souls, to banish their vain fears, and indirectly to destroy the fatal prejudices of adversaries. Such fears and such fatal prejudices remove from the Holy Table many good Christians who might worthily communicate frequently and even daily.

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The work that I have accomplished, so dear to the heart of a priest, has been a delight to me. ' Charged by Christ Himself with the mission to celebrate and distribute the Mysteries of His Body and Blood, priests can do nothing better to acknowledge the great honor that they have received than to promote by every means the



“ Take ye and eat : This is My Body. ’

Eucharistic glory of Christ, and, conformably to the desires of His Sacred Heart, to invite and urge all souls to the life-giving sources of a Sacrifice and a Sacrament so august.”

TO THE CHRISTIAN SOUL.

See, Christian Soul, whether daily Communion is not the ardent desire of the Heart of Jesus.

He has chosen as a symbol of the Divine Eucharist the manna, that mysterious and daily nourishment of the Hebrew people in the desert. He instituted It "to be the spiritual nourishment of souls, the antidote of daily sins," and under the appearance of bread, our ordinary and daily food. He invites us expressly to nourish ourselves with the „Living Bread come down from heaven.,, He has taught us in the Lord's Prayer to ask for It, calling It,, our daily bread.. In fine, the Church, infallible interpreter of the desires of her Divine Spouse, makes known to us in every way how much she desires her children to communicate daily

Jesus Christ loves us to the point of being willing to give Himself to us every day, because He wishes to enrich us with His most precious graces and to deify us by union with and transformation into Himself.

But why do so few souls approach the Divine Banquet frequently or daily?

Some, unhappily, are prevented by mortal sin, which separates them from Him who "is the life." It is with good reason that they recognize themselves unworthy of Holy Communion, since to communicate in such a state would be horrible sacrilege.

Others live in grace; but, absorbed in the things of earth, loving our Lord but little, they prefer to remain in their tepidity; they do not desire to become more fervent by approaching often, still less every day, to the Flame of Love, which is Jesus Christ!

Others, in fine, love Him and would be happy to receive Him often, even daily, in the Sacrament, and ever to increase in His love. But they dare not do so, because of certain prejudices and vain fears, which prevent their approach to the Holy Table.

It is to you that I especially address my words. O timid fearful soul! It is for you that I have written this little book. Frankly lay open to me your difficulties and receive the response with a docile heart. While reading, invoke from time to time the Holy Ghost. You will be enlightened, reassured, and you will go with delight to daily Communion, which will soon become all your life and happiness.

(To be continued.)

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A Saint of the Eucharist.



POETS have loved to describe Sienna, "the City of the Virgin," as "towering above the hills, basking in the light of those serene and glowing heavens, full of all that is gay and graceful in manners, all her sons brave and courteous, and all her daughters beautiful."

In lovely Sienna, a traveller to-day could find in a hollow between two hills a house commonly known as "Fullonica." Over the door are the words "*Sponsæ Christi Katherinæ Domus.*"—And it was here more than five hundred years ago that our Saint Catherine of Sienna was born in 1347. Her father, James Benincasa, was a dyer by trade. While blessed with prosperity, his chief solicitude was to leave his children an inheritance of virtue. This he succeeded in doing by his example, for his life was one of solid piety. Her mother, Lapa, loved Catherine above all the other children of her large family. The little girl's grace and beauty, combined with great mental gifts, made her the object of general admiration. Like all great souls, she had a natural love for solitude and, while very young, withdrew to a remote corner of her father's estate, where she managed to fit up a little oratory or *cell*, as she loved to call it. Here she spent much time in prayer and penance and, at an early age, consecrated herself irrevocably to God. Her maturity was far beyond her years. Her parents wished her to marry, and, after repeated refusals from Catherine, they deprived her of all opportunity for prayer, penance and retirement. Her labors in the family reduced her to the rank of a servant, but this delicate plant only thrived the more when exposed to persecution from her nearest and dearest. When serving at the family table, she saw in her father and brothers Our Lord and His Apostles. She had found a solitude far sweeter than any she had formerly experienced, for in her marvellous treatise on "God's Providence," she

says : " Our Lord taught me to build in my soul a private closet, strongly vaulted with the divine providence."

After long and violent opposition, her parents permitted her to take the veil in her eighteenth year as a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic. As originally founded, the members of this order were allowed to live in their own family. They wore the habit of the Order, but they were not bound by the vows of religion. Catherine soon became known throughout the entire neighborhood for her charity, penance, and the high state of prayer to which she was raised. Her union which God was constant, and Our Saviour deigned to manifest toward this chosen soul such familiarity as is reserved for those only who have penetrated the veils of the interior life, and live in the spiritual alone. Her ardent desire for the conversion of sinners, united to the charm of her manner, enabled her to win myriads of souls to Christ.

The fame of her sanctity reached even to the ears of the reigning Pontiff. While she was at Pisa, in 1375, the people of Florence and Perugia rose in rebellion against the Holy See. After many vain attempts to quell the disturbance, Gregory XI, requested Catherine to act as mediatrix. By her tact and sanctity she succeeded in restoring peace to those troublous factions. It was in compliance with her entreaties, also, that Gregory XI, left Avignon, where he had been residing, and returned to Rome, the See of the Fisherman. But after the death of this Pope, in 1378, followed, what is called " The Great Schism." It was no earthly realm that was endangered, but the " Kingdom of God " upon earth, the Roman Catholic Church herself was in jeopardy. Urban VI. was chosen Pope at Rome, and there acknowledged by the whole College of Cardinals. But his harsh temper soon caused several of the Cardinals to withdraw their allegiance. Declaring his election null, they chose Clement VII., and left Italy to make their abode with him at Avignon.

Our saint was pierced to the soul by this state of affairs. Besides prayer and fasting, she made use of every means in her power to bring about a reconciliation between the Pope and the Cardinals. She wrote vigorous letters to both parties, begging the Pope to modify his temper, by

which he had made so many enemies for himself. Urban hearkened to her words ; sent for her to come to Rome, and followed all her directions. Her influence extended throughout England, France and Hungary, the countries engaged in the schism. Upon them all Catherine enjoined implicit obedience to the true Vicar of Christ. She was a diplomat in the truest sense of the word, for never did she effect a reconciliation without a compromise.

Her arduous labors increased the sufferings of a body already worn by prayer and penance. In the thirty-third year of her age, she died in Rome, and was buried in the Church of the Minerva, where her remains are still preserved under an altar. Pope Pius II. canonized her in 1461, and her feast is kept by the Holy Church on April 30th.

Although St. Catherine is remarkable for her extraordinary spiritual graces, there is much in her life of practical use to us who live in the whirl of the twentieth century. It was from the two great fountains of grace, Prayer and the Sacraments, that she drew strength for all her duties. Like her holy founder, St. Dominic, she passed whole nights before the tabernacle. Holy Communion was to her literally the Bread of Life. Long periods elapsed without her partaking of any other food, and stupendous wonders marked her intercourse with her Lord and Spouse in the Sacrament of His Love. Gregory XI. granted her many extraordinary privileges, not the least of which was daily Communion. Her confessor, Raymond of Capua, every day celebrated Mass for her, and it is from him that we learn the wonderful favors our Lord granted His loving servant during the Holy Sacrifice. In her "Dialogues" we find some profound chapters treating of the Holy Eucharist, and it was from that source of all good that she gained the interior light and strength necessary for the accomplishment of God's holy will. When, one day, she was lovingly remonstrating with our Lord on the subject of her great privileges, he replied, "Not for thy sake, O My spouse and daughter, do I manifest to thee by these prodigious signs the truth of the high mystery of My Sacrament, but for the sake of others that by thy means they may be confirmed in faith."

Charity had grown cold in Catherine's day, and Holy Communion, the highest privilege of the Christian soul, was for the most part neglected. Even the most devout among the faithful received Holy Communion but once a year. But to St. Catherine the Blessed Sacrament was the Life of her life, and she revived the custom of frequent Communion among all with whom she came in contact. This fact in her history entitles her to our highest veneration and deepest gratitude.

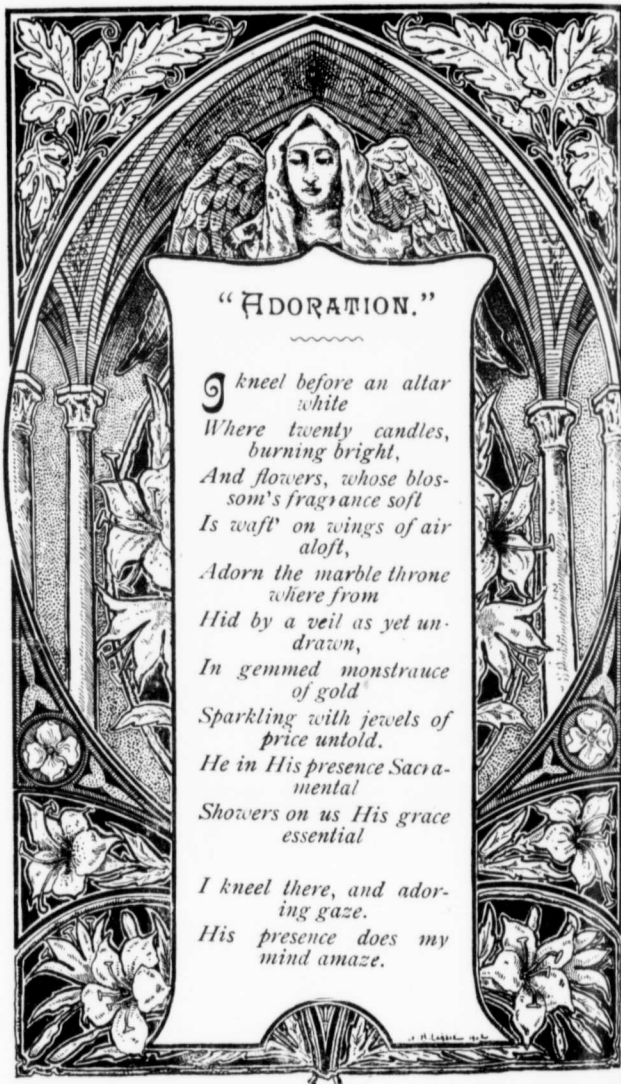
St. Denis, in his work on the ecclesiastical hierarchy, proves that in the primitive Church, when the fervor of the Holy Ghost abounded, the faithful of both sexes approached daily to the Holy Sacrament of the altar. This appears to be the meaning of St. Luke, when he speaks in the *Acts of the Apostles* of the breaking of bread; and once he adds "*cum exultatione*—with gladness," which words can be applied to the Eucharistic Bread alone. The fourth petition of the Lord's Prayer, in which we ask for our daily bread, is understood of Holy Communion also. And such interpretation, far from being rejected, ought to be lovingly accepted. Holy Mother Church, in the canon of the Mass, prays for those that communicate with the priest. She says: "And we humbly implore Thee, Almighty God, grant that this Host be borne by the hands of the holy angels, so that, by this participation in the altar, we may receive the Body and Blood of Thy Divine Son." Hence, all the Holy Fathers teach that all the Faithful whose conscience is not defiled by mortal sin and who so desire, not only may, but also have a right, to approach this Sacrament, so profitable to salvation. Who, therefore, would presume to prohibit a person of holy and irreproachable life the means of making rapid progress in perfection?

It is the opinion of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, that a soul well disposed necessarily acquires great graces from the reception of the Eucharist. Such was the ardor of St. Catherine's desires that, on the days upon which she did not communicate she suffered physically like one enduring a violent malady. Her interior troubles, also, frequently reacted exteriorly. "I used every possible effort to obtain for her the consolation she so much desired," says her confessor. "She was con-

sious of this, and when she was sighing for the Bread of Life, she used to say to me : ' Father, for the love of God, feed my soul ! I am hungry.' The Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XI., gave her by a special Bull permission to have a priest and a portable altar, so that she could everywhere and always, without further permission, hear Mass and receive Holy Communion...

" Once I arrived at Catherine's, the hour of Tierce having already passed. She turned toward me and said : ' O Father, did you but know how hungry my poor soul is ! ' I understood her, but replied that the hour for saying Mass had almost passed and, besides, I was so fatigued that I should hardly be able to prepare for it. For a moment she was silent. But soon, unable to restrain her desire, she said : ' I am famished ! ' I yielded, and repaired to her chapel. There I heard her confession, put on the sacerdotal vestments, and celebrated the Mass of the day. I consecrated one small Host for her, and when I had communicated, I turned to give her the ordinary absolution. Her countenance was angelic and beaming with light. She was so changed that I hardly recognized her, and I exclaimed mentally : ' The Lord is truly thy faithful and beloved Spouse ? ' On turning again to the altar, I said interiorly : ' Come, Lord, to Thy spouse ! ' At that instant, the Sacred Host, without my touching It, moved and came toward the paten, a distance of more than three fingers. I was holding the paten in my hand, but I was so much occupied with the light that I had seen on Catherine's countenance and with the motion of the Sacred Host, which I had distinctly seen, that I do not remember perfectly whether the Host placed Itself on the paten or whether I myself laid It there. I dare not say for certain, but I am under the impression that the former was the case. God is my witness that I am telling the truth... I cannot suppose that I was deluded by Satan in the midst of so august a Sacrifice. I am positive that I beheld the Sacred Host, without the least exterior agency, move and advance toward me at the moment in which I was saying interiorly, ' Come, Lord, to Thy spouse ! ' "

(to be continued.)



"ADORATION."

Kneel before an altar
 white
 Where twenty candles,
 burning bright,
 And flowers, whose blos-
 som's fragrance soft
 Is waft' on wings of air
 aloft,
 Adorn the marble throne
 where from
 Hid by a veil as yet un-
 drawn,
 In gemmed monstraunce
 of gold
 Sparkling with jewels of
 price untold.
 He in His presence Sacra-
 mental
 Showers on us His grace
 essential

 I kneel there, and ador-
 ing gaze.
 His presence does my
 mind amaze.

*To think that in an un-
leavened sink*

*Is God! Of Heaven and
Earth the King,*

*Such wondrous wonder
n'ere hath been.*

*Such intense love no man
hath seen.*

*'Twas not enough to come
to Earth,*

*And for us take a lowly
birth;*

*He remains a hostage here
below,*

*Beloved by few, — with
many a foe.*

*A helpless Victim here
He rests.*

*Man abuses, He n'ere
protests*

*Why such self-abandon-
ment?*

*He asks but that for which
He spent*

*His mortal life—Man's
heart*

*Man's love, at least a
little part.*

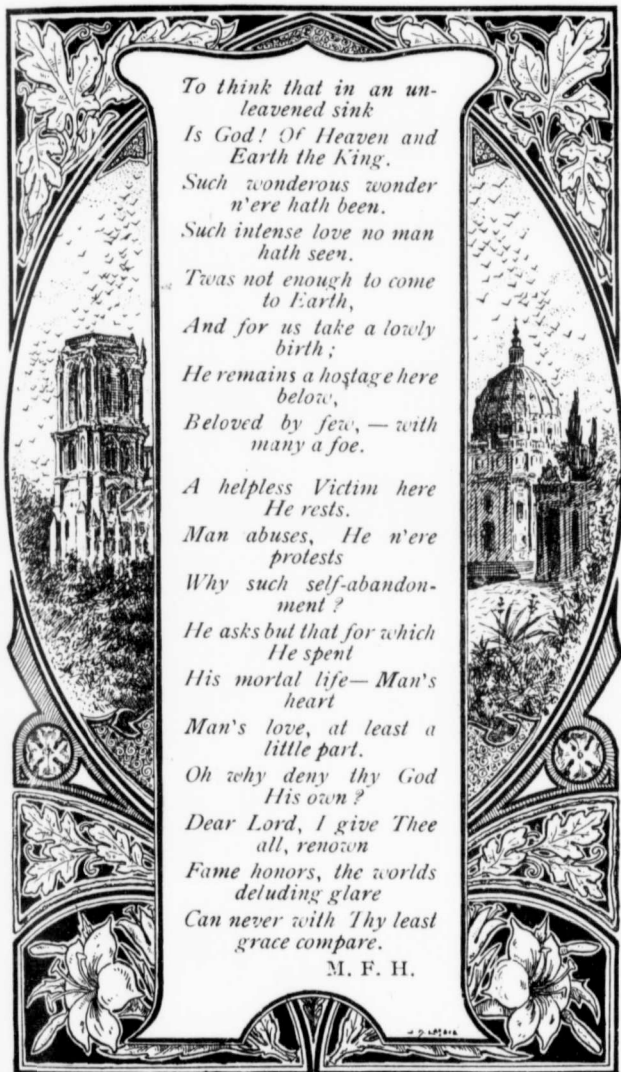
*Oh why deny thy God
His own?*

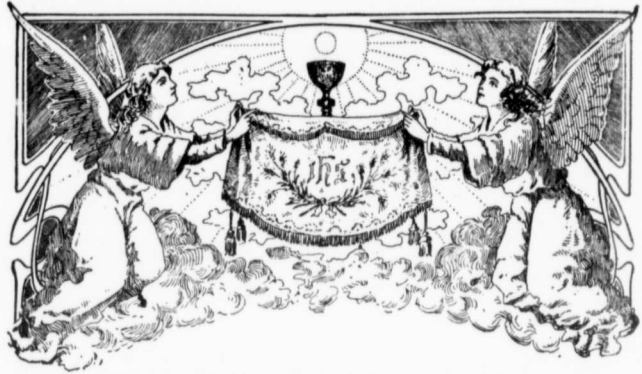
*Dear Lord, I give Thee
all, renown*

*Fame honors, the worlds
deluding glare*

*Can never with Thy least
grace compare.*

M. F. H.





The True Bread of Life.



NE of those fortunate youths safely sheltered and carefully brought up by the charitable society of St. Vincent de Paul persevered in the pious habits learned and fostered in the Protectory. When old enough to be apprenticed, his master had promised to allow him to attend mass every Sunday, and the youth never failed to avail himself of the permission and as often as possible received communion also. From that Bread of the Strong he derived strength to bear the persecutions and ridicule the practice of his religion entailed.

On a certain religious feast which happened to be a civic holiday as well, his master had ordered a more elaborate breakfast than usual for his family and good naturedly invited the apprentice to share it. The latter thanked him but answered that he could not, as he was going to mass where he would have the happiness of receiving holy communion. The master more ignorant than wicked, sneeringly retorted: "oh, indeed, our table is not a holy table! Nothing more or less than the Bread of Angels will satisfy a fine young fellow like you! But listen to an old chap like me, take my advice and give up

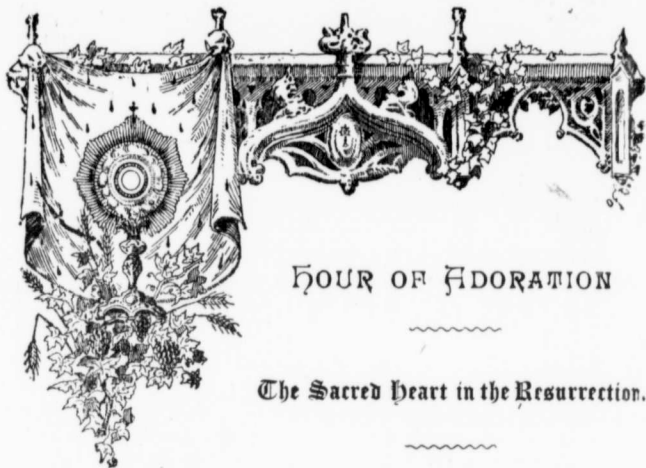
all that nonsense or else you may find that your precious White Bread may be the means of depriving you of even a morsel of black bread in your old age."

The lad's heart swelled with bitter indignation during this sacrilegious tirade. In a grieved tone and with a new dignity which raised him in all eyes, he answered: "Sir, I tell you on my honor for that precious White Bread you speak so lightly of, I would give more than my blood, more than my future, more, than my life!"

What a sublime preparation for communion were not



these sentiments, so nobly and fearlessly uttered, and which impressed the master so deeply that not only was the brave youth or his religion ever again insulted by him or any member of his household, but treated with marked respect, while the noticeable efforts they themselves henceforth made to live in a more Christian manner were truly admirable and a source of much comfort and happiness to the apprentice, who secretly hoped and prayed that some day God in His infinite mercy would give this kind master and his family the inappreciable grace of faith in and love for the true Bread of Life.



HOUR OF ADORATION

The Sacred Heart in the Resurrection.

I. — Adoration.

The Divine Master pointed out His Heart to men in the different states of His mortal life as the source of the love that He testifies toward them in every one of those states, and as the centre in which they should seek Him if they would everywhere find and taste Him. "Come to Me and learn of Me that I am meek and humble of Heart," did He say to those sheep without a shepherd, to the heavily burdened. — "Abide in Me, abide in My love," did He say when He made Himself the Sacrament, when He drew St. John to His Heart. He willed that a soldier should with a blow of his lance open His side on the Cross, to show to the world in His open Heart the love that had led Him to embrace death for its redemption. To inaugurate the immortal life that He was henceforth to lead to the end of time in our tabernacles and for all eternity in heaven. He called upon Thomas to plunge his hand into His side: "*Affer manum tuam, et mitte in latus meum,* — Bring hither thy hand, and put it into My side." that we might know by contact with His Heart in Its new life that He is always our Lord and our God. In His resuscitated life as in His death, He was consecrating to our welfare the treasures of His glorified Heart, as He had poured out for our benefit all the devotedness of His mortal Heart.

The various manifestations of the Sacred Heart during the days that our risen Saviour passed upon earth after the Resurrection, will form the subject of this Adoration.

II. — Thanksgiving.

Goodness is the principal motive for gratitude. In no other phase of His life did the Saviour more tenderly manifest His goodness than in His Resurrection. The spirit that this mystery inspires is, also, one of joy, happiness, and thanksgiving.

Christ shows that glory has not changed His Heart, as it too often happens among men. His goodness shines forth in His eagerness to show Himself to His own, to multiply His apparitions to them, and to allow Himself to be touched by them : — Handle and see !” His goodness speaks in His words of peace, repeated insistently : — Peace to you ! Again I say, Peace to you !” It was His condescending goodness that made Him return to the Cenacle, urged by the challenge of incredulous Thomas, in order to impart to him the Holy Spirit, which he had not received with his fellow-disciples.

What familiarity, what goodness on the shore of the sea of Tiberias ! — Children, have you any meat ? Cast the net on the right !” — And He had Himself lighted the coals upon which was broiling a fine fish, which He blessed, distributed, and ate with them : — It is His goodness that consoles the weeping Magdalen : “ Woman, why weepest thou ?” — “ They have taken away my Lord !” — “ Mary !” — O my Master !”

It was the compassionate goodness of Jesus that encouraged, enlightened, and strengthened the disciples of Emmaus. He explained to them the Scriptures that announced and justified His death. He revived their fainting hearts with the breath of His convincing proofs. He deigned to accept their hospitality and, reversing the rôles, became their host. He fed them with “ Bread blessed and broken,” with that marvellous Eucharist which they had tasted three days before, and sent them away full of faith and zeal on their mission of witnesses and Apostles.

It was His merciful and delicate goodness that, without making any painful allusion to it, raised up Peter after his triple denial. He simply demanded of him in the presence of those that he had scandalized, three acts of love, after which He confirmed him in his charge of universal pastor : — Peter, lovest thou Me ? Feed My sheep, feed My lambs.”

It is the generous goodness of Jesus which is satisfied only when making others happy, shedding joy into hearts, and causing them to forget all sadness : — The disciples were glad when they saw the Lord.” — He goes to meet the faithful, but disquieted, women with the words : — All hail ! Fear not.” And He allowed them in their joyful emotion to cast themselves at His glorified feet, and cover them with their pious kisses. The Church forever resounds with the echoes of the pure joy with which He replenished the heart of His Mother when, like a loving son, He pressed

her to His Heart, making her taste as much happiness as she had experienced bitterness : — O Queen of heaven, rejoice, because He whom thou didst deserve to bear, has risen as He said, Alleluia !”

“ Once,” says Blessed Margaret Mary, “ when I had retired into a little corner to be nearer the Blessed Sacrament, the adorable Heart of my Jesus was presented to me more brilliant than a sun. It was in the midst of the flames of Its pure love, and surrounded by seraphim, who sang in wonderful harmony :

Love triumphs, love possesses,
The love of the Heart of Jesus rejoices !

These blessed spirits invited me to unite with them in magnifying this amiable Heart, and to render It an unending homage of love and praise.”

III. — Reparation.

The very mysteries which glory illumines most with its splendors and replenishes with holy joy, are mingled with sadness, become overcast when in contact with sinful man. They have to amend and purify, hence, the necessity for reparation. In the effusions of Its Paschal joys, therefore, the Sacred Heart feels Itself obliged to inspire the Saviour with remonstrances and reproaches. It inveighs, above all, against the weak and wavering faith of Its own followers, and against the discouragement resulting from it, and which may easily lead to fidelity and apostasy.

On account of their ignorance, which had not comprehended the Saviour's teachings, and their groundless distrust of His goodness, the Apostles were, more or less, a prey to the terrible evil of incredulity. In vain had Jesus announced to them on several occasions His Passion, Death, and Resurrection, and proved that they had been foretold by the prophets. On the very day after the event, they remembered not that the Scriptures declared His Resurrection certain. The holy women, sent to them first by the angel, then by the Saviour Himself, talked foolishly, as they thought, when announcing His Resurrection, and they refused to believe. Even in the presence of their risen Lord, they hesitated and feared being deceived. Still more, after the repeated apparitions in the Cenacle, they failed to recognize Him when He appeared on the shores of Tiberias. It was only the more refined preceptions of John that made Him known to Peter and the other disciples : — It is the Lord !”

Such incredulity outraged the Saviour's veracity, and wounded still more His Heart. Indignation, as well as sorrow, may be traced in the reproaches that Jesus made to them. — “ O foolish and slow of heart to believe in all things which the prophets have spoken,” did He say to the disciples when, in doubt and despondency, they were making their way to Emmaus. “ Know ye not

that Christ had ro suffer these things, and so to enter into His glory ?" — When He appeared to the Eleven as they were at table, He "upbraided them with their incredulity and hardness of heart, because they did not believe them who had seen Him after He has risen."

O how difficult it is to obtain and to preserve faith, though so necessary ! When recommending to Thomas to be no longer faithless, but believing, the Saviour, to exalt the merit of faith, made use of these words : — Blessed are they that have not seen, and have believed !"

But if His most merciful Heart dictated to the unrecognized Saviour the necessary reprimands, It did not fail to incline Him to pardon the guilty and apply a remedy to their faults. It was in one of those consoling visits of the Resurrection that He instituted the Sacrament of mercy, through whose all-powerful action every sin will be remitted to them who humbly accuse themselves. The breath of pardon which will pass with the Holy Spirit over guilty souls to purify them from sin and lead them back to the divine life, will first have issued from the Sacred Heart, victorious by the Resurrection over sin and its principal causes, Satan and the world. — "He breathed upon them, and He said to them : Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven ; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

Let us, then, make reparation for all our incredulity of mind, of heart toward Christ risen from the tomb, and who appears to us constantly under the accidents of the Sacrament. Appearances are deceitful ; but he who accepts in all their fulness the Eucharistic words, shall never feel his faith and confidence grow weak. — "This is My Body, this is My Blood !" — If it is the human Body of Jesus, it must be animated by a human soul, for life necessarily results from the union of soul and body. Now, as the Humanity of the Saviour existed only to be borne and deified by the Person of the World, this Body, this Soul, this Blood are those of a God. The Eucharist is, therefore, the Word Incarnate, Christ resuscitated and living under the appearance of bread. As no obligation retains Him under the abject bonds of the Sacrament excepting His own Heart, that is, His love, it follows that the Eucharist is Christ loving as well as Christ living. Lord, guard, increase, strengthen ever my faith in Thy Heart, light indefectible which enlightens the abysses of the mystery of Thy Eucharist !

Our incredulity, our forgetfulness, our diffidence and discouragement, are felt very keenly by the Saviour in this Sacrament of life and love. Like thorns constantly driven into His Heart they wound Him. Like a new cross laid on His shoulders, they crush Him.

"One day," says Blessed Margaret Mary, "this Divine Heart was shown me on a throne of fire and flames, shooting out rays

on all sides more brilliant than the sun and transparent as crystal. The Wound that It had received on the Cross appeared in It. A crown of thorns surrounded the Divine Heart, and It was surmounted by a cross. My Divine Master gave me to understand that these instruments of His Passion signified all the outrages to which His love for men would expose Him in the Holy Eucharist to the end of time."

IV. — Prayer.

The Resurrection, in retaining the open Wound of the Sacred Side, reveals the Heart of the Priest who prays, of the Apostle who evangelizes, of the Father who remains ever in the midst of His children to protect them.

"Behold, I go to My Father, to My God," said the Saviour. In these words, He made known the ministry of all-powerful mediation that He was to exercise as the eternal High-Priest in behalf of the world. He is ever standing before the Father, showing Him His Wounds, which tell of His Passion and His victory, and appealing to Him without intermission to grant us all the fruits of His Resurrection.

His Heart, is overflowing with pity and inflamed with ardent, apostolic zeal for souls. He must shed light upon the whole earth, and carry salvation to mankind, held by Satan in the chains of death. To His Apostles on the little hill in Galilee, which He had assigned to them as a rendezvous, He said: "All power is given me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

But His Heart is that of a father toward the family which He Himself has gathered together, and which He wishes to multiply indefinitely. He knows that the father's presence is indispensable to the children, that he it is who must provide them with food and protection. At no cost will He leave them orphans; so giving to heaven His human Presence, He gives us His Eucharistic Presence by the solemn words of an inviolable testament: "Where-soever you go to preach My Gospel, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

And the glorified Heart of the risen Christ, without abandoning us, consecrates to us in the Sacrament, which preserves Him for us present and living, His immortal life, His devoted love, His most pure joys, His untiring solicitude, His uninterrupted prayers and Sacrifice, the daily Bread, and His invincible protection. All this is secured to those that believe in Him and invoke Him with firm confidence. Let us pray, then, through the Heart of the risen Christ. Let us obtain resurrection for all who are dear to us, but whom sin holds in the thralldom of death. Let us, above all, obtain

the resurrection of Christian France. To it was revealed the victorious Heart for the cure of its mortal evils and to restore to it, with the plenitude of Christian life, the power of a world-wide apostolate.

"What happiness for us," wrote Blessed Margaret Mary, "and for those that help to make the Sacred Heart known, loved, and glorified! They will draw down upon themselves the friendship and eternal benediction of the loving Heart of Jesus, and obtain a powerful Protector for our country. No less a power is necessary to appease the bitterness and severity of the just wrath of God for so many crimes. But I hope that this Divine Heart will become an abundant and inexhaustible source of mercy and grace, as It has promised me."

Brilliant gifts of mind will captivate an audience, the mere possession awes and overpowers us, but only goodness wins our heart, and makes us prisoners of love.

THE LAST SUPPER.

(See frontispiece.)

This is Thy hour, O Jesus, the hour of Thy desires, the hour of Thy love, the hour which Thou hast called by *excellence* Thy hour, *hora ejus*. Allow me to enter into the Cenacle with Thy Apostles and, thrilled with fear and love, behold Thee perform this wondrous work of Thy love for me.

This is the great act by which Thou didst resolve to manifest Thyself perfectly, to open to us the very depths of Thy Heart, and to give Thyself up entirely. Thy love is now about to attain its last limits, to reach its highest term!

O Jesus, — it is the Evangelist who says it, and if he had not said it, who could believe it? — Thy whole life was one of love, only love. He describes it in one word, sublime in its conciseness: "He had loved." But this whole life of love, Thou art now going to transcend by one single act, to excel in one instant the love of thirty-three years: *cum dilexisset, in finem dilexit!* For this hour Thou hast reserved *the end*, the extreme limit, the very last effort of Thy carrying it to such a height that beyond it there is nothing but the beatific love of heaven: *in finem!*

The Fruit of a Single Mass.



SOME years ago, in the hill-country of Western Pennsylvania, two wealthy farmers,—brothers, owned their broad acres side by side. They were of the sturdy stuff of which pioneers are made. Men of intelligence, shrewdness, fine moral training and physical strength. They loved, nature and higher things, God-fearing—and with a thirst for books, hard to satisfy in the remote mountains where their life-work held them. Respected by all, they reared large families and our story deals with one son, who was the favorite of his father, and the god-son of his uncle. He grew up, the very life of both families, and perhaps somewhat spoiled, for when he was still in his teens he insisted on leaving the happy, wholesome life of the farm, and his comfortable home, and going West, to seek a great, fortune. Affectionate remonstrance was of no avail and at last he departed for the great West amid the prayers and tears of those who loved him.

At first, accounts came at regular intervals. He was faithful to his religion, the same devoted Catholic, the same affectionate son and brother. But as years rolled by, less was heard of the absent one, and finally news came not at all.

Decades of years rolled by, and changes came to the old homestead. One by one the children passed out of it and to the boy's father reverses came, and the old home went out of his possession. The boy was now a middle-aged man, and was verging fast on the period when he should rest, and enjoy the remainder of his years.

He had made an ample fortune in the lead mines, but at the expense of his life and health. Soon it was rumored, the wanderer was coming home to die, and the remaining kinsfolk and neighbors found their hearts stirred to

welcome him. He had bought back the old homestead, and meant to make his aged father happy ; and the pathetic fact that he was returning broken in health but full of love for " the old place " gave an added strength to the feelings awakened.

And he came back, and with him his western wife. They had no children, and it was found that she was a bitter Protestant, and that her husband had lost his faith. At first this fact was mourned in silence and shocked surprise. Excuses were made, for the ill-health that was only too apparent ; but when long months went by, and neither husband nor wife ever appeared at Church, some of the kindred ventured on gentle remonstrance, which was received with angry resentment. The aged father had given up persuasion and advice, long before, and finally when the good pastor of the parish had called, and had been rudely rebuffed, the old friends and relatives shook their heads and mourned that one so near the grave should realize so little the awful account demanded by God for a wasted life. Time rolled on, and the unfortunate man was scarcely able to appear on the streets of his native town without danger of collapse, but he still ventured forth, bargained with his neighbors, for produce or stock, and seemed oblivious of his fast failing condition. His resentment when religion was mentioned was so bitter and profane that at last his nearest relatives shunned the house.

His uncle and god-father, however, would not allow his insulted feelings to get the better of his interest and charity, and continued to visit him. The aged father of the obstinate sinner, met his death one day by falling from a wagon, but had time to receive the Sacraments, and depart from this life in holy peace. His son was not at his deathbed nor, to the indignation of the parish, did he go to the Church for the funeral mass.

But it was noticed after this he seemed to grow more feeble, and was not so often seen in the street. Finally he did not appear at all, and rumor said he had become worse and was confined to bed. One day the god-father and Uncle of this man visited him, and seeing from his appearance he surely had not long to live, and fearing to throw him into a paroxysm of rage by mentioning his

soul, left the house, full of sadness. Meeting his own pious wife he spoke the sorrow it caused him.

"Let us have a Holy Mass offered for him," said she. "That is a good idea," said her husband. "I will go at once and speak to the priest."

He started off to the rectory, and in about an hour returned home much comforted. He told the pastor his trouble and the priest promised to say Mass next morning for his nephew.

Bright and early at the church, the two charitable Christians attended next day, and with great fervor assisted at the Sacrifice of the Altar, which was offered for this poor, impenitent dying relative.

Some hours passed away and both resumed the daily duties of life, when they saw from the window the wife of the wanderer coming to the house. It alarmed them, but she only said.

"Michael wants to see his uncle and asked me to call for him."

"Is he worse?"

"Oh, No! if anything better!"

"I will go" said Mr. K —, and he started at once, but with some misgivings as to his reception.

On entering the invalid's room the sick man stretched out his hands and said with a smile Uncle, I want you to do me a favor?

"What is it Michael?"

"Would it be too much trouble for you to get me the priest?"

"Trouble!" exclaimed his Uncle. "No indeed! I will go for him myself."

"I thought so," said his nephew, "that is the reason I sent for you in preference to anybody else."

"Thank God!" said Mr. K —, "I will go at once Michael." He did not trust himself to say another word, but left the house without speaking to either the invalid's wife or his own, who was standing in the doorway of his house as he passed. Ere long, the good pastor who was rejoiced at the news stood at the bedside of the sinner who had resisted every grace, apparently, and seemed to have no thought of dying in his sins.

"Father," said the man, "I am thankful you came to me. I was at your Mass this morning! and felt its grace pour into my soul, leaving me humble and repentant, and longing to make my peace with God!"

"You were at my mass?" said the astonished priest. "I didn't know you were even aware I offered Mass for you!" "Nor was I," said the invalid, "but I saw you plainly at the altar and the grace of the Holy Sacrifice has so worked in my heart that I am ready to make my



confession of forty years."

The priest blessed God secretly, and heard the poor man's confession.

He was long in the room and after it was over he called the invalid's wife, and told her how God had given her husband this wonderful grace; and the invalid himself expressed such joy and gratitude that tears ran down her cheeks.

As he seemed so bright and well, the priest promised to return next day with the Blessed Sacrament, but the invalid said, "No, Father, do not delay; I may seem

better, but I want to receive Holy Viaticum : death is not far off !”

The priest yielded to his desire, and went for the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils.

The fact that the priest had visited this hardened sinner soon spread through the little village, and he was met by many good people whose inquiries he answered with a glad acquiescence that he had made his peace with God.

When he returned with the Blessed Sacrament a reverent crowd followed and assisted in an ante room, while Michael received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, tears of contrition rolling down his cheeks.

When all was done sympathetic neighbors pressed around him to congratulate him. Verily ! it was like the feast for the prodigal son ! He begged pardon for the scandal he had given in his native place, protesting that his faith had never died, but was only dormant, having been crusted over by his free life in the West. He declared he had seen his pastor, in the old church from which he had been absent for so many years, saying Mass for him. He described the color of the vestments, and again averred that the graces which flowed from the Holy Sacrifice were like an irresistible torrent that broke down all before it. He wanted to know how it was that the Mass was for him. His uncle stepped forward.

Michael, I had the Mass offered for you, and your Aunt and myself were there, and prayed for your conversion !

“ Then Uncle to you I owe the means of my salvation ! That single Mass won my soul from perdition !..

In the middle of that night he died suddenly and painlessly. His wife who was watching by his bed, only heard a long drawn sigh, and found that the end had come.

Such was the wonderful conversion wrought by a single Mass ! Nor was that all. His wife asked to be instructed and baptised and is to-day a fervent convert.

REV. R. W. ALEXANDER.



Sweet Bells of Eastertide

*R*ING out from your lofty turrets,
sweet bells of the Eastertide!
Ring forth with a joyous anthem!
For the Soul that was crucified
Has burst the bonds of an earthly
prison.
The seal is broken, the Lord has
risen!

* * *

Ring out from your airy turrets the
message of glad release!
"I am the Resurrection—the Life,"
saith the Prince of Peace.
O bells of the Resurrection! acclaim
at each sealed door
The message of Love Immortal:
"And Death shall be no more!"

Pere Hermann.

“The Convert of the Eucharist.”



FAITH is a gift of God. Converts to our holy religion probably realize this truth more fully than those who are born within the fold of the true Church. Whether, as in the case of St. Paul, it comes as a sudden touch from the finger of God or, as in that of Cardinal Newman, it is the result of long and anxious reasoning, faith is a divine gift, which can be infused into the soul only by the breathings of the Holy Spirit. “The Spirit breatheth where He will.” Probably in few instances has the impulse of the Spirit of God been as urgent, as powerful, as overwhelming as in the conversion from Judaism of Hermann, the musician, the pupil of Liszt, and afterward, as he lovingly termed himself, “The convert of the Eucharist.”

The Eucharist, the conquering charms of the Sacrament of Love, subjugated the young artist, a Jew by birth, a distinguished pianist, a composer of great merit, whom the world, its pleasures, its renown, had inebriated, and whom it thought forever subdued to its brilliant empire. At a single stroke, a miraculous one, we may truly say, the Eucharist had revealed to him the life, the beauty, the love of Him whom It contains under its snowy veil of Bread. The artist loves It and belongs to It without reserve. And what had been commenced by the Eucharist was continued by It. Père Hermann became the founder of the *Work of Nocturnal Adoration*, which extended from Paris to all the great cities of France. He was not only its founder, but its propagator, also, for wherever Providence sent him after his conversion and entrance into religion, his first care was to establish Nocturnal Adoration among the men. He modelled these new Societies on that of Paris. There it was practised every night in the year in all the churches

in which was taking place the devotion of the Forty Hours. Tours, Agen, Bordeaux, Carcassonne and London owe to him their Works of Nocturnal Adoration.

In this conquest of the Blessed Sacrament, interior piety toward the Mystery of Love responded to zeal for its glory. Père Hermann lived up to what he taught. The Eucharist was his only thought, his sovereign love, his refuge at every moment, the type of the perfection, the virtues toward which he tended. It was the light, the rule, the consolation of his spiritual life.

Hermann, one of the most precious conquests of this Holy Eucharist, was born in Hamburg, Germany, in 1820, of the distinguished Cohen family. They claimed descent from the ancient tribe of Levi and, as a consequence, shared in all the levitical privileges reserved, according to Jewish law, for the members of that tribe. The Jewish religion of Hamburg was not orthodox. The Talmud was unread, the Hebrew language neglected, until there existed little to suggest the rites prescribed for God's chosen people. Although a wee child, the soul of tiny Hermann perceived the void, and tried to fill it by singing canticles to the God of Israel.

In his fifth year, his parents placed him at a Protestant College. Here he won the admiration of both professors and students by his brilliant intelligence which, even at that tender age, was unfolding those beauties that astonished his contemporaries. At this time, also, he began the study of music, and his wonderful talent gained for him the rewards and prizes destined for far older boys. Madame Cohen secured for the training of her boy the greatest available talent. He was the darling of her heart. Nothing, she thought, was beyond his ability, and everything was done to foster that pride and vanity which was to prove his future downfall.

But like another Monica, Madame Cohen shadowed the footsteps of her boy through all his darkest hours, praying with all the fervor, though without the faith, of St. Monica, that the God of Israel would not turn a deaf ear to her pleadings for the return of her son to the religion of his birth. Nothing could be more pathetic than the immense, unselfish love of this Jewish mother for her wayward boy. She was true to him to the end and,

in return, Père Hermann wafted many a prayer toward the Tabernacle for his precious mother that the Prisoner of Love might grant her the light of faith. How miraculously this prayer was answered, we shall see later on.

At the age of eleven, we find the young genius at Paris, where he took *one* lesson from Chopin, *one* from Zimmerman, and finally placed himself under the guidance of Lizst. A strong friendship sprang up between master and pupil. The admiration was mutual and,



some time later, when Lizst went to Geneva, he made the boy-artist a professor in the Conservatory of Music. During his stay there, Hermann, from the reading of the infamous books of the day, became acquainted with the vice and iniquity of the age. He was then only fifteen years old, and he drank deep of the poisonous cup. The result may easily be imagined. He had the musical world at his feet. His success was followed, as so frequently happens, by a total demoralization of both moral and intellectual faculties.

One day, Lizst gave him a Bible in which he had written: "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God," words that made a deep impression on the sensitive soul of Hermann, and he at once expressed the desire to become a Christian. But at the time he received no encouragement. In after life, he loved to speak of this period of his career, and describe the impressions made upon his soul when he heard Lizst play a fragment of the "*Dies Irae*" on the famous organ of Friburg. He tells us: "Lizst touched the grand organ, that colossal harp of David, the majestic

tones of which gave a vague idea of Thy greatness, O my God! Was I not then penetrated with an impression of holiness? Didst Thou not make a religious sentiment vibrate in my soul? What was that profound emotion which I felt every time I played the organ in my childhood or heard others play it, an emotion so lively that it almost destroyed my health, and the use of it was absolutely forbidden? Oh, my beloved Jesus! Thou wast knocking at the door of my heart, and I opened not to Thee!"

But these impressions were transitory. His passion-tossed soul could find no rest. He lost faith in all human nature, except in the heart of his mother, who lavished upon him the same untiring love with which she had loved him in the days of his innocent childhood.

From Hamburg to London she followed him, then to Paris, Milan, and finally to Venice, where she and her daughter poured the balm of loving sympathy on the wound caused by an estrangement between him and Lizst. All earthly joy was now poisoned for him, and this was God's moment.

In May, 1847, being only twenty-six years of age, Hermann was invited by the Prince of Moscow to become Director of a choir of amateurs in the Church of Saint Valerie, Paris. He accepted and, one Friday, when the moment of Benediction arrived, he experienced, according to his own words, "a singular emotion like remorse for taking part in this Benediction to which he, being a Jew, had no right." He tells us that he felt "unknown comfort," and returned on the following Fridays, and always to experience the same impression. When the priest held the ostensorium over the kneeling faithful, he trembled in spite of himself and, had not human respect restrained him, he would have shed abundant tears. He knew not how to explain these strange emotions. The month of May flowed by, and with it the musical solos in honor of Mary.

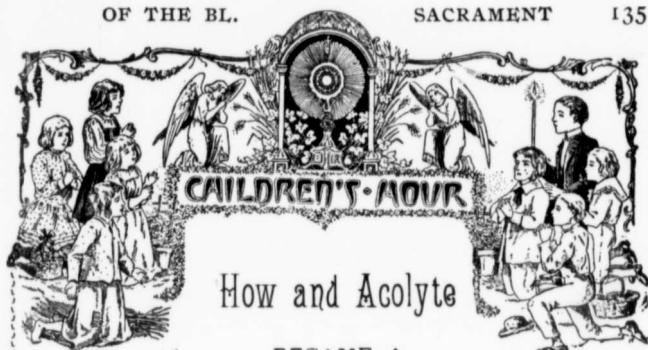
"Three months after, having gone to Ems to give a concert, the next day but one after my arrival, which was a Sunday, I went to Mass. There, little by little, the singing, the prayers, the Presence—invisible, and yet felt by me—of a superhuman power, began to agitate

me, trouble me, make me tremble, in a word, *divine grace was pleased to act upon me with all its strength.* At the moment of the Elevation, I suddenly felt bursting from my eyes a deluge of tears, which ceased not to flow in pleasurable abundance down my burning cheeks... O moment forever memorable for the salvation of my soul !... I still retain thee in my mind with all the heavenly sensations thou didst bring to me from On High !... I ardently invoked the all-powerful and all-merciful God that the delicious remembrance of thy beauty might remain eternally engraven on my heart with the ineffaceable marks of a faith staunch against every trial, and of a gratitude equal to the measure of the benefit with which He had deigned to endow me !... Without doubt, I then experienced what St. Augustine felt in his garden of Cassiacum when he heard the famous *Tolle, lege!*

" I remembered having wept sometimes in my childhood, but never, no, never before had such tears been known to me. While I was inundated by them, I felt arising from the depths of my breast, torn by my conscience, the most biting remorse with regard to my past life. Suddenly and spontaneously, as if by intuition, I made to God a general, interior, and rapid confession of all my enormous sins since my childhood. I saw them displayed before me by thousands, hideous, repulsive, revolting, deserving of all the wrath of the Sovereign Judge. And yet I felt, also, an unknown peace which, like a comforting balm, soon spread throughout my soul, bringing me the assurance that the God of mercy would pardon them, would turn His eyes away from my crimes, would pity my sincere contrition, my bitter sorrow. Yes, I felt that He was showing me favor, and that He would accept in expiation of my sins my firm resolution to love Him above all things, and to turn to Him forever.

" On leaving the church of Ems, I was already a Christian. Yes, as Christian as it was possible for me to be, not yet having received Baptism ! "

(*To be continued.*)



How and Acolyte

BECAME A

MISSIONARY BISHOP.

IT was the afternoon of the Festival of All Saints, in the year of our Lord 1851, when a well-known priest arrived in the city of Asti, in the southern part of France. He had come from Turin to preach devotion to the souls in Purgatory. On entering the sacristy of the church where the evening services were to be held, he found a little boy about twelve years old seated alone, and awaiting with child-like anxiety for the beginning of the Divine Office. It was soon learned that the object of his early attendance was to be selected as the favored acolyte who would accompany the preacher to the pulpit.

When the sermon and devotions were over, and the preacher was leaving the sacristy, he observed an unsatisfied expression on the face of his little attendant, and said to him: "My child, I think there must be something you want to tell me, Is it not so?"

"Yes, Father," replied the boy, whose face was covered with blushes; "I do want so much to tell you something that has troubled me for a long time. I would like to go with you to Turin to study and become a priest."

"Very well: you shall come with me," said the priest. "I have already learned something about you from your good curé. Tell your mother to call upon us this evening at the presbytery, and we will talk over the matter."

Before many minutes had elapsed, both mother and son were seated in the humble waiting-room of the parochial residence.

"My dear madam," said the venerable priest, we are going to talk on important business." Then he added, with a smile, "Do you want to sell your little son?" "Sell him? oh no!" cried the mother. "But, Father, if you want him for the Church, gladly will I give him to God."



"Very well," replied the priest. "Get ready his little wardrobe. Let him come to me tomorrow, and henceforth I shall be his father..."

Of the characters in the foregoing little incident the priest is the well-known Don Bosco, who, like another Vincent de Paul, has signalized before the world an almost perfect manifestation of ideal Christian charity, in his thorough self-devotion to the cause and care of those

little ones — otherwise neglected and abandoned — whom our dear Lord would have come to Himself, and of whom He declared was the Kingdom of heaven. The little boy is now Monsignor Cagliers, titular Bishop of Magida — an old town in Asia Minor — and Vicar-Apostolic of Patagonia, in South America. When he had completed his studies and was ordained priest, in 1862, he sought and obtained his appointment as missionary to South Africa. There his labors were especially directed among the inhabitants of Patagonia, and were signally blessed by Heaven. He was consecrated bishop in his native town in France, and prominent among the clergy in attendance was his father in the Lord, Don Bosco.

