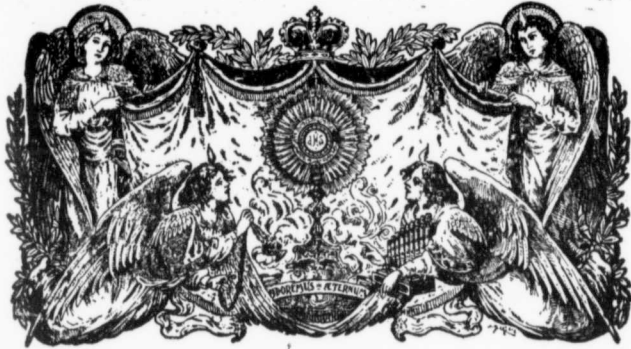




Maddalen at the Feet of Jesus.



Rabboni, Master !

*Rabboni, Master ! Mary's cry of praise
Is mine on each of my Communion days
As, 'neath the Sacramental veils, to me
My well beloved cometh graciously.*

*With loving welcome, eagerly, as when
At Bethany came forth the Magdalen,
My greeting unto Him as He doth rest,—
Rabboni, Master ! my soul's sacred Guest.*

*Rabboni, Master ! He once sweetly taught
The chosen Twelve ; His mercy ever sought
The ignorant and poor, that He might bring
To darkness light and ease to suffering.*

*He comes to me the neediest of all !
At His dear feet prostrate with love I fall,
One cry is mine as I adore :—
Rabboni, Master, would I loved Thee more !*



Particular Practice for the Month of July.

Our Duties towards the Blessed Eucharist.

First Duty : To Believe.



T. PAUL says the first obligation to draw us close to God is to believe in Him. If, then, the Blessed Eucharist is Jesus Christ, it is necessarily Jesus Christ, Our God, and consequently our first obligation towards It is to have faith — to believe.

How easy it is to believe in Jesus, Sacred Host, when we recall the Saviour's love ; His promises at Capharnaum ; His words at the Last Supper ; the infallible teaching of His Church, — and her veneration for the august Sacrament.

Above intellectual reasoning we class heart reasoning whose sublimity the intellect cannot always understand and exemplified in these words of Pascal's : " In beholding the love of Our Lord carrying His passion as far as those marvels, the Crib and Calvary, is it hard to believe that this love, which nothing explains, but which explains everything, could and did go a step further and ended in that unlimited limit of the sacred passion — the Eucharist."

Was not the Eucharist prefigured by these words of St. John : "Having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them unto the end?" When the soul, like the beloved disciple, has tasted the infinite sweetness of the love of Jesus, then the divine master may speak and His words will be understood.

We quote the Saviour's words to the Capharnaïtes regarding the Eucharist, uttered a year before its institution. I am the living Bread come down from heaven... The Bread I will give them is my flesh... This Bread come down from heaven is not that which your fathers did eat in the desert without preventing them from dying... Whoever eats this Bread shall live eternally... Could Jesus attest more forcibly the identity of His divine substance with the Eucharistic Bread? This Bread is not the Manna, it is not ordinary Bread, it is not a lifeless type, an unreal figure : it is His Flesh — it is Himself.

Behold the priceless gift the Man-God promised in the Synagogue of Capharnaüm, gift having two names : one for the appearance : Bread ; the other for the reality : His Flesh. Behold the realization of this promised gift, on the eve of His cruel death, in the hour of His last legacy, bequeathed by supreme love. Seated at table with His twelve disciples, He takes bread into His holy and venerable hands and having blessed it, presents it to his disciples saying : "Take and eat for this is my Body." Then presenting them the Chalice He says : "Drink ye all of this, for this is my Blood which shall be shed for many."

It is the full complete realization of His divine promise. It is His Body and Blood which have never ceased to be united to His divinity since the Incarnation ; it is His humanity which appeared glorious and immortal on the morning of the Resurrection.

The Church, the Spouse of Christ, and the inheritor of His truth and of His love, also commands our belief in the Eucharist. Her pastors, direct successors of the Apostles, are the guardians of the adorable truths announced by Jesus Christ and cannot deceive us ; nor would she wish to do so. Divine Mother that she is she loves her children as God Himself does, and with Him, her spiritual spouse shares the same spirit of love and

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truth rendering her incapable of asking of her children a sacrilegious or idolatrous faith or of giving them a diet of errors and falsehood.

We should, then, believe these words she addresses to each one of us, at the holy table when giving us the Living Bread come down from heaven : " May the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ preserve your soul unto eternal life."

To the testimony of her doctrine the Church joins that of her example and practical faith. " Like St. John the Baptist, who, after pointing out the Messiah, threw himself at His feet, the Church points out the living Christ and consecrates all the solemnity of her worship to glorify His adorable Person in the Blessed Sacrament. Those grand Basilicas, those magnificent churches are the expression of her faith in the Eucharist. She did not wish to build sepulchres but noble temples wherein her God might find a befitting throne" (P. EYMARD.)

Never let us fear to manifest our Eucharistic faith, even to defend it, if necessary, whenever we see it attacked by ignorance or incredulity. To blush then would be a crime. Let us often beseech Jesus in the Sacred Host to increase, Himself, our faith, saying with the Centurion : " Lord I believe : help Thou my unbelief." Let our faith be practical and consistent and since we believe the Blessed Eucharist is Our God, let us honor and love It as such.

A Bishop seeing a Christian behaving disrespectfully before the Blessed Sacrament asked him : " Have you faith ? Do you believe ?" The delinquent, disconcerted by such a question answered : " certainly, Your Lordship, I believe." " So much the worse," retorted the Bishop, it would be far better not to have faith than to believe and act as you did in God's presence.

—○—

If we wish to persevere in virtue, we must communicate, and we must often communicate, for it is the most powerful means given to us to obtain perseverance: it is the Bread of Christians, their daily Bread.

Bossuet.

Let us receive Jesus ; for when He enters into us, and when we possess Him in our mind and heart, He quenches the fire of foolish delights, whilst He excites us and strengthens us spiritually to serve Him, that is, to do what is pleasing to Him.

St. Cyril of Alexandria.

A PRIEST FOREVER.

*In the glad morning light
That burst athwart the hills and filled the
vale,
Sublime he stood. Around his features pale
His silver locks curled, and with rippling
flow
Fell o'er his woollen robe, that gleamed as
snow*

In the glad morning light.

*A golden salver bright,
With wheaten bread, was at his side. A cup
Of gold, containing wine, he lifted up ;
And visions of great glory he beheld—
God's type of priests, Melchisedech of end,
Pledge of His love and might.*

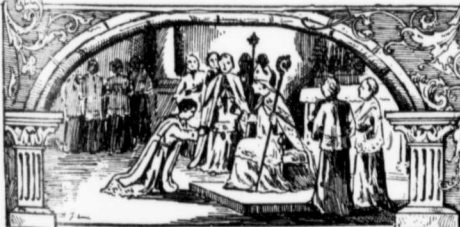
*In the glad morning light
That Christ spread o'er the earth, thou
standest now
But not as other men ; for on thy brow
Stream brighter rays, and nobler powers
are thine.*

*Thou hast been chosen by a King divine
To stand within His sight.*

*Thou art one of a few :
The wheaten bread, the gold-encircled wine,
At thy command become thy Christ and
mine.*

*Oh, pleader for thy people, may thy soul
Be pure forever ! Through the years that
Mayest thou be true !* [roll

— JOSEPH B. KERR.





MARY MAGDALEN.



T. MARY MAGDALEN was the privileged friend of Jesus. She served Him with her wealth, she accompanied Him everywhere. She honored His Humanity magnificently by her presents. She loved to pray at His feet in the silence of contemplation. By all these titles, she is the patroness and the model of the life of adoration, and of the service of Jesus in the

Sacrament of His love. Let us study St. Mary Magdalen. Her life is full of the best lessons.

Jesus loved Martha, Mary her sister, and Lazarus, but Mary more than all. No doubt He loved all three, but He had a special predilection for Magdalen.

Although Our Lord loves us all, nevertheless He has His friends of preference, and He permits us, also, to have our special preferences in God. Nature, yes, even grace, has need of them. All the saints have had their intimate friends, and themselves were the most devoted in their friendships.

Magdalen was, before her conversion, a public sinner. She possessed all the qualities of mind and body, all the gifts of fortune that could lead to the greatest excesses. And she allowed herself to be so led. The Gospel degrades her even to calling her a public sinner. This woman had fallen so low that Simon the Pharisee regarded it as a



"She has loved much."

dishonor that she should enter his house. And, because Jesus suffered her at His feet, he even doubted His prophetic light.

But this poor sinner is going to rise in His pardon, even to the rank of the highest saints. Let us see how this will be.

What chiefly holds great sinners and hinders their conversion, is human respect. I shall not be able to persevere in good, they say ; I dare not undertake what I cannot continue. And they pause discouraged.

But Magdalen hears that Jesus is in the house of Simon. She hesitates not. She goes straight to Jesus, and makes a public confession. She even dares to enter a house from which, had she been recognized at the entrance, she would have been expelled in shame. She utters no word at the feet of Jesus, but her love speaks in a loud voice. Painters represent her with disheveled hair, her dress disordered, that is pure imagination. Such an appearance would have been worthy neither of Jesus nor of her repentance.

She makes no mistake as to His identity, but goes straight to Jesus. How does she know him ? Ah ! the sick heart knows very well how to find Him who will console and cure.

Mary dares not look at Jesus. She sees nothing. That is the characteristic of true repentance. Behold the Prodigal Son and the Publican. The sinner that looks into the face of God whom he has offended, insults Him. But Mary weeps and dries with her hair the feet of Jesus, which she has watered with her tears. Behold her place, at the feet of Jesus. The feet tread the earth, and she knows that she is only the dust of a dead body. Of her hair, that vanity which the world adores, she makes a cloth, and there she remains prostrate awaiting her sentence. She hears the remarks of the envious, the Apostles as well as the Jews, who honor only virtue crowned and triumphant. They do not care for Magdalen, who gives to them and to all this lesson. They have all sinned, but no one has the courage publicly to ask pardon. Simon even, full of hypocrisy and pride, — Simon is indignant ! But Jesus avenges Magdalen. What a word of reinstatement : " Much has been forgiven her, because she has loved much ! " " Go in peace," says the Saviour to her, " thy

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faith has saved thee." He does not add : "Sin no more." Jesus said that to the adulteress, more humbled at having offended God. Magdalen had no need of that recommendation. Her love is to Jesus the certitude of her firm resolve. What a beautiful and touching absolution ! Magdalen has, indeed, very perfect contrition.—When you go to confession, unite with Magdalen and let your contrition like hers, spring more from love than from fear.

Magdalen withdraws with the baptism of love. She became more perfect than the Apostles by her humility. Ah ! after this example, despise sinners if you dare ! One instant suffices to make of them great saints.

Among the greatest of them, how many has not Jesus Christ sought in the mire of sin, for instance, Paul, St. Augustine, and many others ! Magdalen opened to them the way. She rose to the Heart of God, because she started from very low down, and knew how to humble herself. Who then, should despair ?

After her conversion, Magdalen entered into active love. Here is a great lesson. Many after conversion remain where they were before. They desire to live in the peace of a good conscience, practicing the Commandments. They dare not follow Jesus ; they end by falling back. Man does not live in tears and regrets. You have shattered the objects to which your heart was so attached ; you must now replace them, and live the life of God. Do you remain at the feet of Jesus ? — He rises. Follow Him and walk with Him. Magdalen is going to follow Jesus. Never again will she be separated from Him. You will find her at His feet, listening to His words, and meditating them in her heart. It is the grace of her life. She has no other word than prayer, prayer and love. She follows Jesus, and practices the virtues of His different states. The conversion that rests in sentiment is not lasting. Mary shares the different states of Jesus.

On His journeys she supplies what is necessary for His own and His Apostles' subsistence. Jesus will often go to the home of His friends in Bethania, and take His meals with them ; in exchange He will give them a nourishment of grace and love. Every time that He does so, Mary takes her place at His feet, and remains there in prayer. Martha will be jealous of her. Thus do they act

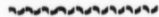
who think that there is only one good state, one good way of living. All are good. That which you have is good. Keep it, but do not despise the others. Martha did well in laboring for Jesus, but she did wrong in being jealous of her sister. You know how Jesus replied and defended Magdalen. It is better to listen to His voice than to give Him nourishment. That still happens among active vocations. They complain of contemplative souls. "You are useless! Come, then, and labor through charity for the salvation of your brethren!" — But Jesus has here defended them. Is it not necessary, also, to show charity to Jesus Christ, poor and abandoned in His Sacrament?

Magdalen heard the dialogue, the complaints of her sister. She makes no response she is well off at the feet of Jesus, and there she stays

Another characteristic of Magdalen's active love is suffering. She suffers with Jesus Christ. No doubt, she knew in advance of the death of her Master. Friendship has no secrets. If Jesus revealed it to His Apostles, who were so coarse, how could he conceal it from Magdalen?

Behold Magdalen in her suffering love! She goes where men dare not go. She mounts even to Calvary, abandons her loved family, follows Jesus Christ suffering even to the end. We see her with Mary at the foot of the Cross. The Gospel names her, and well does she deserve it. What is she doing there? She is loving, she is compassionating. He who loves desires to share the condition of his friend. Love fuses two lives, two existences, into one. Magdalen is not standing. She remembers that she has been a sinner, and that her place is on her knees. Mary alone is standing, immolating her dear Son, her Isaac.

Magdalen remains there until after the death of Jesus. On the morning of the first day of the week, she returns. She knows very well that Jesus is buried; but still wishes to suffer and weep. The Gospel lauds the zeal, the magnificence of the gifts of the other women; but of Magdalen, it speaks only of her tears. Behold the Christian heroine! More than all the saints, Magdalen shows forth to us the divine mercy.



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Mary's BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

ANNA T. SADLIER.



THE McMahons lived in a very pretty little house, just fronting upon the church, which had lately been built in that small village of the Province of Quebec. It was a lovely village, too, with the great river stretching along the shore and hills of the Laurentian chain arising behind it. They were a very happy and a very united family, a model, indeed, to all the parish. They had so many kindly ways, they were so habitually cheerful and good tempered. Not only did they stretch out their hand to the needy, according to the injunction of Holy Writ, but they exercised a kindly and generous hospitality. Wayfarers knew the house well, as did likewise the residents of the village, who loved to drop in after working hours, being sure of a cordial welcome.

Those hours in the McMahon household helped to dispel many a bitter prejudice on the part of their Protestant neighbors and sowed the good seeds amongst their co-religionists.

Amongst the various practices of piety which prevailed, was the gathering every morning in June of the fresh, sweet roses which grew in the garden to offer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Tabernacle. Sometimes, it was the mother herself, who stole away from her multifarious occupations, and with her children around her made the offering to the holy Prisoner of Love. Oftentimes, the flowers were placed in the hands of little Mary, a rosy and pretty child of five, fresh and pure as the roses which she offered. She made many inquiries concerning the golden door of the Tabernacle and was told that it led to the dwelling of a King, who had forsaken his own palace of heaven come to abide there for the love of men and that He might hear their petitions. She was also told that it was this same King, who had made heaven and earth, with all things thereupon. This seemed to impress little Mary very much and she often made inquiries in her childish fashion concerning this great truth.

One lovely morning in July, when the little household come downstairs and rushed into the garden to gather roses, what was their dismay to behold it rifled, stripped of all its fragrant flowers. Tramps had come thither in the night and had carried away every rose and broken and trampled the bushes. It reminded one of that parable of the Scripture, where the Lord of the field finding cockle amongst the wheat, cried, "an enemy hath done this."

It seemed as if the enemy of souls had planned this general ruin to interfere with the beautiful practice of carrying roses to Jesus upon the altar. Many were the tears of the younger children and the lamentations of their elders. Mary alone remained serene and she was presently found by the roadside picking up daisies and mulleens. When questioned as to her purpose, she replied she was going to take them to Jesus' golden door. The elder children remonstrated saying that she could not put such common weeds upon the altar. But Mary stongly held her own. She contended, with baby logic, that if the king had made all the flowers, He will love one just as well as the other ; which seemed quite right, indeed, seeing that he loves even the most miserable of his creatures. While the dispute was in progress, the venerable priest of the parish drew near unobserved and laying his hand

upon Mary's head, exclaimed : " Suffer little children and forbid them not ; for of such is the Kingdom of heaven ! Mary's offering will be as acceptable, as the most beautiful roses to the King of the Tabernacle, who regards not the gift but the heart of the giver."



So saying, he took Mary into the church, followed by the others, and the old priest and the little child, alike in fervor of heart and in purity, placed the wild flowers of the roadside before the Tabernacle, door and he asked that morning a great grace for little Mary, which most probably was granted, and that it was why, she became

many years later, a Carmelite and lived her whole life, as a beautiful and fragrant flower in the garden of Christ.

And the pious family took the lesson to heart and when they had no roses to offer, offered the wild flowers which grew about in profusion and their mother pointed the lesson, that so it is with the virtues, the smallest and commonest, may be as acceptable in the sight of that great King of the Tabernacle, as those that are sublime and shine, like sun in the sight of men. It became a lesson, to all and a maxim in the village and the catholic villagers said to each other, if we haven't great things to offer we can offer trifles, like little Mary's bunch of flowers.

Near the Tabernacle.

WHEN, like the summer leaves,
Heart's joys have flown ;
When my faint spirit grieves,
Weary and lone ;
Ah ! it is passing sweet,
Here at Thy sacred feet,
Silently to repeat,
Jesus, my own.

As at Thy feet, Thy flock
Feedeth above ;
And in the sheltering rock
Hideth the dove ;
So let my yearning heart,
Pierced by Thy keenest dart,
Ne'er from Thy side depart,
Jesus, my Love.

Juda's eternal star,
Fadeless and bright,
Shedding Thy beams afar
Banishing night,
Shine o'er my earthly way,
And 'neath Thy steady ray
Darkness will turn to day,
Jesus, my Light.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

An Hour of Adoration before the
Blessed Sacrament
And Lead us not into Temptation.

I. — Adoration.

I adore and praise Thee, O Adorable Saviour who didst allow temptation to assail Thee in the desert and who hast left us in Thy Most Holy Sacrament with the merits of Thy victories over Satan, the world and the flesh, the grace to overcome all temptations.

Benign Master, kneeling here at Thy Sacred Feet, I beseech Thee, show me clearly what temptation is, whence it originates, why Thou dost allow it, how I may overcome it and what profit I should draw from it.

What is temptation? Temptation is an invitation to sin, an inclination or leaning towards moral wrong; temptation is seduction, violence, artifice employed in the service of evil to excite us and lead us to evil thoughts, evil desires, evil living and, unfortunately and as a natural consequence, to an evil death also.

Undoubtedly, such inclinations do not emanate from Thee, God of Sanctity, nor in that sense dost Thou tempt any creature. Still, there is a kind of temptation of which Thou art really the instigator, namely, the trials with which Thou dost often visit Thy most faithful servants, by means of which Thou dost test their loyalty and figuratively speaking, experiment in order to see how much they love Thee.

However that may be, temptations in general are not lacking to any of us. Whoever we are, wherever we go, whatever we do, temptation pursues us as faithfully as our shadow, it descends on us from above it springs up under

our feet, it is in the air we breathe, in the sunshine lightening our way, in the full blown flower, in the couch where we slumber in the book we read, in the oratory where we pray, in our parents, our friends our fellow-travelers, in the most profane things as well as in the most spiritual, it may even proceed from the altar or the tabernacle, finally and principally it is in ourselves and flows from our corrupt nature as from a never ending source and so it shall be until we are safe in our eternal home.

How can we explain this mystery? Where do those numerous temptations come from? Holy Scripture tells us from three principal causes, the world, the flesh and the devil. Since the revolt and consequent downfall of Lucifer and the bad angels, they have but one occupation, that of blaspheming their Sovereign Benefactor and of tempting the human race, trying to draw it entirely, were such possible, into the depths of the infernal regions. In this implacable hatred of Satan for creatures redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, we find the first cause of our temptations.

Then the world: Since the disobedience of our first parents, God's creatures have become a source of temptation to their fellow-men and a net wherein the feet of the unwary are entangled. By the world, we designate that vast number who forget heaven and live only for earth and its deceitful pleasures. That world, wholly given up to vice and for which Thou, dear Jesus, though infinite mercy Itself, didst not wish to pray — that world is the second cause of our temptations.

But the principal abettor of Satan the great bulwark of the world and the third and greatest source of all our temptations is concupiscence or that disordered inclination which, since the fall of Adam, is at the bottom of every human soul, leading it to act in opposition to the law of God, of order, or of reason.

Dear Jesus, what formidable enemies I have to struggle against both in me and around me! The knowledge would be discouraging were it not for my firm belief in Thy goodness, and in Thy tender watchful mercy, never allowing me to be tempted beyond my strength. Moreover, at the sight of this magnificent table which Thou hast set before me and where Thou dost present to me the "Bread of the Strong," containing the secret whereby I may overcome all my adversaries, my hearts is filled with unbounded confidence.

II. — Thanksgiving.

Temptations, notwithstanding their train of disagreeable and dangerous circumstances should be for us a subject of joy and of great joy ! Because nothing in a spiritual sense is so useful and meritorious for us, because temptations viewed by God's light are signs of predestination. Give me grace, Saviour Jesus, to understand and believe these consoling words ; Blessed are they who suffer temptation ; so that, instead of murmuring and growing discouraged, despite the violence of temptation I may have courage and strength to sing Thy infinite mercies with unshaken confidence.

Temptation is beneficial, first, because it humbles us. If we were always surrounded with happiness, riches and abundant spiritual consolations, pride would not be slow in corrupting our heart, or in sowing therein the fruits of a secret complaisance ; on the contrary, when we feel the lower nature revolting in us, the most abject temptations assailing us, the sallies of anger agitating us, blasphemy springing to our lips in spite of ourselves, the abyss of hell open, as it were, under our feet. Oh ! then we are no longer proud, we dare not rely on ourselves. This distrust of self is a great blessing and the foundation of humility, which is itself the base of every Christian virtue.

In the second place, temptation is beneficial because it confers on us new strength and new beauty, by exercising and purifying our virtue. Our soul's strength and beauty consist in the ardor of its love for God. If we knew how to bear temptation in a truly Christian manner, it would quickly detach us from earth and unite us closely to God. Temptation enlightens, purifies and fortifies us. He who is not tempted, what knowledge does he possess ? On the contrary he who has been tried by the fire of temptation will have noble, charitable views ; he who has learned wisdom through trials and tribulations will speak with much unction. Our Lord, alluding to the just, says, " I will purify them by fire as money is purified ; I will test them in the furnace as gold is tested ?

Temptation furnishes us opportunities of advancing in all virtues since it compels us to make constant efforts to overcome all difficulties. Finally, temptation is for us a source of innumerable merits for heaven. Heaven is a reward, we must strive for and merit. " No one can be crowned unless he has conquered, no one can conquer unless he has fought... We should not, then fear temptation so much : it is the source of victory, the cause of triumph... it

renders the crown more glorious." In heaven the elect will eternally sing a hymn, the burden of which shall be : We are inebriated with joy, O Lord, at the remembrance of the days wherein we were humbled, at the remembrance of the years wherein we were afflicted."

Can we not now understand more clearly why Christians pray, not to be delivered from temptation, but principally not to be vanquished thereby. St Paul, tormented by the breath of Satan, begged to be delivered therefrom, but the only answer to his fervent prayer was : " My grace is sufficient for thee." Since, then, it is God's manifest will that we suffer temptation and that it is profitable for our eternal salvation, let us try to bear it as Jesus commands with thanksgiving and joy.

III. — Reparation.

Let us examine seriously why we have profited so little by our temptations, and why they have vanquished us so often. Is it not because we have failed to use the means employed by the saints : vigilance, prayer, confidence ; the daily use of those ever victorious arms of faith, love and penance ; but especially that of humility, a single act of which is capable of routing hell itself ?

The most efficacious means, the great secret of victory, is Thy Body and Blood, my Jesus, Thy Eucharist — Thyself, the Eternal Conqueror of Satan. Among the many helps extended to enable us to resist the devil, the world, and the flesh, none equals in efficacy, in richness, Holy Communion. Apart from directly giving the most valuable aid, it develops and increases all the other means of victory. Pardon us, dear Lord, for having so little utilized those precious weapons in the spiritual combat.

IV. — Prayer.

If we had more faith in prayer, we should never be overcome by temptation however violent it might be. At the base of every temptation is hell, but at the summit of every prayer is God. A soul never prays without God rendering Himself actively present therein, and every active presence of God tortures and exterminates Satan. In the relations contracted by this infernal spirit himself, with God it is obligatory that every divine action thwart him, crush and annihilate him. Such being the case may we not then pray with implicit confidence : " O Saving Host, which opens to us the gate of heaven, give us strength, bring us succour and we shall have nothing to fear from the world, the flesh, or the devil.

A Mahometan King's Conversion.



ABOUT the year 1227, Valencia was ruled by a Morish sovereign designated in the ancient Spanish chronicles under the name of Zept-Abuzept. At that period frequent sanguinary riots already pre-aged the fierce rebellion which broke out shortly afterwards, in consequence of which many notable persons embraced the catholic religion. The king himself was among the number ; his conversion took p'ace in the following manner :—

A venerable priest whose zeal for souls led him to brave many dangers in order to spread the light of the Gospel among the Mahometans, was taken captive by the Infidels and given into the hands of Zept-Abuzept. One day the king questioned him about his religion especially about the sacrifice of the Mass, which to his uninitiated eyes appeared so strange. He asked the priests to explain its meaning to him. " Allow me to inform your Majesty," replied the captive priest, that every priest authorized to offer this sacrifice is invested with sublime power. When he ascends the altar robed in sacerdotal vestments and pronounces the sacred words the Saviour first pronounced on that Thursday at the Last Supper, the host he holds in his hands becomes flesh, the wine in the chalice blood ; this we call transubstantiation or the changing of the bread and wine by the power of God into the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus-Christ." " How can I believe such a monstrous assertion unless I see it ?" asked the king.

The priest divinely inspired answered, " I will prove its veracity by celebrating Mass in your presence provided you can procure the necessary objects." The King dispatched a courier to the Christian village of Concha with strict orders not to return until he brought with him all the articles required for the sacred function. The morning after the messenger returned, the priest hastened to

comply with his promise. He had already begun the ceremony, recited the Confiteor and mounted the altar steps when, looking up to salute the Crucifix, he saw it had been forgotten. Turning towards the king, he said ; "I cannot continue, something very important is missing." "What," asked the king, "Could it be what has just appeared so mysteriously above your head ?" The priest looked up and

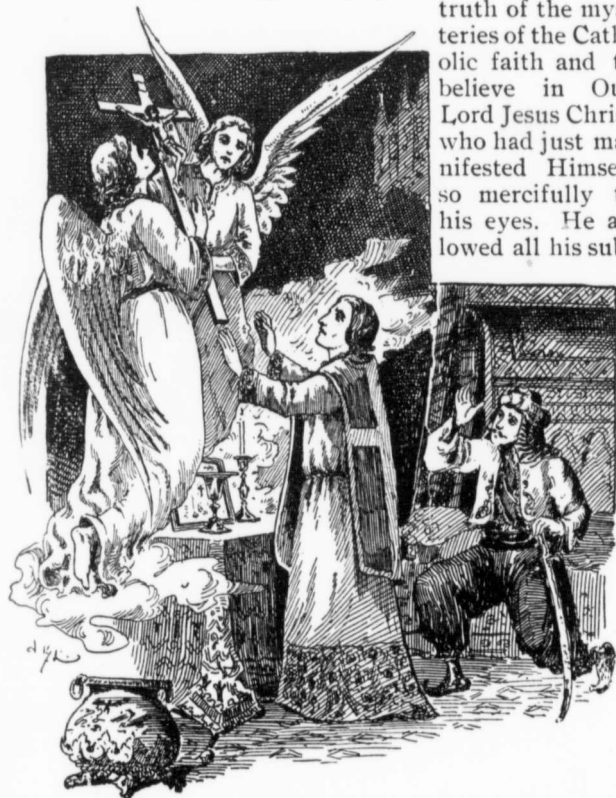


saw two angels presenting him a large crucifix. The sight redoubled his confidence and he resumed the Holy Sacrifice, his heart overflowing with gratitude and love.

The king watched both the celebrant and the ceremonies very attentively while labouring under a strange emotion. The priest in his sacerdotal robes, totally absorbed in the sacredness of the great action he was celebrating seemed to him more than human ; apprehensively, he

watched and asked himself what was going to happen. At the elevation, instead of bowing down in adoration his fascinated gaze was riveted on the Sacred Host which he distinctly saw change into a lovely child surrounded with luminous rays. This wonderful prodigy triumphed over his incredulity and gave him grace to understand

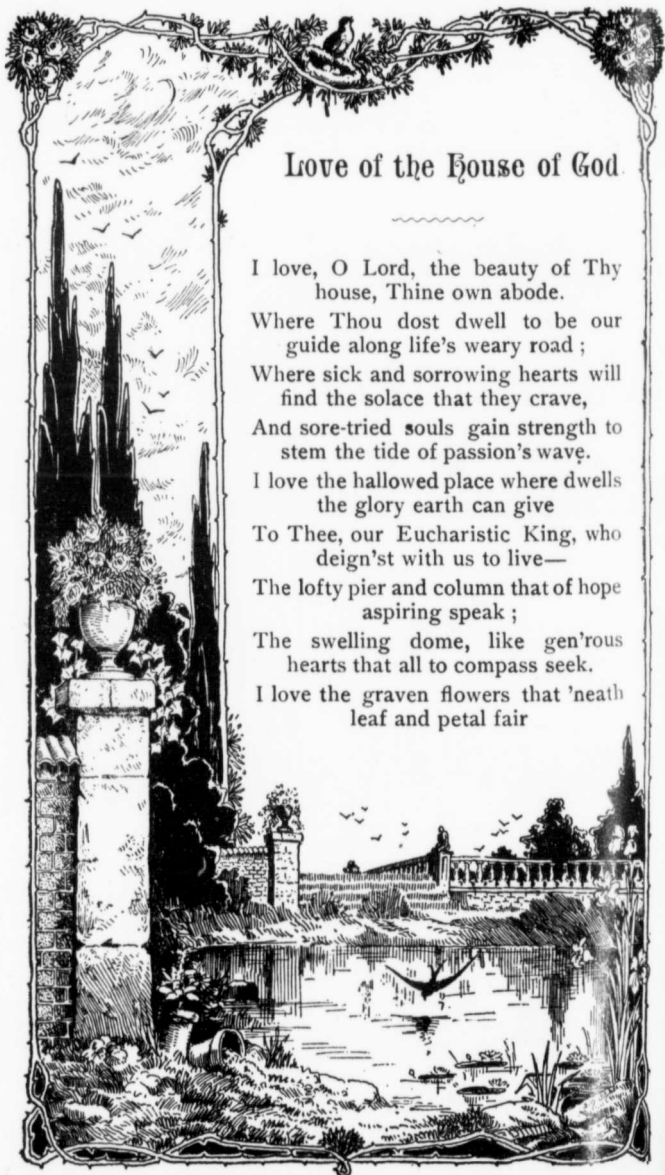
the truth of the mysteries of the Catholic faith and to believe in Our Lord Jesus Christ who had just manifested Himself so mercifully to his eyes. He allowed all his sub-



jects to abandon the impious dogmas of the Koran and, having been baptized, took the name of Ferdinand, in honour of the king of Castile. Shortly afterwards, he retired to Saragossa where he spent the rest of his life in an exemplary christian manner.

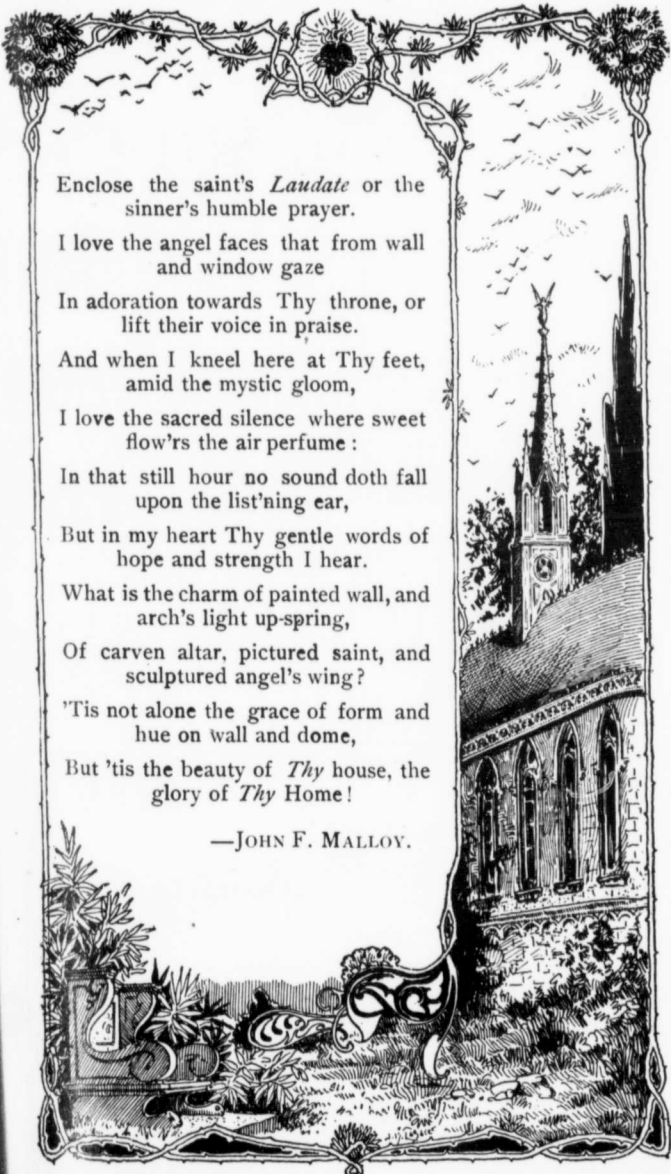
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Love of the House of God

I love, O Lord, the beauty of Thy
house, Thine own abode.
Where Thou dost dwell to be our
guide along life's weary road ;
Where sick and sorrowing hearts will
find the solace that they crave,
And sore-tried souls gain strength to
stem the tide of passion's wave.
I love the hallowed place where dwells
the glory earth can give
To Thee, our Eucharistic King, who
deign'st with us to live—
The lofty pier and column that of hope
aspiring speak ;
The swelling dome, like gen'rous
hearts that all to compass seek.
I love the graven flowers that 'neath
leaf and petal fair



Enclose the saint's *Laudate* or the
sinner's humble prayer.

I love the angel faces that from wall
and window gaze

In adoration towards Thy throne, or
lift their voice in praise.

And when I kneel here at Thy feet,
amid the mystic gloom,

I love the sacred silence where sweet
flow'rs the air perfume :

In that still hour no sound doth fall
upon the list'ning ear,

But in my heart Thy gentle words of
hope and strength I hear.

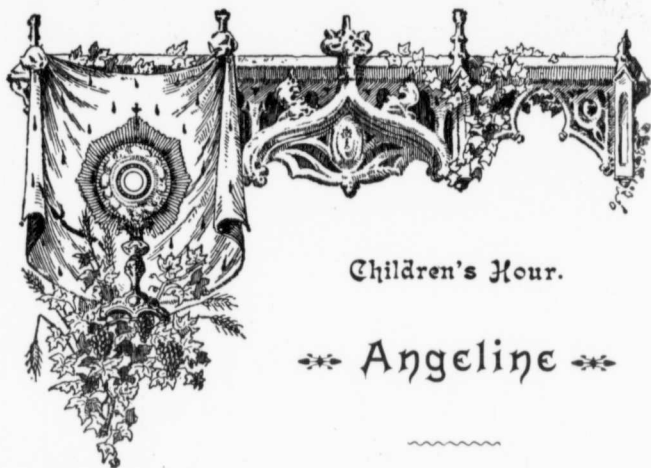
What is the charm of painted wall, and
arch's light up-spring,

Of carven altar, pictured saint, and
sculptured angel's wing?

'Tis not alone the grace of form and
hue on wall and dome,


But 'tis the beauty of *Thy* house, the
glory of *Thy* Home!

—JOHN F. MALLOY.



Children's Hour.

—*— Angeline —*—

NGELINE was a bright, winsome, merry, little girl not yet ten years old. She had lovely large grey shining like stars, golden love locks curling over a snowy brow, cheeks like roses, lips like ripe cherries, and she was loved and petted by every body especially by her father who playfully called her his bonnie fairy.

Every evening when he returned from his office, looking anxious and care-worn, his little fairy was watching and waiting for him and as soon as she saw him comfortably seated in his easy chair, jumped into his lap threw her arms round his neck, gave him hug after hug, interjecting between times. "Oh! You are the very best of good Papas. How the shadows fled like magic from the weary brow before the loving greeting! How the bearded man grew happy and glad under the spell of this irresistible charmer, who would not desist from her endearments until Papa's mood corresponded with her own gaiety! Nothing pleased that fond father so much as to hear it remarked that his little girl was the perfect image of himself. There might have been slight exaggeration, kindly meant in the comparison; but there was none in affirming that Angeline's heart was the exact image of her mother's. Imperceptibly, drop by drop, with her

nourishment, from her child's earliest infancy that devoted mother had tried to instil into that precious little soul the rudiments of her own staunch faith and solid virtues ; and as she grew older had with the innate tenderness of her maternal solicitude hidden the beginnings of the stern path of virtue under a covering of down and roses. Her devotion was repaid by the love and unbounded confidence of her little girl, whose pure, innocent life was laid bare before her, like the pages of an open book ; so much so that the child, who was preparing for her first communion, would not think she had made a good confession if, beforehand, she had not given her Mamma a detailed account of all her little shortcomings, and obtained her pardon even before that of our dear Lord.

..*

The long-looked-for day dawns at last. From the quaint old wooden belfry the three bells ring out merrily, chiming, dancing, singing, mingling their notes in the most harmonious confusion, welcoming with unrestrained gladness the First Communicants who are entering the Church by the main door. The long procession, with garments as white as their candles and faces as bright as its flame, file slowly by, while the parents, getting as close as possible to the ranks watch their children with loving pride. Angeline's mother can scarcely repress an exclamation of delight as she sees her darling pass ; she gently nudges her husband and pointing to their child asks in a voice shaken with emotion : " Do you see her ? "

He opening his eyes wide certainly sees his bonnie fairy, who, to-day, might more justly be styled an angel ; but for some reason which perhaps the reader may not find it hard to guess, he can not distinguish very clearly.

When the priest ascended the altar and the organ awakened the dormant echoes of the ever youthful hymns which had slumbered so long up there in the curves of the arcades, in the vaulted arches, in the interlaced frescoing ; when, sweet, clear, childish voices floated upwards on the incense-laden air, meeting and mingling in those sweet strains — Angeline's father could see even less clearly but felt, oh so deeply !

Slowly, reverently, the white cortege advances and kneels at the holy table to receive for the first time the "Bread of Angels;" for which their hearts have hungered so long and prepared so carefully. As the pastor pauses before each, and takes from the golden ciborium a pure white Host, each little flower-crowned head is raised in its turn, then like a blossom which has received its drop of dew bends low in loving, grateful homage. And on those faces as they return from the altar is reflected the brightness of heaven, the purity of Angels. Angeline's father watching intently, sees less clearly than ever but is swayed by deep inward emotion and fully convinced that something supernatural is taking place; but fearing to follow his wife's example who is shedding happy grateful tears, he feigns indifference and fiercely gnaws at his moustache.

As Angeline comes out of Church, she is folded in her mother's warm embrace; happy mother who would wish ever to hold her child as she is now pure and spotless as the angels themselves: "Are you very happy, my child?" she asks, feasting her eyes on the spiritual beauty shining so transparently on the angelic little face.

"Yes, Mamma, very, very happy, and I know that dear Jesus has heard my prayer."

"What prayer dearie?"

"This one Mamma. Dear Jesus, Thou dost already possess my soul, I will give Thee myself and my life, if Thou wilt give me Papa's soul, and kind Jesus in my heart whispered He would grant me my request... But Mamma, aren't you pleased. Why do you weep?"

* * *

Stretched on her little white cot, the pallor of eternal dawn already overspreading her features, lay little Angeline. Were it not for the slight movement of her bloodless lips in prayer, or the eager longing look fixed on heaven, she might easily have been mistaken for one of the marble sanctuary angels.

Prostrate with grief, her eyes dimmed by many tears and anxious vigils, her mother kneels and holds her feverish wrist wherein the quickened pulse beats the accelerated death march. The door opens. The poor mother

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starts violently, fearing the coming of the dreaded guest, but no, it is not the reaper with his sickle keen that crosses the threshold, only her husband whose sad eyes and stern expression indicate inward suffering and rebellion. He bends tenderly over the dying child :

“ Do you suffer much pain, my pet ? ”



“ Oh ! Yes, Papa, very much. ”

“ What makes you suffer so much, darling ? ”

The sick child gives him a long penetrating look and gently answers : What makes me suffer so much, Papa, is the devil who is there. ”

And the father sees the little hand raised and tremblingly laid on his heart — his heart wherein he knows that for twenty years Satan has held undisputed sway.

Oh ! what anguish for the poor father to see that little hand laid accusingly on his heart ! Its touch pierces him through and through like a sharp-edged sword, his face grows ashen, unable to stand, he throws himself on a sofa close by and buries his face in his hands. The tears proudly repressed on the morning of the First Communion have full vent now, they fall in torrents washing away the hardness of scepticism, the blindness which had fallen upon him, and prevented him from discerning the path of virtue ever since he had abandoned that of religion. "I am a murderer," he sobbed, "I have killed my little angel... I am not worthy to live..." "My friend, God does not wish for your death but for your conversion."

At the sound of this strange voice, the unhappy man raised his head and saw standing beside him the missionary Father who had come to visit his little First communicant of a few days previous and had heard his bitter self-accusations.

"Take courage, my good friend," he added, "come with me, come and tell me all your sorrow and its cause."

Together they left the room and when Angeline's father returned, a short time afterwards, his face was transfigured... but how much more changed was his soul !

By a superhuman effort, Angeline raised herself in bed and putting her arms round his neck, kissed him fondly : whispering weakly, "I knew very well you were the dearest and the best of Papas... Oh ! how good is dear Jesus of my First Communion. He has made me so happy."

She fell back exhausted and closed her eyes in supreme bliss as if every earthly longing were satisfied. Shortly afterwards, her pure young life went out in accepted sacrifice for an erring loved one.

Bitter tears were shed in Angeline's home that day, but up there, in the heavenly Jerusalem, the Seraphim sang triumphant and victorious : because there was one more angel safe in heaven and one more just man on earth.





The Sanctuary of Reparation At Pointe-aux-Trembles.

THE summer and autumn pilgrimages to the Sanctuary of Reparation, at Pointe-aux-Tremble, have been resumed. This good work is being gradually organized, but yet needs perfecting. The splendid results already obtained, force one to believe in the success of this sanctuary, as a centre of Eucharistic devotion.

To any attentive observer, the fact is evident, that the progressive movement in Montreal is turned, towards the development of the eastern portion of the Island, by establishing factories and workshops, opening new railways—the Great Northern, new electric car lines, the Bridge at Bout-de-l'Isle, and other improvements are promised.

Nevertheless, the question remains, will the piety, of the people of Montreal, follow this current, or will we leave the way open only to pleasure and to business? will we hesitate, Catholics, to support, by own good will this work already begun, at the Sanctuary of the Reparation, by a Christian woman of genius and foresight? A work, rich in great possibilities, if it receives the necessary support.

Let us add. The great stream of social piety should turn towards the Eucharist the words of the Pope and the Bishops bear it testimony and it is understood by all Christian words.

The work of Reparation belongs closely to the solemn devotion of the Holy Eucharist.

The pious practices at the Chapel of Reparation reach the highest ideals.



Furthermore, the Ecclesiastical authorities have favored this work, for example, by graciously granting permission to have the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in the grove, on

certain feast days.

This is the Sanctuary of Reparation. Is it necessary, to insist on the bearing and the necessity of Reparation? Is not the Church continually attacked? Is not the Sacrament of our altars often blasphemed?



The Calvary and the Way of the Cross at Pointe-aux-Tremble.

And again we cannot conceal the truth, that the low state of morality, in Montreal demands reparation.

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During the past winter the newspapers brought to our notice, an excess of brutality, drunkenness and vice, that should, not even be mentioned in a Christian assemblage, yet it filled the columns of these journals and received unfortunately the approbation of many, as witnessed by the vogue given to bad theatres and bad literature.

In oppo-sition to these innumerable



The Altar and the Chapel of St. Francis.

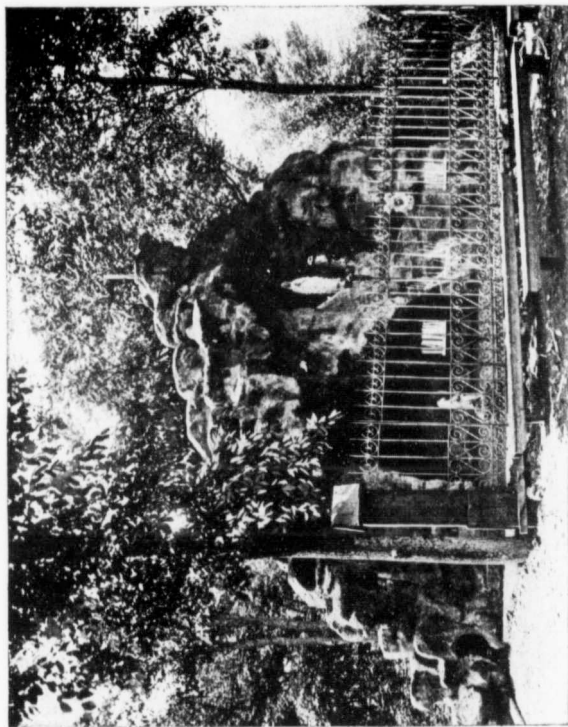
in our filial devotion to hear the invitation of the Immaculate Virgin, the Queen of Sorrow, the Mother of the Jesus of the Eucharist, "*Penance, Penance, Penance.*"

These pilgrimages should inspire the faithful with these holy thoughts.

sins. To these causes of public corruption, we offer the devotion, to the Blessed Sacrament, a regular hour of adoration and pious and religious ceremonies which we would like to make more frequent.

We unite the Ostensorium of the Eucharist, with the blood stained cross of Calvary we love

On Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays there will be the usual pilgrimages, Hours of Adoration, Way of the Cross. Procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin, Mass every day Sundays excepted.



Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes at the Chapel of the "Reparation."

One of the Fathers will hear Confessions, daily give Holy Communion, and bless any pious objects, the pilgrims may desire to have blessed.

The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday, July 20th, at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.

Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal.

The Wedding Feast of Cana.

