

(Picture of the beatification april 25th., 1909.)

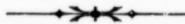
BLESSED JEAN EUDES,
APOSTLE OF THE DEVOTION
TO THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS AND MARY.



THE SACRED HEART

BY M. I. HENRY

*An oasis in life's wide, barren plain,
The light of safety, guiding all to rest,
A monument of love—of all the best,
The harbor, safe from sin's tempestuous main,
A source of love whose virtues never wane,
A spring of youth, whose waters, happ'ly blest,
Give youth to souls fatigued in life's long test.
Triumphal arch to heaven, burning flame !
O Jesus, loving Saviour, when distressed
Or grieved by trials—result of chastisement,
To Thy pure Heart, in this Thy month, alone,
With hope we'll fly to be by Thee caressed.
We'll plead a grace—our sins to soon repent,
And make Thy sweet Heart our eternal home.*



The Eucharist and the Rosary.

The Sorrowful Mysteries.

First Mystery.—The Agony in the Garden.

The Eucharistic Solitude.



OUR dear, patient Lord was not accustomed to make much of what He did or suffered. In speaking of His coming sorrows as He journeyed with His Apostles along the picturesque road between Bethany and Jerusalem, He took it as an almost ordinary pain, so much so, that the poor obtuse Apostles did not realize that the dear Master who loved them was to be tortured to death by His friends and enemies.

The Evangelist speaks of the Agony and describes our Lord's state of soul in the terms "fear," "heaviness," "Agony," sorrowful unto death."

We picture the Garden with olive trees all about, the moon at its full ; but the darkness beneath the trees impenetrable. Peter, James and John are with Him—"a stone's throw from Him." These three had been near Him, close by His side, when He sent the warm blood rushing through the veins of Jairus's little daughter. We see them again quite close to Him on the slope of Thabor getting a glimpse of the Heavenly glory beyond and now they are with Him again under the olives when darkness has gathered round His human soul.

How touching is the appeal : "Stay You here and watch with Me. But scarcely had He reached the stone upon which He bent His noble form than the chosen three were fast asleep.

We might be inclined to think unkind things of those privileged men did we not realize the significance and truth of the proverbial glass houses and the stone throwing. The well-merited reproach, "Could you not watch one hour with Me?" comes home to us more forcibly than we care to admit, but the thinking over it will do

us good. How often do we accept the chalice we see in the distance and promise to drain its dregs, but when the hour comes to prove our fidelity "to watch and pray" with our uncomplaining Redeemer we are found asleep—profoundly apathetic to all that should interest us most.

Especially pointed is the reproach when we apply it to our vigils before the Tabernacle; for longer and gloomier and more desolate than Gethsamene's loneliness is that of the Eucharistic solitude of Jesus. A few rare passers-by may drop in to bend the knee before the Holy Presence in cities where a numerous population is grouped about the churches, but how many places do we see with abandoned Temples!

We meet a priest in the early morning setting out with a little acolyte to celebrate the greatest of all religious acts, the Holy Sacrifice, and are there many who seem to realize that Jesus is there waiting to do for their souls what He alone can do and would do—to offer Himself again a willing Victim to His Heavenly Father for it. In less than an hour all is over; the priest retires, the acolyte goes his way and Jesus is left alone,—alone in the day hours and alone through the long night hours. The little Sanctuary Lamp flickering out its unconscious homage is the sole representative of the Christian population that should be prostrate at His feet in lowliest, perpetual adoration. Why, we ask, does our dear, abandoned Saviour stay with us at all? It takes a God to forgive what we cannot find a single pretext for extenuating in our ordinary dealings with friends. Why does He stay with us? It must be for the sake of some loyal souls who understand the necessity of compensating by perpetual homage the forgetfulness of the rest; and all day long they succeed each other in representing Christian humanity before the face of the Adorable Victim who honors us with His perpetual presence. Their eager longing to amend is not confined to the day; in the silence and gloom of the night they come, one by one, "to watch one hour" with the Ever watchful Lover of souls.

While granting us all a liberal amount of time to sleep and to repair the wearied system, God does not consent

to an absolute forgetfulness of His holy Majesty. He brings Himself to our notice by the magnificent signs and symbols in His creation, and keeps us awake to the reality of His presence by mysterious lights. Why did He stud the firmament with myriad stars which twinkle out over the slumbering earth if not that they might reveal to intelligent and loving souls the beauty of His divinity? The Royal Prophet could not resist this appeal of the heavens—"I rose at midnight to give praise to Thee" Ps. CXVIII., and attuning his lyre to the songs of his heart he cried out: "Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei."

If the God of the heavens loved the heart that praised Him in the midnight hour, will not the God of the Tabernacle lean to those who come "to watch one hour"? His passion began in the night and His love for us is as strong by night as by day, then why should our note of grateful praise not extend to the night hours?

He accepts the flame of the little Sanctuary Lamp rising and falling and pulsing like the heart-beats of the living sleepers in the great world without; but oh! how He longs for human hearts flickering with faith, ardent love and the sweet emotions of hope. There are some dear Lord, if only a few, but they are sincere, those night watchers who leave all to come for that one hour with Thee. We thank God that there are souls like those to fall back upon when all else is cold, and we know that Jesus will stay on to the "consummation" for the sake of those dear souls who love Him enough to sacrifice a part of their rest "to watch and pray."

We are not chary in our praises of the perpetual adorers of Jesus, but why do we not enter the list and "watch one little hour" ourselves? If we have neither the time nor the courage to enlist in the sacred batallion and to consecrate, as they do, long hours to the daily or nightly visit, let us make an effort to do some little thing for our Eucharistic Saviour.

Can we not forego a little pleasure; curtail one of our social visits; hurry a little with our daily round of duties, in order to economize a few moments for the dear Prisoner of Love who has a welcome for us all. Surely we would feel "at home" there if the heart is aright, for the church is our Father's house.

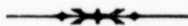
If we only tried those afternoon calls we would soon realize that there, in the quiet church, we find a companionship before which the sweetest intimacies of friendship are cold and superficial. When this visit is impossible can we not compensate by making a little Sanctuary in the depths of our hearts where we converse with the God who "loves us to the end."

Another day we might ask our Guardian Spirit to represent us in some church where the worshippers are few. There are so many ways of comforting when we really love, and the gain is always ours.

The man or woman who kneels habitually, at early morning, or late evening, be it only for ten minutes or even five, with supreme recollectedness before the altar, can never be a coward in things pertaining to salvation, can never quail before the necessary consequences of a just principle, nor in the presence of any earthly power or grandeur.

There is much to be done for the Eucharistic cause in our bustling city during these coming months preparatory to the Eucharistic Congress. Societies and individuals are donating sacred vessels, vestments, altar linens and all that can enhance the churches where our Love lies waiting, but what He longs for most is the sincere worship of the hearts He has created. Then why not encircle every Tabernacle with the loving desires and acts that will cheer His living Heart? If we have but a short time to give Him, let us go to Him without prelude or method. We should find no lack of things to say to Jesus—Adoration, contrition, thanksgiving, confidence, love—all these may alternate with petitions for all wants spiritual and temporal.

Then there is work to be done for God in our own souls. We might be better, far better than we are. Let us single out some sin to day and make a noble effort to banish it forever from our lives, relying upon God's grace in frequent Communion and our Visits to the Tabernacle, doing our best the while to make our dear Lord retract that smarting reproach so often applicable to us in the past: "Could you not watch one hour with Me?"



THE HOLY HEARTS OF JESUS AND MARY.

(See frontispiece)

When in January 1903 the Holy See pronounced on the heroism of Father Eudes virtues, it also declared that we should acknowledge in him the author of the Liturgical cult, as well of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as of the Holy Heart of Mary.

We know from authentic records that as early as 1641, he consecrated his life to the Apostolate of the Heart of Mary, and that in this same year he composed, to that effect, his first office, so beautiful, harmonious and rich that every invocation was a fount of love, the sweetness of which according to M. Boudon must have been inspired by Jesus Himself.

The first public act which attests his personal intervention in this cause, took place in August 1666, when Pope Alexander VII approved a pious confraternity established by him at Morlaix, to further this devotion.

Between times he wrote numerous works giving a concise but clear and theological explanation of this cult.

Father Eudes had also consecrated his life to spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and composed an office in Its honor. He obtained that the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of which the date was later changed by him to the 20th of October, be celebrated the 31th of August, 1670 in the chapel of the Seminary of Rennes, in the parish of Saint Etienne.

It was the first public worship offered to the divine Saviour by the universal world. Blessed Margaret Mary only had the happiness of seeing the feast celebrated in the privacy of the Novitiate of Paray-Le-Monial in 1685, or fifteen years afterwards.

It is then an unparalleled glory for Father Eudes to have taken this inspired initiative, to have been the precursor and first propagator of this devotion ; and, if today this cult has such an astonishing expansion, if it has become a national devotion, and as it were, the centre and foyer of the life of the Church, these marvelous results are due in great measure to Father Eudes.

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament

and to

the Queen of Heaven in early Montreal

ANNA T. SADLIER



ROUGH the annals, of Montreal, which in its pristine fervor, deserved to be called "the holy colony," run side by side, the twofold devotion, to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, and the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. From that Pentecost Sunday, in the ancient Cathedral of St Malo, when Cartier and his brave band received Holy Communion in a body, preparatory, to their expedition, to Canada, that golden thread has been visible.

In Notre Dame de Paris, in February, 1641, when the Associates of Montreal, banded together for purposes of colonization, met to consecrate the Island of Montreal, to the Holy Family, under the powerful protection of the Queen of Heaven, and declared that the future city should be named Villemarie, every one of their number received Holy Communion.

To Olier, the sainted Founder of St Sulpice, who was the soul of that movement, various revelations upon the subject were made, and the famous Brother Claude Logand, a saintly mystic of these days, was clearly shown a vision, of the destined work in the colony dedicated to Mary; and that vision was vouchsafed, while Olier said Mass in the Carmelite Chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed for the entire first day of the existence of the Villemarie, "thus taking possession of these countries," as the quaint old chronicle declares, for the Sovereign Master and to the great terror of the demons. Very shortly after, was celebrated, the Feast of the Assumption for the first time in that wilderness.

The beautiful tabernacle sent by the Associates of Montreal, was placed upon the altar of the rude chapel of bark, where the first fathers of the colony worshipped God in sincerity and truth. The strains of the "Te Deum", rang forth, and the thunder of cannon resounded through those solitudes, where lay the deserted village of the tribes : a procession, in which joined a band of Algonquins admiring and astonished, was held through that new domain, which had been wrested from the forest primeval. A general Communion was made, to celebrate that first festival of our Lady of Montreal. "There is little doubt, says the "Relation des Jesuites, for that year," that the tutelary Angels of the savages, and of those countries, marked that day in the annals of Paradise.

As was revealed to Olier, the first stone church on the Island of Montreal, was dedicated to Our Lady of Bonsecours, and that tabernacle set up in strange land, and these other edifices subsequently built upon that site, have carried the twofold devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and to His Mother, down to our own day.

It was the practice of M. Olier, and one which he recommended to his disciples, to acquit himself of his duties in union with those which St John the Evangelist rendered to Mary, after the Ascension of Our Lord, as when he offered Mass in the intentions of that Mother for the Infant Church. Another Superior of St Sulpice, the second after the Founder, M. Tronson caused this pious idea to be carried out in a seal. This represented St John at the altar, in the act of giving Communion to the Blessed Virgin. And around the seal, ran a latin inscription : "The Virgin Disciple, giving to the Virgin, in Communion, Jesus, the purity of Virgins".

Now since the Sulpicians became the Seigneurs of Montreal, this seal was very fittingly used, in all seigneurial acts relating to the Villemarie, and was expressive, as a chronicle remarks, of the duties which the Sons of Olier loved to pay to Mary, in this new Christendom, and especially in the first sanctuary erected there in her honor.

Within the enclosure of the first Fort, was erected a wooden Church by Maisonneuve, the Founder and first

Governor of Montreal, and who deserved to be called the "First Knight of the Queen of Angels." When the brave band of pionners, were hard pressed by their redoutable foe, the Iroquois the valiant soldier and his fol-



The departure for Canada of Ven. Margaret Bourgeois and Miss Mance accompanied by the three first religious Hospitalers of St. Joseph.

lowers found their resource as is to be seen in the annals of those times, by celebrating with redoubled fervor the Feasts of Mary and causing the Blessed Sacrament to be exposed upon the altar.

So, too, that heroine of charity and of self-devotion, Jeanne Mance who played so important a part in the foundation of the settlement, that her statue now stands in immortal bronze, in the principal square of the city, united in a remarkable degree this twofold devotion. It was she who in pressing danger, urged upon the people, who revered her as a Mother in Israel, to have recourse to the all powerful Mother of God. And it is recorded that one of her first cares in the construction of her Hospital, was the erection of a small square tower of stone, which might serve as a secure refuge for the Blessed Eucharist. This was used as a Station for the processions of the Blessed Sacrament, and there with her own hands. Jeanne lovingly arranged on such occasions, a "beautiful repository."

Many and touching are the instances related in the lives of the first Mothers of the Hotel Dieu, the Hospitalers of St Joseph, who had part in the providential scheme of Montreal, and where Jeanne Mance had so large a part in bringing thither. At the time of the dreadful conflagration for example, which rendered the community homeless, the Superior Mother Judith Morin de Bressoles, then, well advanced in years remained kneeling lightly clad as she was, up the frosty ground where the Holy Eucharist had been on temporarily placed. Forgetful of all else, she was discovered in an ecstasy of adoration.

That very destruction by fire of the Hôtel Dieu, recalls the providential manner in which was saved the infant city. When the conflagration which caught in the bell tower of the Hospital, had spread so fast that human means seemed powerless to arrest its progress, and with a furious wind blowing straight upon the town, M. Dollier de Gasson, carried thither processionally, accompanied by his priests, the Blessed Sacrament. He raised it aloft in the direction of the flames. Instantly the wind changed and Villemarie was saved.

As early as 1653, the inhabitants of Montreal, being continually harrassed by the Iroquois, and in imminent danger of annihilation, were advised by their pastors, the Jesuits, who for the first seventeen years, served the colony, to invoke in a special manner the intercession of Mary,

The first fire of the Hotel-Dieu.

At the presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the wind suddenly changing it's course, the City of Montreal is preserved from a general conflagration.

offering fasts and alms in her honor, with a solemn vow, to celebrate publicly the Feast of her Presentation that God "through the interposition of Mother of God might stay the fury of the enemy." Therefore, it is recorded that many Communion were offered up in her honor, and the devotion of the Forty Hours proclaimed, that supplication might be made before the God of the Tabernacle for the needs of the people. And the chronicler declares, "a strange and remarkable thing" that the Iroquois from that time forth gained no advantage over the French of Villemarie. Their losses in each attack that they made were so great that God at length, put it into their hearts to sue for peace.

To Marguerite Bourgeoys, whom Parknan calls "the gentlest figure in colonial annals," and who has been named "the little St Genevieve of Canada", was entrusted the special mission of honoring the Blessed Virgin by the community which she founded, the familiar and beloved Congregation de Notre Dame. And her life is specially illustrated, by her fervor to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, and by the favors which were granted to her in recompense thereof.

When her vocation, so important to the Infant church of Canada and to Montreal, seemed trembling in the balance, doubts and fears having been excited in her mind, and an effort made, to prevent M. de Maisonneuve from taking her to New France, on the pretext that her calling was to a contemplative Order, Marguerite, whose humility and habit of submission readily took alarm, hastened to the Capuchin Church, at Nantes where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed she begged for light, and declared her readiness to give up the cherished project of laboring in that new vineyard of the Lord, if it was shown to be contrary to the divine will. While praying there, she received, as it were a flood of light, upon her whole future course of action, and a definite assurance that she was to go to Montreal.

It was after she was settled there, and her splendid work begun, that she received that favor, to which reference has been already made by His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, in his beautiful paper, at the Eucharistic Congress of London.. It was the Feast of the Assumption,

always particularly dear to the colonists of Montreal, and the Congregation of Externes, or Sodality, for girls in the world, was celebrating the day by a procession. The Blessed Sacrament, being exposed, Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys remained in prayer before it, and was favored by a beauteous apparition of a lovely Child, who seemed about the age of three. Her heart and mind were filled with rapture, and her whole soul went out in thanksgiving and adoration.

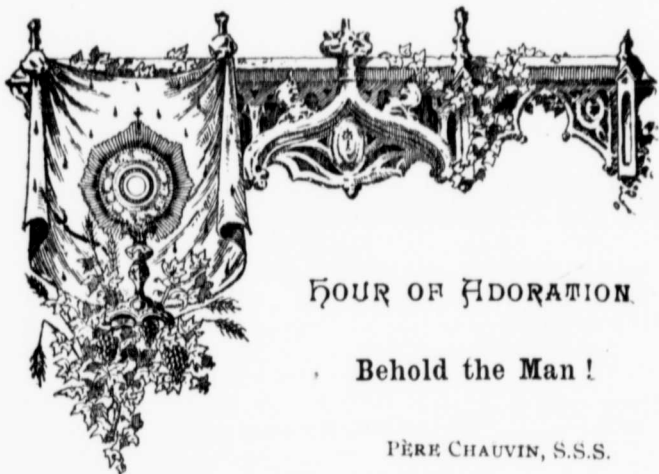
It is related by her biographers, the learned Abbé Taillon and others that each time she received the Holy Eucharist, her happiness was intense, that she with difficulty repressed outward and visible sign of her emotion. To her was granted the privilege of beginning and ending the first stone Church upon the Island of Montreal, as already mentioned that of Bonsecours, laboring with her own hands, in the work of bringing thither stones, and inciting many others, to give their personal assistance also. It was her ambition for years to erect in the house of Mary, a tabernacle to the Lord. It seemed to her that the longed for day would never come, when the Blessed Sacrament would be under that roof, where Mary reigned as first Mother and Superior. Through the liberality of M. Leber, and his saintly daughter, who became a recluse in the newly built chapel of the Congregation, and devoted her life to solitary prayer and adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, that Church was built and the Blessed Sacrament brought thither, even sooner than she had anticipated after the conflagration at the Hotel Dieu. The act of thanksgiving, which Sister Margaret drew up in her own name, and those of her Sisters, and which her biographer declares to be a monument, not only for her own devotion to the adorable mystery of the most holy Eucharist but of that which she strove to infuse into her daughters.

"As it is now, he writes, the third year in which our God, the Creator of heaven and earth, and of all things, had deigned to take up His abode in this House, wherein are celebrated Holy Mass, Holy Communion, Confession, and other permitted devotions, I cannot find words wherein to return thanks for all the benefits which we have received from the Divine Majesty, and

especially the notable favor of possessing Him in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Since His mercy, has permitted that the Blessed Virgin is our Instructress all that we can do is to acquit our debt to Him, by uniting ourselves with that Divine Mother, and the nine choirs of Angels gather up as so many little threads which we gather up and firmly knit together, with the help of divine grace and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and of the angels and saints, we shall fulfil the duties of our state in the education of children."

Instances, wherein shine forth these two primary, Catholic devotions closely intertwined, may be discovered in the first place in the various Religious Orders. As bright plumaged birds, they came to take shelter in the wide-spreading branches of that mighty tree, which according to the prophetic words of the Jesuit Superior, Vimont, on the birthday of Montreal, grew up from the mustard seed of faith and love then planted. These same instances were to be seen in the public acts of the primal settlement, and of the city, for many years after its foundation, as in those, of private individuals, whether clerical or lay, the forefathers of the future metropolis, who lost no opportunity of showing forth their sublime faith in the Sacrament of the Altar, and in the Intercession of the Mother all fair. They have left behind them a sacred and a splendid heritage. Their records are sullied by no unworthy act, and their fervor and devotedness, make the annals of colonization in Villemarie, as a light shining from the holy Mountain. It seems fitting then, that to their descendants, the inheritors of their pure and spotless citizenship, their patriotism, illustrated by valor and self sacrifice, should be given the privilege of welcoming the first Eucharistic Congress upon this continent.





HOUR OF ADORATION

Behold the Man !

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Exiit ergo iterum Pilatus foras et dicit eis : Ecce adduco vobis eum foras ut cognoscatis quia nullam invenio in eo causam.

Exiit ergo Jesus, portans coronam spineam et purpureum vestimentum.

Et dicit eis : " Ecce homo ! "

Pilate, therefore, went forth again, and saith to them : Behold, I bring Him forth unto you, that you may know that I find no cause in Him.

Jesus, therefore, came forth, bearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment. And he saith : Behold the Man !

(JOHN XIX, 4, 5.)

I. — Adoration.

" Behold the man ! " Pilate, seeing the Accused reduced to such a state, thought the hatred of the Jews would surely be disarmed at the sight of His miserable and humiliating condition. Leaving the prætorium, he took Jesus out to the people. The Divine Saviour appeared before the multitude, His head crowned with thorns, His face smeared with spittle, a reed in His hand. Pilate, lifting the purple rag that covered His shoulders, and showing them His person all torn with wounds, exclaimed : "*Behold the man — Ecce homo !*" Behold the Man whom you accuse of exciting sedition and

aspiring to royalty ! What have you to fear from Him now ? If the title of king bestowed upon Him has roused your anger, let the lamentable state and deep abjection in which you now see Him, excite your compassion and move you to pardon. He retains but a breath of life. Leave Him, then, to die in peace, and do not force me to condemn an innocent man !"

" *Behold the Man !*" Profoundly mysterious word ! It is God Himself who places it upon the lips of this iniquitous judge. Yes, behold the Man, the Man *par excellence* ! It is on his knees that the Christian ought to hear these words. It is on his knees before the Host, which incloses the *Ecce Homo*, that the Christian ought to try to penetrate deeply its mysterious sense.

" *Behold the Man !*" Outwardly, He appeared less than a man ; but within, He is more than a man. He possesses the plenitude of Divinity, He is the Son of God hypostatically united to the human nature, the Image of God the Father, the Figure of His substance, who has taken a body and soul like our own. " *Behold the Man !*"

Man-God, I believe Thou art there, hidden in the Host, and I adore Thee ! " *Behold the Man !*" the Man *par excellence*, expected for ages, promised in the Law, foretold by the prophets, the Desired of the Jews and the Gentiles ! Divine Messiah, I recognize Thee in the Host, and I adore Thee !

" *Behold the Man !*" the Man who during His life wrought so many miracles, scattered around Him so many benefits, practised so many virtues. Ineffable Benefactor of humanity, I believe in Thy presence in the Host, and I adore Thee !

" *Behold the Man !*" *par excellence*, the Man of sorrows ! The Son of God became the Son of Man in order to be able to suffer and, by suffering, to discharge our debts contracted with Divine Justice, and to merit for us eternal life. Redeemer and Saviour of Humanity, I proclaim Thee truly living in the Host, and I adore Thee !

" *Behold the Man !*" the Man who governs the world, who commands kings. He Himself is King by birth, to Him His Father has given all nations as an inheritance. King of Kings, under the shadow of the Host, Thou hast the right to reign over the nations, over princes ! I believe in Thee, I adore Thee !

"Behold the Man!" the man so weak in appearance, so impotent, who is one day to judge the whole world without appeal. Pilate and His accusers will then become His arraigned. Sovereign Judge of the living and the dead, I believe in Thy Presence in the Host, and I adore Thee!

"Behold the Man!" the Man who infinitely surpasses all men as the greatest, the most celebrated, the most powerful. *Conqueror*? Has He not founded the most extended, the most honorable, the most loved monarchy? *Legislator*? What human code can be compared to that of the Gospel? *Priest and Pontiff*? The High Priest is He Himself, the Man-God. The Victim is His most sacred Humanity. His sacrifice is divine. *Apostle*? He converted the universe by His word alone without the aid of human force. *Orator*? "Never man spoke as He." *Doctor*? Who else was ever able to say: "*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life*"? *Philosopher*? He founded a school which counts as many pupils as there are upright minds and pure hearts. I recognize all these titles in the Host, and I adore Thee!

"Behold the Man!" the Friend of humanity, compared with whom all earthly friends are powerless and unfaithful. Yes, Thy Heart is all on fire with love! I believe in Its Presence in the Host and I adore It.

Behold the Man whom Pilate presents to the judgment of the Jews! Behold the Man whom the Most Holy Trinity presents to man's adoration in the Holy Eucharist! On your knees, then, before the Sacred Host which conceals as with a filmy cloud, the Man-God, so maltreated by the Jews, and now resplendent with glory in the City of the Saints! With Mary make an act of faith in His sacramental Presence, and offer Him the homage of your most profound adoration.

II. — Thanksgiving.

"Behold the Man!" He is, indeed, the Man whom God offers to the admiration and gratitude of the whole human race. The moment is solemn and decisive. Jesus need say but one word, and the great affair of man's Redemption would be compromised. God's voice, calling 'mid the shadows of Eden for fallen man: "*Adam, Adam, where art thou*?" had remained unanswered for some thousands of years. No son of humanity had had the courage to say: "Here am I!" It was for the new Man to break this si-

lence. Jesus, in truth, ready to satisfy for us, seems to meet the divine anger with eagerness, crying : " *Here am I* ." Adam awaited his Judge, but Jesus, with thorn-crowned head His whole body broken with blows, allows Himself to be exhibited in that pitiable state to the sinful multitude.

By this free and generous step, the Saviour meant to take upon Himself all humanity with the responsibility of their crimes. He meant to speak, act, expiate, as if He alone were humanity. In deed and truth, He constituted Himself *the Man par excellence*, embodying by substitution all lives in His own life, all spirits in His own spirit, all wills in His own will, all hearts in His own Heart, all souls in His own Soul.

Who can estimate the immense benefits accruing to our soul by that substitution which cost the Heart of our Divine Saviour so dear ? If sacrifice is the least equivocal sign of love, immense was that of Jesus in accepting for us so much dishonor, so many humiliations and sufferings ! He Himself declared by the lips of His prophet, that He was a worm of the earth and no man, He the most beautiful of the children of men ! To restore to my soul God's image lost by sin, He consented to lose that of the body. To spare me shame and fear at the General Judgment, He still allows Himself to be shown to the people in that state, and to be mocked by them. Man has sinned. The Man-God satisfies for that sin, and thus where iniquity had abounded, the grace of satisfaction superabounds, in such a way that the payment incomparably exceeds the debt.

Yes, behold the Man who deserves all my gratitude. If Pilate thought that the sight of Him alone would be capable of touching the hardest heart among the Jews, what love should this touching spectacle of the Saviour produce in my heart, when I know that He willed to become the most afflicted, the most despised of men only to manifest His love for me.

If Jesus had suffered thus for the demons, what would they not have done in gratitude for so great a benefit ? Yes, if Our Lord had shed for them a single drop of His Blood, they would be annihilated, if that were possible, with love and gratitude, and there would be no enterprise, however difficult, they would not undertake for Him. Will my heart remain frozen before this brazier of love ? No, Jesus, I desire

henceforth to show myself grateful by utilizing the graces Thou hast acquired for me at the cost of so great sacrifices. I know that of myself I am not courageous enough to suffer and humble myself with Thee, but hast Thou not left me Thy strength, both human and divine, in the adorable Sacrament? Is it not there, in Thy Heart, Thou hast stored in reserve for my weakness the graces merited at this humiliating moment of Thy Passion?

I thank Thee, O generous Heart of my Saviour, I thank Thee for all the graces that have strengthened me up to this moment on the painful road of virtue, and for all those Thy love will still grant me! In life, in death, my heart clings to Thee! belongs to Thee!

III. — Reparation.

“Behold the Man!” “Yes,” exclaimed Bossuet, “behold Him, behold that Man of sorrows whom Pilate presents to you from the heights of his tribunal. Behold the Man! And who is He? A man or a worm of the earth? Is He a living man, or a victim flayed alive? You or told that He is a man: *Ecce homo!* Look upon the state to which His mother the synagogue, has reduced Him, or rather is it my sins, that brought upon Him, the Innocent One, that deluge of sufferings. O Jesus, who can recognize Thee? We have seen Him, says the prophet, and He was not recognizable. Far from appearing to be God, He had lost the likeness of a man, and we have searched for Him, even in His presence, *et desideravimus eum . . .*”

Why that torn flesh? Why that head crowned with thorns? Why all those wounds, all those bruises? Why? Because. I have sinned, and sin can be pardoned only by expiation. The *Ecce Homo*, behold the mirror in which God shows to men the abyss of His justice and the abyss of their malice!

It is, then, to this miserable state, O Divine Saviour, that my sins have reduced Thee! It is I who have torn Thy innocent Flesh, it is I who have blighted Thy ravishing beauty. It is I who have crowned Thee with thorns, covered Thee with wounds, drawn Thy Blood! Pardon, Jesus, pardon so many crimes! Heaven weeps at beholding Thee in such a condition, and I shed not a tear!

Heavenly Father, pardon for having made Thy amiable Son endure so much! I know that, thanks to the merits He

has acquired by His suffering, I may hope for the pardon of my sins. It is, therefore, with a heart full of confidence that I now come to offer Thee Thy well-beloved Son to obtain favor in Thy sight. Was it not Thou who didst give Him for our redemption and salvation? He came by Thy order to reconcile heaven to earth. He is the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world. His Blood cries for mercy and not for vengeance. His Wounds are so many mouths pleading for criminals, demanding pardon for the guilty. "*Cast Thine eyes upon Thy Christ,*" and permit Thyself to be touched by His prayers and sorrows. Tears of Jesus, drops of Blood, Wounds, thorns, sufferings, humiliations — ye are all my riches, all my hope!

Mary, my sweet Mother, pardon me! It is I who, by my sins, have martyred thy tenderly loved Son. "O Mother full of love, obtain for me to feel thy grief! Until death, may I mingle my tears with thine!" Obtain, also, relief and deliverance for the souls in purgatory who are burning with desire to gaze on thy Son again, to contemplate Him forever in the splendor of His glory.

IV. Petition

"*Behold the Man!*" Behold the Man whom the Eternal Father presents to all Christians as the model, the perfect exemplar of their life! All whom He has predestined, must necessarily imitate His virtues and form themselves to His likeness.

The Christian life consists entirely in resemblance with Jesus suffering. How perfect is the Model! Who can understand the greatness of the virtues He reveals to us in this scene of the *Ecce Homo*? Can we sufficiently admire His humility in the midst of such contempt, His sweetness under so many injuries, His patience in so many sorrows, His obedience to His persecutors, His charity contrasted with such hatred? Christian, gaze on that countenance truly divine. Engrave in thy heart, and imitate in thy life all His perfections.

The *Ecce Homo* cannot be perpetuated through the ages, nor exhibited to all generations. But yet it is necessary for every Christian to contemplate and imitate the Divine Model. It was for this that the Divine Master created the Eucharist

to continue before the world the examples that He gave at this horrible moment of His Passion. He wishes to suggest to His Church the idea of manifesting Him to Christians. And the Church, faithful to the inspiration, exposes the Most Blessed Sacrament, and pointing It out to her children, repeats the word of Pilate : "*Ecce homo !*— Behold the man ! Hail, *true Body* born of the Virgin Mary !" It is in this way that Jesus remains for Christians the visible and accomplished Model of all the virtues.


True, the Lord's Body cannot be seen by corporal eyes, but those of faith penetrate the veil even to the Presence of Jesus hidden under the envelope of the Sacrament. The virtues shown forth by the Divine Saviour when presented by Pilate to the Jews, are not less perfectly, not less brilliantly manifested in the Host. In fact, is the Man of the Host less poor than He of the prætorium ? He has nothing of His own. All that He has is borrowed.

Is the Man of the Host less meek than He of the prætorium ? Insults are incessantly multiplied before Him, yet He opens not His mouth to complain. Is the Man of the Host less humble than He of the prætorium ? In the Sacrament, He has not even the appearance of a man, nothing about Him betrays the least sign of life. Is the Man of the Host less loving than He of the prætorium ? The sacrifices He has to make for annihilating Himself in the Sacrament — are they less great than the humiliations He underwent before the Jewish people ?

Ecce Homo ! Yes, behold the Man, the Man *par excellence*, the Man-God whom I must imitate ! Heaven grant that I may not be too bad a copy of the original ! In Thee, O Jesus, I place all my hope of arriving at so noble a transformation ! Thy grace alone is capable of producing it.

O Mary, engrave in my heart the faithful image of Jesus and grant that, in all the ways of life, I may become more and more conformed to Thy Divine Son !

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. To increase your resemblance to this Divine Model, make some acts of humility.





INVITATORY.

*“ I am the Way, the Truth, the
Life,”*

*Of peace divine in human strife ;
The burning sun, the hidden Ray,
Of obscure night, and perfect day,*

*“ I am the Resurrection, see,
My Body, Blood, are given for thee.
Clothed in my righteousness, ascend,
O soul, to God, thy lover, friend.*

*“ I am the morning star,” to him,
Who letteth not his light grow dim,
Myself I give, and he shall see,
“ My Face for all eternity.*

*" I am the First, the Last, and I
To souls, say come, and live, not die.
To heights and depths of love, I call
For love give love, for all give all.*

RESPONSE

*O sacred Host, I come to Thee,
True compass of eternity.
Let Love's while heat my soul in-
flame,
And love exalt Thy holy name !*

HONORA McDONOUGH.



Let us Work for the Eucharistic Congress.

Reasons why we should.



ONTREAL the quaint and picturesque is already laying great plans for the International Eucharistic Congress to be held there next September, and its loyal citizens, or rather those of the whole Continent rejoicing over the event as Catholics and patriots.

As Catholics : Canada is a land of faith. This sacred trust left by our ancestors has been preserved intact at the cost of the greatest sacrifices ; and we are justly proud of it as the most beautiful Jewel in our national crown. As proof thereof it suffices to recall the origin of our people, the sanguinary battles they waged against Barbarians and Savages, and after the conquest, the troubles with the conquerors themselves.

A rapid glance at the present state of the Church shows that we are still a people of faith. Quebec gave a striking example of it during the First Plenary Council, held there, not very long ago. The Eucharistic Congress will soon furnish us an even still more favorable opportunity of displaying ours.

The Catholics of Canada are not ashamed to proclaim their Catholicity by fidelity to their duties, assistance at Mass, reception of the Sacraments, respect for the Clergy. Their belief in the Blessed Sacrament is real, earnest, and practical. Perpetual adoration is practised in our diocese with great solemnity ; the Forty Hours are days of general Communion ; the First Friday monthly Communion universally observed ; the Holy Hour and Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament established in many parishes and finally our glorious Corpus Christi processions all stamp Canada a land of faith ready for a Eucharistic Congress.

Doubtless our hearts grew warm as we read of the magnificent triumphs showered upon the God of the Eucharist, across the sea. From afar we applauded and rejoiced while the longing to do as much, if not more was strong indeed. Now this longing is about to become a reality and our Eucharistic loyalty given full scope. Surely we need no incentive to spure us on in such a glorious cause, nevertheless it will do us no harm to remember we owe it to God and to the Church.

To God—God wishes to be glorified on earth in the Blessed Sacrament. He has a sovereign right to those honors and cannot renounce them. And it is to us, His well-beloved Canadian children He entrusts the care of these homages in 1910 and accords the signal privilege of manifesting Him to the Catholic world in all the splendor of royal pomp. Let us show ourselves worthy of the honor and magnanimously give Him all and every possible mark of our fealty.

To the Church.—Our title of Catholics makes us children of the Church, of that kind mother who has always been so good to us and who now offers us a special occasion of showing our gratitude. She asks us to feast her Divine Founder, her Spouse, her Chief Jesus Christ with all the magnificence in our power. Shall we refuse her this mark of our filial devotion? Shall we frustrate her designs or show ourselves unworthy of the confidence she has placed in us. No indeed! We shall respond as loyally as our predecessors across the sea. They love the church, so do we; they are devoted to it, so are we, and so shall we always be and in proof thereof strive with all our might to maintain and increase the prestige and glory of her divine Spouse, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

As Patriots—This Congress will moreover be a national glory for our young land. Is it not a great thing for Canada to be ranked among the first Catholic nations of the world? This the Congress of 1910 will do and what more true and lasting honor could any patriot desire.

Before the world represented by distinguished personages, under the kind patronage of the Papal Legate, she will affirm the vitality of her faith and perhaps surprise some of her foreign guests who still look upon her as a field for missionary labor.

After having admired our religious convictions especially in the Province of Quebec, they cannot help but admire the beauties of Canadian nature, our grand mountains, vast silent forests, great lakes, famous falls, majestic St Lawrence etc.

Catholics of Canada since much is expected of us, let us set to work to meet these expectations. This is a duty for each one of us more especially as the Congress is not the work of only one city but of an entire country. Work together for its success, as Father Galtier says : " by word and pen, by the resources of your riches or the alms of your poverty ; by the sympathy of your heart or your personal devotedness ; by the activity of your zeal or the fervor of your prayers."

We owe it to our Country : That this Congress should be one of our national glories is a foregone conclusion and one easy to understand. But remember, the more perfect the success, the more pure and beautiful the glory, so let us be true patriots in such a glorious cause. We, the present generation may never see another International Eucharistic Congress in Canada ; once in a life time is this favorable opportunity to labor for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, the Church, and our Country offered us. We know how our Ancestors have worked for these noble causes, show we are worthy of them by imitating their example and being able to boast after the feasts are over : O Canada, truly Catholic land, behold thee enriched with a new glory, for thou hast just rendered to thy Saviour, living in the Host, a solemn homage of faith and love which will go down the centuries and tell future generations our great love and reverent worship for the God of our altars."

Nevertheless we must not think the perfect success of the Congress will consist in a faultless organization or a magnificent procession of the Blessed Sacrament. No, these are only secondary considerations ; the first and principal is that the Congress produce serious fruits of salvation in all classes of society ; that all draw therefrom a more enlightened faith in the Mystery of our Altars, a clearer understanding of the Real Presence, a firmer belief that in the Sacred Host is truly found the adorable person of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus faith

become more lively must entail more profound respect and more reverent assiduous worship.

If we are convinced of this capital truth that there in the Tabernacle is Jesus, the Light of the World, the Salvation of Individuals, Families and Societies ; the Bread of Life to give us the life of grace, or help us maintain it we shall have recourse to Him, we shall love Him and a new era shall open—an era of frequent Communion. May the Congress remove all the impediments that still keep too many away from the Holy Table, and start a powerful and continuous movement bearing all to the Banquet of Life and Immortality.

Do we, like our ancestors want to be knights of God, the church and our Country but especially Eucharistic knights ; do we want to show the Catholic World that in Canada, faith in Jesus, Sacred Host, is free, protected, practised and loved ; do we in a word want to prove our love to God, our attachment to the Church and our devotion to our Country, then work for this great undertaking, come to it with the desire to profit by it, and leave those grand solemnities with the firm determined will to make the Sacred Host our daily food.

May the Congress win us this glorious tribute that we be known in history as a race who communicate, a race of communicants.

My child! behold My tabernacle with men; behold, here I dwell with them. Here I Myself console them that come. Here thou mayst learn, child, that the mercy of My Heart is greater than man's misery can be.

Shouldst thou even commit a fault, arise quickly and run thou hither. Here thou shalt easily repair all ; here thou shalt recover peace and joy of heart.



St Joseph's Major.

HE dwelt in a little log cabin almost as quaint and ancient as himself and seemed content and happy notwithstanding the poverty and loneliness of his lot. But that was before the sickness, an incurable malady, came upon him, and kept him a prisoner within its narrow limits, a prisoner who had not even a comfortable bed to lie on, a prisoner depending for the very food he eat upon the generosity of a kind neighbor, who, though he never even suspected it, often went hungry herself that he might eat.

At length, even this good Samaritan grew discouraged and reported his sad case to the Sisters of Charity who immediately went to see him, and ordered his removal to their hospital.

Propped up with pillows he lay lost in thought when the Chaplain's cheery good morning roused him. Looking up and meeting the kindly blue eyes fixed upon him, he answered the salutation, though rather curtly.

Pretending not to notice the priest questioned him about his health and finally asked what country he came from.

Seemingly ill at ease and not caring to disclose his identity he replied briefly: from Beauvais.

The priest was not discouraged. He had seen old veterans before, and knew full well, that generally their pretended gruffness was but remorse for the neglect of much the very sight of the priest recalled So he continued genially:

"From Beauvais. Why that a fine old country. But how long since you left it for this almost as fine?"



"I don't exactly remember the date, but shortly after the Tonkin war."

So you were a soldier?

"Pardon, a Major, in the African Zouaves, and a grand regiment it was too."

"I am sure it was, and its gallant Major also. You must tell me all about it."

You will have ample time as I intend to come and see you every day until you are well."

"Thank you Father. I'll be more than glad to see you and tell you all my adventures."

Old Major Hopkins, as his troops generally called him had enlisted very young, grown up in the army, and become so attached to it, that no other life had any attraction for him. Though wounded in more than one campaign nothing could persuade him to abandon his loved profession until the very end, and then instead of doing things like other Majors and retiring on a good pension, he slipped away quietly and remained hidden and unknown until discovered and taken to the hospital by the good sisters.

Though everything that medical skill and human kindness could do, was done for him, yet he suffered so intensely that sometimes he forgot his new surroundings and grieved his gentle nurses by swearing like the proverbial trooper.

Once after a more than usually severe paroxysm the sister in charge spoke to him about the advisability of making his confession.

He hesitated a minute as if weighing the question then blurted out : " Sister do you know what you are talking about ? To you it is an easy matter, but to me, so difficult that the very thought of it makes me tremble."

" Why should it ? You were brought up a Catholic, were you not ?"

" Yes, my mother was a good practical one and loved her religion too, especially St. Joseph. Often when I was a boy she took me to a church dedicated to him, and I remember her clasping a medal of his round my neck. I was only eleven then, but that medal has never left my possession since, and is as dear to me today as it was then."

The sister's face brightened as she said : " That leads to think it was St Joseph who protected you and brought you here. But during all those years between, you did not neglect your prayers completely—did you ?"

" Unfortunately I went to Paris almost as soon as I made my First Communion, and you know what Paris means to an innocent country lad... a lad who has not the courage of his convictions ; nevertheless my prayer to St Joseph, the one my mother had so drilled into me, I never forgot even in the army. Moreover I loved the

old Saint, who bore my dead father's name, and who somehow seemed so real and tangible to me. If you will listen to me, I'll recite the prayer for you : Great Saint Joseph, my patron, Spouse of the Virgin Mary, and Foster-Father of the Child Jesus, protect me during my life and especially at the hour of my death, Amen."

"It is very beautiful. I am sure St. Joseph will reward you for your fidelity by granting you the grace to make a good confession."

"Sister," he almost moaned, hiding his head in the



pillow, "I do want to make my confession... but... you know it's so long since I made my last, that old soldier as I am, I tell you frankly I cannot."

"Take courage. St Joseph will help you. It is almost time for the Almoner's daily visit and when he comes I'll tell him your desire."

She had scarcely finished speaking when the priest advanced smiling brightly, and cordially asked the poor sufferer about his health.

"How I feel just now matter but little Father, what does, is the fact that I must die soon, that no skill can save me and that the end is liable to come at any moment."

"While there is life there is hope, my brave old Major. But in the meantime you are prepared for the worst. Are you not?"

"No Father! Not in the least. I only wish I were. Those long years that now show up in their true light, will not open heaven for me. If I only had courage to make my confession, death would not then seem so terrible to me who has faced it so often on the battle-field." Grasping his hand the priest whispered: "Do not be discouraged. I understand your case thoroughly and sympathize with you so much that if you like to begin right away I will help you all I can."

"Thank you Father. I appreciate your goodness. Give me till to-morrow please. For such an important review I must prepare. I will devote the day to it, and when you come to-morrow, will do my best; In the meantime please pray for me."

The priest came the next day and for three successive ones. The old Major was so sincere and so thoroughly in earnest that he was never satisfied fearing he had forgotten something and was not yet ready to receive absolution.

Finally the day is fixed for his communion and his room transformed into a little chapel. When the priest bearing the good God approached his bed, the old veteran with the iron endurance that was part of his character raised himself, gazed long and ardently at the Sacred Host, made the sign of the cross and exclaimed: "My God! How good Thou art! How good Thou art to come to a poor sinful creature like me."

The visibly affected priest gave him Holy Communion. And the old Major had won his final and most glorious victory.

He lasted a week after that. His sentiments were most touching and beautiful and his fine old face radiant as an angel's. His last words were to St Joseph, his last act to kiss and clasp the medal he had worn over seventy years.

