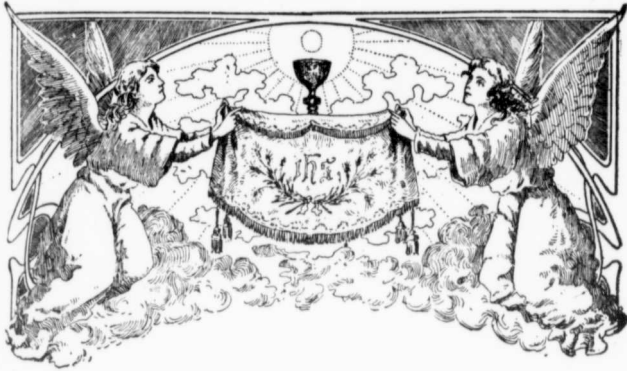


St. Peter.

By J. Brémond



## June's Offering.

CLUSTER and twine thy roses high,  
 Sweet month of the Sacred Heart ;  
 Shower the earth with their petals white  
 And crimson, thou month of song and light,  
 God's month of love thou art ;  
 Breathe of His love in the cloudless sky,  
 Till the dews from thy verdure part.  
 Come, wreath them thick about His feet,  
 Frail blooms for the Host Divine,  
 Their lips the morning dew begems,  
 But thorns lie hid on their slender stems.  
 Sweet Heart, the earth is thy shrine :  
 The roses are fragrant emblems, meet  
 Of Thy love, but the thorns of mine.



## Apostolic Brief

granting to the Churches of the Religious of the  
Most Holy Sacrament.

### Plenary Indulgence

on the occasion of Corpus Christie.

PIUS X.

*"In perpetual memory"*

Every one knows that the Feast of the Most Holy Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ surpasses in point of excellence all the other solemnities of the Church. Consequently nothing is more to our heart's desire than to acclaim before the entire World the day this August Mystery is feasted, by enriching it with special heavenly favors.

For this reason agreeing most graciously and heartily in the wishes of the Superior General, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament, and trusting in the mercy of the all-powerful God, and the authority of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul we grant this very special favor :

To all the faithful of both sexes who truly penitent, after confession and communion shall, from the first Vespers of the feast of the Most Holy Body of Christ, until sunset, devoutly visit any church whatsoever of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament and there pray for peace and union among Christian princes, for the extirpation of heresy, for the conversion of sinners and for the exaltation of Holy Mother Church. We grant, in the Lord, as often as they make this visit a plenary Indulgence and the remission of all their sins, applicable, by



way of suffrage, to the souls in Purgatory.

Notwithstanding anything to the contrary, and the present to be valid forever.

Given at Rome near St. Peter's, under the Fisherman's seal, the 30 July, 1906, in the third year of our Pontificate.

For the Revm. Card. Macchi.  
N. Marini.

## The Stations of the Cross

in the Churches of the Congregation of the Most  
Holy Sacrament.

MOST HOLY FATHER,

The Superior General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament humbly prostrate at your feet declares :

That in the church of the Congregation where the Most Holy Sacrament is perpetually exposed the devotion of the faithful leads them to unite meditation on the Passion, to adoration of the Most Holy Eucharist ; and in consequence many among them make the Stations of the Cross every day. Sometimes this is a cause of grave disturbance to the other worshippers engaged in adoration and entails a certain want of respect towards the Most Holy Sacrament on account of the frequent change of place.

On the other hand did we endeavor to dissuade the faithful from this laudable practice during the





Exposition, the Stations of the Cross could never be made in the churches of the Congregation.

Hence the petitioner beseeches your Holiness to allow the faithful to make the way of the Cross in the churches of the Most Holy Sacrament by remaining in the same place all through the exercise and only make a genuflection at each new station.

And that God etc.

His Holiness, Pius X, in the audience of February 27, 1907, obtained by the undersigned Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Relics graciously acceded to the terms of the request, the favor solicited, without detriment nevertheless to what is observed elsewhere.

The present Rescript to be valid in perpetuity notwithstanding anything to the contrary. Given at Rome in the Secretary's office of the same Holy Congregation, the 27 of February, 1907.

S. Cardinal Cretoni, Prefect.

To announce this concession His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect wrote the following letter :

To the V. R. F. Estevenon, Superior General, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament at St. Claude, Rome.

I have the pleasure of informing you that his Holiness Pius X, in granting your petition regarding the Stations of the Cross made in presence of the Most Holy Sacrament perpetually exposed in your churches, praises and encourages the devout practice of uniting devotion to the passion with adoration of the Eucharist.

S. Cardinal Cretoni.

Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

February 28 1907.



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Practical Suggestions  
for the  
Month of June.

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THERE are in the year several months consecrated to special devotions, which are continued for thirty days ; for instance, the Month of Mary, which is no other than a feast of thirty days in honor of the Blessed Virgin. During that time, we honor all her virtues, all the mysteries of her life, and we always obtain some new grace by doing so. Again, we have the Month of St. Joseph. Soon every prominent devotion will have a month for its own special exercises. So much the better ! It would be an excellent thing, a very great impetus to Catholic piety.

Devotion prolonged during an entire month embraces its whole subject, considers it under every aspect, and gives a deep and serious insight into it. By the daily meditations, by a certain unity of action in the practice of virtue during those days, by prayers adapted to the subject in hand, we end by obtaining a true and solid devotion of the mystery honored during the month. That upon which but one

thought is concentrated becomes strong and fully rounded out.

Our devotion needs to be firm and compact and to tend to but one aim. Why is it that so many pious souls never reach remarkable holiness? It is because they are so divided in their devotions. Their spirit of piety does not find sufficient nourishment to support it or carry them on to great heights. They do not know how to weld their devotions into a compact whole.

We all know what fruits missions produce in parishes hitherto deaf to the earnest exhortations, the heroic example, of their pastors. The reason is that the missions are an uninterrupted series of multiplied exercises. They embrace all the means that can touch hearts, strike the imagination, and compel serious reflection. A mission is a torrent formed by the united currents of all the means of salvation. Is it astonishing how it vanquishes the most obdurate hearts?

When all our thoughts, all our devotions, are united and concentrated upon one object, they overcome all obstacles and lead to the highest virtue. Let us, then, cultivate this concentrated and continued devotion. We are told that in order to correct a bad habit, root out a vice, it is necessary to begin by watching over one's self, by struggling for a time, before feeling ourselves drawn to the opposite virtue. Once, however, that attraction is felt, the soul runs on with giant steps.

It is the same with the subject of which we are now speaking. A certain time must elapse before loving with a strong and enlightened love the devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament, which is the mother and queen of all other devotions, the sun of piety. Devotion to Mary is good, is excellent; but it ought to lead to devotion to the Eucharist as Mary herself aimed entirely at Jesus Christ. The Scripture compares her to the moon, which receives all its light from the sun, and returns it again to him.

Now, since the Month of Mary makes so many conversions, produces so much good in souls, obtains so many graces of all kinds, what will not the Month of the Most Blessed Sacrament do, since it is the virtues, the sacrifices, Jesus Christ Himself in Person that we honor? And if we know how to unite our reading, our aspirations,

our practice of the virtues to the action of Jesus in the Eucharist, we shall by the end of the month have gained some great victory over self ; our love will have increased, our grace will be more powerful.

Our Lord has said that he who eats His Flesh and drinks His Blood has life in him. What will this be if you supplement your Sacramental Communion by a constant communion of thirty days in His love, in His virtues, in His holiness, in His life in the Most Blessed Sacrament ?

Behold what it is to be united to Jesus in the Eucharist. Without that, we may have good thoughts, but we have no principle of life. The gust that lasts but an instant, only skims over the surface of the earth : but the fine, steady rain, which lasts for a time, sinks in and renders it fruitful. The thought of the Eucharist, entertained for a whole month in the manner we shall point out, will become an abundant spring which will fructify our virtues, a divine strength that will make us fly in the way of sanctity. We may say with good reason and following the laws of natural philosophy, that if we exercise ourselves for a whole month upon one same subject, our mind will acquire the habit of it, whatever it may be.

Let us not fear that such concentration upon one single mystery will restrict our horizon. The Eucharist comprehends all mysteries, all virtues. It affords us the means of reviving them, of considering them in their living and animated subject, present before us, and this wonderfully facilitates meditation. We see Jesus Christ in the Eucharist. We see His sacramental covering. We know even by our senses that He is there. The Sacred Host speaks to us, arrests our gaze vividly presents Our Lord to us.

How must we spend this month in order to profit by it ?

In the first place, we should procure some book on the Blessed Sacrament, and read a little in it every day. Do not fear, we cannot exhaust the subject. The depths of the love of Jesus are unfathomable. It is the same with Jesus in the Eucharist as with Jesus in heaven. He is always beautiful, always new, always infinite. We need never fear to see that infinite source exhausted. Jesus has first so many graces, and then so much glory to bestow upon us !

Let us, then, have a book that treats of the Eucharist. I know very well that books do not make saints and that,

on the contrary, it is the saints who make the good books. But I counsel a book for our instruction, to awaken thoughts that will lead us to perfection, and with which we may nourish our soul in meditation. Take, for instance, *Book Fourth of the Following of Christ* It is so beautiful ! It was an angel, without doubt, that composed it ! Take the *Visits to Blessed Sacrament* of St Alphonsus Ligouri. This book on its appearance made a revolution in piety. It has produced, and it still produces, every day the most abundant fruits of salvation.

Take any book. It matters not. We may choose any that suits us. But let us put aside our other devotions during this month. We shall lose nothing by it, we shall lose nothing by plunging entirely into the sun. Make more frequent and more prolonged visits to the Blessed Sacrament during this month, and communicate with greater fervor. Practice a virtue that bears some relation to the state of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, either His silence, or His sweetness, but, above all, His annihilation and life of recollection in His Father.

Make some special sacrifice to the Blessed Sacrament. Have every day a fresh flower to present to Him. He deigns to allow us to approach His Adorable Person in order to present Him our offering. Truly, the great ones of the world are not seen so easily. Let us not slight this loving favor of Jesus, nor cast away our right as children of His family.

I repeat, to pass this month well, we must practise some Eucharistic virtue, and read something on the Blessed Sacrament. This is more necessary than we think. With a book we shall have new thoughts ; without a book, we shall be dry, always repeating the same things : *tanquam jumentum, like a beast*. The book by itself is worth little, but if we use it earnestly, with our whole heart, we shall put life into it. The Holy Scripture itself must be read with the heart. Read without faith and love, it would be fatal to us, as we see it harden certain unbelievers who read it daily.

We say, perhaps, " Books do not please me, because I do not find in them what my soul seeks. They do not satisfy me." So much the better ! It would be very bad for us if books could make all our prayer for us, say everything

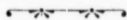
for us. We should then become mere talking machines. The Saviour does not permit books to do everything for us in prayer. We must get His grace by our own exertions, by the sweat of our brow. There never was a life of any saint, were he the greatest in the Church, that would entirely suit us, And why ? Because we are not that special saint, and we have a personal grace suited to our own individual nature ; because we have a certain personality, each peculiar, of which we do not know how to make complete abstraction.

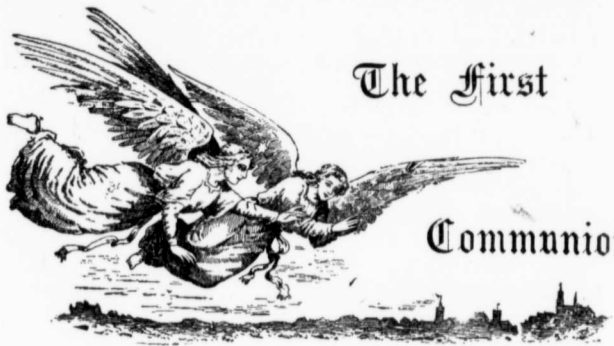
Let us read, then, but expect all the fruit of our reading from our own meditation alone.

Some one may say : " I would make my adoration, my visit, but I cannot go to church during the day." That must not hinder us. Our Lord sees us even in our own home. He can hear us from His tabernacle. He can see us from heaven : why can He not see us from the Sacred Host ? Let us adore Him wherever He may be. Let us make a good adoration of love, and Our Lord will understand our desire.

It would, indeed, be a great misfortune could we commune with the Eucharistic Christ only in His temples. The light of the sun surrounds and enlightens us although we may not be directly in its rays. And so it is with Our Lord in the Sacred Host. He knows how to send the rays of His love into our homes to warm and strengthen us. There are currents in the supernatural order as well as in the natural. Do we not sometimes feel ourselves unexpectedly recollected and transported with love ? It is because a ray, a current of grace has fallen upon us. Let us have faith in these currents, in these spiritual communications with our distant Jesus. It would be very sad if He could receive our adoration only when we visit Him in the church. No, no ! He sees everywhere, He blesses everywhere, He unites Himself everywhere to those that desire to enter into communication with Him. We may, then, adore Him everywhere. We may everywhere turn in spirit toward His tabernacles.

May all our thought be for Him during this month !  
May our virtues, our love rest in that Divine Centre, and  
may this month be to us one of graces and blessings !





## The First

## Communion.



H! It's to-morrow!" rapturously soliloquized Phyllis as she settled herself to sleep, the sleep, of angels.

Her mother is there bending over the little cot wherein lies her heart's treasure. Through a mist of tears she fondly contemplates that priceless pearl, that innocent little flower, her very own, whose proprietorship none may gainsay and whose face even in slumber

is wreathed in smiles.

And mother-love seeing the unusual sight marvels not but with sympathetic intuition realizes that to-morrow's happiness has tinged her darling's dreams and that she sees Jesus, the Jesus of her First Communion, the Jesus for whom she longs so ardently coming to her and blessing her and those dear to her; and pursuing the thought the fond mother abandons herself to dreams almost as blissful as the child's until the striking clock in an adjacent room warns her of the lateness of the hour.

Reluctantly, as if she cannot tear herself away she falls on her knees, joins her hands raises her eyes to the crucifix and murmurs a fervent prayer, then with a last look at the fair sleeper softly closes the door and gains her own room.

Shortly afterwards she too falls asleep thinking as Phyllis had a short while previously: "It's to-morrow."



The night passes quickly.

The young neophyte awakens with the birds, yet early as it is the first object her eyes rest upon is her mother watching and waiting for her first smile. Nor is she disappointed! Phyllis throws her arms round her neck, kisses her lovingly and in a burst of joy cries out: "Oh! Mamma darling, It's to day—to-day."

Then growing more composed mother and child bless themselves and begin their day by making the morning offering. After which Phyllis pauses and minutely examines her conscience, but even the angels themselves could find no flaw in that soul upon which the absolving blood had fallen a few hours previously.

The process of dressing for First Communion, now begins. A most important undertaking. Especially as Mamma has already made up her mind that her little girl must be the flower of the flock."

Gently she combs the golden tresses, draws on the tiny white satin slippers bows the pretty sash with its flowing ends, smoothes out imaginary creases in the dainty spotless robe, bestows deft touches here and there—all, interspersed with frequent admiring pauses during which she often forgets time's flight, though not her determination, her pious vanity, excusable on such an occasion that her child must be the queen of that lovely band.

Finally with hands that tremble slightly the last touches are given the veil pinned on. But here again maternal solicitude decrees that it must cover her forehead like a sacred shield hidden in the fresh crown of white roses, hang in graceful folds over her shoulders, prettily and modestly fall to her feet without constraining or impeding her movements.

After this wonderful feat, Mamma, hands Phyllis her white ivory prayer book, securely clasps a little gold cross, one of her First Communion gifts round her neck, slips on her wrist, another gift, a lovely mother of pearl rosary, surveys her with satisfied admiration and calls Papa to come and see her.

He comes holding by the hand two lovely little cherubs brimming over with curiosity to see their big sister decked for the great feast.

"Look!" cries the exultant mother.



The children gaze with wide-open-eyes at the lovely apparition ; the father is fascinated, spellbound, no word escapes him.

He would fain appear unconcerned this man of the world who though the soul of honor has nevertheless fallen a prey to moral disease and been more or less influenced by its baneful axioms.

But to-day his heart discards all such subterfuges, it beats to suffocation as he gazes upon his darling, his little golden haired pet who stands there looking more angelic than human and whom his dormant faith tells him Jesus awaits on this her First Communion day.

Recovering himself a little he takes her in his arms and kisses her with a newborn reverence, a gentle care not to mar or crush her spotless raiment.

" Well ! What do you think of her ? " asks the proud mother.

" She's lovely ! " She will undoubtedly be the flower of the flock " he answers admiringly. While the parents were thus engaged Jack holding baby Kathleen, a midget of seven, by the hand advances towards Phyllis who stoops and kisses them both very affectionately.

They all set out for the church together. Arrived there Jack goes to the sacristy where he dons an acolyte's robe, always a delight to him, but, to day a little legitimate prides mingles with his joy. Think of it, he also has his part to play in the grand ceremony about to take place.

In the sacred edifice the hush of expectancy can be felt. The altar is a blaze of lights, a mass of fragrant lilies and roses. The glorious sun streaming in through the stained glass windows bathes chancel and nave in rosy hue lending its own peculiar charm to the beauty of the scene and resting with caressing touch upon those white robed children absorbed in fervent prayer.

The church is crowded with the parents, grandparents and friends of the First Communicants all rejoicing in the general joy yet each one specially interested in their own.

The organ bursts forth in a glorious triumphant Laudate, re-echoed by every heart in that great crowd. Yes ! Praise and magnify the Lord for the tender infinite love that brings Him to those little ones on this their never to be forgotten First Communion day.



*Come, Holy Jesus, be our guest  
And bless the food which Thou hast given.  
Feed our starved souls with that True Bread  
Which Thou in love didst bring from heaven.*

His Lordship who is to officiate enters **proceeded** by the Cross, the sign of our Redemption. Behind him and at each side of the altar are priests in white surplices, canons in purple and ermine, all around the chancel like a seraphic guard the acolytes in red cassocks and white sashes make a picture fair to look upon.

Near the altar the cross-bearer stands robed in violet. Beside him and facing the altar are two lovely little curly headed lads who might be mistaken for angels were it not for the expression of fear they cannot control at finding themselves in such a prominent position and in which only their mother's loving encouragement induces them to remain.

Slowly, reverently the young Communicants approach the altar rails while music as sweet and tender as a seraph's voice floats through the perfumed air faintly expressing their rapture, their loving longing desire. They kneel at the Holy Table and the Eucharistic Christ alone could depict the sublimity, the bliss of that first meeting.

Phyllis' father watches the touching ceremony with deep interest. It fascinates and intralls him in spite of himself ; but when he sees his own little daughter receive the Sacred Host an overpowering emotion seizes him, he buries his face in his hands unheeded tears run down his cheeks.

This man whom the struggle for daily bread has made forget more vital interests, rises up transfigured having tasted an inexplicable happiness, a brief foretaste of heavenly joy.

Ah ! Phyllis. Your First Communion has already borne blessed fruit.

The mother's eyes are moist also as she watches her darling and softly murmurs : " Christ Jesu, fond Lover of children keep her ever Thine." When the last communicant leaves the altar, the parents, the mothers in the majority, take their places—for what mother would have the heart to cloud her child's joy by remaining away.

The father witnesses the beautiful sight ; his wife and child united in the love of the Eucharistic Christ. When his wife returns to her place at his side, he hangs his

head in shame, even lower as the gentle chiding falls on his ear :

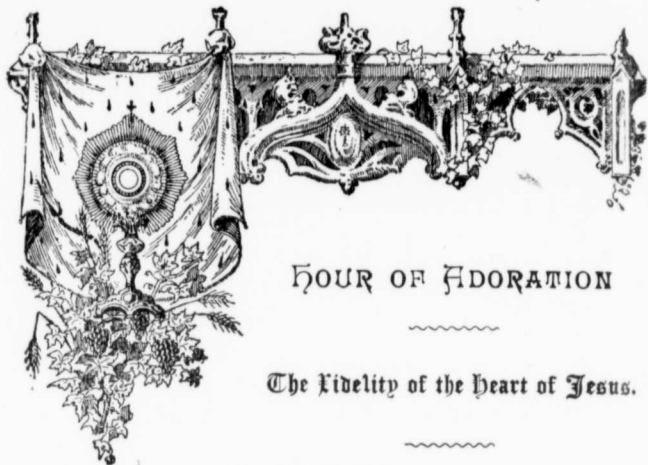
“ Why did you let me go alone ? ”

Why ? He does not know. He is a Christian who adores God, respects his ministers, goes to mass on Sundays and holydays, but, for the rest, latterly especially, he never had any time besieged as he invariably was with a thousand other things that seemed so much more important... Moreover he depended on the indulgence of the last hour and that satisfied him. But to-day he bitterly regrets his senseless conduct. “ Ah ! If I had only known ” he cannot help thinking with a kind of remorseful self pity.

The beautiful ceremony is over. The little communicant escorted home, feasted, admired, caressed, congratulated. Towards the close of this perfect day of pure unalloyed delight, Phyllis, still radiant though a little tired creeps into her mother's arms and nestling her golden head against, that heart whose *Te Deums* have been mounting upwards all the blessed day lifts loving admiring eyes to the sweet face and whispers : “ Mamma darling ! I'm so happy, so happy ! but why didn't Papa...

“ Hush, dearie...” Next year he will receive with us. He has promised me he would.”





## HOUR OF ADORATION

The Fidelity of the Heart of Jesus.

### I. — Adoration.

Fidelity of Heart is one of the distinctive moral characteristics of the Incarnate Word. He had announced it by His prophet in order that men might with more confidence await His coming upon earth : From the root of Jesse, shall be born the virginal rod (Mary), which shall be crowned by the magnificent rose (Jesus), and the Holy Spirit shall fill Him with the Spirit of counsel and of fortitude, the spirit of knowledge and of godliness of piety, and the fear of the Lord. "And fidelity shall be the girdle of His reins. As the girdle closely clasps the body and forms for it a support, so does fidelity envelop the Heart of Jesus and prevent Its ever swerving from Its promises to help us. The girdle, which gathers the clothing in graceful folds around the person, is, likewise, the symbol of love. The Heavenly Spouse appeared in His glory, "His breast, that is His Heart, supported by a cincture of gold : " It was certainly of the Heart of Jesus that Isaias prophesied when he depicted It gloriously encircled by the bands of invincible fidelity.

It is meet that the most perfect of all hearts should possess this perfection, which is "the most sacred treasure of the human heart, the honor of Divinity as well as of humanity : According to Eternal Wisdom it is the most precious of all treasures and the most assured of all protection : — A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that hath found him hath found a treasure." Is it not upon honor, honesty, fidelity — these three are one and the same — that rest all relations between mankind and God Himself? Do they not form the bonds of friendship, the peace and joy of the domestic circle, the security of business transactions, our confi-

dence in prayer and every religious exercise? He that is faithful, no matter what his condition, perhaps that of a lowly servant, merits esteem and affection: — If thou have a faithful servant, let him be to thee as thy own soul: treat him as a brother, because in the blood of thy soul thou hast gotten him."

Alas, it is too true! Fidelity is very rare on this earth. We do, indeed, often find hearts capable of pity, ready to perform an act of devotedness at their own time and convenience; but fidelity implies disinterestedness, devotedness and constancy under every form, and that is very difficult to the heart wounded by original sin. At the bottom of that heart lie egoism, weakness, and inconstancy: — Many men are called merciful, but who shall find a faithful man?"

How good, then, it is for our poor heart, always deceived both by itself and others, to contemplate and adore in all security the fidelity without fail or weakness of that only One who can in truth be called "the faithful Friend: He is our efficacious and ever present help: whose heart is a treasury of every kind of fidelity:

The Heart of Jesus bears in Itself the eternal fidelity of God, along with His munificent liberality, His infallible truth, and His very Being: — "The Lord is faithful in all His words" The Heart of Jesus possesses human fidelity under all the forms in which it can be exhibited: the fidelity of a father remaining with his children that they may not be left orphans; the fidelity of the shepherd going before his sheep to lead them to good pasture, and to give his life in their defence against the wolf; the fidelity of the priest praying indefatigably for the needs of his people; the fidelity of the Spouse toward the Church, Which He daily washes in His Blood and feeds with His Flesh; lastly, the fidelity of the Friend who said to His Apostles invited to His table, and in them to all men who communicate: "I will not now call you servants, but I call you My friends, because all things whatsoever I have received from My Father, I have made known to you, and I shall be with you all days even to the end of the world."

## II. — Thanksgiving.

Nothing is so beautiful as fidelity. The Holy Spirit does not hesitate to say: "Nothing can be compared to a faithful friend, and no weight of gold and silver is able to countervail the goodness of his fidelity." A friend is a gift of God above all gifts, and he who has it possesses a benefit above all benefits. Considered even in the natural light, fidelity is peace of heart, security in the present, certitude for the future, assurance in daily relations with the neighbor, confidence in the communication of secrets and sorrows the most delicate. It means sincere and devoted concurrence in time of need, assured help, the sharing of difficulties, and, in cases

of misfortune, the continuation of esteem and affection along with the presence of the trusted one. We may say that, among all the goods of the heart, it is the treasure.

What will not be the fidelity of the Divine Friend, whose Heart is full of infinite love, of all the noble affections that dispose Him to be the unique Saviour of men?

The friendship of Jesus is entirely gratuitous, entirely disinterested, for He is always the first to love, and that without any other end in view than to do good. It accommodates itself to the needs, to the character, the situation of each, being full of knowledge, experience, and condescension. Jesus, as the Sovereign Master of all forces, disposes of all creatures and of all help, and nothing can oppose His all-powerful action. He is faithful during life and, when death draws near, His fidelity in time is changed into eternal fidelity, over which time in its ravages has no power.

From the moment that God created us in pure love, His fidelity encompassed us with His promises of eternal life, for He made us to His own image and likeness in order to make us live forever of His own life and to enjoy His endless happiness. When revolt and ingratitude separated us from God, His fidelity became the mercy which called us all to His Heart that He might create us anew, sweeten our yoke, and lighten our burden. He redeemed us at the price of His blood, engaged to feed us every day with His own Flesh, and to abandon us never. It is His fidelity that brings Him to our bedside when death and Satan assault our life of body and soul. He comes to reassure us in the throes of our last agony, and He says to us: "May the Body of Christ guard thy soul to eternal life!" — Lastly, His fidelity judges us and, if we have been faithful, pronounces over us these words of supreme love, which will introduce us into the peace of beatitude: "Come, ye blessed of the Father. Possess the kingdom that has been prepared for you from all eternity!"

Can we ever magnify as It deserves the Heart of the faithful Christ, we who are the creation, the redemption, the only solicitude of His fidelity: — A faithful man shall be much praised?"

### III. — Reparation.

The purest and most abundant source of contrition is, without doubt, the love of God and of His Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ. Whoever can rouse in his soul the sentiment of the infinite loveliness of God, which his sins have despised by preferring to it the very limited charms of the creature; whoever has comprehended with what love God has loved him, whether in creating him or in filling his life with His benefits; whoever seizes the mystery of Jesus' dying for him and of making Himself his Eucharist; whoever beholds himself still loved, protected, called to pardon, in spite of his pidity and malice, in spite of the number of



his sins, must feel his heart rent with sorrow and abased with salutary shame. He must be filled with love for this God of mercy, he must return to Him by a sincere and lasting conversion, a conversion that can be effected by perfect love alone.

Nothing can so powerfully enkindle this flame of moral resurrection as the sight of the fidelity of the merciful Friend making Himself for those that He has not ceased to love, in spite of their wanderings, "of life and immortality," which raises up from the dead and cures all wounds. When fidelity is exercised toward a being who is unfaithfulness personified, it shows itself magnanimous and sublime — sin being, in the mind, only a want of faith in the divine word which orders or prohibits, a want of confidence in the word that promises the recompense, of fear in the word that threatens chastisements; in the heart, only ingratitude and forgetfulness of the Sovereign Benefactor; and in the will, only the refusal of obedience and a revolt against divine authority. It is toward this unfaithful one that the faithful Heart exercises Its invincible fidelity by pardoning him, supporting, and reinstating him in all the goods that he had forfeited! — It is here, too, that fidelity manifests its sovereign goodness, for it comes to the succor of a being condemned to the most dreadful punishments both in time and in eternity, and in the absolute impossibility of freeing himself or even of lessening the evils that encompass him, either by his own efforts or those of any other creature. God alone can remit sin and raise from spiritual death, which surely leads to eternal death if, faithful to its need of pardoning and to the law that He has deigned to make for Himself, His mercy does not intervene: — "A faithful friend is the medicine of life and immortality."

The Gospel abounds in touching examples of this ministry of merciful fidelity, because the Gospel is the history of the Son of God made Man to save men from their sins. St Peter is a perfect example of it. Jesus is faithful to warn him of the danger that he runs by his presumption; faithful to pray that his faith may not fail, since Satan demanded to sift him like wheat; faithful to exhort him to vigilance and to prayer in order to strengthen him against approaching temptation. And as soon as Peter, forgetful of these warnings, had fallen into the unfaithfulness of the triple denial, the faithful Friend, though in the midst of His own sufferings, endeavored to catch his eye, to cast upon him a look of tender reproach and infinite clemency, which revived faith in the heart of the poor renegade, and drew from his eyes torrents of reparative tears. Then, after His Resurrection, faithful to render to Peter the rights with which He had honored him, Jesus appeared to him first before all the others, and drew from him in the presence of his fellow-disciples the triple confession of faithful love, which forever effaced the remembrance of his former infidelity.



To sinners of all times, the Saviour has assured the fidelity of His pardon by instituting in the daily effusion of His Blood, the Sacrament that remits all sin : — "This is My Blood... for the remission of sins."

It was the merciful fidelity of the Sacred Heart that permitted St. John, who knew all the secrets of the Heart upon which he had reposed: to write these consoling and reassuring words for us poor sinners : " My little children, these things I write to you that you may not sin. But if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Just. And He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for those of the whole world."

" It desires to draw many souls from eternal perdition, for this Divine Heart is like a fortress and a secure asylum for all poor sinners who wish to take refuge therein, in order to shun Divine Justice in Its just anger which, like an impetuous torrent, would drown with their sins those sinners who excite the divine wrath."

#### IV. — Prayer.

The first means of securing for one's self the divine fidelity is earnestly to demand of it the grace of God, for " a faithful friend is a gift from God to them that fear Him and pray to Him : God loves whom He pleases, and gives Himself to whom He pleases. His choice is free, and we have nothing in us that can merit it. — God is faithful : by whom you are called unto the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ Our Lord." To those that He had drawn around Him in the closest, the most familiar, the most tender of friendships, the Divine Master said : " It is not you who have chosen Me. By the dulness of your intellect, the narrowness of your heart, the impurity of your soul, you were incapable of doing so ; and again, even when became man such as you are, I am by My divine filiation above your reach. But it pleased Me to single you out from the multitude and to bow down of My own accord to you, to instruct you, to purify and enrich you in order to elevate you to Me. It is, then, I who have chosen you. Remain in Me, remain in My love which has made you My friends, and never cease to deserve by your humility and fidelity the continuation of it.

The second means of securely enjoying the fidelity of Jesus is to believe in Him firmly, confidently, lovingly, in submission and abandonment to His guidance. Ye believe in God, did He say to His Apostles, in His Wisdom, in His Truth, in His Power, in His Goodness? Well then, believe in Me in the same manner. This is the condition that He laid down for answering all those that demand of Him miracles of cure or conversion. And He predicted to Nicodemus that the miracles which they should see, would be great in proportion to their faith.

There is question now of believing in the fidelity of the Heart of Jesus. First, to believe that His help will never fail, especially in things necessary to our salvation, such as to shun sin, to resist temptations, to fulfil our duties; for "He is faithful, and He will not permit us to be tempted above our strength." Still more, He will turn our temptations to our profit, and make us find in them strength to resist even to the end: — God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able: but will make also with temptation issue, that you may be able to bear it." We must believe, also, that He will never fail to assist us in our trials, of what kind soever they may be. He will either deliver us from them or He will give us the strength to accept them, provided that, being in a state of grace, we implore His help with confidence, humility, and perseverance. He has even engaged Himself thereto by oath: — "If you abide in Me, and My words abide in you, you shall ask whatever you will, and it shall be done unto you." Lastly, we must believe in the eternal justifications of His fidelity, and that He has in reserve for us heavenly rewards that infinitely surpass all the riches of which, in spite of our confidence in Him and all our prayers, we have, by His permission, been deprived here below. Is it not for this reason that He can without irony say to us that the poor, the afflicted, the persecuted are happy here below, since poverty, sufferings and tears assure them infallibly the kingdom of Heaven, which is the possession of the infinite God?

### Saint Peter.

(See frontispiece.)

Peter, whatever thou shalt bind on earth,  
 The same is bound above the starry sky;  
 What here delegated thy power doth loose,  
 Is loosed in heaven's great citadel on high;  
 To judgment shalt thou come, when the world's  
 [end is nigh.

Praise to the Father through all ages be;  
 The same to thee, O co-eternal Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, one glorious Trinity,  
 To whom all majesty and might belong:  
 So sing we now, and such be our eternal song.

# AT THE PROCESSION

— OF THE —

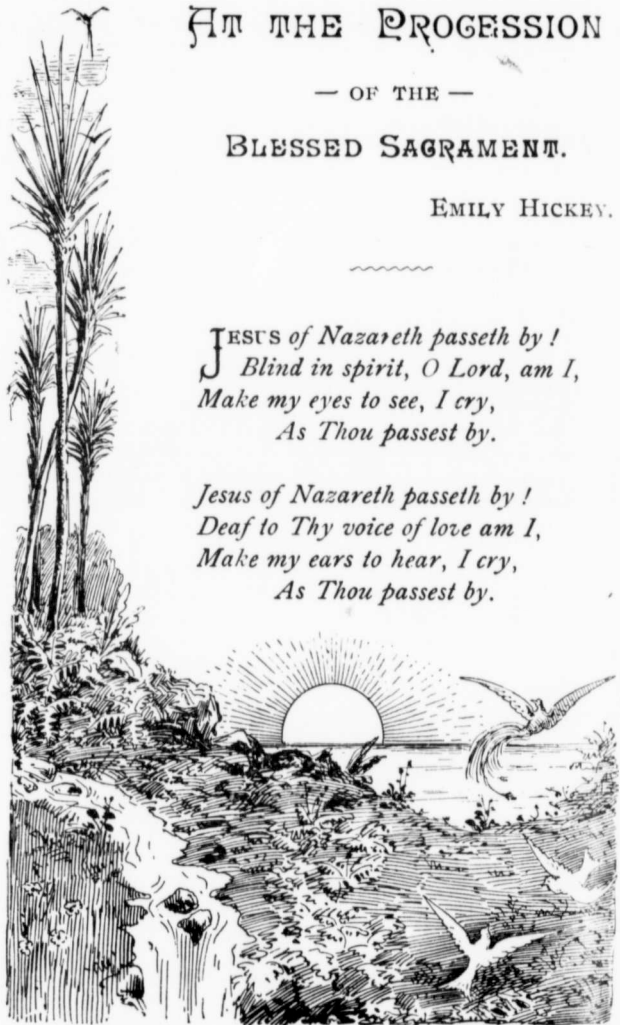
## BLESSED SACRAMENT.

EMILY HICKEY.

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*J*ESUS of Nazareth passeth by!  
 Blind in spirit, O Lord, am I,  
 Make my eyes to see, I cry,  
 As Thou passest by.

*J*esus of Nazareth passeth by!  
 Deaf to Thy voice of love am I,  
 Make my ears to hear, I cry,  
 As Thou passest by.



*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !  
Dumb from utterance true am I,  
Open my lips in praise, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.*

*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !  
Stained by sin, and halt, am I,  
Bid me rise and walk, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.*

*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !  
Naked, and poor, and weak, am I,  
Clothe me, enrich, and comfort, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.*

*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !  
God of love, Thy child am I,  
Bless me, O my Lord, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.*





## THE SACRED HEART.

*Sister M. Gonzaga.*



MONTH of the Sacred Heart, we bid thee welcome ! This devotion was revealed by our Lord Himself ; it was reserved for the latter ages of the world, when faith would have grown cold ; it is designed to revive fervor.

We do not single out the Heart of our Divine Lord for special worship by itself alone, but as united to the Sacred Humanity. For all time the heart has been the emblem of love, therefore by this devotion we recall to mind the love that the Sacred Heart bore us, for each one of us. That Heart was the home of the love and the sorrow of Jesus ; no grief has ever come to us whose bitterness was not first felt by that Heart. Every pulsation of that Heart, from the first faint throb to the last throes of agony, was for us—many hearts may and have loved you, but only One died for you, and that was the pierced Heart of Jesus. Even after death He would still remain with you, to console you in trouble, to help you in difficulties ; and this great miracle of love He accomplished by the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. The noble, generous, gentle, tender, loving Heart of Jesus still throbs for us in the Tabernacle. His love for us keeps Him a captive behind the " Golden Door." Do we make it " worth His while " to remain there ? How often do we visit Him ? How different the world would be were there no Blessed Sacrament ! " We all need a friend, one to whom we can confide our sorrows, of whose sympathy we may be sure, to whom we can turn for help in all our

difficulties, who understands us, and knows by experience the trials we have to bear." God Himself has implanted in all hearts this longing for true friendship. He alone can satisfy this yearning. To do this the Sacred Heart dwells day and night in lonely Tabernacles—all through the long, weary hours of night He waits there for us. You are grateful, and with good reason, to the kind friend who in time of sickness watched by your bedside at night. Jesus has watched and waited for you every night of your life. Are you grateful to Him? Do you prove your gratitude by frequent visits to His Sacramental Home? you would not leave a dear friend, one whom you really cared for, alone; yet how often our best Friend is without a visitor, lonely and neglected. What heart is there that is not drawn by a powerful attraction to love one who is good, noble, kind, beautiful?—all these qualities in creatures are but reflections of God, a dim shadowing of His perfections: The Heart of Jesus possesses them in their fulness. If we only knew that Heart, and the love that it bears us, our lives would be one ceaseless act of joyous thanksgiving. If we could realize the wonderful love that the Sacred Heart is this moment pouring into our souls, we would go wild with joy. Devotion to the Sacred Heart must be practical, it must become part of our lives, it must be the stimulus to do right; let "Omnia pro Te" be our watchword and all will be well.

You envy those happy children whom Jesus called to Him and blessed; you are equally favored every time you assist at Mass. Jesus blesses you at the consecration. The same loving, kind, tender, Heart that comforted the widow of Naim, that pardoned Magdalene and took up her defence, that went about doing good, the graciously promised haven to the good thief — that same Heart throbs in the Consecrated Host, and is thrilled with joy every time you visit Him in His Home of love. And at Benediction He comes from behind the Golden Door and waits on the altar that He may win your trust, your love. Do you ever think of the meaning of the last lines of the beautiful O Salutaris—

*Qui vitam sine termino,  
Donet nobis in patria."*



## Communion Source of Self-Sacrifice.

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WE quote those admirable lines of Mgr. Bannard from one of the latest works written by this eminent Rector of the Catholic University of Lille.

It is almost superfluous to assert that it was from the foot of the altar, from the spur of the Tabernacle all those saintly men and women descended, fired with the courage and enthusiastic zeal necessary to succor human misery in its many sad and loathsome forms.

Thence St. Vincent de Paul carries to the galley slaves, the famine-stricken, the abandoned the apostolic flame of this fire of which he says : My brethren, when you receive communion, do you not feel, as it were, a fire burning in your heart? "Thence Jeanne de Chantal brought to the sick of the parish of Bourdilly, cancerous, leprous, cholera-infected dying both succor and consolation, and christian burial ; her heart became inflamed with divine ardor at the Mass she heard at dawn of day, at which she received that Jesus of whom she says : Since I read in the Gospel that my Saviour was seen as a leper, I have no longer horror of any leprosy but that of sin ! The lovable and saintly Madam Elizabeth Seaton writes from her hospital foundation of Emmettsburgh, in the United States : The days I am deprived of Communion I am, not the same creature. I need Jesus Christ to inflame me for sacrifice. I am worth nothing without Him ; I can

do nothing but by Him, "Consider the case of the Superior of the old scrofulous hospital of St. Maclow, at Reims of whom the official inspectors after visiting the wards and the sick recently asked : How long are you here, Madam ; Forty years ! ' Where do you get the courage to mind such disgusting objects ? ' ' In Holy Communion which I receive every day. And rest assured that



the day the Blessed Sacrament ceases to be here, none of us shall have the strength to remain !

We know from Mr. Taine's relations, the beautiful answer given by M. Etienne, Superior of the Lazarists and of the Daughters of St Vincent de Paul to visitors inspecting one of her homes for the sick : " I have made known to you the detail of our life but I did not disclose its secret. That secret is Jesus Christ, known, loved and received in Holy Communion.

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## At 86 Years of Age.



It is still dark as Grannie Roach totters from her old wooden dwelling. Where can she be going so early, instead of taking what, at her age especially, would seem so good—a morning nap?

Perhaps the bell ringing for mass will let us into her secret.

Yes! but this isn't Sunday. Besides, to be truthful, there are only a few, a very few kneeling there in the dim transept not yet carressed by the bright sunlight.

Among the few kneeling is a nun, a former member of a religious community devoted to the education and training of youth; but the school was closed, the sisters disbanded and now she devotes her life to the care of the sick and aged.

Grannie Roach goes and kneels beside her. She thinks she will pray better, an old sinner like her—as she calls herself—near this spotless Spouse of Christ, and during the holy sacrifice both repeat the same petition:

“ My God, there are so many who do not love Thee, who persecute Thee. Forgive them for they know not what they do. Forgive them and give them grace to know Thee and to love Thee. ”

Mass finished, quaint old Grannie and the gentle Sister make a picture worthy of an artist's brush as they leave

the Church together. The bright sun lights up the octogenarian's pale wrinkled face who, despite her bent shoulders and the feebleness that makes her cling to the Sister's arm coming down the hill seems radiantly happy.

"How brave you are to get up so early and come to Mass!" admiringly remarks the sister.

"Alas! sister I was not always fervent. Poor me!"

"No, I understand, but now?"

"Now—I am only making up for lost time... I was never a renegade but, like many another, I did not often



go to Mass... and soon I shall be asked for an account of my stewardship."

"Why should you think so! You are still hale and hearty."

"Nevertheless, I feel the end is nigh. If the Lord would only give me time to make up for all the masses I have missed, I could die in peace."

You, gentle Reader who are not get 86 begin.

You also have missed Masses, badly heard Masses to make up for. And in your charity Masses to hear for those who do not hear them nor realize the value of what they miss.





## The Waiting Heart.

*THE darkness gathers, My child ;  
 Out of its shadow come to Me :  
 Come from the storm, for thy spirit too wild ;  
 Come to thy Heart-home, waiting for thee.*

*Waif from the tempest of life,  
 Long have I yearningly watched for thee :  
 Come, I will shelter thee from the strife—  
 Lonely one, weary one, come to Me.*

*E'en tho' thou heard'st Me not  
 When the voice of the world was sweet to thee,  
 All but thy sorrow shall be forgot  
 In the Heart that is calling thee back to Me.*

*Come, for a home is thine—  
 'Mid thy straying 'twas saved for thee ;  
 Welcome hast thou from no heart but Mine ;  
 Come, lone wanderer, come to Me.*

*Come, and thy grief, too deep  
 For human hearing, tell to Me ;  
 Unheeded thou shalt not sorrow nor weep  
 In the Heart that ever thy home will be.*

*Come, that the few brief days  
 Of earth may be dreams of peace to thee,  
 Thy restless spirit at rest always :  
 Come to thy Heart-home,—come to Me.*

by T. DOUGLAS J. GALLAGHER.

## A Protestant Boy who Sang in the Choir.

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Wherever there is a Sunday school and a train of altar boys, methinks, if they heard the following true story, some souls might be brought to the Master, and a little child would lead them !

About two years ago, while my choir boys were standing in the sacristy waiting for services to begin, I noticed for several Sunday evenings a little fellow about twelve years of age looking in the open door and wistfully and earnestly watching the train of red cassocks and white surplices that were ready to march into the sanctuary.

"Who is that boy?" I asked on the third Sunday evening.

"Father he's a Protestant. He is Charlie X..." I looked around but Charlie had disappeared. However the next Sunday night he was there, and when I went towards him he stood his ground like a man."

His big blue eyes widened when I spoke pleasantly to him.

"Glad to see you Charlie ! Do you like to watch the choir boys?"

"Yes sir," And an unspoken wish shone on his face. He was a bright manly-looking lad and I was pleased with his appearance. After a moment, during which he never took his eyes from my face, he said : "Could I be a choir boy?"

"But you dont believe in the Catholic Church!"

"Wont you give me a chance Father?"

The words struck me particularly, and the lad's earnest face impressed me. I turned away to look up a spare cassock and surplice in the wardrobe, but the boy mistook my movement for a refusal and was turning slowly and sadly away when I called him : "Yes my boy, I will give you a chance ; put the surplice on." And I helped him. No king robed in ermine could have been more grave even reverent, then this boy when fully equipped in cassock and surplice and hymn book in hand, he stood beside his companions in the middle of the lines. "Now, do as the other boys do," I wishpered, as the train started into the

sanctuary. I watched him from the door. He was reverent and attentive, even surpassing his Catholic companions in respectful devotion and listening breathlessly to every word that fell from the lips of the priest who preached the sermon. Sunday nights we have sermons of a doctrinal nature followed by Benediction. Charlie never flagged in attention. Every Sunday evening he was there and the boys never once referred to his being a Protestant, at least not in my hearing.

One evening he lingered after the boys had said good night.

"Well, Charlie," I said, "tired of being a choir boy?"

He looked at me.

"Oh, Father! No, indeed; but, Father may I be a Catholic?"

I put my arm around him. I couldn't help it the little face was so serious. "Certainly, my son, but your parents must be consulted and give consent."

"Why, Father, I brought them to Church every Sunday to see me in my choir clothes, and mother says she would be glad if I were good enough to be a Catholic."

I inquired his address, and I went to see his parents soon after this. I found they were unbaptized Protestants and, of course, not one of the six children had ever been baptized.

I talked about Charlie and found both parents were not only willing to see Charlie instructed and baptized, but wished the same for themselves and the rest of the household.

The end is soon told.

I instructed the little apostle and his father and mother and baptized them and all the brothers and sisters, eight in all. He was soon confirmed and made his first Communion, and then encouraged and helped the rest. All are now fervent converts, and the little choir boy still is seen each Sunday in the Sanctuary rejoicing in his new-found treasure of faith and lifting his innocent heart in prayer.

Who knows but some day he may stand on the altar steps and break the Bread of the Word to starving souls who are yearning for just such an apostle?

(Rev. R. W. Alexander in the Missionary.)