

BLESSED JEAN EUDES
First Apostle of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.



My Heaven.

*My Heaven is hid within the small white Host.
Wherein beneath Love's veil, the Bridegroom dwells.
Thence I draw life—the very life of God!—
There doth my Saviour hear me night and day
And oh! the blissful moment when Thou com'st
Beloved One, to change me into Thee!
Mystery of love, union ineffable!
This—this is Heaven for me.*





According to Bossuet, Adoration consists principally in believing that God is the Creator and Sovereign Master of all things, in adhering to Him with all the powers of our soul by faith, by hope, and by charity, as to the One who alone can give us happiness by the communication of infinite good, which is Himself.

God being the Creator of all things, naturally all that exists belongs to Him and constitutes His domain; therefore, as St Paul says : " At the name of Jesus, heaven, earth and hell should bend the knee and bow down in adoration before Him"

Heaven which is the seat of His glory and the eternal contemplation of His beauty renders Him everlasting adoration. The four and twenty Ancients prostrate before His throne, adore Him saying Amen, Alleluia ! A voice from the throne answer : Praise your God all ye His servants. And as if in obedience I heard vast multitudes, mighty waters, resounding thunders repeating, Alleluia ! Alleluia.

Behold God's works exclaims the Psalmist showing such power and majesty that the wicked themselves are obliged to acknowledge his all-powerfulness and extol His name ; the ocean, the land, the universe in its vastness pay homage to the Creator and confess His bounty by continually singing His praise : Clamabunt, et hymnum dicent.

Therefore, if creatures without reason obey God's orders and by their harmonious evolutions render Him a

perpetual worship of adoration,, how much more binding is this obligation on us, His children, whom He has created to His image, endowed with intelligence and liberty, loaded with ineffable benefits, redeemed with His blood, nourished with the Bread of Angels. At the first sight of the mysterious star the Magi without thinking of the vicissitudes of the way hastened to Bethlehem, opened their treasures and knelt and adored the Infant God : *Procedentes adoraverunt eum.*

When the Leper with his unsightly ulcers begs to be made whole, what does he do ? He adores crying out : Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean ; when the man blind from birth, whose eyes had been rubbed with earth by the divine Master, had washed in the fountain of Siloe and opening his eyes saw who it was that had cured him, what does he do ? He casts himself at Jesus feet and adores Him saying : Lord I believe ; when this poor offspring of a Pagan nation with her humble faith whose persistent entreaties annoy the disciples and seem unheeded by Jesus, seeks solace, what does she do ? She kneels and adores Him and wins a marvelous victory over the heart of the benign Master.

Many of those unfortunates whom Jesus cured adored what they scarcely knew ; but, we Christians enlightened with God's grace, versed in His doctrine, nourished with His substance, we adore what we know, Jesus crucified for us on Calvary, Jesus captive for us in the Eucharist and in consequence must adore loyally, must adore in spirit and truth.

Can we not hear a voice from the tabernacle lovingly importuning : Come to Me. Come to the Messiah, the Redeemer the author of Grace, the Saviour of your soul, who am here and longeth to converse with thee.

With St Thomas of Aquinas let us kneel before His throne of love and say :

O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee,
 Who truly art within the forms before me :
 Make me believe Thee ever more and more :
 In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.



HOLY COMMUNION.

EMILE HICKEY.

LORD Jesus Christ, I come to
Thee,
Weak, poor, and sinful,
verily
Because I cannot keep away;
Because with human cords di-
vine

*Thou drawest on this heart of mine
Into Thy love's eternal day.*

* * *

*The Man who died and rose again,
The God whom Heaven cannot contain,
With pardon, light, and joy and rest,
The Eternal God the Eternal Son,
In love exceeding thus hath won
To come to me and be my guest.*

* * *

*So blind to see, so dull to feel,
What can I do but lowly kneel
And bow my heart before that Heart?—
That Heart that, pierced upon the Tree,
Thus with Its life-blood feedeth me
Who in this mystery have part.*

* * *

*Lord, what am I that Thou shouldst come,
 Making my body and soul Thy home,
 A palace for the Eternal King—
 Not in Thy splendor great and dread,
 But in the likeness of the bread
 That stays my human hungering?*

* * *

*Draw up to Thee all my desire,
 Purge me with love's supernal fire,
 And make me hunger, make me thirst;
 And slake that thirst, that hunger fill,
 Yet bid me thirst and hunger still
 For Thee, O Love, the Last, the First!*

A New Devotion.

HIS Holiness, Pope Pius X, has given his approbation to a new form of devotion in honor of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception. It is called the "devotion of the twelve Saturdays and consists in the recitation of certain prayers or the making of a pious meditation, on the twelve Saturdays preceding the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. To this exercise the Holy Father has graciously deigned to attach a "Plenary Indulgence," applicable to the Poor Souls in Purgatory, on each Saturday, provided those who perform it have confessed and received Holy Communion, and pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. This year the devotion begins Saturday, September 18th, and closes December 4th.

First Communion of a Child.



T was just two days before First Communion, and the exercises of the retreat were going on. The children were quietly gathered for the instruction. A pious priest was breaking to them the bread of God, thus preparing them to feed upon the Bread of Angels. The children were listening attentively. Suddenly, a man in laborer's dress, a scowl of rage on his face, fury in his eyes, rushed into the midst of the little assembly. He strode right and left, looking into the faces of the children, as if searching for some one. The curé gently accosted him: "My friend, for whom are you seeking?" In a rough voice, he answered: "I want my boy." This answer, loud and rude, attracted general attention. The curé was forced to interrupt his instruction, and all waited in anxiety for what was to come.

"I want my boy at once. His mother is a Catholic, but I am not, and no child of mine shall ever be one." "You astonish me," replied the curé. "There must be some mistake. We admit the child to First Communion only on a genuine certificate of Baptism. Was not your child baptized in the Church?" "Yes." "Were his god-parents Catholics?" "Yes." "Had you given your consent?" "Certainly! I was present at the ceremony." "Then, my friend, your child is already a Catholic." "Up to the present, I grant, he was of the religion of his mother. But to-day I intend him to be of mine."

At these words, he seized his child violently by the arm, and said to him in a commanding tone: "Walk before me! It is with me you have to deal."

The poor child turned toward the curé, his eyes full of tears, and said: "Oh, please, do not abandon me!" The good curé endeavored to interpose affectionately and gently, between the son and the infuriated father. The

children became still more frightened, fearing their kind curé would fall a victim to some rash act on the part of the latter. Cries of terror escaped from several in various points of the assembly. But nothing happened, and the man became a little calmer.

Then was enacted a most affecting scene. The poor child fell on his knees at his father's feet, pressing between his joined hands his handkerchief already steeped in tears, and exclaiming with an expression of sweet tenderness that no words can render, "Father, I will always be very obedient, I will love you with all my heart, I promise you ! But, I beg of you to leave me in the religion of my mother !" Sobs stifled his utterance. He sank to the floor, and it was feared he had lost consciousness. This sight drew tears from all. The little ones were weeping. It was a scene to melt the heart. But the breath of heresy scorches and hardens while, at the same time, sterilizing all that it touches. Even the most instructive natural tenderness fails to be moved when there is question of truth, the enemy of heresy. The father was inflexible. Overcome, at last, by earnest pleadings, he consented to withdraw, and wait for his son until the end of the instruction.

When all was over, the child was pale and trembling. "You are afraid, my child," said the curé to him as he clasped his hand. "Yes, I fear for my mother. Oh, what ill-treatment she will receive this evening !" "Have confidence," said the curé in an encouraging tone. "Be respectful and submissive to your father, and God will come to your aid." The boy left the church, the good curé casting a look of pity after the patient, innocent lamb who, without a word of complaint, but with words of prayer, rejoined his persecutor.

His companions knelt and prayed for him, hoping much in favor of a case so worthy of heavenly pity, but they hoped in vain. The next day, the exercises of the retreat went on as usual, but there was one vacant place, the little boy did not return. What had happened to him ? This, and we have it from an ocular witness :

When the child reached home that evening, the father raised his arm to strike him, but the young Catholic did not give him time. He leaped to the neck of his

father, held him closely bound in his arms for a half hour, watered him with his tears, urging and supplicating him with every tender prayer to spare his mother, and to allow him to make his First Communion. The father's rage was disarmed, but not his hate. Next morning he took his son with him to the work-shop, and obliged him to labor in his sight all day. He did not lose sight of him for an instant. Deep was the boy's disappointment. He wept night and day, and would not eat. The parish bell calling his companions to the retreat, filled him with sadness. Every stroke fell painfully on his heart.

The following day, the feast of St Joseph, was that appointed for the First Communion. The good curé arrived, and it was not without a sinking heart that he saw among the ranks of the happy little ones the still vacant place. "O Jesus," he said to himself, "wilt Thou let Thy lamb perish?"

But soon a movement of surprise rippled around him, a joyous whispering greeted his ears from all sides: "Look! Look!" The little comrade had returned, and all eyes were beaming upon him. It was plain that he had suffered, that he had wept much, but he looked happy to be there. He took his place at the Holy Table, and received his God like an angel. And now let us say what had happened to bring about such a change. They had prayed to St. Joseph, and the dear saint had taken the innocent heart under the protection of his lily sceptre. He had wrapped the young confessor in the folds of the same mantle that had protected Jesus from His wicked persecutors, and the child had returned free and happy.

And what about the father? Several of the neighbors had remonstrated with him on the subject of his unjust rage. At last, ashamed of his conduct toward the curé and his brutality toward his boy, he withdrew his opposition to the First Communion.

Our Beloved Deceased.

Westport, Ont. : Mrs Ellen McCarth.

The Pupil of a Catholic College.

What kind of a Catholic will you be to-morrow ?

What kind of a Catholic are you to-day ?

Catholic in name, in outward conformity, in uniform. . . because your Catholic education is being finished in a Christian house, among priests, with the A. M. D. G. or the *Laus Deo* on the official papers. . . but knowing your religion only by formulas and routine, some accustomed hymns, and vague gestures ?

Or are you a Catholic by conviction, having given your whole mind to the religious instructions that you have received, and to Jesus Christ your whole heart (*whole !*), living in its full life your integral Catholicism ?

Then, you communicate every day.

Every day, because the Gospel (you have read the Gospel?), the Church, the Pope invite you to communicate every day—you, yes, *you* who are not a seminarist, you, who have nothing of a John Berchmans about you ! The Holy Father, the Church, following the Gospel, invite you to communicate every day. The Holy Father's Decree has been explained to you I think ?

Every day, because Our Lord calls you to it, judging (and He knows why) that you have need of it. He fears for you a weak, debilitated Christian life. He desires to strengthen you by frequent Communion, *very* frequent, as frequent as possible, therefore *daily*.

Every day, because you understand why. You are no longer a child. And if your manly, serious piety holds in horror a crowd of trifling, superficial little devotions, it beholds in Holy Communion the supreme act of faith, the devout act truly practical and fruitful, for which none other can supply, and which in Itself, does, in truth, supply for all the others.

Every day, because, whatever it may cost you, you aspire to remain chaste and you feel, you know that your chastity is at this price. I am speaking of that sensitive and joyous chastity, without scruple, without regret, which makes itself felt. . . that which is so necessary for you now a long way off, as you are, from your ten years of perfect peace and ignorance. You know, you feel, that this chastity is not possible without daily Communion.

Every day, because you desire it, and that, *willing* it, you can accomplish it. You smile at what they call material impossibilities, insurmountable difficulties, old customs, the regulations that must not be infringed, the "What will people say?," "They will think it queer!," or "How can I manage that?" and because you are not afraid to work your way through a crowd in order bodily to live the beautiful practical heroism of those that give the example.

Every day, because, though it may seem extraordinary you have no desire to freeze in the vulgarity of ordinary things. Later on, you will not wish to be one of those ordinary beings that weary us to death, but you will now enter the ranks (so much the worse for your humility!) of the generous elite and of the *extraordinary*!

You communicate every day. . . or you are going to do so.

Try a few days at a time. . . fifteen days. . . eight days. . .

Our Lord is looking at you, and asking Himself whether He can count on you, and how far.

A Miracle of the Holy Eucharist



LETTER from a Redemptorist missionary to one of his brethren dated from Buga, in Colombia, March 21 of the present year, contains an account of a miraculous occurrence during the earthquakes which, as he declares, were felt north of the equator, south of Colombia, and along the Pacific coast. No doubt this seismic agitation bore some relation to the recent disaster at Valparaiso. However that may be, the account offers an inspiring example of heroic faith, and a sublime instance of the power of the Blessed Eucharist.

"The parish of Tumaes," writes the missionary "comprises a group of islands; it is a miniature archipelago. The principal island amongst them, at which vessels are laden is called Tumaco. On the 31st January, about ten o'clock in the morning, an earthquake was felt there. The shock was violent and prolonged; in some districts, it lasted seven minutes; in others, a

quarter of an hour, causing ruin and consternation everywhere. About eleven o'clock the inhabitants of Tumaco saw the sea rising to a mountainous height, and threatening to submerge the whole country. Their terror knew no bounds ; they uttered the most heart-rending cries : We are doomed !

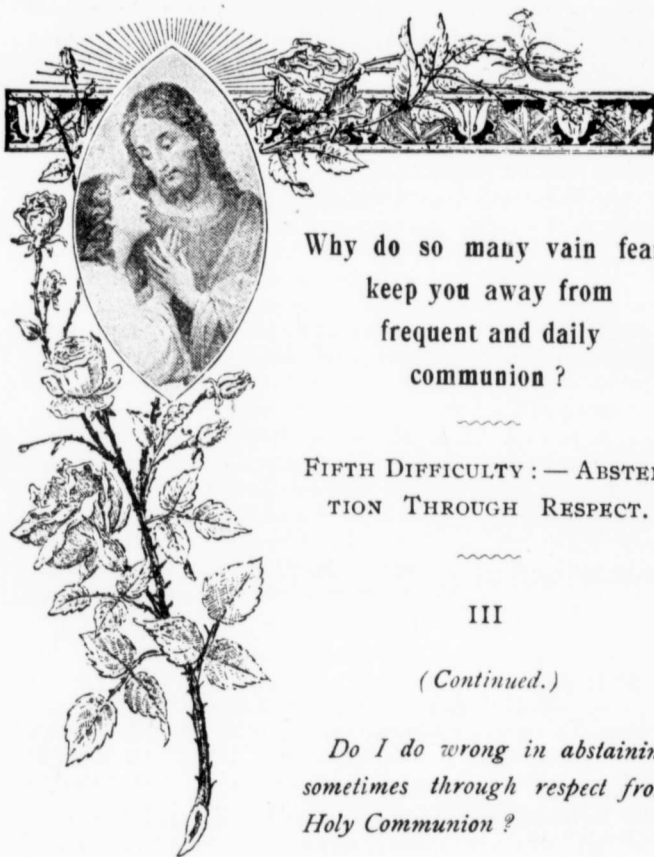
They rushed tumultuously toward the shore, where the parish priest was standing, to beg him for a last absolution. At sight of them the courageous priest was seized by a heavenly inspiration. He hurried to the church, and, by an impulse of heroic faith, brought thence the Blessed Sacrament. Accompanied by Father Gerard Larrundo, and followed by the praying multitude he returned to the shore, presenting the thrice Holy Host to the angry element. At that very moment the first mountain of water broke foaming, at the priest's feet. A second arose above the horizon ; the intrepid pastor awaited its approach with unshaken confidence, still holding toward it the Blessed Sacrament. The wave roared ominously appearing furiously agitated, but presently spent itself within a few paces of the priest. The sea in presence of the Sacred Host, gradually grew calm, and the people regained courage. At the very moment when this sublime scene was in progress, the Island of Gorgona, opposite Tumaco, was gulphed with all its inhabitants."

From this prodigy, a very practical conclusion may be drawn. The nations are agitated by more formidable evils than earthquakes. Numberless souls perish, submerged by the waves of impiety and immorality. Let us go to Jesus echoing the old cry of the Apostle : " Lord, save us, we perish."

* * *

Open to the faithful the Sacred Heart in the Tabernacle, and let them look deep into the abysses of its love, and, by contrast, let them see the abyss of their own sinfulness and unworthiness. Draw them nearer to this furnace of love, as St. Ligouri calls it, so that the impurities of their hearts may be consumed, their coldness and indifference give way to fervor and zeal.

G. HEER.



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

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FIFTH DIFFICULTY : — ABSTEN-  
TION THROUGH RESPECT.

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III

(Continued.)

*Do I do wrong in abstaining
sometimes through respect from
Holy Communion ?*

It is better for you, Christian soul, to communicate daily through *love*, than to abstain sometimes through *respect* — (and for this reason, if I were your confessor, I would never dare, without a special inspiration, to counsel you this abstention). — Nevertheless, do not think that you do wrong in abstaining when it is simply *respect* that keeps you away, and not disinclination or some *vain fear*, which your confessor commands you to despise. No,

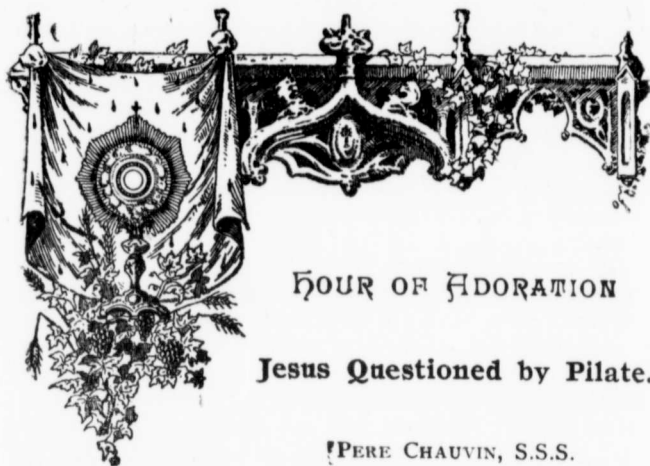
because, although Jesus Christ ardently desires that, living in His grace, you should nourish yourself daily on Him in His Sacrament, yet neither He, nor His Church has made it a precept, and there can be no sin where there is no law. On the other hand, *humility*, which sometimes keeps you *respectfully* away from the Divine Eucharist, is a great virtue. Thus we read in the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*: "If sometimes a person abstaineth out of *humility*, . . . he is to be commended for reverence."

I do not conceal from you, Christian soul, that such abstentions through respect, although rare, seem to me *dangerous*; not certainly on account of any sin, for there is none, but because they may render you less dear to God, less pleasing to His Heart. Puis X., in his recent Decree mentioned above, advises no such abstentions.

And indeed, since on the one hand you know how much Jesus Christ desires that all souls living in His grace should daily nourish themselves with Him, "the living Bread come down from Heaven," when duty does not prevent, how can you, on the other hand, be sure that He desires to see you sometimes absent yourself through respect from His Divine Sacrament? Is it by a special inspiration?—But in this case, are you always certain that such an inspiration always comes from your sweet Saviour? . . . May it not emanate from Satan, the eternal enemy of Communion, above all of frequent and daily Communion? . . . Is it that "transfigured as an angel of light," he is seeking to deceive you under the appearance of good, under the pretext of respect and reverence toward the adorable Eucharist, as already under this fallacious appearance he seduced and led astray the disciples of the Jansenists, those false apostles whom we can never sufficiently detest?

If, then, Christian soul, this inspiration should ever come to you—(and, thanks be to God, it has not yet come!)—of sometimes abstaining from Holy Communion through respect, manifest it to your confessor, abandoning yourself blindly to his decision, for "he who obeys his spiritual Father cannot go astray."

(to be continued)



HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus Questioned by Pilate.

PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Jesus autem stetit ante præsidem. Et interrogavit eum præses, dicens : Tu es Rex Judæorum ?

“ And Jesus stood before the governor, and the governor asked Him, saying : Art Thou the King of the Jews ? Jesus saith to him : Thou sayest it.”

I. — Adoration.

Pilate heard the gravest accusations uttered against Jesus. Wishing to judge of them himself, he entered the prætorium and ordered Jesus to be brought to his tribunal. The Roman law, indeed, made it an obligation for him to interrogate the Prisoner himself that far from the noise of the crowd, he might more readily discover the truth.

And Jesus, the Creator and Saviour of the world, is there, standing before Pilate, who is seated on his judgment-seat ! This is the first time that He the future Heir of the world, meets officially the civil power of Rome.

The first question that Pilate puts to this bound Criminal, to this Rabbi, accused as a malefactor, is this : “ *Art Thou the King of the Jews ?* ” He ignores the two charges which present Jesus as a revolutionist against the Roman power, and as a seditious person. The modest demeanor of the Accused averts every suspicion of such crimes. “ *Art Thou the King of the Jews ?* ” — this is his only question.

“ *Sayest Thou this thing of thyself, or have others told it thee of Me ?* ” Doubtless, Jesus, who knew all that was going on out-

side the prætorium, knew also what was passing in Pilate's mind. But it is from his own lips that He wishes to learn from what motive he interrogated Him. He wanted to find out from him in what sense he understood the word king. Was he speaking as a pagan or as a Jew? In a theocratic sense, Jesus should have answered yes; in a political sense, no.

Contempt for Israel at once leaped to the lips of the Procurator: "*Am I a Jew?*" exclaimed Pilate disdainfully; "*Thy own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee up to me. What hast Thou done?*" Jesus in His goodness wished to enlighten the unhappy judge and dissipate his political fears, so badly founded. "*My kingdom is not of this world,*" Jesus answered. "If My kingdom were of this world, My servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews. But *My kingdom is not from hence.*"

His justification is perfect. His kingdom is not of this world. He cannot, then, be a rival of Cæsar. It is, consequently, false that, whatever other crime of high treason He may have committed, He had never thought of usurping the imperial power. In fact, the destitution of Jesus, as well as His words, makes it clear to Pilate that he has before him no conspirator against the public authority, or a future conqueror of the world. Jesus has just declared to him that there is not a single soldier to defend Him. He might have told him that at the moment of His arrest, He himself had sheathed the only sword placed at His disposal. His royalty springs neither from heredity nor election, which are the two forms of popular assent. It exists independently of the will and consent of men. "*Art Thou a King, then?*" returned Pilate. Jesus answered: "*Thou sayest that I am a King. For this was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice.*" Never had a Roman savant heard from the lips of the sages, his masters, words like to those of this Accused. Roman genius founded its universal Empire on force, but strange thing! this Man established His Kingdom on truth!

Pilate could not comprehend. Thinking he had before him an enthusiast, in an absent kind of way, he proposed the question: "*What is truth?*" and without waiting for a response, turning his back on Jesus, he left the hall to go outside to the Jews. He said to them: "*I find no cause in Him.*" Go in spirit to the judgment hall of the Roman palace. Throw yourself at the feet of Jesus in the humiliating posture of a poor criminal.

Adore Him under the lowly externals of the Blessed Sacrament. Here as there, He is the true Messiah, the only Saviour of the world. He is King, the immortal King of ages, the King of kings, the Lord of lords. Upon this sacred mountain, which is

called heaven, or the altar, He has been constituted King by God His Father, who has given Him all the nations as an inheritance and the whole earth as His domain. He Himself made known to His Apostles His almighty power: "All power is given Me in heaven and on earth." His seat is at the right hand of God, His Father. He will rule over His enemies, and He will make them His footstool. Nations may rage, the people may form plots against His royal power, but He *must* reign, until the Father has put all His enemies under His feet. No, well beloved King, I have no need to propose to Thee Pilate's question: "*Art Thou a King?*" I know that Thou art a King!

I adore Thee. O Divine King, I adore Thee on Thy throne of glory in heaven and on all the Eucharistic thrones upon which Thy love has placed Thee! I recognize Thee thereon as the all-powerful Monarch of heaven and earth.

II. — Thanksgiving.

Pilate calls for Jesus, and Jesus, promptly obedient, presents Himself before Pilate! He stands before the Roman Procurator. The first man stood, proud and haughty, before his God. God, to expiate that pride, as well as our own, stands before a man in the attitude of dependance and humiliation. How can we sufficiently thank Our Lord? And that dependance He willed to retain in His sacramental life for us, by constantly exhibiting the example of it, and by applying to us its merit in Holy Communion.

What a magnificent collection of revelations this question of Pilate has procured for us! It is an angel sent from heaven, or God Himself, who can reveal realities so grand, so divine.

Jesus, the Son of God, in chains, teaches us the nature of His kingdom: "*My kingdom is not of this world.*" It rests not upon riches nor silver nor gold, not upon dignity nor force. It is founded only upon virtue. Its origin is not human, but divine; It is not temporal, but eternal. It is far above all the kingdoms of this world, even that of Cæsar. No, my kingdom is not of this world.

He teaches us besides, that, though judged by a representative of Rome, He is the true King of that kingdom: "*Thou sayest it. I am a King.*" And what a King! A King who knows every one of His subjects, who loves each one in particular, who loads them with benefits, who exacts from them no taxes, no other tribute than that of love, and who promises to each of them the reward of a throne, a crown, and a kingdom.

What means will Jesus employ in the founding of His kingdom? Simply the giving testimony to the truth. That is the mission, the only aim of His Incarnation and of His ministry during His public life: "*For this was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth!*"

He alone, indeed, can teach us the truth, can reveal to us the great mysteries of the life of God and, in a palpable manner, that of the divine filiation. He alone can authoritatively speak to us of our origin, our end, our relations with God. He is truly the voice that teaches, that points out to us the way of eternal life. Beautiful mission fulfilled by Jesus in the most admirable manner ! May He be forever blessed ! How often has Jesus filled toward me in the Blessed Sacrament this role of revealer ! What supernatural lights the Eucharistic Christ daily bears into the kingdom of souls ! And who are His subjects ? Who are they over whom He really reigns ? *" Every one that is of the truth."* He says, *" heareth My voice !"*

And Thou, O Divine Saviour, instead of profiting by the good dispositions of the Procurator in Thy regard to plead Thy own cause, dost think only of enlightening his soul to the eternal truths. Thou dost hold out to him the possibility of entering into Thy kingdom without ceasing to be a Roman. I thank Thee for this great benefit. I thank Thee for all those souls whom Thou hast enlightened and introduced into the kingdom of Thy truth and grace, and afterward into that of Thy glory.

I myself have been called to be one of Thy subjects. I became a naturalized citizen of Thy kingdom at the sacred fount of regeneration. There I acquired certain rights : the liberty of the children of God, deliverance from the slavery of the devil, the possession of spiritual riches, and the claim to an immense inheritance. Without previous merit, I was incorporated in this chosen race, this holy nation, this redeemed people, this spiritual kingdom of which Jesus is the King and the Master.

I thank Thee for having conferred on me this signal favour by calling me to the Faith in spite of my unworthiness. How can I show my gratitude to Thee ? Up to the present moment, I have so little responded to all Thy loving advances ! With Thy assistance, I desire henceforth to be one of Thy best subjects. My principal care will be to seek Thy good pleasure in all things. O my Divine King, whom I have the happiness of possessing in the Eucharist, I wish to love Thee alone and all others only for Thee. I will perform all my studies and labors for Thy glory. My life, O adorable King and Master, shall belong to Thee alone. Happy kingdom, happy subjects of such a King, to serve whom is to reign !

III. — Reparation.

What a humiliation for the Incarnate Word to behold Himself cited before the tribunal of Pilate ! The Judge of the living and the dead appearing before an earthly judge to be interrogated and condemned ! What confusion for Jesus ! Nevertheless, the greatest sorrow that filled His Divine Heart at this moment was less at

being humiliated by Pilate than at being repulsed in His merciful advances toward his conversion. What a divine snare Eternal Wisdom prepared for the Roman judge ! What superhuman art presided over the course of this interview ! The thought of Jesus skilfully led on that of Pilate to discuss the truth ! But Pilate refused. It is merely a smile of pity that we catch on the Procurator's lips at the word "*truth.*"

How many others like Pilate refuse the grace of light which the Divine Master presents them ! He has said : " I was born and I lived upon earth to render testimony to the truth, that is, to create for it adherents, to form a nation of whom I would be the Eternal King, because I Myself am the *Truth*, the *Way* by which they come thereto, and the *Life* which it produces and preserves."

Jesus still remains here below in the Eucharist in order to teach souls the doctrine of salvation. But, how many Christians think very little of the truth ? How many Pilates are there in our day who desire not to hear the teachings of the Gospel and sunk in matter, seek only a peaceful and tranquil life, troubling themselves not the least about the truth ! What is the other life ? What is the soul ? What is salvation ? What is God ? All religious innovators, all the wise according to the world, have at all times had their special system regarding the existence and nature of God, the origin and destiny of man. Most of the heretical sects have denied in particular the truth of the Eucharist, and among Catholics how many are indifferent to every religious question !

Jesus saw at this moment that long chain of souls unfaithful to His grace and indifferent to His truth. What sorrow for His Heart ! Should so great sacrifices lead to so miserable results ? May I not count myself among the rebel subjects of the Divine King ? Have I given my heart entirely to God, the first and sovereign Truth, to God who is the way, the truth, and the life ? Have I not too often neglected in my doubts to go for instruction to the Truth, the incarnate Wisdom, shut up in the Host ? And if Jesus sometimes, especially after Holy Communion, shows me the mercy of teaching me, enlightening me, am I attentive to His voice ?

Pardon, O Sacred Heart of my Divine King, pardon for so much indifference, so many outrages ! Pardon all those unfortunate beings who are still held back from the truth by passion or ignorance ! Pardon for the souls in purgatory who at this very moment are expiating their culpable ignorance of religion ! Pardon for myself for having until now so little esteemed the great benefit of truth ! I wish henceforth to pass all my free moments near Thee, learning from Thy lips the only, the true science of Thy divine and infallible truth.

IV. — Prayer.

Jesus is King, and King of truth. He came upon earth to seek and to form subjects. He *must* reign. It is His *right*. The world of intelligence ought to be entirely subjugated by the splendor of His truth and wisdom. But, alas ! how few in the world belong to Him ! How few there are who do not resist His divine light ! How few love the truth and despise the fleeting things of this world ! How few, consequently, hearken to the voice of Jesus !

Arise, O Jesus-Hostia, let the splendor of Thy countenance shine on Thy servants, and the night that now environs them will become light as day ! Art Thou not the true light which enlightens every man that cometh into this world ? Enlighten the incredulous, the schismatics, the pagans, and of them make faithful subjects of Thy kingdom. May all the followers of Pilate, but with a sincere desire of being instructed, propose to Thee, O God of the Host, this question : What is the truth ? May all become the faithful citizens of the divine country Lord, be Thou King, not only of the faithful who never stray from Thee but also of the prodigal children who have adandoned Thee. Grant that they may come back to the paternal house, and thus avoid perishing by hunger and exposure.

“ Be Thou King of those whom erroneous opinions have deceived and of those that discord has disunited. Lead them back to the haven of truth and the unity of the Faith, that soon there may be but one flock and one shepherd. Lastly, be Thou the King of all those that are still attached to ancient pagan superstitions. Refuse not to snatch them from darkness and lead them to light and to the kingdom of God ! ”

May all earthly kings acknowledge Thee for their King ! May they understand that Thou didst not come to overthrow, but rather to strengthen them in the exercise of their authority ! Make Thy voice heard in the world, O Divine Eucharist, among the great and the little, among kings and their subjects ! May all unite in one same thought, in one same love to form “ Thy beautiful reign on earth ! ” May they everywhere raise to Thee new thrones ! May they expose Thee everywhere and often, with all the honor due to a King—throne, royal mantle, splendid worship of lights and natural flowers !

Come often into my breast by Holy Communion to establish therein the reign of Thy truth ! Reign over all the powers of my soul and body, above all, over my heart. May all in me henceforth be at the royal service of Thy Divine Majesty !

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross on some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim, asking Him to reign forever over your mind and heart.

BLESSED JOHN EUDES.

(See frontispiece)



IGHT days after the glorious canonization of Joan of Arc, Father John Eudes, whose love for the Sacred Heart living in the Eucharist, entitles him to an honored place among lovers of the Blessed Sacrament, was declared Venerable.

This child of predilection was born on the 14th November, 1601, in a little hamlet of Normandy called Ri. He was consecrated to the Blessed Virgin at his

birth, and from his tenderest years showed much fondness for his heavenly protectress and her divine Son. In his natal church still stands the pillar behind which his anxious mother often found him, so absorbed in prayer, that he had forgotten all about the flight of time and her consequent anxiety at his long absence.

When only nine years old, he gave a striking example of meekness by kneeling before one of his companions who struck him and saying: "strike the other cheek."

He was twelve years old when on the feast of Pentecost, May 29, 1613 he received his God for the first time, and afterwards never allowed a month to pass without approaching the Holy Table, and that at a time when it was only customary to fulfil the Easter precept. This salutary practice combined with long hours spent before the Blessed Sacrament enabled him to preserve his baptismal innocence and pass unscathed through the many dangers surrounding his schooldays at Caen. He had indeed tasted all this Sacrament holds of sweetness, felt all it inspires of courage to do good and to avoid evil and realized by personal experience, that, it is this Bread of Angels, this Bread of the Strong, that forms elect souls and preserves their virginity. It was after one of these fervent communions that he made a vow of perpetual chastity, though he was only fourteen years old at the time.

Wishing to consecrate himself to God and live a life, as perfect as possible, he entered the Congregation of the Oratory, recently founded by M. de Berulle. Never was



THE SACRED HEART OF MARY.

Novice more fervent, or more exact in the minute observance of the rule.

He was ordained at Paris, in December, 1625, and began the exercise of his ministry in the diocese of Seez.

When pestilence broke out at Caen, he fearlessly and devotedly worked for the salvation of the plague stricken during the epidemic that claimed so many victims. He was a most energetic Missionary. He sowed the seed throughout Normandy, and Brittany and was repaid with a golden harvest. In Paris his missions at St Sulpice, St. Germain des Près and Quinze-Vingts were an unparalleled success. St Vincent de Paul commenting on one of them wrote : Missionaries from Normandy, under their leader, Father Eudes, preached a mission here with glorious results. The devoted priest kept up this strenuous life until his 64th year. His last mission, given at Lôsen, in 1673, was attended by such a crowd that twenty priests did not suffice to hear the confessions of those whom the saint had turned from their evil ways.

In 1643 he founded an Order of Priests known as the Eudites ; also the Institute of Our Lady of Charity.

His distinguishing trait was an enthusiastic love for the Blessed Eucharist. His delight was to visit the Sacrament of Love and spend long hours before the veiled King, the love bound Infinite. One of his main objects in these visits was to make reparation for the ingratitude of men. "Nothing" says one of his biographers, "caused him such keen suffering as the outrages inflicted upon Jesus in the Sacrament of His love by Infidels, Heretics and bad Christians. Often during these visits of reparation, his whole soul carried away with love and gratitude he would cry out : " Oh Love, Love, who would not love Thee ! Oh Jesus more of heart, more of love for Thee ! Oh furnace of love, warm, inflame, consume my very being in Thy sacred flames."

A favorite saying of his was : the Holy Sacrifice is something so great, that to offer it worthily would require three eternities ; the first to prepare, the second to celebrate, and the third to thank. " No wonder that with such thoughts, he was most assiduous in preparing for the Holy Sacrifice, and most angelic in offering it, and that more than once he was heard passionately praying : " Oh abyss of love, Oh infinite Goodness, Oh immense Charity, why am I not all love for Thee. O dearly-beloved, dearly loving and most sweet Jesus when shall I love Thee perfectly ! Who will give me this happiness

and transform me into an ardent flame of love for Thee?
Oh Seraphims, Oh, Saints of heaven give me your
love that I may love my Jesus. Oh! all ye men, all ye



creatures capable of love give me your hearts that I may
sacrifice them to my Saviour! Ah may all the Angels
and all mankind, all the creatures of heaven and earth
be changed into adoration, glorification and love for
Thee."

His principal aim and special endeavor was to lead souls to the Eucharist. In all his missions he recommended frequent Communion, and to counteract the evil effects of Jansenism, established two general Communions during these holy exercises, one on Sunday and the other on Thursday. Moreover his Missions always finished by a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament. During one of these he placed the Monstrance on the beautifully prepared Repository and fired with a holy zeal exclaimed, addressing the processionists and alluding to the recent solemn entrance of Louis XIV after his nuptials : " You who a short while ago enthusiastically and loyally cheered : Long live the King, before a prince of the world, can you not now offer with me the same homage to the King of Heaven. Instantly from every heart and voice rang ; Long live Jesus, in a mighty wave of sound that thrilled the air and seemed to expire at the feet of Jesus, in an act of faith and love. A contemporary speaking of the event says that such a scene was never witnessed in Paris before, and that the Dowager Queen who assisted thereat wept tears of emotion.

In order to perpetuate the Eucharistic cult, this ardent Apostle established everywhere possible Associations and Confraternities in its honor ; and made it obligatory in his fellow-workness to inculcate devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, holy Mass, Communion as well as to the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Virgin.


Fortified by holy Viaticum which he received with great faith, he died at Caen, August 19, 1680, at the age of 79.

Though now raised to our altars and crowned with the aureole of Blessed, his voice shall still plead perhaps even more eloquently and forcibly than centuries gone by, in his sublime office of the Sacred Heart : "Come all ye people ! Come to the tenderest of Fathers ! To the Father who is all tenderness ; have confidence. Come to this Incendiary of Love. Behold this glowing furnace wide open ! Bring your heart to this sacred foyer, your heart alone can feed Its flames.





A Martyr of the Blessed Sacrament.

BOUT 200 years ago, the Corpus Christi procession was held amid great solemnity in a certain village of France. The procession at one place passed by a small park bordering upon an estate, the owners of which had renounced their religion. Here a man was concealed, holding in his hands a weapon which he aimed directly at the priest who was carrying the Blessed Sacrament. One of the men in the procession seeing this, at once suspected that the bullet was directed not only at the priest, but in particular at the Blessed Sacrament, against which the villain bore a special hatred. Animated by lively faith and a loving zeal, this brave hero rushed from the ranks, and stood between the Blessed Sacrament and the rascal's weapon, just at the moment the shot was fired. . . . The bullet struck the heroic Christian, and he sank to the ground at the feet of the priest. Although mortally wounded, the martyr still lived for some time. . . . The priest, deeply moved, had the presence of mind to take the Sacred Host out of the monstrance, and give a particle of It to the dying man, saying, "My son, you are worthy immediately to receive the body of the Lord." And the soul of the martyr of the Blessed Sacrament departed, while he was united with his Lord and God in Holy Communion.

Prayer to Jesus' Eucharistic Heart.



THREE hundred days indulgence may be gained each time for reciting the following prayer before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. A plenary indulgence if recited once a day for a month, together with at least half an hour spent in adoration once a week before the Blessed Sacrament, under the usual condition of confession and communion. These indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory :

O Eucharistic Heart, O sovereign love of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has instituted the august Sacrament in order to dwell here below in our midst, in order to give to our souls Thy Flesh as Food and Thy Blood as heavenly drink. We believe firmly, Lord Jesus, in that supreme love which has caused Thee to institute the most Holy Eucharist. Here before this Host, it is just that we should adore this love, that we should acknowledge and exalt it as the life-giving centre of Thy Church. This love urges us to approach Thee. Thou seemst to say to us: Behold how I love you ! In giving you My Flesh to eat and My Blood to drink I desire by this close relation to awaken your love and to unite you to Myself. I wish to effect the transformation of your souls into that of your crucified Saviour, who is the Bread of eternal life. Give Me then your hearts, have life by living in Me, and you will live in God.

We recognize it, O Lord, that such is the call of Thy Eucharistic Heart. We thank Thee and we are ready, yes, we will respond to it. Grant us the grace that we may be fully penetrated with this sovereign love, by which, on the eve of Thy Passion, Thou didst invite us to partake and eat of Thy Sacred Body. Impress upon our inmost souls the firm resolve to respond faithfully to this invitation. Grant us the devotion and reverence necessary to honor and receive worthily the gift of Thy Eucharistic Heart, bestowed as a last mark of Thy love.

May we thus be enabled by Thy grace to celebrate effectually the remembrance of Thy Passion, to repair our offenses and coldness, to nourish and increase our love for Thee, and to keep forever alive in our hearts the seed of blessed immortality. Amen.

The Convert's Story.

"GET thee to the woods!"

"But, doctor," I protested, "I cannot leave my affairs at this critical—"

It was no use. The grim old practitioner was obdurate. So within a week I found myself camping in the very heart of the Maine forests.

The guide and I were rendered more or less uneasy by a prowling panther, whose thrilling cries could be heard at midnight as the wily beast crept cautiously about our settlement. Resolving to be rid of the deadly menace, I armed myself with a Winchester and started for the spring where I thought the panther would visit about daybreak. Climbing into a tall tree which commanded a view of the spring, some thirty yards away, I patiently awaited results.

As I thus sat guarding the watering place a missionary priest, who had probably spent the night in the woods, came suddenly into the clearing. Having tied his pony to a tree near where grass was plentiful, the man of God unfastened the saddle-bags and began preparation for Mass.

Having been taught in childhood that the Mass was a superstitious rite invented by the Catholic priesthood to lure the hard-earned dollars from the ignorant members of that Church, I determined to watch the new arrival very closely, and see if he really believed in what he termed the Holy Sacrifice of the New Law.

Without the least knowledge of my presence in the vicinity, the priest erected a rude altar upon a rock in the centre of the clearing, then, donning the required vestments, began the prayers with the same reverence I have often noticed in crowded cathedrals. The sincerity and devotion displayed by that humble missionary came as a distinct shock to me, and I sat wholly absorbed in the impressive scene.

Just as the priest had blessed the bread and wine, and washed his hands in preparation for what my extensive reading taught me was the most solemn part of the Mass, I noticed the dark, graceful figure of the panther invisibly creeping upon the celebrant. In a moment my rifle was at my shoulder, ready for instant action. As I was about to take aim, however, the priest made a profound genuflection and elevated the Host. What it was that terrified the panther I

am unable to say, but nevertheless the beasts suddenly paused, trembled violently, stepped backward about ten paces, turned and led.

In a few moments the service was ended, and I, stepping down from my hiding place, congratulated the clergyman on his fervent celebration of the Mass and upon his seemingly miraculous escape. I invited him to take breakfast at the camp. The meal finished, we retraced our steps to the spring, and while seated upon the rock which had previously served as an altar the priest, at my request, carefully explained to me the doctrines of the Catholic Church. My reading along theological lines had been quite excessive, so that I humbly craved baptism at the hands of the forest missionary. Thus in the depths of the Maine woods I, a poor unworthy sinner, was received into the Church of my fathers by the humble missionary who had taught me less by word than by example.

JAMES F. GALLAGHER.

St Mary's College, Belmont, N. C.

Visiting Jesus daily.

Whenever the pious founder of the Redemptorists preached a mission, he would exhort the people to visit the Blessed Sacrament every day. Once he said :

“ One thing is certain, that next to Holy Communion, no act of worship is so pleasing to God and none is so useful as the daily visit to Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Know that in one quarter of an hour which you spend before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament you attain more than in all the good works of the rest of the day.”

The saint practised what he preached — he almost lived before the tabernacle. Whenever he had a few spare moments from his numerous duties, off he would hurry to pay a visit to the Lord of the Eucharist. There he found rest and recreation. There he got strength. There he had peace.—Catholic Columbian.



Little Marko wants to be a Priest.

SISTER CHRYSOSTOM writes from Equatorial Africa to the Rev. Mother General of the White Sisters :

"For some years I had among the children whom I prepared for First Communion a little negro named Marko, about eleven or twelve years old. He assisted daily at the catechetical instructions, was most attentive, and always knew his lesson.

"One day, when the catechism lesson was on the Sacrament of Holy Orders, I spoke to my little hearers on the sublimity of the Catholic priesthood, and I asked : ' Who among you would like to be a priest ? ' Marko sprang up in the midst of the thirty children, and answered : ' I, Sister, I want to be a priest ! '

"Two months later came the examinations. The Missionary presided. He put the question : ' Tell me, Marko, how do you salute Our Lord when you enter the church ? '

"The child, visibly moved, fell on his knees, and bowing profoundly, said in a voice firm and grave : ' *Adoremus in æternum sanctissimum sacramentum !* '

"His First Communion over, he returned to his family to share the labor of his father, who was a pagan. Entirely taken up with my pupils, whose

groups were constantly being renewed, I no longer thought of Marko or his resolution. But after a while the boy returned to the Mission and asked to speak to me.

“ ‘ Sister,’ said he, ‘ do you ever think of what I once told you ? I was in real earnest when I said that I want to be a priest. But how can, I, a poor child, accomplish it ? Who will help me ? ’

“ ‘ Ah, well, Marko, since the good God inspires you with so great a design, go hunt up Mgr. Streicher and tell him what you have in your mind.’

“ The child soon founds means of addressing the venerable Vicar-Apostolic, who, to try the vocation of our little friend, judged it prudent to send him back for a while to his own village. Marko obeyed without a murmur. The time of trial imposed upon him having expired, the boy promptly returned. Desirous of encouraging him, the Bishop now spoke to him at some length about his vocation, and then asked : ‘ And your parents, Marko, what do they say about it ? ’

“ ‘ Ah ! Monseigneur, my father does not know our religion, and when I say I want to be a priest he does not even understand me for he is a pagan. He counts on my helping him with his work. He will never permit me to leave him for the Seminary.’

“ ‘ Well, well, my little friend,’ said Monseigneur, if your father refuses his consent I can do nothing for you since children of your age are under the control of their parents. Go home, then, to your father, and try to touch his heart. It is from him that you must get permission to enter the Seminary.’

“ Marko went away sad, thinking of what he should do to touch his father’s heart. As he trudged, along a divine light illumined his mind and he understood how he should act to gain the desired permission. On his return home, very far from repeating his request and importuning his father with supplication, the child set himself courageously to work.

“ One day, the father beholding with admiration the change that had been brought in his son, called him and said : ‘ O my son, you have conquered me ! Your religion is better than mine, since it inspires you with so

much virtue. Go, then, you are free to become a priest. I can no longer refuse your desire.'

Transported with joy, the happy child hastened to tell me the good news and to present himself to the Bishop, who at once sent him to the Seminary.

"Already Marko knows how to read and write. He always calls me his mother and sends me from time to time his little news. He is now sixteen years old and shows for his vocation a persevering attraction and great mental aptitude. I commend to your prayers the perseverance of this good child, also that of his companions in the Seminary, not less generous than he."

(*Les Missions Catholiques.*)

A Minister at Mass in Cologne Cathedral.

IN the morning at 9.30 o'clock I went to Mass in the Cathedral. I was early, and walked about to view the interior. Here was the forest. The pillars were as tall trees and the arches above them as their meeting branches. The light melted within softly as through thick leaves. The air was cool, as though the dim half-night dwelt here always.

I saw long rows of pillars. Books by various art critics will tell you what is the matter with them, and how to cock your eye at them in a superior way and say "Yes?" But if you are wise enough to open your heart and empty it of all this cheap, foolish knowledge, and look around you, as a baby looks at the moon, you may receive something of the spiritual meaning of the place.

The clock chimed. The organ began to grumble. A long row of priests and vested boys came in through a side door and wound toward the altar, headed by a frail old man clothed in bright robes, supported on either side by an assistant priest. The Bishop was about to celebrate Mass.

I do not recall much about this Mass, but above all is the memory of a voice. It came from the choir loft. Some boy—I never saw him, but I want to hear him sing in

heaven — broke forth with a "Kyrie Eleeson," and I thought he would break my heart. It was a sweet, wholesome voice, unspoiled as yet by masters, who teach singers how not to sing. It was clear as the River Reuss that gushes out of Lake Lucerne. It was sweet as the sunshine that falls on the ripened orchards. It was as caressing as a woman's love. It was as pure as a calling angel.

It filled all the distant arches of the great Cathedral, ringing sonorous and distinct to the remotest corner. The organ displayed its loudest harmonies; the chorus sang strenuously, but easily above all, as an angel soars above all the lesser flocking birds, rang out this sweet, glorious voice. "Kyrie, Kyrie, Eleeson!" until I found myself choking with sobs and my face wet.

I brushed away furtively my tears and looked around me. The faithful were counting their beads and moving their lips in prayer, and rising up and kneeling down to the tinkling of the bell. I suppose they knew more of that Mass than I, but I know what "Kyrie Eleeson" means and I said one prayer there.

So I saw the Cathedral of Cologne, "the most magnificent specimen of pure Gothic architecture in the world." I do not know how long it is nor how high. I do not know its costs, its date of its builders. I read all of this in my guide book, but have forgotten it.

But I hope I caught something of the feeling the builders and makers meant me to have. I looked from the side at the monstrous outline of the roof in profile against a moonlit sky, and saw my spiritual mother, and her shadow lay on me and blessed me. I gazed at the two towers of the facade and saw my two sky-piercing brothers, and they put their arms about me, and I walked for a space with them along the milky way. I threaded the interior and sensed the shaded glory of that forest in stone, and my soul ran up along the grouped pillars and peeped into heaven. I attended Mass and heard, if not the voice of God, a voice that God made and man had not yet spoiled.

I visited the Cathedral of Cologne. Often the Cathedral of Cologne visits me. REV. FRANK CRANE, D.D.,