

JESUS IN THE MIDST OF THE DOCTORS.

By E Azambre.



The Tabernacle Door.

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*They tell me of grand seraphic prayer,  
They speak of the light that is gathered there,  
They say that to mountain heights above  
Fly up the eagles of holy love ;  
I hear them, but never ask to soar  
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

*I open a book of inspired thought,  
Treasures that saints may have dearly bought :  
At another time, in another place,  
It might be a fount of the richest grace,  
But I close the volume and read no more  
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

*It is not praise, it is scarcely prayer,  
I only think of Him dwelling there.  
The Heart that is never strange or cold,  
The love that is always new and old,  
Till cares and sorrows can vex no more  
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

*I bring before Him the crowded day ;  
I try to hear what His voice would say  
If others are right, and if I am wrong,  
Am I the weak, and they are the strong ?  
I pass my thoughts and my feelings o'er  
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

*He, so calm and untroubled still,  
We so tossed by our wayward will,  
So often sinking, so prone to fall,  
He watcheth, He heareth, He knoweth all ;  
Give me, O Lord, of Thy wisdom's store  
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

*I only ask for one word to show  
The way Thou wouldst have my footsteps go ?  
One little beam of Thy truthful light,  
For the path grows dark, it will soon be night,  
And the hour is coming when never more  
Shall I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

## I want to be a Blessed Sacrament Priest.



O be a priest, yes, that's my greatest desire, my highest ambition ; but the kind of priest I want to be, is, a Religious-Adorer of the Blessed Sacrament and if you care to listen I'll tell you what induced me to form that decision.

When I went to college I had only one wish: to become a priest. High and holy ideal, but no longer attractive when compared with this other, no less sublime, Religious Adorer, which according to my idea, is the most perfect life on earth. And to think, O Jesus Sacred Host, that thou hast given me the ardent desire thereof.

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This ardent desire, the Blessed Sacrament alone could inspire. Near the Tabernacle, without exactly knowing how, I felt it growing in me. In the beginning I went to communion Thursdays and Sundays, then Saturdays also and finally every day during five years. Nothing more was needed to develop the Eucharistic vocation in me. Daily Communion was my delight. During the day I

longed to see again my morning's guest, and, alone near the Tabernacle under Mary's gaze spent many blissful moments. This benign Mother whom we now love to greet, under the beautiful title of Our Lady of the most Holy Sacrament, also had a hand in this work of my vocation. Does not Père Eymard tell us, that it is Mary alone all others that forms worthy adorers for her Son, become Host: If you are one of the happy Eucharistic militia, doubt not, but that it is to Mary you owe it. that it is she who had led you, guided you, ushered you into this earthly



THE GOOD MASTER CALLS ME.

Tha' or.

God present on the altar for love of me, strongly appealed to me, and made me long to love Him in return. That was my life. Everything drew me to Him; everything that spoke of Him pleased me. Already I enjoyed the happiness of some day consecrating myself to the Eucharist.

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About this time I heard, that, an Order of Religious of the Blessed Sacrement, founded in Paris, in 1856 by Venerable Père Eymard, had a house in Montreal.

It was a revelation. I made up my mind that there, and only there would I enter. To get into touch with you (written to one of the Fathers ) I began to subscribe for the little Messenger of the Blessed Sacrement, and liked it so well, that I grew eager for its monthly coming and its enthusiastic, loving, loyal words about my Beloved.

A short while ago I spoke of my longing and ultimate determination to a few intimate friends. All were not equally impressed. Some objected I was too active, too impulsive, even too intelligent to bury myself in a cloister and embrace a contemplative life, like that of adoration ; but because during my visit to Montreal, I had seen for myself, how well you combined the active with the contemplative life I was able for them and their objections.

I told them in the first place the life demands an ardent love for the Blessed Sacrement and, a complete surrender of self, by adoration, to Jesus abiding therein; still, a true lover cannot remain idle but must perforce work to extend his Master's reign, so in consequence the real life of adoration cannot be purely contemplative.

This your venerable Founder realized since his rules advise the cultivation of all sciences and arts calculated to promote the glory of the Blessed Eucharist, specifying among sciences Theology, Philosophy, Liturgy; among arts music, Sculpture, Painting... In the chapter headed: By what means " Ours " shall glorify the Blessed Eucharist the Constitutions ask the Fathers to devote themselves to preaching the forty hours, perpetual adoration; also retreats to the laity, to Religious, but especially to first Communicants, Juvenile and, advanced Seminarians.

I drew their attention also to the inside works you directed apart from your publications and Juniorates. When I got through they frankly admitted their error and acknowledged that the vocation called for the exercise of activity and intelligence.

I was anxious for the day of my entree, imagining how happy I would be once unreservedly consecrated to the Blessed Sacrement thinking how earnestly and zealously

despite my unworthiness I would help the Holy Father to restore all in the Eucharistic Christ.

Let the young respond to the Sovereign Pontiff's appeal and the frequentation of the Holy Table will procure for you many fervent subjects. Since I was formed by daily Communion why not others also? Frequent Communion as a general rule in Colleges and Seminaries is a prolific source of religious vocations, as well as a glorious future augury: I cannot look upon those fifty daily Communicants without thinking: Jesus will choose from among them Loyal Adorers fervent Eucharistic Apostles to spread this divine fire which he came to ignite, and which he wishes to see enkindled everywhere.

Draw souls to God, that is to say, to the Holy Eucharist, to the sacrament of his abiding among us, what a sublime mission, what a glorious apostolate.

I love to quote those words of Pere Eymard and each time with greater relish: "To serve Jesus, behold my life my glory, my happiness! But where is Jesus my Saviour? In heaven, and in the Blessed Sacrament. Heaven is for the Angels and the Saints; the Blessed Sacrament for me.

"Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament behold then my beautiful and divine work, that of the Blessed Virgin during twenty five years in the Temple, that of all great souls, that of the lovers of Jesus!

"The Eucharist, behold my pleasure, my riches, my home, my palace wherein dwells the King of my life, the God of my heart!

"The Eucharist, behold my heaven on earth; where at His sacred feet I do what the Angels and Saints do at the foot of the throne of the Lamb in heaven! O my God how good Thou art to have given me such a grace, to have called me to such a life."

"What a life! May it be mine! May it be that of many a virtuous youth! We have but one life and it is so short why not spend it with Jesus living for us in His sacrament of love?"

Another page of Pèrè Eymard's tells us: "Behold the wonderful Apostolic power your vocation gives you. Perhaps were we judged by our exterior life, we might

seem somewhat useless : it is true we do not leave the sheep fold to search for lost sheep, we do not go on missions, we do not teach. Nevertheless, it would be a great error to make all Apostolate consist in these works of exterior zeal, which are in reality but the shell, the means unto the end. Apostolate consists essentially in prayer that obtains grace, in sacrifice that expiates sin and applies the merits and satisfactions of Jesus Christ. That one is the most Apostolic, who with St. Paul, completes and finishes in himself what is lacking to the Passion of Jesus Christ... Jesus Christ continues in us his work of Saviour, for it is only He who in His Apostles redeems souls. We make Him work... The unique privilege of our vocation is to place Him in the solemn exercise of His office of Mediator by Exposition. Prostrate at His feet we save and redeem with Him and share in His perpetual Apostolate.

“ Do you not think those prayers of Jesus Christ are more powerful than any other apostolic work ? They are the spirit and the life.—Well, that is how we are Apostles, by union to the prayers, sufferings and sacrifice of Jesus Christ. The Missionary carries but one grace : we open the source of all grace. Apostleship is before all sacrifice. Jesus asks the sacrifice of our taste, our liberty, our life, of our whole being at adoration : we offer it to Him, and in consequence are in the greatest power of Apostolate.”

. . . . .

If after reading this letter any lad, big or small, should feel inclined towards the vocation we will gladly give him any further information he desires Moreover should he like to spend a few days with us and see the life for himself, we shall be most happy to receive him and extend him cordial hospitality at our mother House, 490 Mount Royal Avenue.



Homage to the Illustrious Servant of God,

PIERRE - JULIEN EYMARD,

Founder of the Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament, who was declared Venerable by our Holy Pontiff, Pius the Tenth, on the Twelfth Day of August A. D. 1908.

ALL glory to the Eucharistic Christ,  
The Sun and Centre of our Faith  
divine!

To Whom seraphic saints have sacrificed  
Their being on His Sacramental  
shrine!

Honor and praise to him we hail to-day  
As one inspired by the Holy Ghost,  
To teach us how to suffer, toil, and  
pray  
As special servants of the Sacred  
Host!

To be consumed before the Hidden God  
Like consecrated wax or precious  
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And shed Love's flame and fragrancý  
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As did the soul of great and good  
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*A tender nursling on his mother's breast,  
Unto the hallowed temple of the Lord,  
She bore him daily in her visits blest  
To worship (sinless babe!) our souls' Adored.*

*The little one assisted gravely there  
At Eucharistic functions; with delight  
Beheld the Mass, the Host, the Monstrance fair,  
The flow'rs and tapers on the altar bright.*

*His infant heart, aglow with fond desire,  
Would fain have pierced that mystic Dwelling—  
To nestle close to Jesus — all a-fire, [place.  
To listen to the whispers of His grace.*

*For there he learned the secret of the King,  
The Master calling to the Marriage-feast;  
And heard the Holy Spirit summoning  
To serve Him as His own anointed priest.*

*And there, in time, our Blessed Lady came,  
A radiant vision, to dispel his fears,  
And manifest to him in words of flame  
The glorious mission of his riper years.*

*"The mysteries" (she said) "of Christ, my Son,  
Have honored been by blest Societies:  
The Holy Eucharist alone hath none—  
Be thine to do It homage like to these!"*

*'Twas thus began at Fourvières' old shrine  
The life-work of this pure and gifted soul:  
To give adorers to the Host divine,  
And spread Its love and praise from pole to pole.*

*A burning thurible, his glowing heart  
Sent forth its odorous sweets by day and night,  
Employing every power with tender art  
To win all men unto the Lord of Light.*



J E S U S

*Undaunted by Love's labors and fatigues,  
By obstacles or crosses undeterr'd,  
He formed his sons, his Eucharistic leagues,  
And trained them by example more than word.*

*How deeply he deplored the myriad wrongs  
Inflicted on his King! Like tender dove,  
Which day and night its plaintive note prolongs,  
He constant mourned the Prisoner of Love.*

*And, like Him, yearned to cast Love's flame abroad,  
And kindle faith in souls long cold or dead:  
Bringing all men to praise their Hidden God,  
And feed upon the Eucharistic Bread!*

*For this he lived for this he, joyous, died—  
Presenting earth a spectacle God given,  
A life by prayer and penance sanctified,  
A death most precious in the sight of heaven!*

*And now that Rome hath set her golden seal  
Upon his work, his wondrous ministry—  
'Tis fitting that his children should reveal  
The secrets of their Founder's sanctity;*

*Should bear his message, speak his grand design  
To all mankind, that every soul might bless,  
Adore, and thank the Sacrament Divine,  
And serve It with Love's true devotedness;*

*Might grave the motto of the great EYMARD  
On every Christian heart from shore to shore:  
"Thy Eucharistic Kingdom come, O Lord!  
And triumph everywhere, forevermore!"*

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



## Rules specified by the Church for frequent and daily Communion.

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(Continued.)

II. — FIRST DISPOSITION NECESSARY FOR COMMUNION : THE STATE OF GRACE.



O begin with, only the living can eat, and the living, when there is question of the supernatural life, are they who actually possess the life of sanctifying grace, the state of grace.

This state of grace is the fundamental disposition for Communion, whether that Communion be rare or daily and universally admitted and adhered to except by Protestants who claim that, in spite of mortal sin, faith alone suffices as disposition for Communion.

This state of grace is literally speaking the only disposition St Paul exacted from the faithful and that at a time when they communicated daily. After having warned the Corinthians "that whosoever eat this Bread or drink this Chalice unworthily would be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord," he adds, "let every man then prove himself." According to Tradition and the Council of Trent this necessary proof consists, in that any one conscious of a mortal sin not accused, shall not approach the altar, either to celebrate or receive the Sacred Mysteries, without first having made sacramental confession, no matter how great his contrition may be.

Cardinal de Lugo concludes, since St Paul allows those free from mortal sin to eat this Bread and drink this Chalice, there is no other disposition (habitual) absolutely required, otherwise the Apostle's doctrine would

be incomplete and defective, since he mentions no other enjoined necessary disposition

Should it be matter of astonishment that for the great honor and glorious gift of daily Communion, the Church exacts as habitual disposition of purity, but freedom from mortal sin from which results the state of grace?

Not if we thoroughly realized the beauty of a soul possessing sanctifying grace and the dignity—that no earthly dignity can equal—conferred on it by this divine gift through which man really becomes the son of God. "The gift surpassing all gift," says St. Leo the Great, "is that God calls man His son, and that man calls God his Father and by sanctifying grace becomes the temple of the Holy Ghost." "Realize thy dignity, O Christian," exclaims this same saint; "remember of what body thou art member and who is thy head; remember how snatched from the powers of darkness thou hast been transported into the kingdom of light, and made a temple of the Holy Ghost by Baptism."

By sanctifying grace we become participants in the divine nature; in order that man might become God." St. Thomas of Aquinas expresses the same truth in the following words: "The only Son of God mercifully jealous to make us participants of His divinity, has taken our nature, in order that God made man, He make of man so many God's."

Finally sanctifying grace renews in us the divine image, the divine likeness destroyed by sin. "Man, says St. Augustin," after having lost, by sin, the impress of the divine image, was only man," It is this image of God, supernatural in us, that is to say, with which God had benignly endowed the first man and which really made of him a Son of God, that Jesus came to restore, of whom He shows us in Himself the perfect model, and which He gives us by Baptism or Penance, or in other words, by the infusion of sanctifying grace.

Consequently, we are, by grace, sons of God, Gods ourselves, brothers and coheirs of Jesus Christ: grace is the principle and already the beginning of glory; and the light of glory in which the saints in heaven clearly see God as He is, face to face, is nothing else but this sanctifying grace in its complete development.

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Participants in the divine life, possessing even here-below the pledge and as it were the prelude of glory, as long as sanctifying grace fills our soul and uplifts it entirely with all its powers, to divine filiation, who can find it strange that our daily nourishment should be God Himself. God who gives Himself here below under veils while waiting till He feeds us with Himself in heaven, in the full vision of the beatific light.

The Mother of God.

In what surpassing heights is she sublimely throned ! Yet there is not a day passes in which she does not interest herself for us. A thousand times and more has she mentioned our names to God in such a sweet persuasive way, that the heart of Jesus sought not to resist it. She has been in the secret of all the good things which have ever happened to us in life. She has our predestination at heart for more than we have ourselves. She is ever mindful of that second maternity which dates from Calvary, and how we cost her in the travail of her dolours a price which has no fellow except the Sacrifice of her Son, our Brother and our God.

O ! what a light does it not shed on life to think that the same love, the nameless love, the inexhaustible love, wherewith the Heart of Mary love, her blessed Son, is for His sake, and by His own command being poured out over us this very hour. Angels envy us a love which in their case cannot be, as ours is, identical in kind with that which the sinless Mother had for Her adorable Son. But it is not the poetry of this thought on which we need dwell, bright revelation as it is once more of God's creative love, but on the real help, the substantial support, the immense solid advantages, the positive efficacy of this love of Mary in the matter of our salvation.



The Archconfraternity of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

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### NATURE AND OBJECT.

THE Aggregation of the Most Blessed Sacrament, erected into an Archconfraternity by a Breif of the Holy See, May 8, 1897, is a spiritual affiliation to the Congrégation of the Most Blessed Sacrament, founded by the Venerable Père Eyraud, of saintly memory, in order to share in its adoration and zeal for the glory of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. Its aim is to glorify Our Lord in the Sacrament of Love, by procuring for Him the frequent and fervent adoration of souls whom He has redeemed and over whom He wishes to reign here below, and to increase faith in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, faith that will expand into piety, zeal, devotedness, and good works. It aims, also, at vivifying and strengthening souls by means of this Sacrament, the source of life and virtue in the Church.

### CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

Every Catholic of whatever age may belong to the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. The only conditions are the following :

1. To make every month *one continuous hour of adoration before the Most Blessed Sacrament*, either exposed or inclosed in the Tabernacle. The day, the hour, and the church are optional. and they may be changed from month to month as judged proper.

(*Note. This hour of adoration may embrace the Mass usually heard, Vespers, or any other devotions, as the member desires.*)

2. To have one's full name (*Baptismal and family*), inscribed upon the special register kept in any one of the churches of the Father of the Most Blessed Sacrament, or in any one of the affiliated centres.

## INDULGENCES AND SPIRITUAL AVANTAGES.

Once inscribed, the members share in the following Indulgences and Spiritual advantages :

1. Union and participation in the merits and good works of the Fathers of the Most Blessed Sacrament, of the numerous Association of the Priest Adorers, and of the other Associations of the Congregation.

2. PLENARY INDULGENCE on the day of admission into the Archconfraternity, on the usual conditions of confession and Communion, a visit to a church in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, and some prayers for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

3. A PLENARY INDULGENCE EVERY DAY, on the same conditions, for an hour of adoration before the Most Blessed Sacrament, either exposed or inclosed in the Tabernacle, provided that, in the latter case, a lamp is burning in the sanctuary.

The grand privilege of this Archconfraternity is that, if a member makes several hours of adoration during the month, even an hour every week or every day, he may gain *each time* a PLENARY INDULGENCE, provided he has received Holy Communion that morning

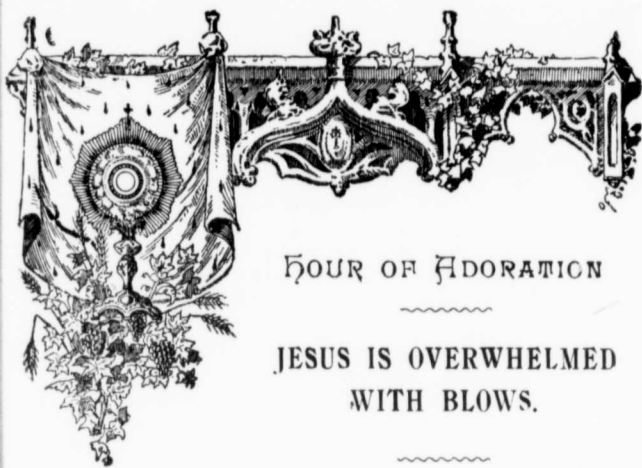
4. *An Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines* for those same hours of adoration on the days upon which he has *not* received Holy Communion.

5. The Indulgences commonly called the Stations of the Most Blessed Sacrament (*della Staziane del Santissimo Sacramento*) granted to the Franciscan, or the Seraphic, Order. Consequently, *every time* a member of the Archconfraternity makes a visit to the Most Blessed Sacrament in a church or public oratory, and recites *six Pater, six Ave, and six Gloria Patri* for the intention of the Pope and the wants of Holy Church, he may gain all the Indulgences of the Stations of Rome, of Jerusalem, of St. James Compostella, and of the Portiuncula, that is to say, an almost incalculable number of *Plenary and Parcial Indulgences*.

6. A PLENARY INDULGENCE *in articulo mortis*, that is, at the moment of death, by invoking the holy name of Jesus.

These Indulgences, all excepting the last mentioned, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

(*Briefs of Dec. 10, 1858 ; Feb. 26, 1875 ; May 11, 1897.*)



HOUR OF ADORATION

JESUS IS OVERWHELMED  
WITH BLOWS.

I. — Adoration.

The Saviour of the world, according to the Prophet, was to be delivered to the maltreatment of those that would strike Him. The oracle of Isaias is here accomplished to the letter. Jesus can say in all truth : " I have given My body to the strikers, and My cheeks to them that plucked them."

The condemnation was scarcely pronounced when the most odious treatment fell on the poor Victim. While a shower of spittle poured on His adorable Face, a storm of blows with the fist was dealt upon His jaws, His head, His back and breast, along with kicks on His legs and the rest of His sacred Body. They violently plucked out His hair and beard. Hell was let loose on earth, and its vengeance unchained against the Divine Condemned. Still more, seeing that He endured all their bad treatment with so much patience, and thinking themselves set at naught by it, they roused themselves to new fury, and the executioners redoubled their blows, until they became exhausted with striking their innocent Victim.

Never was there a human being subjected to so great outrages ! Never was a human being so disfigured by bruises and wounds !

We were stupefied at sight of the first blow from the servant of the High Priest in the house of Annas. But what would we say on seeing Him in the hands of these miserable wretches, struck on all sides, dragged about, hooted at, mocked, treated as never the most criminal, the most ignoble of slaves ?



It was this that made the Prophet Isaias say that no one could regard Him in this pitiable state without being seized with horror.

O my Saviour, when I contemplate Thy adorable Person so cruelly, so ignominiously maltreated ; when I see Thee, hidden under the species of the Blessed Sacrament, always exposed to the same ignominies, and at the same time, behold Thee so meek, so gentle, so patient under the blows of Thy executioners, it is impossible for me not to recognize Thee !

Yes, Thou truly art the Creator and the Saviour of the world ! I confess it and I adore Thee. In Thee I find Him " who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand and weighed the heavens with His palm ; who hath poised with three fingers the bulk of the earth, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

Who did all this if not Thou whom I now contemplate lowed under the fists and the feet of Thy many executioners ? Who, if not Thou whom faith discovers to me in this Host, without form or weight, without defence or power ? Under all these appearances so full of ignominy, I acknowledge Thee the Master of the universe. I adore Thee, I humble myself profoundly before Thee.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

What will Jesus do under this frightful cataclysm of blows and injuries ? When Samson was made the laughing-stock of his enemies, he shook the pillars of the temple, and buried under its ruins all who jeered at his misfortune.

What will future generations think of Thee, O Jesus, when they learn how Thou wast treated, and that Thou didst neither say a word to justify Thyself nor make one movement to defend Thyself ? Will they not cry down what they will call Thy impotence and cowardice ?

Jesus listens to none of those protests of reason. He hearkens only to His Heart, and that Heart, under the pressure of infinite love, leads Him to unfathomable abysses of suffering and humiliation.

The sacrilegious hands that shower blows upon Him as on a beast of burden wither not. His Heart preserves their life ! He is willing to lose His honor in order to restore to man the ancient grandeur he had lost by sin. It is His Heart that counsels Him to this !

I myself have deserved by my falls this furious tempest of kicks and blows. Jesus presents Himself in my place and endures all this chastisement, all this opprobrium, all these sorrows, and He is happy. He wills to expiate my pride, my unjust complaints.

He wills to make me share in His immortal glory. And what He has done for me, He has equally done for all my brethren.

Before the new injuries that attack Him in His Eucharistic life, He remains always the same, just as sweet, just as patient. He has never sought to avenge Himself on those that wound Him. He knows only how to suffer and to bless.

I thank Thee, O Sacred Heart of my Saviour, I thank Thee for so much love! What shall I return to Thee for all Thy benefits? I have only one heart, one poor, weak, sick heart, which feels itself borne more toward the creature than toward Thee. Purify it, inflame it with Thy divine love, and take it for Thyself! Guard it for Thyself alone, very pure and loving, until the day of my death!

### III. — Reparation.

To what an excess of cruelty the executioners delivered themselves against Jesus! Are they not filled with joy to have in their hands Him whom they regard as their greatest enemy? How happy they are to satiate their hatred of Him, hatred nourished, entertained for so long a time! And no one steps forward to defend Him! The masters encourage their servants. All are delighted to conspire against Him. Jesus is completely at the mercy of His executioners. And what executioners!

Who will ever be able to comprehend the number and the intensity of the sufferings that the Jews made Jesus endure at this moment of His Passion? If the foresight of them had so filled Him with dread in the Garden of Olives, that He implored His Father to free Him from them, what must have been His anguish when He endured them in their terrible reality?

Jesus is unrecognizable. The angels themselves might well mistake Him for another. It that really the Face of the Eternal Son of God? Is that the Face that Abraham saw in spirit and that filled him with joy? Is that the Face whose beauty kings and prophets so highly vaunted, so ardently desired to contemplate? Is it not rather the Face of a leper?

Yes, it is indeed. the Face of Jesus, the King of Heaven! And who has reduced Him to that state? I, my sins and those of my brethren. How guilty am I for having co-operated in so great a crime!

Pardon, Jesus, pardon for all the sins for which Thou hast satisfied at the cost of sufferings so cruel! Pardon for the souls in purgatory who at this moment are expiating their former desires of making a fine appearance, or increasing in the esteem and affection of men. Grant that I, too, may constantly weep over these same faults. Grant me the grace to accept lovingly and

joyfully every opprobrium, every injustice. Fix my vacillating will in good, that for the future it may never more be separated from Thy Divine Heart.

#### IV. — Prayer.

Jesus eloquently teaches us how we should receive whatever outrages may come to us from our fellow-men. Alas ! how difficult it is for our proud and haughty nature to accept suffering and humiliation with patience and especially with joy ! For that the grace of Our Lord is necessary, that grace which He obtained for us by His own generous acceptance of suffering. I wish to imitate Thee, O Jesus ! My great desire is to walk in Thy footsteps and to reproduce Thy holy example in my life. But for that I need Thy light and grace. Make me know. O Lord, who Thou art and who I am, that all honor is due to Thee and, on the contrary, that there is no humiliation, no suffering which my sins have not deserved.

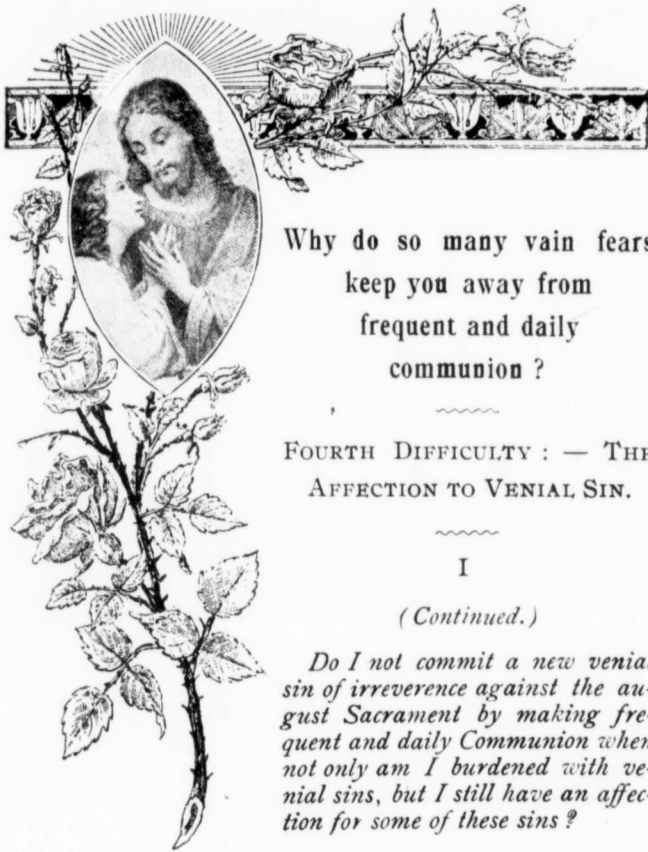
By the merit of the frightful sufferings Thou didst endure for me on that night, grant that I may always lovingly kiss the hand of Thy Divine Father when He strikes me. May I rest satisfied that such punishment is due me, and that it is the effect of His special goodness in my regard !

When the storm rages, I wish to have before my eyes the patience, the meekness, the humility that Thou didst so divinely show in this horrible scene of Thy Passion. But even that would not suffice for my weakness. I will go to contemplate Thee ever as patient, meek, and humble under the outrages that the wicked daily make Thee undergo in the Blessed Sacrament. I will approach Thy Holy Table, and I will ask Thee to come Thyself to apply to my soul the merits of Thy Passion and to clothe me with the strength of Thy virtues. Then what shall I fear ? If God is with me, who will be against me ?

Yes, I confess, O Jesus, before the angels that surround Thee in this Divine Sacrament, that all my hope is in Thee. Thou alone art my support, my strength, my consolation.

**RESOLUTION.** Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth, and communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. To be like your Saviour and to show your contempt for the love, esteem, and favor of men, seek and gladly accept some humiliations.





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

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FOURTH DIFFICULTY : — THE
AFFECTION TO VENIAL SIN.

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I

(Continued.)

*Do I not commit a new venial sin of irreverence against the august Sacrament by making frequent and daily Communion when not only am I burdened with venial sins, but I still have an affection for some of these sins ?*

IF we rendered ourselves guilty of a new venial sin by receiving Holy Communion with the *affection to some venial sin*, for example, to vanity, to anger, etc., under such conditions, Christian soul, not only should we not communicate every day, but we ought to do so neither once a week, nor once a month, nor even once a year, although the Church commands it at Easter, for it is never lawful to offend God even lightly !

But is it, indeed, a new venial sin to communicate with *affection to some small fault* ? No (and it is St. Al-

phonsus who answers you), provided you have in communicating no intention slightly bad, for example, vain-glory, and provided also that you do not suffer yourself to be voluntarily distracted at the very moment of receiving the Sacred Host. Give to the following words all the attention they deserve. They are the words of a Doctor and a saint: "If you commit in Communion," he says, "a venial fault referring directly to Communion, for example, if you communicate though vain-glory or with voluntary distraction, there is no doubt that you sin venially by communicating in this disposition, for such a fault is a positive irreverence toward the Sacrament. Nevertheless, this sin, as St. Thomas declares, although depriving you of spiritual reflection (that is, of the spiritual sweetness this Sacrament brings with It when no fault is committed in Its inception,) places no obstacle to the increase of grace or charity."

Now pay strict attention to what follows: "But if there is question not of a venial sin directly touching Communion, as, for instance, of communicating with affection to any *other* venial sin, there is *no sin*."

Then, according to St. Alphonsus, we do not sin if we communicate with a *right intention and if we shun voluntary distractions*, that is, if we communicate *devoutly*, although with an *affection* to some venial sin. Now, since we do not sin by communicating with such an affection, we lawfully accomplish, and thereby even holily, an action of its own nature very holy and very advantageous.

This granted, would it be wise because you have an affection to some venial sin, to refrain from daily Communion and deprive yourself of the great fruits It produces, provided it be well understood that you approach the Holy Table with a *right intention and without voluntary distraction*, that is, *devoutly*? Have you not so much more need of Celestial Remedy as your infirmity is greater?

Far, then, from engaging you to abstain from daily Communion because you have an *affection to some venial sin*, I rather exhort you to communicate daily. And when you press your Jesus on your heart, supplicate Him humbly and confidently to help you to overcome this *affection*, this habit slightly bad. The Good Master,

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by means of the charity that is daily increased in you by daily Communion, will by degrees weaken it, and will at last destroy it altogether, for "There is no habit, how sad or deeply rooted it may be, which is not weakened by frequent Communion, and does not, at last, entirely disappear."

Happy, then, will you be, Christian soul ! For united every day to the Divine Spouse, stripped of every bad habit, adorned with virtues, you will often hear sounding in your heart these words of the Canticles : "Thou art all fair, my beloved, thou art all fair !"

## COME TO ME

ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVILY  
BURDENED, AND I WILL REFRESH YOU.



FROM every altar on which Mass is said, from every tabernacle in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, Jesus is extending this invitation to all who have burdens to bear. And who is there that is not a burden bearer ? Childhood has its griefs, which seem then the greatest in the world. With advancing years the cross is changed, but it only becomes heavier. Some seek to escape it in pleasures and dissipation, and it would seem for a time that they had succeeded, but it is only in appearance that they have found happiness. Their burdens are waiting for them and when laid upon their unwilling shoulders, have accumulated weight that is almost unbearable. Even should any one follow the ways of ease and pleasure for a lifetime, death will come as the king of terrors and the end is all bitterness.

From the cradle to the grave, our life is a test of endurance, and our own natural strength is indeed very limited. Our souls need refreshment, and where should we look for assistance if not to Him Who is the Creator and Sustainer of everything that exists. His love invites

us to lean upon His omnipotence and His mercy is willing to forgive our faults if we be repentant. Day and night until the end of time, He is abiding in the Blessed Sacrament and waiting for us to come to Him, and for what purpose? Only that He may comfort us and give us new strength to carry our crosses; only that He may make us happy here and hereafter. We have nothing of good to offer Him, but what we have already received from Him, we have nothing of our own but our sins. We can add nothing to His glory or happiness; yet He continues to invite us, He bears with our inattention and irreverence, He is ever ready to welcome us and to listen to our tales of sorrow and misfortune. He pours balm upon our wounds, and with promises of His assistance sends us from His presence with renewed courage.

Infinite love and infinite patience are the only explanation of the Blessed Sacrament. Why is it that all men are not constantly seeking to adore the Eucharistic God? Why is it that few even of those who profess belief in the Divine Presence on the altar, care to remain for any length of time before their Hidden Lord? Why do so few communicate frequently? Faith has grown weak and charity cold, and to awaken that dormant belief and enkindle that smouldering love, Jesus has broken His long, self-imposed silence. He has exposed to the world the movements of His Sacred Heart, that He might gain the hearts of His creatures. He has complained in most affectionate terms of the coldness of men, He has told them how much He desires their company and their love, He has made the most magnificent promises to those who will gratify Him by the slight services He requires. This revelation Our Divine Lord made more than two hundred years ago to an humble Religious, Blessed Margaret Mary.

He is opening His arms to embrace us, to press us to His Sacred Heart. Some sacrifices, more or less painful, will be necessary before we may taste the sweetness of His consolations. Whatever He asks of us, will surely be for our greater good. If we be generous with Him, He will not be outdone in generosity; He will help us in our labors, He will bear our burdens, He will refresh us.

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## A DANISH MISSIONARY.



At the beginning of the Protestant heresy Norway was subject to the King of Denmark, who abolished the Catholic religion there, drove out the clergy and replaced them with Danish preachers. The minister sent to the church of Solum was an ex-soldier named Pool, who was both fanatical and cruel. He soon learned that many of the people over whom he was appointed, instead of coming to hear him preach, were accustomed to gather at the grotto of St. Michael, and that sometimes, at night, a mysterious light shone from the solitude among the rocks.

One evening in the autumn as he was returning by boat from Holden, his rowers, three stalwart young men, suddenly rested their oars and, falling upon their knees, made the sign of the cross. At the same moment a bright light shone forth from the grotto, its beams reaching almost to his skiff.

"Row me at once to the foot of the precipice, that I may climb up and explore the cave," he imperiously ordered. But the men shrugged their shoulders, made some excuse, and, beginning to row again, continued on their course.

Thus did the people whom he called his parishioners still cling to the religion of their fathers. Pool, however, hired two friends from his own country to watch the grotto from a distance. On the vigil of St. Michael's feast they sought the preacher with the news that they had again seen the strange light. Seizing a sword, he ran out of his house leaped into a boat kept in readiness and was rowed by his men to the base of the cliff.

From its summit the light shone down like a star upon the waters, Springing out upon the shore, the preacher commanded his men to follow him in scaling the rock. Filled with fear, they flatly refused. Pool went on alone ;



but, as he reached the entrance to the grotto, the light went out and he was left standing at the edge of the precipice in the darkness of midnight. With all his faults, the intruder was not lacking in courage. Groping his way, he entered the cave. "In the name of God, who is here?" he called aloud.

As he spoke he heard a stone rolled away, and straightway a flood of light enveloped and nearly blinded him. When his eyes became accustomed to its radiance, dazed and astonished, he beheld an altar. On it were a crucifix and many wax candles. At the same moment an old man in sacerdotal vestments approached him.

"Stranger you entered with the name of God on your lips," he said; "draw near, therefore, and profit by the opportunity to be present at the sacred mysteries that are about to begin."

But the preacher, raising his sword, cried out: "I thought aright. There is still a Papist haunt in the heart of my parish. Traitor I will put an end to the artifices by which you seek to lead away my people."

"Your people!" echoed the old priest, mildly. "I am the legitimate pastor of the inhabitants of this district, the last Catholic priest who remains in Norway. You are the intruder. Driven abroad, for many years I ate the bread of exile. But I could not stay away from my spiritual children. Braving all dangers, I returned. I live in this grotto, near the ruins of my former church. Only a few people know of my presence here. They bring me food. I can do little for my devoted adherents, save to pray for them and celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for them at an early hour in the morning, when the other inhabitants of the district are asleep and the earth is shrouded in darkness. These are my artifices, this is my secret. Raise your sword, therefore, and strike down the last of the Lord's anointed to be found in this unhappy country. Strike, for I wish to die here where I have prayed and toiled for my people. If this is to be a traitor, I am indeed worthy of death."

These noble words of the old priest disarmed his enemy. "No," cried the preacher throwing away his sword, "I will not harm a patriarch whom the years have spared. Live and die here in peace, holy man, if you so desire. Farewell, you shall not be molested."

From this time the preacher no longer persecuted the country people who were devoted to their Catholic practices. Occasionally the mysterious light shone from the grotto, and belated travelers, seeing it, piously made the sign of the cross. But when the feast of St. Michael came again the faithful watched in vain for signal from the cliff. The last Catholic priest in Norway had himself been summoned to receive the reward of his fidelity.

To this day, however, the grotto remains his tomb, and a legend declares that sometimes, amid the darkness of night, especially on the festival of the Prince of the Heavenly Host and at Christmas, a celestial radiance beams from the cleft in the rock, like a star or the aurora in the northern sky, and the people say, "The spirit of the holy priest has come back to the grotto."

## Jesus Love for Us



REAT indeed must have been the love of Jesus for His disciples, and for us all to have obliged Him to find some way of remaining with men, even after His Ascension, and how divine are the means He took! Lord, stay with us," the two disciples of Emmaus had pleaded, for it is growing dark." They gave expression to the want felt by the entire human race.

Men want God; they need Jesus Christ in some special manner present with them. What should we do without this most intimate presence of Jesus among us? What would our churches be without him? Mere empty meeting houses.

Our Lord recognized the necessity of His being present with us, also in His Humanity. He had thought of it long before. Already he had spoken of this blessed truth, as we see from the sixth chapter of St. John though neither angels nor men could ever have imagined it.

It was on the eve of his Passion that Jesus instituted that grand Sacrament which is the life of the Church and of each of the church members. "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you, and the bread that I shall give is my flesh".

How could he prove his love more than by giving Himself to be our food and remaining with us upon the Altar? Jesus foresaw all the abuses and outrages to which He condemned Himself. He did not mind. Men should be convinced that He wished them well, and loved them, and could go to any extreme to show it, in order thus to gain some return of love. Truly St. Augustin might well exclaim: "Lord, Thou art beside Thyself with love" because those for whose sake Thou did'st give Thyself under the form of bread are so unworthy and so little-minded that it would seem to be almost folly to expose Thyself to their ingratitude.

How thankful we should be to our God and Saviour! How the faith we possess should be seen in our respectful bearing before this august Sacrament! How the tongue should be hushed, and the passions subdued, and the thoughts collected in the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament! How eagerly men should hasten to gratify the wish of their loving Redeemer! Has He not said, 'With desire, I have desired to eat this Pasch with you?' He desires so still! It is an ardent uncontrollable longing with him. He has said "behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man shall hear my voice, and open to me the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

How painfully surprised, how sincerely grieved is He, if His call is not answered, or when He is repulsed! But He is sorry only for those who heed Him not; for unless He enter, the Father will not come in to them. An irreparable loss! That is the greatness of the grace, that if Jesus comes into the soul, the Father and the Holy Ghost likewise enter; for where the one is there are also the other two Persons, so that the heart of the communicant is then really a tabernacle of the Ever-Blessed-Trinity, the home of the Divine Majesty.

R. P.

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## Reparation.

Who does not see, for how much we children of the Blessed Sacrament have to make reparation ; and how fervent as well as abundant must our reparation be : Have we any work in life which presses so much as this ? asks Faber. Is there any better use of time, any fitter preparation for eternity ? Are we doing any thing else ? Surely day after day we are rejoicing in the Mass, or setting aside our other occupations to go to Benediction. Day after day we are gathering round the tabernacle, and telling Jesus how we love Him. We should feel a day incomplete, even our busiest day, if we had not made some act of tender reparation to our sacramental God. How beautiful must the sight of Catholic believing hearts be to that dear Inmate of the sanctuary, overflowing with faith and love, like so many Magdalens devouring His feet with kisses, washing the very dust away with tears, each one of which has a whole heart in it, and wiping them with the hair of our head, as if what our vanity had most prized was only to be reinstated in its honour by some menial use for Him !

## The Divine Call.

*(See frontispiece.)*

The divine Child of Bethlehem has grown. How beautiful he is ! How charming in the flower of his twelve years. He goes up to Jerusalem between Mary and Joseph, there to celebrate the Pasch. He has partaken paschal lamb, He, the true Lamb of the eucharistic pasch ; and whilst Mary and Joseph prepare to return, the Child Jesus steals from their presence.

After three days searching and weeping they find him in the temple in the midst of the doctors of the law. Who can tell their Joy for this Jesus is the centre of their life, the bond uniting these two souls. Your father and I were seeking you in sorrow " says his tender mother. Jesus has but a word to reply : " Did you not know that I must be about my father's business.

Son of God, he must obey Him first. Behold this amiable youth, on his forehead shines a reflection of the majesty of God, his Father ; in his eyes gleam the flame of the divine clairvoyance ; the eternal truth rests upon his lips ; they open to utter words so wise and prudent, that the council of the doctors admires them. They question him. The wisdom and depth of his answers astonish them.



## Jesus of Nazareth

*O regret not the sorrow that on thee is laid,  
By the hand of a God has that sorrow been weighed ;  
'Tis a grace from His Heart, for but lift up thine eye,  
See, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*

*Has He stripped thee in passing of what thou loved best,  
Rejoice ! for 'twill shine as a star on His breast,  
Thy treasure is borne to His Kingdom on high,  
By Jesus of Nazareth passing by.*

*Oh ! still the resistance that nature may feel,  
If tears fain would flow, let them silently steal ;  
And cherish the moments as swiftly they fly,  
In which Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*

*Then hushed be each murmur in reverence kneel,  
For thy sorrows the presence of Jesus reveal ;  
The spirit of love thou'lt receive in the sigh  
That he breathes on thy soul as He passeth by.*

*Tho' laden with sorrows yet blessed be the day,  
When Jesus of Nazareth came on his way :  
When he drew us aside from crowd apart,  
And bore us away in His own Sacred Heart.*

*Blessed be still those hours fraught with pain,  
When Jesus of Nazareth cometh again ;  
Be then our thought as each sorrow draws nigh,  
'Tis Jesus of Nazareth passing by.*



## Little Jim

OR

### The First Communicant in Strange Attire.

( continued )

" Well, now that your wife is gone and you are free to do as you please, you will send Jim to the laical institute, will you not ? demanded one of Aubin's bosom friends ; an honest enough man according to the strict letter of the law, but a bitter Modernist in the worst sense of the word, and one ever on the alert to draw others to his way of thinking ; consequently anything but a good companion for Aubin just now.

" He will be well looked after and properly educated," continued the tempter. " Whereas had your old-fashioned wife lived she and ecclesiastical influence combined would only have spoiled him, and made of him, a religious fanatic, or worse still, a priest. To the devil with all such hypocrisy and foolery."

It was only the day after the funeral and Aubin was still feeling too sore to pay much attention to what was said, and too full of sorrow and remorse to allow the wife he had treated so shamefully himself to be ill-spoken of by outsiders. Her death seemed to have wrought a wonderful change in him ; so much so, that his former associates were puzzled and left him to himself thinking : " this new state of things won't last long. Bye and by, with the aid of a little whiskey we shall easily win him back to his old ways."

The evenings were long, and sad, and lonely in the cheerless, uncomfortable home, where the bereaved husband sat and thought of his dead wife. During her life, little as he had appreciated it, everything had been clean and cozy and bright, so different from now. And to think he had made her suffer so much, the wife he had promised to love and cherish; the noble self-sacrificing creature that too late he realized was worth her weight in gold. Ah! if she would only return once more, how he would crave pardon and make amends; how eagerly he would show his tardy appreciation. Like a nasty nightmare, with its accompanying horrors, rose the vision of that fatal night when he had brutally ordered her to leave the house and of the sobbing child clinging to her and pleading: "take me with you Manma!" He had killed her that night. Yes, disguise it as he would, he had given her her deathblow that night. True, human justice would not arraign him at her bar, but a higher and holier power held him accountable for the deed, as surely and as pitilessly as did his own conscience, and the sad accusing eyes of his little motherless lad. Oh, what a brute he had been! What an unnatural monster man becomes when whiskey deprives him of his reason, sets his very veins on fire, and he knows not, nor cares not what he says or does.

Unable to bear his remorse, he rose and paced the room, mentally vowing, that never again would he return to his evil companions, or to the drink which had been his undoing. Never again would his little lad have reason to despise him. He would devote the remainder of his life to him. He would be so good to him, so gentle and kind that eventually the cruel past with its sad memories would vanish from his recollection and he would lose him and cling to him as he had done to his Mother. Fine resolutions, that he kept just about two months.

Years have passed. Little Jim is now eleven. His father had sent him to the laical institute where he learned much about business, that would never profit him; about fractions, that he would never put to any practical use; about cubic-roots, that he would never need to extract; about capital that he would never amass or invest, but about religion, character, or principle, nothing, absolutely nothing.

The Father his short-lived-grief over rejoined his old comrades and frequented his old haunts, where no longer restrained by the gentle influence of his Christian wife, he imbibed socialism and impiety as well as whiskey.

"Your boy is growing fast ! We must keep an eye on him. Too bad you ever had him baptized ; but of course, that was your wife's fault. If we had had our way, we would have baptized him with wine and made a famous Socialist of him. But what's done cant be undone, so we'll just do the best we can now and make a little wolf-



hunter of him, won't we Aubin ?" said this particular friend. we have already mentioned, one night during their drunken carousal. Aubin depraved as he was, did not relish the proposal, and kept silence.

Not in the least discouraged his wily interrogator treated him to glass after glass of strong drink, till the glaring eyes told him his man was now but a tool in his hands and his game already won. So he began again :

"Just imagine what I heard. That your boy. Yours ! was going to make his First Communion. You won't allow him, will you ? You won't tolerate any such superstition, will you ?"



“ No, never,” replied the infuriated father. “ Who could have invented such a lie ? Now, I swear by the devil himself my son shall not make his First Communion.”

“ So I said,” rejoined the other. “ I knew well you had far too much character to allow such a thing. Have another glass.”

Strange to say though this friend always proposed the drinks, he invariably saw that Aubin paid for them, himself.

Aubin returned home in an awful rage incoherently murmuring. First Communion !... I won't allow it... No, never !... But a brigand... My boy... A wolf-hunter...

The children followed him mimicking his gestures, repeating his words, a confused jumble totally incomprehensible to them except the one they caught ofteneft wolf-hunter. And ever afterwards whenever, or wherever they say Aubin they always called him old wolf-hunter.

*(to be continued.)*

#### HAPPINESS IN PRAYER.

Our happiness can be found only in prayer. When God sees us coming He bends His Heart down very low towards His little creatures like a father who stoops down to his little child. Hast thou been a doer of evil ? Retrace thy steps, scattering benedictions and blessings ; cementing bonds of broken friendship ; uniting lives severed, mayhap, by your venom. Place your entire confidence in God. No one hath hoped in the Lord and hath been confounded. The sinner, therefore, has but to lament and renounce his sins, and then cast himself with an humble confidence into the arms of the Divine Mercy, and he may rest assured that God will favorably receive him. “ Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee ; for mercy shall encompass him that hopeth in the Lord, and therefore Blessed are all they that trust in Him.