



The Madonna.



## Miracle of Love Divine.

From the Litany of the Blessed Sacrament.

*J*oy of Seraphs, Pledge of glory,  
 Miracle of Love Divine;  
 Hidden Manna, Pure Oblation,  
 Mystery of Bread and Wine!  
 Glorious Sun forever shining,  
 Rainbow to the fallen world,  
 Liberty to chain-bound captive,  
 Freedom's Banner bright unfurled!  
 Beauty of terrestrial Eden,  
 Light of the eternal years,  
 Harmony of blessed spirits,  
 Music of the rolling spheres!  
 Triumph of our vast creation,  
 Crowning Gem of God's great plan,  
 Glory of our grand redemption,  
 Sabbath of God's gifts to man!

—SISTER MARY-OF-THE-WOODS.

## Particular Practice for the Month of September.

### The Sublimity of the Holy Eucharist.



O make our reflections and meditations on the Holy Eucharist more fruitful, it is essential at the very beginning to be vividly impressed with the sublime nature of this sacrament, and to understand thoroughly its paramount importance in the life of perfection. The entrancing sublimity and important influence of the Holy Eucharist are tersely and yet beautifully expressed in the lityany : "*tremendum ac vivificum sacramentum*" — "tremendous and life-giving sacrament." So sublime is this sacred mystery that we may not venture to approach it without a holy fear, and so full of grace and every blessing as to be the very source and the inexhaustible fountain of supernatural life. Tremendous indeed is the greatness of this wonderful mystery. The almighty and eternal God, not content with uniting Himself to our human nature, now conceals in this sacrament both His divinity and His humanity under the appearances of bread and wine to give Himself to us for our food.

The same almighty and eternal God before Whose throne myriads of holy angels are constantly engaged in profound adoration ; the same almighty Lord and Creator Whose word called the immense universe into existence out of nothing ; the same divine Master Whom the tempest and the sea obeyed, at Whose command the graves opened and the dead arose, before Whose judgment-seat, at the end of time, the whole human race must assemble to be judged and from Whose heart the saints will draw through all eternity the waters of their celestial beatitude, — this same infinitely great, eternal God and divine Saviour is in the midst of us, before our eyes, under visible forms, in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. More than that, at His divine command, and to gratify His ardent desire, we are bound to enter into the

most intimate union with Him in the Holy Sacrament, and to receive Him as our food. How can our weak human reason grasp this mystery ; how can our perverted, sin-laden hearts become the dwelling place of the Holiest of holies ? Truly this is a grand, and sublime, a tremendous mystery.

If Moses was seized with fear and trembling when he heard the voice of God from the burning bush admonishing him : " Put off the shoes from thy feet ; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground how much more reason have we to heed the same warning when we stand before the tabernacle or approach the table of Our Lord ! " Put off thy shoes " — put off thy sins, thy earthly affections, thy carnal desires, when thou dost venture upon the holy ground of this tremendous and sublime mystery, to meditate upon it, to study it, to learn to appreciate it more and to love it better. Let thy soul be filled with a holy fear, a sacred awe, a deep reverence for its greatness ; prostrate thyself upon the ground, fall upon thy knee in the dust, and pray to the almighty that He Himself may enlighten and assist thee. This sublime mystery is disclosed to us in all its greatness when we propose to ourselves and consider the question : What significance has the Holy Eucharist, and what is its influence in the religious life of a Christian, as well as in the economy and entire history of the Church ? Let us cast a glance backward upon our own life. In our childhood the First Holy Communion appears as the sublimest height, the grandest goal of our early ambition. Christian parents are wont to direct the attention of their children to this great and happy event years before its consummation. The catechetical instructions and moral inculcations of childhood all tend to this goal, all impress upon the mind of the child and imbue its heart with the truth that there is no greater treasure than the divine Saviour in the Holy Sacrament, and that nothing more beautiful and desirable can be in store for it than the First Holy Communion. When at length this great grace has been received for the first time, holy communion continues to be the main support of our religious life to the end. What would our entire religious life amount to without the Blessed Sacrament ? Truly an empty

shell. And when life draws to a close, what do those who are near and dear to us desire for us most anxiously, and what do we ourselves long for most ardently? Is it not the Holy Viaticum? When we, at length, have departed for our eternal home, do not our kindred and friends gather around the altar and pray at the holy sacrifice: "By Thy precious blood we beseech Thee, O Lord, give him eternal rest?"

Thus it appears that the Holy Eucharist is the vivifying power, the glowing and sustaining furnace of our religious life. So also in the economy of the Church, in her liturgical life, in her divine functions, everything revolves around the Holy Eucharist. In every Catholic church the most conspicuous object is the altar where the holy sacrifice is preserved. All other objects tend to bring the sanctuary into prominence, and the entire house of God, to a great extent, only unfolds and amplifies the beauty of the altar and the tabernacle.

The history of the Church testifies, moreover, that the faithful in all ages have joyfully gathered and generously sacrificed whatever was most beautiful and precious on earth for the decoration of the sanctuary. In comparison with the sacred rites and ceremonies at the altar during the celebration of the sacred mystery, all else is of minor importance in the Church. To the Holy Eucharist belong the most beautiful feasts of the Church, and in fact we cannot think of a solemn festival whose main celebration does not consist in the holy sacrifice of the Mass and devotions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. So also in the entire history of the Church, from the celebration of the Last Supper in Jerusalem to our own times, the Holy Eucharist has been the centre of attraction. In confirmation of this fact, you need not only let pass before your mind the ages of Christianity and all the millions of faithful followers of Christ who have drawn courage, consolation, and fortitude in the trials and sorrows of this vale of tears from the life-giving fountain of the Holy Eucharist. How wonderful and majestic is the stream of grace which is then disclosed to our view! Apparently insignificant is the origin. There in the hall at Jerusalem we behold our divine Saviour surrounded by the small band of his beloved apostles, to whom He

addresses these words from the depths of His Sacred Heart : " With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer. Take ye and eat : this is my Body ; take ye and drink : this is My Blood." This was the first holy Mass. Not many days clapse, however,



#### ADOREMUS IN ÆTERNUM.

before this little stream of grace flows from the hidden recesses of the hall in Jerusalem and appears before the eyes of the world. The Holy Ghost has placed his seal upon the foundation of the Church on the feast of Pentecost. Already on the first day a very respectable con-

gregation had been formed. But what is the life of this first Christian congregation in the earliest history of the Church? We read in the Acts of the Apostles: "And they were persevering in the doctrine of the apostles and in the communication of the breaking of bread, and in prayers."

Does not this perseverance "in the communication of the breaking of bread" tell us plainly that already in the earliest days of the Church the Holy Eucharist was the centre of all devotions and the glowing furnace of the whole religious life? And now this stream of grace flows on and on through all the ages, growing broader and more powerful from day to day. Wherever a priest can be found, an altar, be it ever so poor, is immediately erected.

This sacred stream of grace can no longer be retarded. Pagan governments have sought to impede its progress. Rome, the mightiest nation in the history of the world, the ruler of the universe, endeavored with every power at her command to stem the current of this majestic stream, but all in vain. She only succeeded here and there for a time to force its channel into hidden and narrower limits just as in nature rivers sometimes flow unseen beneath the surface of the earth. For a time we find the altars of the early Christians under ground. There they kneel by the hundreds, this brave and faithful flock of persecuted, in the dark and lowly vaulted catacombs, while one of their good shepherds, either a bishop or a priest, elevates the sacred Host at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and all call upon Heaven to endow them with heroic fortitude in the struggle for the palm of a cruel and bloody martyrdom. Edifying and soul-stirring are the chronicles of the first Christians in the ages of persecution. St. Dionysius of Alexandria, who lived in the third century, in the very heat of persecution, writes: "Though hounded from every side and suppressed by every power, we nevertheless did not omit the holy celebration. Torn from one another and scattered in every direction, under every vicissitude, wherever we found ourselves — in the fields, in a desert, on a ship, in a stable — we chose such a place as a temple for the celebration of the holy sacrifice." Truly that was a strong and holy bond, a most intimate and wonderful union with Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.

Forced to leave all else, the early Christians clung tenaciously to the Holy Eucharist and the august sacrifice of the Mass. In the life of St. Lucian, priest and martyr, we read that, to satisfy the vehement desires of his fellow Christians who were imprisoned with him in a narrow dungeon, he offered up the holy sacrifice upon his own breast. Who can describe the fervent devotion of the holy martyrs when they assisted at the sacrifice of the spotless Lamb of God under such remarkable circumstances? As the mighty powers of this earth sought in vain to impede the progress of this sacred stream of grace that emanate from the Holy Eucharist, so also has the destructive force and the gnawing tooth of time been without avail. We are living in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and yet we behold thousands of priests daily ascending the altars, and millions of Christians flocking around the same, to draw therefrom courage and strength in the duties and trials of life.

Thus it goes on and will progress from year to year, from century to century, until the end of time. Wonderfully sublime and magestic is this stream of grace that flows from the greatest and the holiest sacrament in the Church. The Holy Eucharist has been and will remain forever, both in the life of individual perfection and in the life of the universal Church, the centre of attraction and a glowing furnace diffusing a vital heat throughout all Christendom. It is indeed a "tremendous and a life-giving sacrament."

What we behold at present, as we gaze around and look backward upon this mighty stream of grace, is that which our divine Redeemer saw clearly before His eyes as He looked into the future. Truly the infinite love of His divine heart was poured out in the Holy Eucharist, and He yearned most fervently for its institution, as appears from His words at the Last Supper: "With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer."

Oh, let us also cherish a constant and a fervent desire for this great and sublime mystery, and let us cultivate, with a meek and humble heart, a better knowledge and a greater love of Jesus in the Host Holy Sacrament.

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First Chapel of the Servants, in Canada.

## A EUGHARISTIC FOUNDATION.

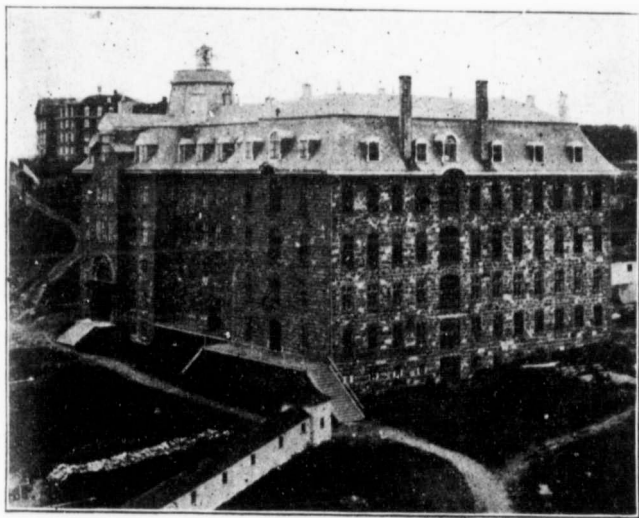
Mother Marguerite of the Blessed Sacrament.



As we have already said, the Servants of the Most Holy Sacrament, like timid doves, left their home in France and landed on Canadian soil in search of a more peaceful nest. Let us not try to fathom the secret of their fears and sufferings in those troublous days, which, nevertheless, brought a tribute of legitimate joy to the parents of the Canadian sisters returning after such a long absence. Fathers and mothers, you gave them to God forever those dear children, never expecting to see them again; yet He allows you to press them once to your heart in transports of love, purified, transfigured by sacrifice... But the

hour of enjoyment is short ! The word of separation is already spoken ! To-morrow's dawn will light up their departure for the far away mission assigned by their Lord and Master.

Cheerfully and gladly they obey. A Religious has no will of her own ; she is completely given up to the service of Jesus Christ. Like Ruth, the Moabite, having left her natal home at the instigation of the Divine Spirit, she says : " I can no longer live among my own ! It is



**Chicoutimi. The Seminary.**

Thou, O Lord, whom I will follow : where Thou goest I will go ; where Thou choosest Thy home. I will make mine."

Master ! what is the secret of Thy power over those souls whom no violent force compels, no striking brightness induces to follow Thee ? What is it if not a mysterious attraction comparable, as St. Augustine, tells us, to the hidden influence of a supernatural Lover. For us, especially it is the Eucharistic call : " Come ! follow me in my oblation ! Imitate my annihilation..."

Do not expect me, dear reader, to analyse this intimate magnetic sway of the Eucharistic Christ over a virginal heart. Listen instead to the outpourings of such a one, Marie Louise de B... who died near the convent of the Servants of Angers in 1901 without having been able to realize her ardent desire of becoming a member of their community. We quote from her diary : " I now live in a new world, a world of thought. Yesterday for the first time I found Jesus and for the first time felt my heart beat deliciously in thinking of Him... I will belong to Jesus some day, very soon !... Let no one say I am too young (she was ten years of age) to think of that."

The morning after her first communion, she wrote : " O my Lord, Thou wilt allow me to be a novice, wilt Thou not : to go no matter where, provided there be something to suffer for Thee !... My soul vibrates, my heart leaps up with joy, my eyes grow dim in thinking that a day will come when Jesus, the same Jesus adored on His beautiful throne, will belong to me alone and I to Him alone... Patience my soul and courage while waiting for the day when at last I shall go and hide before the silent radiant Host... To pray, to love, to adore the Blessed Sacrament ; to suffer with the gentle Lover who veils Himself from our eyes, is the greatest longing, the most intense desire of my heart."

The writer died at the age of thirteen : her dream of love was but a short prelude to the drawn of the celestial vision ; but other souls twin sisters of hers, realize on earth her heritage of desire and enthusiasm.

And such souls it is that God calls to live together in a vocation adapted to their ideal ; hence the formation of new religious orders. In this particular one, the Servants of the Most Holy Sacrament, the grain of mustard seed was sown by a few young girls of Lyons in the year 1858, notably by Marguerite Guillot and her two sisters, guided, and directed by the venerable Père Eymard, whose inflamed zeal knew no obstacles as he advised and commanded the future foundress : " Go like Abraham, like Mary. Go where God calls you ! The city of light is infinitely superior to that of darkness." And by the saintly Curé of Ars, who cherished the greatest esteem for Père Eymard, even to the extent of calling him his

saint ; and on his account, by an exceptional privilege, receiving those devout women into his presbytery. There, he often allowed his heart to expand and with child-like simplicity related the extraordinary graces he received from heaven. At the serious moment of final decision he strongly counseled Marguerite Guillot : " yes, obey my saint ! Go ! The church has need of this work : establish it ; it will be blessed by God... Be not discouraged at the trials and contradictions you must face ; Our Lord will help you to overcome them — Go and fear not."

Let us pause here to consider the moral physiognomy of the foundress.

The venerable Mother Marguerite of the Blessed Sacrament was born in Fourvière in the year 1815. About 1845 she providentially became the spiritual daughter of Père Eymard. She was already well versed in the science of an interior

life having begun to practise it from her fifth year of age. For that purpose she often stole away from her companions and on one of these occasions her little sister, finding her hidden in a corner absorbed in deep thought, asked abruptly : " Marguerite, what are you doing there ?" " I am keeping silence," replied the little



Mother Marguerite of the Bl. Sacrament.

mystic with simplicity. She sought recollection and solitude as naturally as other children do play.

Her delicate purity was admirable. The eve of her first communion was marked by a most touching example. The Curé had spoken to the children of sacrilegious communion and asked : " My children, are you all very pure ? " Marguerite swayed by the thought that the tender Heart of the divine Master might again be brought into contact with that of a Judas could not make up her mind to return home, but profiting by a moment when no one was noticing her slipped away and went back to the deserted church and kneeling behind the main altar began to offer reparation with all her soul for the crime she feared ; and there after a long search her parents found her bathed in tears.

Her obedience was as remarkable : she possessed, we might say, the instinct of this virtue, curb and guide of the will's holy ardors. In all the states it pleased God to place her, in all situations, never did she wish to act of herself, but always with an admirable promptitude and simplicity under the sure and infallible law of obedience. Even in her last illness she said to the sister infirmarian : " Tell me what I should do, what I should take, I will obey you. " Therein showing the humility and abnegation of the saints.

Having noticed these distinctive traits, signs of divine preparation, we shall now briefly enumerate the most striking achievements of her heroic life.

Six years of hidden sufferings laid the foundation of Paris (1858). Then Mgr. Angebault summoned her to Angers : the number of religious increased rapidly and the community next opened a house at Lyons (1874). Canonical approbation was granted by Rome after barely thirty years of existence : wonderful favor for the young community and striking coincidence, for on the same day began the slow agony of the illustrious foundress, who was but one wound from head to foot, undergoing every alternate day a violent spasm of thirty-two consecutive hours, suffering an inward martyrdom, she finally expired in the consuming flames of divine love.



## The Old Time Hymn.

**H**E hears the old, familiar hymn,  
 From childish lips to hev'n arise,  
 The hymn he heard in days of yore  
 When glad the blue of childhood's skies,  
 And when that canticle softest  
 Found fervent echo in his breast.  
 Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore,  
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

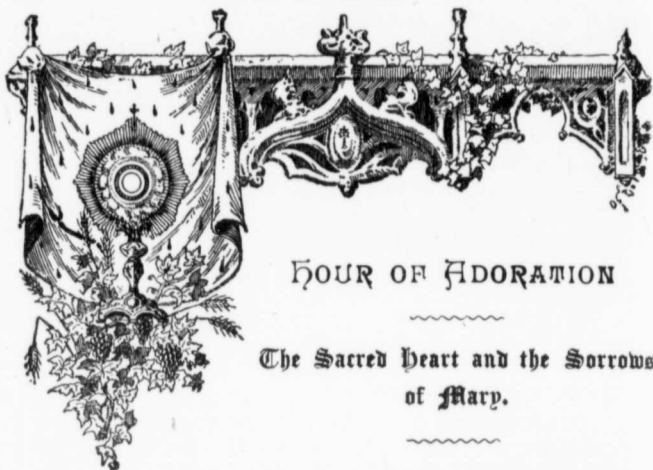
He prays the prayer of age mature  
 Which sadly feels that olden truth,  
 That wayward, thoughtlss, dreaming youth,  
 Must left but pain and tears and ruth.  
 While still the children's voices rise  
 So clear and pure to pierce the skies.  
 Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore,  
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

His form is bent, his furrowed cheeks  
 Proclaim that life is near its goal,  
 That hymn has still its olden power,  
 With youth's sweet joy to flood his soul.  
 He feels his childish ardor glow,  
 The hope, the thrill of long ago.  
 Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore,  
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

When comes the surpliced priest to bless  
 With upraised hand the soul once more,  
 And brings the Eucharistic Guest  
 To speed him to the Eternal shore.  
 He seems to hear as long ago.  
 That hymn arising, sweet and low.  
 Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore,  
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

August '6

ANNA T. SADLIER.



## HOUR OF ADORATION

### The Sacred Heart and the Sorrows of Mary.

The sufferings of the Heart of Jesus during the Passion were innumerable. They were not only those that sprang from mental anguish and physical pain, but those that He endured directly in His affections. He suffered from the friends who betrayed Him, forsook and denied Him, and, above all, was He afflicted by the abandonment of His Divine Father. But there was one other pain not less acute, and that was the presence of His most dear and beloved Mother, Mary most holy! If her presence was an heroic act of fidelity and, viewing it from this point, brought Him comfort and consolation, the Saviour suffered infinitely from the sight of the immense grief of the most innocent of Mothers, and from the knowledge that He himself was the cause of it. The compassion of Mary, in which was summed up all His own sufferings, came only from the Passion of Jesus. If we can affirm that the deepest wound in the Heart of Jesus is that which was dug into It by the abandonment of His Father, we need not hesitate to declare that next to it was the sorrow experienced at the sight of His holy Mother at the foot of the Cross. This subject, which so closely binds the Heart of Jesus with the Heart of Mary, both transpierced by the sword of the same sorrows, can not be too frequently meditated upon by souls truly devoted to the Sacred Heart, if they desire to delve into Its profound secrets.

#### I. — Adoration.

"There stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother," sometimes a little nearer, sometimes more removed, according as the movements of the crowd around the Cross or the caprice of the guards per-

mitted. In either position, she was so placed as to be seen by Jesus :—"When Jesus, therefore, had seen His Mother." He saw her with His bodily eyes, and still more did He behold her with the interior gaze of His filial Heart. In this double view, which enveloped Mary and penetrated to the depths of her soul, He saw the personification of sorrow the most profound after His own. The Church, our other mother, so capable of comprehending Mary's grief, depicts it in strophes of deep compassion in the *Stabat Mater*, which we can not read without emotion. She is "the sorrowful Mother, plunged in tears at the foot of the gibbet of her Son ; the soul weighed down with sadness, wounded, groaning, transpierced with a sword. Ah, how afflicted, how agonized was the Blessed Mother of that only Son, that unique Son ! " Turning to us, the Church exclaims :

"Who is the man who would not weep at sight of the Mother of Jesus enduring punishment so terrible ? " If the most degraded of men, the coarsest, the most hardened, is challenged to gaze unmoved on the unspeakable sorrows of Mary, what impression must they not have produced upon her Son, the most loving, the most sensitive, the most delicate of all that have ever appreciated a mother ? It is His own Blood that thrills and dries up in His Mother's heart, His own tears that course hot or chill from her eyes. He experiences all Mary's sorrow, deep, wide, bitter as the sea, as if it were His own. Mary's compassion is joined to His own Passion to redouble its sharpness and bitterness.

He saw her at the foot of the Cross as the prophecy of Jeremias had described her in terms that burst like sobs from a broken heart : "Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks" (the whole night of that terrible agony which began in Gethsemani, and ended in the horrible darkness of Calvary) : there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her ; all her friends have despised her, and have become her enemies ! " John's fidelity cannot make her forget the abandonment of all the others. And it was prohibited Jesus by the avenging anger of God to afford His Mother the least relief, to say to her one word of pity or of consolation !

Still more, Jesus had to listen to these sorrowful lamentations uttered by His Mother : "O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like my sorrow : for He hath made a vintage of me, as the Lord spoke in the day of His fierce anger. From above He hath sent fire into my bones, and hath chastised me. He hath spread a net for my feet, He hath turned me back : He hath made me desolate, wasted with sorrow all the day long... My strength is weakened : the Lord hath delivered me into a hand out of which I am not able to rise. Therefore do I weep, and my eyes run down with tears,... because my children are desolate, because the enemy hath prevailed... Hear, I pray you, all ye



people, and see my sorrow ; my virgins and my young men have gone into captivity !” And this Mother, who saw her Eldest-Born dying of sorrow before her eyes, mourned all her other children buried in the more lamentable death of sin.

In the excess of her anguish, Mary sent forth to her Jesus a cry of agony : “ Behold, O Lord, for I am distressed, my bowels are troubled. My heart is turned within me, for I am full of bitterness : abroad the sword (Thy Cross) destroyeth and at home, it is death alike ” by the share that I take in the sufferings of Thy Heart.

Behold what Jesus saw, what He heard ! Behold into what an abyss of pain, agony, and darkness He was plunged by the anxious tenderness, the devoted affection, the compassion of His Heart for the best of Mothers ! O what an increase of suffering for this best of Sons ! Let it cease, O Son, Thou who dost remain even in the weakness of death, the All-Powerful ! Put an end to the sufferings of Thy Mother ! Or, at least, console her by a word, a look, a feeling of relief in the depths of her soul from Thy sovereign power, which holds souls in its hand and acts in them as it wills !

But no ! It had been decided in the council of inexorable justice that, in order to drain the chalice of filial suffering to the very dregs, Jesus should not say one word of comfort, should not cast on her one look of pity, one smile of encouragement. He will see her weighed down without the power of relieving her. He will be condemned to the punishment of being able to do nothing in time of affliction for the loved one. And if, at last, He looks upon her from the height of the Cross, if He speaks to her, it is to pierce her soul with a word sharper than the sword, the cruel nails, and the lance that tore Him from her maternal embrace. By robbing her of her own Son, they gave her John in His place, who, after all, was only a stranger, a sinner, — a man instead of a God ! Very far from lessening the pain of His Mother, who was watching Him die, that word of Jesus thrust the last sword into her heart and, according to St. Bernard, “ made Mary a martyr and the Queen of Martyrs.”

But to this sorrow of seeing His Mother without permitting himself to do anything for her relief, there is for the Heart of Jesus a pain still more harrowing, and that is, to know without doubt that He is the cause, the only cause of her suffering. It is most true to say that Mary suffered only on account of Jesus. The Passion of Jesus gave rise to all the compassion of Mary. The Passion was the cause, the instrument, and the measure of her compassion. It is not on record, indeed, that, during the Passion, Mary had to endure any insult or brutal treatment on the part of the judges, the executioners, or the crowd. Her grave and humble modesty, the extreme dejection of her sorrow enveloped her with

a kind of sacred protection, even in the sight of those monsters of hatred and that furious multitude athirst for blood. All her sorrow came to her, then, from the suffering of her Son. This strange law, that Jesus would be her mortal torment was revealed to Mary as soon as she presented Him in the Temple, in the joy of her glorious maternity, "Behold this Child is set for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And thy own soul a sword shall pierce." Mary had lived so closely, so constantly united to her Son, that her soul never ceased to envelop Him, so that the sword, insults condemnation, blows, nails, death itself could attack Jesus only by passing through the soul of His Mother. It was not only by the sentiment of compassion that she participated in the Passion of Jesus. She was present corporally, for she had the courage to follow Him everywhere, from Gethsemani to Calvary, passing through the Prætorium, keeping as close as possible to Him, walking in the tracks of His Blood and literally following His footsteps. Her presence at the foot of the Cross authenticates by the Gospel her meeting with Him on the dolorous way, and gives us an assurance of this fact consecrated by tradition. And is it not the same fact that is still recalled by the touching and graphic lamentation of the *Stabat* ?

In the Garden, Mary was witness to the Agony of her Son. She shared the terror, the sadness, the languor, the bitterness that inundated His Soul and dragged Him down to the gates of death. She heard Him vainly entreating His Father to remove from Him the chalice filled with the wine of His wrath, She saw Him covered with the sweat of His own Blood, going to seek from His Apostles a little drop of comfort, but which was denied Him by their torpid indifference. Her intimate union in those pains, which she would have been so happy to sweeten by her maternal tenderness, caused her inexpressible "torment and agony."

She followed Him from tribunal to tribunal, heard Him accused of crimes by false witnesses, and condemned as an avowed criminal by the hatred or cowardice of the iniquitous judges ; then she assisted at the horrible torments of the flagellation and the crowning with thorns. She revealed to St. Bridget that her veil had been stained with the drops of blood which spouted from the flesh of her Well-Beloved under the violent blows of the scourge.

Lastly, she was at the foot of the Cross, where Jesus endured for three hours the cruel throes of His last agony. She assisted at His desolate death, amid the curses and mockery of men and the inexorable abandonment of His Divine Father, and she heard Him draw His last sigh while uttering a loud cry of pain. That death, which freed the Son from His agony, redoubled that of the Mother ; and when she received Him into her arms dead, lacerated, disfigured, with clotted blood, her martyrdom was at its height.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

God the Father demanded this terrible suffering, and Jesus embraced it "in order to suffer more," says a profound commentator of the Holy Scriptures. To suffer in his filial tenderness, to assume the odious appearance of a heartless Son, to suffer from her faithful and constant presence as He did from the absence of the friends that had abandoned Him, to endure, in reality, two Passions — His own and that of His Mother — this was the aim of Jesus in Mary's dolors. "In olden times," says an ancient author, "it was not lawful to immolate a sheep on the day they had taken away its lamb, but Thou, O God, O Father, didst sacrifice on the same day the Son with the Mother! The love they have for each other is the executioner that carries out Thy sentence; and that nothing may be wanting to their sorrow, they are tormented at the sight of each other. Blessed forever be the excess of Thy mercy toward sinners!" The sufferings so generously embraced by the Son of God prove the measure of His love for us; the excess of His Passion reveals to us the excess of His love!

## III. — Reparation.

Jesus willed to endure the pain of making His Mother suffer the most genuine sorrows and weep the holiest of tears, in order to expiate the sins committed by children against the duties of filial devotedness, and who cause their poor mothers scalding tears. Without having been a bad child, who is he who, at certain times, has not saddened his mother by his caprices, his pride, or his idleness? But how numerous the children who, by their ingratitude and disobedience, their precocious impiety and immodesty, by the danger of eternal death which they incur and in which they remain, bow down the aged head of their mother under the weight of dishonor, torture her tender heart with mortal anguish and inconsolable desolation. Insensible to the grief, the tears, the sighs of those gentle and loving mothers, treading under foot the law of nature and the precept of the Lord: — "Forget not the groanings of thy mother," they bring upon them premature old age and hurry them to the tomb.

O Christ, the best, the most obedient, and the most loving of sons, expiate the crime of these parricides, and endure in Thy filial love the sufferings Thou dost impose on Thy virginal Mother!

Hear, again, the lamentation of that other Mother, the Holy Church, who weeps over the ingratitude and disobedience of so many of her children who pitilessly persecute her. To repair this new crime, O Jesus, sacrifice, immolate Thy Heart under the wine-press of the dolors of Thy own Mother, which flow back upon Thee!

## IV. — Prayer.

Jesus confronted this heartfelt sorrow to sustain by His example the courage of those children upon whom God imposes duties and from whom He demands sacrifices which cannot be made without causing great anguish to their mothers.

It is not ingratitude that in such cases makes tears course down the cheeks of those mothers so loved and venerated ; it is the superior right of divine love to which, when it pleases God, every other love, however legitimate, must be sacrificed. Jesus, when a Child, did not hesitate to leave His Mother in tears and disquietude when His Divine Father, in order to affirm His sovereign rights, commanded Him to do so without saying adieu. Nor did He hesitate to expose her to the horrible tempest of His Passion, although He might so easily have closed her eyes as He did St. Joseph's before casting Himself into the ocean of suffering. Jesus acted thus in order to give to children who are, by duty to their country, a religious vocation, or a call to the apostolate, obliged to leave their mother. If their heart shrinks, if the tears of one so venerated weaken their resolution and tempt them to recoil, let them look upon this admirable Son who immolated His Mother to the glory of God and the salvation of the world. That glance will strengthen them to accomplish their sacrifice will fortify them against after-thoughts of tender regret.

O Christ Jesus, perfect Son of Mary, and Model of all good children. Thou who didst love us even to sacrificing Thy own Mother, be Thou forever blessed ! Be Thou loved and served by the total sacrifice of all that we hold most dear, if it should please Thee to demand it of us ! I press my lips to the Wound opened in Thy Heart by Thy love for Mary, desiring to find therein with the strength never to refuse Thee anything, the balm necessary to dress the wounds that the sacrifice of its dearest loves may open in my heart !

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**THE MADONA. 1**

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*Within the holy temple dim  
A maiden kneels at prayer.  
"Ave Maria," An angel's voice  
Falls on the listening air.*

*O blessed words since time began !  
The maiden hearts and God is man.*

*More stainless than the lily white,  
That Gabriel brings to thee,*

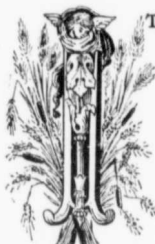
*More dazzling than the morning light,  
Thy spotless chastity ;*

*Within thy pure heart's chalice cell,  
The grace of God doth sweetly dwell.*

*O thou fair morning Star of hope !  
That rose from out earth's night—  
Thou beautiful Dawn precursor of  
The glorious King of light—  
Thy tender soul's most ardent sighs  
Hath drawn the Savior from the skies.*

1 See frontispiece.

## The Conspiracy.



T is ten o'clock at night...

Slowly, quietly, steadily the old clock in the still older Cathedral struck ten. After all, why should it hurry? Has it not been there for more than a century? Will it not be there still when the present generation and perhaps the next also will have disappeared?

Though it's only ten o'clock the street is deserted, for in this primitive town of X... with its old-fashioned ways, even the robbers themselves deem it prudent to be under shelter after curfew has sounded its timely warning. But hush — I think, yes I'm sure I hear the sound of quickly approaching footsteps. Though I do not yet see the walker, I am inclined to judge him from his open disregard of the town's stringent rules to be a person of some importance. The minute he steps from the dark street to the brilliant square, I know I was right and wonder would it be rash to judge a second time and say that now it looks as if the moon was complacently caressing his genial brow. I might even go further and say, "Evidently the moon knows what she's about in thus shedding her effulgence on this Masonic hero, Balandreau on his way home from a meeting of the Lodge of United Hearts."

\*  
\* \*

Every one knows Balandreau !

Is he not one of our most distinguished merchants, one of those who never had a bill of exchange protested, or an invoice recalled ; one of those who had never been entangled in a dishonest transaction ? I see your look of surprise as you ask, "How with such a record did he happen to join the Free Masons?" I am not positively sure, but impute the blame partly to ignorance, or perhaps more justly to ambition and besides it was a good field in which to air his anticlerical ideas, shaping themselves into expressions like the following which would

not have been safe language any where else : " The Clerics, oh indeed. I know them well. They are a lot of hypocrites who use religion as a stepping-stone to fortune. I have more faith than they have."

\* \*

Suddenly he stopped... What had he seen?... He could not have been mistaken... Surely he saw a man quietly approach and as quietly disappear through a door hidden in the wall of the old church. But where is he now ? " Oh ! I must have been dreaming, or the victim of some illusion," he thinks, rubbing his eyes and resuming his walk ; but his gaze is again attracted and riveted by a second shadowy form followed by a few others who glide along in the gloom of the pillars and disappear like the first one. Balandreau is sure now he was not mistaken. He scents mischief... A conspiracy... one of those clerical plots the lodge so forcibly denounced !...

\* \*

But as we have already remarked Balandreau was a brave, self-reliant specimen of humanity. In an instant he mastered his fears and made up his mind that even were he to die in the attempt, he will not recede before the glorious mission so evidently entrusted to him by the Great Ruler of the universe Himself. He will go alone and unarmed into the midst of those conspirators and wrest their diabolic secrets from them. Luckily the last-comer had left the door partly open, so Balandreau had no trouble in finding it and entered unmolested. The first thing that confronts him is a short flight of stairs which he ascends then another door and another short flight of stairs, and he finds himself in the sacristy. Has he not had good reason to denounce sacristies for some time past ?

From an adjoining room, the sound of loud talking reaches him and he catches his breath as a deep voice says : " Let us draw and see whose turn it will be."

" Just as I surmised," thinks the unseen listener. They are drawing to decide who will fire the shots.

Scarcely had he reached this conclusion when he is obliged to hide. Two of the conspirators leave the room. Let us follow them.

A second or two afterwards Balandreau, who has quietly slipped from his hiding — place and followed the two men into the church, literally falls against a pillar stunned by the most unexpected sight imaginable. His two plotters he recognizes one as a skilled mechanic and the other a retired merchant devoted to charitable works, kneeling there on prie dievs close to the altar, absorbed in prayer...

And it is dark night !...

Dark night outside, dark night in the old cathedral, dark night in the aisles, dark night everywhere, except on the altar where a few candles glimmer and glow.

\* \* \*

And high up on the altar's summit shines the golden Ostensorium in which is enclosed the God, that he, Balandreau, will not acknowledge !

What a tempest sweeps over his soul !... His astonished gaze wanders from the golden Ostensorium to the prostrate adorers and from the prostrate adorers back to the golden Ostensorium again. So it is really true that there are people who sincerely believe !...

Hypocrites, those kneeling forms ? Not likely. Where is the crowd to watch and applaud ? At this hour, when no one can see them, they kneel even more devoutly than in daylight. And besides hypocrisy consenting to pass a sleepless night in prayer ? Not likely !...

Then they are sincere and that Catholic faith making them so noble and unselfish must be sublime indeed....

At the next meeting of the Lodge, to the great surprise of the members the Grand Master read the following brief notice, which needs no comment.

X. April 8, 1896.

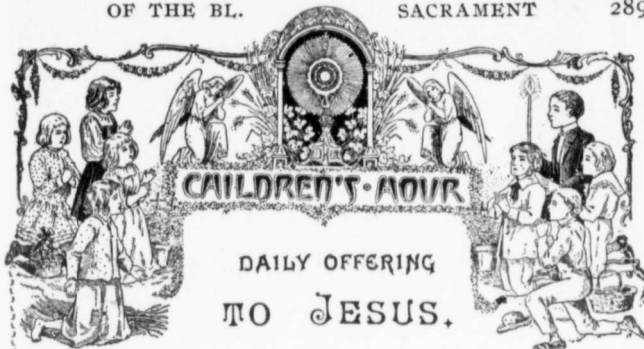
To the President of the Lodge of United Hearts.

I have the honor of placing my resignation in your hands. From this day forward I am no longer a member, active or passive, of the Lodge of United Hearts.

Kindly inform the members of my decision. Whatever construction you may put upon my conduct, you will admit I always act on principle.

Yours etc.,...

BALANDREAU.



DAILY OFFERING  
TO JESUS.

*I offer Thee, dear Jesus,  
Each action of to-day,  
My prayers, my work, my sufferings,  
Accept them, now, I pray.*

*I offer Thee, dear Jesus,  
The moments as they pass;  
I join my feeble heart's desire,  
With Thine in Holy Mass.*

*And while Thy Heart, dear Jesus,  
For sinners ever pleads;  
I offer Thee, through Mary,  
A decade of her beads.*

*I offer Thee, dear Jesus,  
Oh, who could offer more?  
Thyself, in sweet Communion,  
The Heart which I adore.*

*And to Thine own, dear Jesus,  
My poor heart closely bind;  
In love and reparation  
For sins of all mankind.*

*Then take my gifts, dear Jesus,  
Take all I have to give;  
Oh! would that I could give my life  
Within Thy Heart to live.—Amen.*





## CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT.

THESE extracts are taken from a work by Rev. F. P. Finn, S. J., destined to increase in children the love of home, of duty, and of the Eucharist. First communicants especially in their struggle to correct their faults would do well to take Claude Lightfoot for model, ever bearing

in mind his sister Edith's axiom: To conquer, the Eucharist is necessary.

### I. First Impression.

"That new-comers a queer boy," observed John Winter, one of the old pupils.

"He's as lively as a kitten," said Rob Collins.

"A real American, though his father is a Canadian born," remarked the prefect. "But what can you expect from a little lad of ten?"

Claude here struck in:—"Oh Yes, I'm an American and want to be a typical one too," and without more ado rushed back to his play.

"What a madcap!" commented James. "I'm really curious to know what course he will follow. He certainly deserves his name."

### II. Claude and Edith.

It was Claude's custom to station himself every afternoon in front of the Notre Dame Convent school and as soon as his sister Edith appeared to give her a brotherly hug and walk home with her. No one looking at the two would fail even in a passing glance to perceive their relationship, or their mutual love. The girl, older by three years, was far maturer and exerted a wonderful influence for good over the thoughtless boy whose wild spirits so often led him into all kinds of mischief.

"By the way, sister mine," said Claude one evening, "I'm attending the catechism class for first communicants. The ceremony will take place in about six weeks."

"The time will pass quickly, desarie," seriously replied the



gentle girl, "so we must begin to prepare ourselves as well as possible and pray as much as we can."

"Yes," and Claude's tone was as serious as her own as he continued; "But I'm greatly afraid the Fathers won't let me pass. I find it so very hard, I might say almost impossible, to be as good as you are."

Such was Claude's disposition : inclined to carelessness and fun far more than to study ; but always docile to his sister who managed to keep him, up to his duty and his religion. His class record was not of the most brilliant. His professor was obliged to reprimand, punish and call him, to order times innumerable. " What an awful child. I wonder how his parents put up with him," he complained to one of his confrères after an unusually grave escapade of the young harum scarum.

" Nevertheless," was the answer, " he's not a bad boy. He is full of heart and courage but lacks perseverance. Believe me, reflexion will come and your patient care be amply rewarded the day he receives the God of his first communion.

### III. Claude saves the Blessed Eucharist.

One day Claude wandered into an unknown part of the county and charmed by its beauty, sat in a secluded part of the valley to—in boy's parlance—" take it all in." His enjoyment was short and died away in horror as he heard a man's voice, whose owner was hidden by the bushes saying :

" I am determined to be revenged on that priest. I am going to attack his tabernacle, break up the hosts and scatter the pieces around the church. Ugh ! what a fool I was the day I made my first communion ! "

Claude turned pale as the meaning of these blasphemous words flashed across his mind and almost betrayed his presence by an irrepressible cry of indignation.

" I also," rejoined a second voice, " get along first rate without God, thanks to my father who when I was a little boy took me from the Catholic school and sent me to finish at the high school, stopped the catechism business, and made my mother let up on religion."

" And so that man also made his first communion once upon a time," thought Claude, his face convulsed with horror.

" Then it's an understood thing. We will open the tabernacle, and that will be an easy matter as the key must be hanging on a nail behind the sacristy door where it used to be when I was a choir boy."

"Yes, but how shall we reach the church?"

"By the main road, of course, though we must be very cautious and not give an inkling of what we're after."

Claude waited till they had gone some little distance; then screened by the hedge, he broke into a light trot, picking each step as he went. Faith, love and the desire to prevent an awful sacrilege lent him wings.

Breathlessly he reached the church, found the key, made a genuflexion as acceptable to the unseen Watcher as Séraph's ardor, mounted the altar steps and opened the tabernacle door.

A priest who after years of preparation ascends the altar for the first time trembles when he touches the body and blood, the soul and divinity of Christ. What, then, must have been Claude's feelings as he gazed upon the Sacred Host, he who only the previous evening had given way to a burst of anger and who after a hurried preparation was about to take in his hands the Creator of heaven and earth and receive Him into his heart.

But love casteth out fear and uncovering the Ciborium he looked down into its golden cup and saw twelve consecrated hosts. Bowing his head while tears, born of many and varied emotions, started to his eyes, he murmured reverently:

"Lord, I am not worthy" and with the words he took the hosts into his trembling fingers and placed them in his mouth. Folding his hands in prayer, and turning upon the kneeling prie-dieu so as to face the door, he waited—He had made his First Communion.

Shortly afterwards the church door opened cautiously.

"My God!" cried the foremost, starting back, "What's that?"

No wonder he was startled. For there within the radiance of the sanctuary lamp his eyes fell upon an upturned face, fair, beautiful, sweet, composed the calm eyes looking straight at him shining with a sorrow and a light as might an angel in human form standing guard at a desecrated shrine.

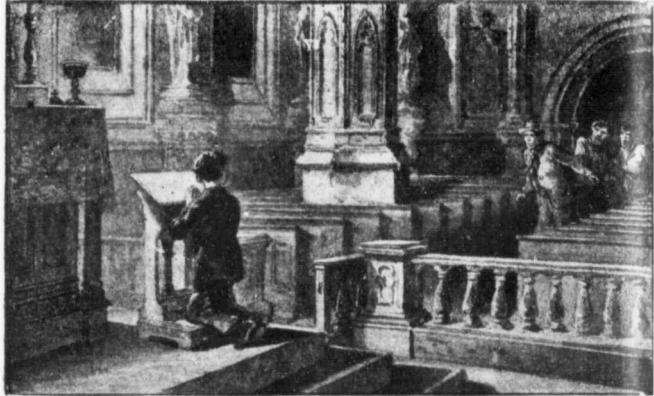
"It's only a human being!" whispered one of his confederates. "I saw tears on his face, so it can't be a ghost."

Somewhat reassured, the three stepped slowly up the middle aisle. As they advanced Claude rose to his feet.

"Humph! it's nothing but a boy: We must catch him before we can do anything else. Boy, come here," he shouted.

But Claude leaped over the altar railing into the side aisle and made a dash for the door. The three were after him at once and as he flew down the steps a bullet whistled by his ear.

He escaped unhurt with the unspeakable happiness of feeling that, like his favorite saint, Tarcisus, the boy-



martyr of the Catacombs, he also had saved the Blessed Sacrament. Those few moments passed before the tabernacle, that First Communion had completely transformed the little lad and made him the model of children.

#### WHAT SERVING HOLY MASS MEANS.

Theologians tell us that the more real the part you take in offering the Sacrifice of the Mass the more largely you partake of its benefits.

He who serves Mass kneels and moves amongst the Angels. The Angels look upon him with a kind of holy jealousy. He discharges an office in act which they discharge only in desire. They associate him with themselves, for he has become a ministering Spirit in the flesh to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, to Jesus Christ, the Man-God.



## Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament.

### Feasts of the Archconfraternity.

1. *Corpus Christi*, patronal feast of the Archconfraternity. The Associates should vie in zeal and fervor to celebrate with becoming piety and pomp this commemoration of Jesus' royal triumph among men.

2. Holy Thursday, feast of the Institution of the Blessed Eucharist, the day when Our Savior, on the eve of His death, loved us to the end by giving us this testimony of His love.

3. The Epiphany, feast of the adoration of the Magi and anniversary of the first Exposition held by the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament in the year 1857.

The members will also celebrate with special devotion the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, and the Annunciation of Mary, Mother and Model of adorers, that of St Michael Archangel, St. Joseph, St. Peter and Paul, St. John the well-beloved disciple, who are the patron Saints of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament.

### Spirit of the Work.

1. The love of Our Lord Jesus Christ in His divine Sacrament should be the rule and end of adorers, and form the dominant character of their holiness. To live the life of Jesus Christ by communion, by the habitual thought of His Presence, by the imitation of His Eucharistic virtues, by union with His sacrifice in trials and sufferings: such should be their ambition their daily endeavor. To glorify Him by making Him known and loved, by

devoting themselves to all that concerns His honor and His worship should be their ardent desire their greatest happiness.

2. They should also cherish a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin on account of her intimate relations with the August mystery of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, and often invoke her under the beautiful title of Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament.

3. They should love the Holy Catholic Church as the worthy Spouse of Our Savior and their Mother and Guide in the faith; profess filial devotion for the Sovereign Pontiff, religious veneration for bishops and priests through whose agency Jesus Christ perpetually gives Himself to man in the Sacrament of His love.

4. They should make truth, justice and charity the inviolable and inflexible law of their conduct towards their followmen, because Jesus Christ has said: "I am the truth;" and according to St. John "God is Charity."

#### Reception into the Archconfraternity.

Even though inscription in the register is the only condition necessary to become a member of the Archconfraternity, it is advisable to give a certain solemnity to receptions especially when several are to be admitted at the same time. On such occasions the following ceremonial may be used:

At a moment specified by the Director, (generally during some public function of the Archconfraternity) the aspirants approach and kneel at the communion rail, holding in their hand the insignia, that is to say a ribbon and a medal. Each one is then handed a lighted taper, after which the Director blesses the insignia according to the usual ritual (formula): *pro benedictione Imaginum*, and bestows it successively on each aspirant one of whom in the name of all reads aloud the following act of consecration:

#### Organization and regulations of the Archconfraternity.

1. After a parish has been affiliated to the Archconfraternity and the League established in accordance with the prescribed regulations, the members are divided into groups, and to each group is assigned a special hour of adoration, in order to form a perpetual guard of honor to our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

Such an association not only gives greater glory to our Lord, but ensures stability to the service of adoration, and stimulates the devotion of the members.

2. The League is placed under the direction of the Rev. Pastor, or of some other priest delegated by the Bishop. The Director is empowered to receive new members and to make them partakers of the indulgences of the work, by recording their names (Christian and family names) in the register of the parish League. Of course, it is understood that this precludes the necessity of sending the names to the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.

3. The only requirement to become a member of the League is to bind one's self to comply as much as possible, not, however, under penalty of sin, with the various obligations which are contained in this manual, especially the hour of adoration in the parish church in which one's name has been inscribed.

4. The members are free, whenever possible, to select their own hour of adoration, and when necessary, they are allowed to change it on condition that they give previous notice to the Director of the League, in order that he may provide a substitute, so that there will be no interruption in the perpetual adoration.

5. Every group or series might be placed under a zelator or a zelatrice, whose office is to guard the regularity of the service of adoration, to fill up the voids that might occur in the series, and to increase as much as possible the number of the associates and the splendor of the Eucharistic services in the parish.

6. The zelator or zelatrice should not fail to make the adoration most punctually with his or her series. If there are attendance cards to be handed in by the members after the hour of adoration, the zelator or zelatrice shall receive them, and shall distribute new ones to be used the next month.

7. The meeting of the zelators of zelatrices constitutes the council of the work. The Director may select among them, if he deems it useful, a President and a Treasurer, and convene from time to time assemblies to promote the interests of the League.

8. In large parishes where the pastor can enroll a great number of adorers, it is desired that the adoration should be made daily before a Tabernacle in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved.

The associates will be divided into groups of eight (more or less), as the number will permit, so as to render certain the perpetual adoration for the entire day; or for a prescribed number of hours in the day.



9. The members shall make their adoration kneeling at prie-dieux or in pews reserved for them. They are requested to wear the ribbon and the badge of the League.

10. It is important for all the members to have this manual in order to know exactly what the character of the League is, its advantages and its indulgences.

### Formula of Consecration.

I. *N*... servant of Jesus Christ, acknowledging my great unworthiness but confiding in divine grace and under the patronage and guide of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, the protection of St. Michael the Archangel, of St. Joseph, of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, of the well-beloved disciple St. John, consecrate and devote myself with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength to the service of adoration of Our Lord Jesus Christ, really, truly and substantially present in the Most Holy Sacrament for the love of men ; and in order to work more efficaciously for the extension of the reign of His love in me and mine and in the entire world, I associate myself to the life of adoration of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament and promise to perform in union with it and its affiliated auxiliaries monthly adoration and to devote myself according to the best of my ability to the greater glory of Jesus in his Sacrament of love.

Confirm in me, O my God, the work of thy grace. O Mary, blessed Mother of Jesus, and my tender Mother also, love me as thy child, guide me in Jesus' service, so that I may be pleasing in His sight and serve Him worthily during my life and after my death have the happiness of praising and loving Him with thee throughout eternity. Amen.

After this consecration, the Director extends his hand over the new members and says : *Et ego, ex facultate mihi tradita adscribo vos Agregatione Congregationis Sanctissimi Sacramenti, et reddo vos participes omnium Adorationum, Missarum, Horarum Canonicarum et omnium bonorum, spiritualium quæ in eadem Congregatione ex gratia Dei fiunt, et insuper omnium Indulgentiarum quæ a Sancta Sede Apostolica Aggregatis sunt Concessæ.*

To be inscribed in the Archconfraternity, apply to the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 490 Mount-Royal Ave., Montreal, P. Q'

Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal.