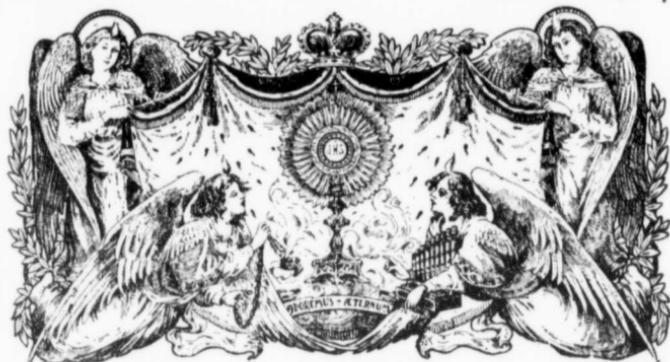




Betrothing of the Blessed Virgin.



The Purification.

M AIDEN—she comes in matron's guise,
 Into the temple's holy place ;
 A mother's love-light in her eyes,
 A virgin bloom upon her face ;
 Lawless—she still obeys the law
 As did her Son when erst the flow
 Of Jordan's waters paused and saw
 The baptized Saviour from them go.
 Wealthy—she comes in pauper mien,
 Whose voice at Cana softly breathed
 A whispered word, and wine was seen
 Within the casks where water wreathed.

Sinless—she comes in sinner's form
 Her stainless soul to purify,
 Seeing some lily which the storm
 Had beautified in passing by.
 O waxen tapers that are placed
 Upon her many shrines to-day,
 What happiness is yours to waste
 For her dear sake yourselves away !
 Would that our hearts might imitate
 The sacrifices ye complete,
 And all our being consecrate
 Itself to such a service sweet !

—REV WILLIAM D. KELLY.

Particular Practice for the Month of February.

Eighth Duty towards the Blessed Eucharist : To make It Loved.



OUR heart in Jesus' presence seems irresistibly drawn to offer Him love for love, to tell Him how truly we love Him, to say with St. Peter : " Lord, Thou knowest all things : Thou knowest that I love thee."

According to St. Theresa, love must prove itself by deeds ; in all simplicity, we bring ours, poor and unworthy though they be, and lay them in affectionate homage at His sacred feet.

The highest expression of love is to give oneself, to attain its sublimity we give unreservedly, entirely, ourselves and all we have or can hope for in time or eternity.

But even this will not satisfy true love with its ceaseless yearnings, prompting us to add to the sentiments of our heart, to the personal acts of our will, to the oblation of ourselves a yet more perfect gift, that of bringing to Jesus the hearts of our fellowmen, the love of humanity, cause of His sacred thirst, aim of His Eucharistic presence in our midst.

If we sincerely and effectively love the divine King of the Sacred Host, we shall be His apostles, the promoters of his love and of His Eucharistic reign in all hearts. This is the universal law of every life consecrated to the Blessed Eucharist, of every communicant with whom the Master tenderly pleads : " He that eats Me, the same shall live by Me " (John VI, 58.)

Père Eymard tells us a purely contemplative life cannot be a fully Eucharistic one. The Eucharistic flame must have room to expand. How can we be apostles of Jesus in the Sacred Host : how can we gain loving hearts for his militia? By not losing any favorable occasion of speaking of the Blessed Eucharist, of its charms and gra-

ces, of the wishes and rights of the hidden God it gives us to adore, to love and to receive. Parents can do it by trying to win their children's hearts for Him : teachers, those of their pupils. How easily a truly Christian mother can do this blessed work ! She has such a wonderful power over the young hearts born of her heart and who, I know not by what mysterious tie, receive from her the first sense of their dawning affections.

Yes, christian mothers, after God's anointed, it is from you the Divine Dweller of the tabernacle looks for the greater part of that abundant harvest spoken of in the Gospel. Moreover, it is an indisputable fact that man always remains more or less what maternal education has made of him. If the child has known and loved the Eucharist the full grown man will never forget it ; though he may grow cold or careless, some day his childhood's training will recall to him, as to the poor prodigal, the former abundance of his heavenly Father's table and end by converting him and making him say : " I will arise and go to my Father."

What mothers can do for their children, teachers both male and female, whose lives are consecrated to the education of youth, can also do on a large scale. Upon secular teachers, who truly love Jesus, also devolves this duty of leading young hearts confided to their care towards the Tabernacle.

* * *

The most powerful weapon a true apostle, a real conqueror of hearts, can employ is example. Consequently, we must make of ourselves true apostles of the Eucharistic Christ by showing a respectful and tender devotion towards Him.

We must approach the holy table often ; and on our communion days, we must be more humble gentle and considerate, in order that the divine Artist, who fashions saints by dwelling in them and transforming them into His likeness, may shine more visibly in us and attract souls by His beauty and goodness reflected in us. We will thus, so to speak, prove the real presence of Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist and His ineffable life with the soul receiving Him.

We must preach assistance at holy mass, essential element of Eucharistic devotion, by assisting thereat as often as our duties will allow. In like manner we must lead souls to visit the lonely Dweller of the Tabernacle, by giving them the example, by making numerous visits of love, of reparation, of thanksgiving and of petition.

It is finally and principally by prayer that we must strive to make Jesus loved. The prayerful soul who knows how to find its All on the altar is in possession of the richest source of light and supernatural life here below. We must pray fervently and frequently if we wish to obtain light and life to spread in souls.

Let us implore this grace of the child Jesus through His Immaculate Mother ; implore it principally for priests, for pastors of souls and for us aggregates and religious of the most Holy Sacrament, born servants of the Eucharist who should be according to our venerable founder Père Eymard, " living incendiaries scattering the Eucharistic fire broadcast throughout the world."

Prayer to Obtain the Spread of the Pious

Practice of Daily Communion.

☩ MOST sweet Jesus, who didst come into the world to give to all souls the life of Thy grace and who, to preserve and nourish this life in them, didst wish to be the daily remedy of their daily weaknesses and their daily food, we humbly beseech Thee, by Thy heart so inflamed with love for us, to shed Thy Holy Spirit on all souls, in order that those who are unhappily in mortal sin may be converted and recover the life of grace which they have lost, and that those who, by Thy help, already live this divine life may devoutly approach the Holy Table daily, when possible ; so that by means of daily communion receiving daily the antidote for their daily venial sins and nourishing daily in themselves the life of Thy grace and thus purifying themselves ever more and more, they may finally attain to the possession of everlasting life with Thee Amen.

Pius X, 30th day of May, 1905.

300 days Indulgence, each day.

IMPRIMATUR : † Paul, Arch. of Montreal, 5th August 1905.



NAZARETH. — PURITY OF JESUS.



THIS love of Jesus for purity is perpetuated daily before our eyes. Every detail of the sanctuary is stamped with purity — the whiteness of the host, the unleavened bread of which it is composed, the wine, which must be free from any foreign element, the virgin wax on the candles which burn upon the altar, the spotlessness of the corporal, and last,

but not least, the chastity required of the priest who celebrates the Sacred Mysteries and whose pure hand has alone the right to touch the Body of his Lord.

The Angels are here, as they were at Nazareth. Innumerable multitudes of these pure Spirits unceasingly surround the altar upon which the Blessed Sacrament is present, and press around their King with redoubled joy and reverence. When the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered, Saints have beheld them in glorious companies mingling with the faithful at the moment of Holy Communion prostrating themselves before the Chalice in token of awe and veneration, and helping the celebrant to distribute the Divine Food as they pray that men may receive this gift of gifts worthily.

The Angels, St. John Chrysostom tells us, tremble with amazement and fear when they approach the Majesty of Heaven hidden under the form of a piece of bread — how is it that we, who are sinful creatures venture into the close proximity of Jesus Christ with so great a want of reverence? The Seraphim cover their faces, and we alone are not afraid! How is this? We profess to love Jesus Christ and we fully believe that we are sincere in making this profession. But how do we prove the truth of our words? To continue the simile we used in a former chapter if we value the affection of an earthly friend of higher

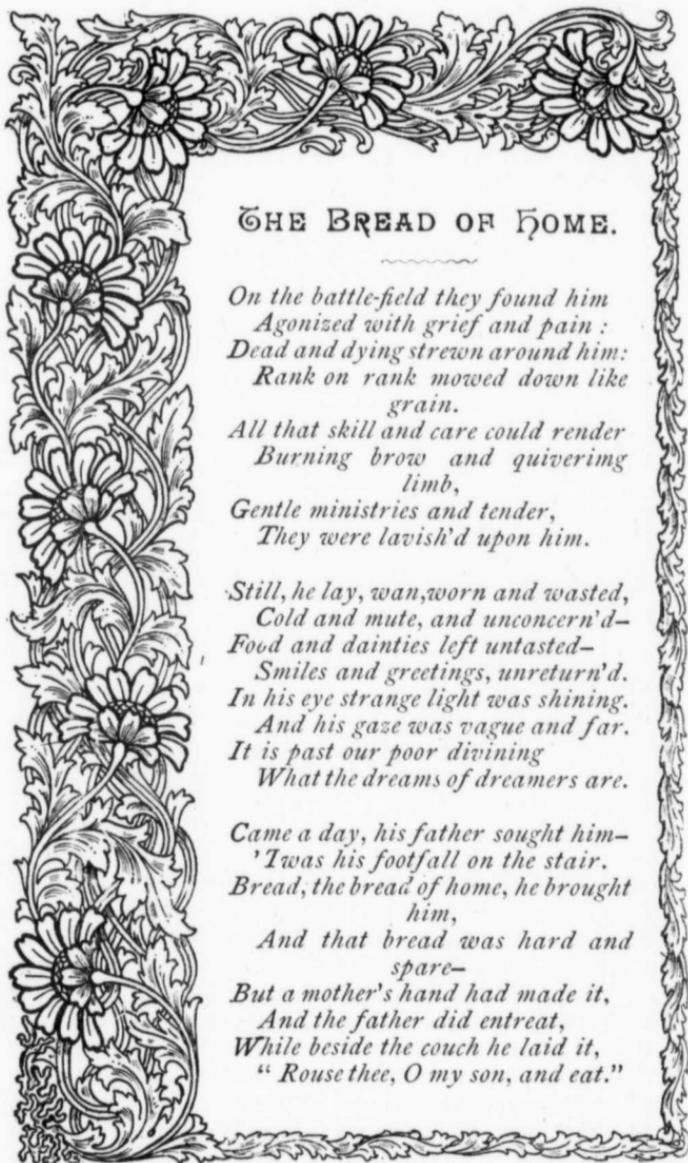


Jesus of Nazareth Meek and Pure.

—*—*—*—

rank than ourselves, we show him every possible consideration, no amount of intimacy would justify our failing in the ordinary courtesies of social life towards him, we are scrupulous as to our outward appearance when we visit him and we consult his pleasure in every possible way. If therefore we really loved Jesus, if we really prized His Divine friendship, we should study His wishes, discover what are His predilections, and strive to render ourselves both outwardly and inwardly pleasing in His sight. Jesus loves the pure. Are we at any pains to render ourselves pure as He would have us to be before we enter His House? It may be that our lives are blameless as far as their exterior is concerned, but are we pure in mind, in heart and in will? Distractions may interrupt our communings with Jesus as we kneel before Him from no fault of ours — Saints have suffered from these distractions, which are sometimes sent as a trial, sometimes as temptation but are we careful to bring a pure heart to the foot of the altar? Are we careful to see that the fair surface of our soul is not blurred and tarnished with the dust of that worldliness which we left at the threshold, like a cloak which we slip from off our shoulders to take up and wear again on leaving the church? Do we carefully remove images and impressions from our minds which lessen our sense of purity. — A soul which enters the presence of Jesus troubled and disturbed by the images of events passing in the world having indulged in half unwilling, half speculative contemplation of them some few moments previously, loses any keen relish for heavenly converse.

O Jesus! Thou art purity itself, and if Thou dost desire purity in those who visit Thee, Thou wilt give it to all who seek it at Thy hands. We confess our weakness, our readiness to fall into temptation. We know that if left to our own strength we should pain Thy tenderness and sully the soul which Thou lovest. Even in Thy Sanctuary, sheltered by Thy presence, evil thoughts enter our heart and dwell there until Thou comest to our aid. We pray Thee therefore give us grace to fight against the insidious enemies lurking in our bosom, and to receive Thee the more frequently, the oftener we are tempted to sin, in order that by pressing Thee, Who art purity, to our hearts, the demons of impurity may fly from us as Angels take their place.



THE BREAD OF HOME.

*On the battle-field they found him
 Agonized with grief and pain :
 Dead and dying strewn around him:
 Rank on rank mowed down like
 grain.*

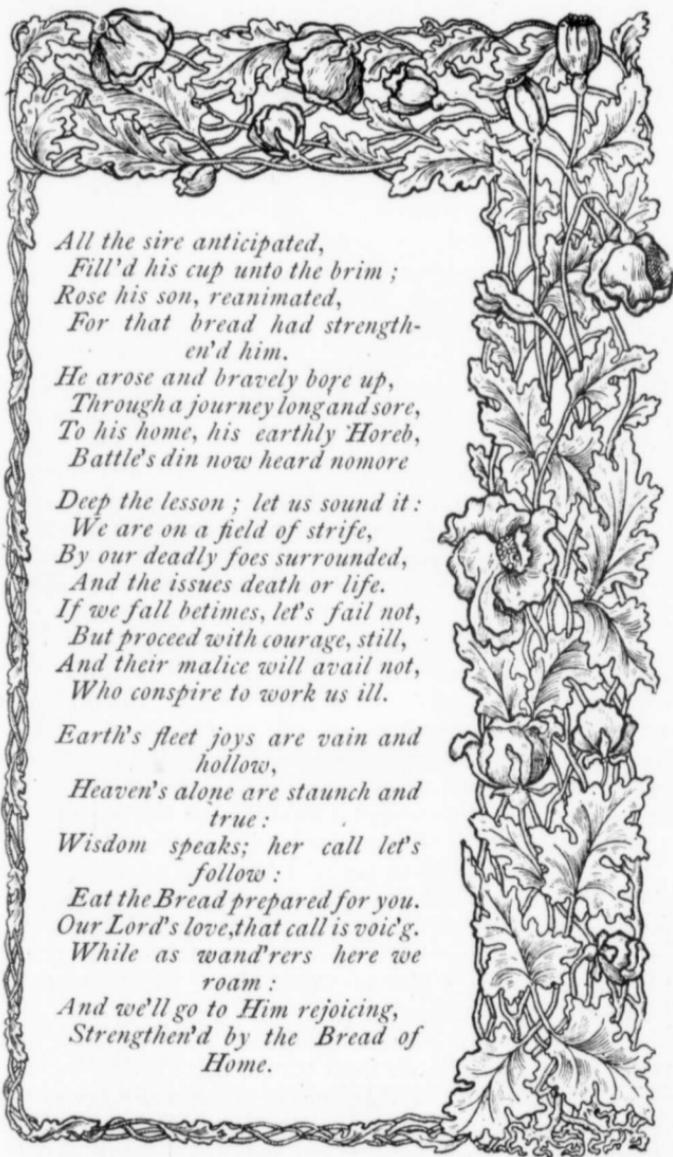
*All that skill and care could render
 Burning brow and quivering
 limb,*

*Gentle ministries and tender,
 They were lavish'd upon him.*

*Still, he lay, wan, worn and wasted,
 Cold and mute, and unconcern'd—
 Food and dainties left untasted—
 Smiles and greetings, unreturn'd.
 In his eye strange light was shining.
 And his gaze was vague and far.
 It is past our poor divining
 What the dreams of dreamers are.*

*Came a day, his father sought him—
 'Twas his footfall on the stair.
 Bread, the bread of home, he brought
 him,*

*And that bread was hard and
 spare—
 But a mother's hand had made it,
 And the father did entreat,
 While beside the couch he laid it,
 "Rouse thee, O my son, and eat."*



*All the sire anticipated,
Fill'd his cup unto the brim ;
Rose his son, reanimated,
For that bread had strength-
en'd him.*

*He arose and bravely bore up,
Through a journey long and sore,
To his home, his earthly Horeb,
Battle's din now heard nomore*

*Deep the lesson ; let us sound it :
We are on a field of strife,
By our deadly foes surrounded,
And the issues death or life.
If we fall betimes, let's fail not,
But proceed with courage, still,
And their malice will avail not,
Who conspire to work us ill.*

*Earth's fleet joys are vain and
hollow,
Heaven's alone are staunch and
true :*

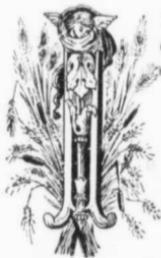
*Wisdom speaks ; her call let's
follow :*

*Eat the Bread prepared for you.
Our Lord's love, that call is voic'g.
While as wand'ers here we
roam :*

*And we'll go to Him rejoicing,
Strengthen'd by the Bread of
Home.*



The Candle Merchant.



KNOW a good woman who spends all her days in church and whose only name, derived no doubt from her profession is that of "*Candle Merchant*". Often, when watching her saying her beads so piously and devoutly from morning till night, I have asked myself how can she pray so unceasingly, how can she keep her soul in such union with God, a divine feat, to which contemplatives and saints attained only after years of persevering efforts. My curiosity being aroused, I made up my mind to ask the woman to tell me her secret.

— "Ah" ! she replied in her quaint simple way, " you want to know what I say to Our dear Lord, and how I can spend whole days in His house without feeling tired or weary. Your question is easily answered. I do not use or need a big prayer-book, I merely look at what takes place around me and find in the constantly changing scenes and ceremonies ample food to feed my devotion and to account for the continuity of my prayer."

" It seems strange to me that the coming and going of those who enter and leave the church, the gay wedding procession, the sad funeral cortege with its weeping mourners should furnish you subject matter for prayer. On the contrary I should think these things would fill you with distractions."

" Evidently you do not know how to look at what takes place in a church from my point of view. You have gone through your college course and are doubtless very learned, still there are things one does not learn even at college, and while selling my candles I have acquired knowledge to which perhaps you are a stranger. From

my post of observation and at little expense more practical knowledge is gathered than in renowned colleges ; I mean accurate idea of life and of humanity.

On great festivals when the powerful organ melodiously and joyously exults throughout the sacred edifice, and the chiming bells sweetly echo the glorious strains of Easter triumph or Christmas joy, the church with its beautiful ceremonies appears in all its splendour and magnificence. It is grand beyond description, yet to my mind it is not the time when the affinity is closest.



To me the time of silent prayer, of heart to heart converse of Jesus with His creatures is the half-past-six o'clock mass, and the communion that follows it ; and at which I watch with admiration a number of poor young working-girls, who before going to their toil come to ask the benign God by participating in the Eucharistic banquet for strength and fortitude to enable them to overcome the many dangers besetting their path and enable them to gain an honorable living. Mass over, those young girls hurriedly swallow a cup of coffee at the nearest restaurant and hasten to their work at which they remain until eve-

ning, so I do not see them again until the following morning. It is impossible for them even during the Lenten instructions to come to the church except in the early morning. On the hours they so generously take from slumber. I have learned to know and love each and every one of those brave toilers, and whenever one misses the half-past-six mass for several consecutive days... my heart is heavy and I weep... the fall of an angel... But, thank God, sometimes I am mistaken and know it was sickness caused one of my altar-lambs to stay away when I see the missing one return once more with renewed vigor and fervor to her place among her companions; and at the sight my heart grows light and happy again. I esteem it a great privilege to be able to pray in union with this little phalanx of pure hearts!

Another of my consolations is the nine o'clock mass at which the wealthy ladies assist in large numbers. I know by experience how charitable and kind some of them are, so whenever I hear of a case among my band of toilers where poverty and misery call for immediate succour, I tell them about it and they never fail to interest themselves discreetly in the matter and always with the most happy results. That group is the most important one in my book of devotions; but apart from it there are various categories of believers curious to observe.

Some come only on great feasts, others only on All Souls and New Year's day. Some make their Easter duty and that is all, while others are never seen here except at a christening, wedding or funeral service.

Then there is the hour of those worsted in the warfare of life. Every day between twelve and one, especially in Winter, men and women in tattered garments enter the church say a short prayer, sit in the pews or lean against the pillars and... sleep. It is the only place of refuge to which they can turn when ordered by the guardians of the peace to leave the squares and public gardens where they are forbidden to beg even when hunger's pangs are almost beyond endurance. Doubtless among those unfortunates are some professional beggars, some lazy thriftless men and women, perhaps even some criminals; but there are also some deserving poor among them worthy of commiseration and help. Those I point out to the charity of the Curé who gives them food and clothing.

One day as a grand wedding was leaving the church, a poor man knelt in humble prayer near a pillar. The bridegroom in his joy threw him a liberal alms, the man merely bowed without interrupting his prayer which he prolonged for an hour. When he left the church I went and asked him why he had prayed so long. "I have tasted," he replied, the happiness and joy of a family. Twenty years ago, I also entered, a young maiden accompanying me, into a church as richly decorated as this.



Wife, children, fortune all are gone, I prolonged my prayer on purpose asking that my sufferings resolutely accepted at the foot of the crucifix, might win in exchange for his charity more than twenty years of happiness for that couple now apparently so favored by fortune.

The candle merchant told me many a story of this nature and then added: "That is how my surroundings impress me and furnish subject for prayer, I have only to look at the different scenes and ceremonies to become recollected and speak to our Lord"

Jesus Eucharist, Our Model.

IN the Holy Eucharist Jesus comes to our arms, gives Himself into our keeping, as He did to holy Simeon.

Simeon having seen and received Jesus Christ into his arms, longed for nothing more on earth.

What can we expect, what can we desire, having received the Holy Eucharist?

JESUS Eucharist is set for the rise and fall of many ;
For the ruin of those who do not appreciate the Body of Jesus Christ, but who eat and drink their own damnation ;

For the resurrection of those who prepare as they ought to receive the bread of which it is written : " He that eateth My flesh, hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day. "

JESUS in the Eucharist is hidden in the tabernacle as formerly in the house of Nazareth.

The three years of Jesus' public life lie between the thirty of His hidden life at Nazareth and the long ages of His hidden life in the tabernacle.

JESUS in the hidden life of Nazareth grew in wisdom and grace before God and men. The tabernacle holds that wisdom and grace.

It is in the hidden life of the tabernacle that we, too, grow in wisdom and grace, and it is in the tumultuous life of the world that we lose that wisdom and grace.

AT Nazareth, Jesus was submissive to Mary and Joseph but in the Eucharist, He is submissive to all.

Jesus obeyed in order to teach us to obey.

When we receive Him in the Eucharist, let us think of two things : the empire that we exercise over Him, and the submission that we owe Him.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

An Hour of Adoration before the
Blessed Sacrament.

Blessed art thou among Women.

I. — Adoration.

Benedicta tu in mulieribus! Blessed art thou among women! O Mary, Virgin most gentle and most holy, thou art, indeed blessed among women and even among all creatures; thou hast received more gifts, more favors, more graces than all other creatures put together. God loves thee more than the angels, the Cherubim, or Seraphim, more than any other created being, and this exalted privilege united with thy great humility makes of thee the most perfect adorer in spirit and in truth.

God's visible proximity invariably exerts a powerful influence over man, striking him with fear or filling him with enthusiasm and faith. Moses on the Mount is overcome by the Law-giver's splendor; Jeremiah is rendered speechless before the greatest of all prophets, Peter and John are filled with rapture and joy in the glorious Transfiguration. Now, to whom, I ask has God approached more visibly and more intimately than to Mary? Whom has He more fully replenished with Himself, His divine life and His gifts, than this Immaculate Virgin, His most amiable Mother, who, realizing this great grace and knowing herself blessed among all; lived in a state of continual wondering ecstasy at the sight of the divine marvels shining under her faith illumined eyes, marvels in which she figured and of which she was, so to speak, an integral part. Wherefore, when her cousin, St. Elisabeth, greeted her with the Archangel's words: Blessed art thou among women, she could no longer restrain her emotion, but burst forth in that sublime canticle as replete with adoration as with thanksgiving: Magnificat! My soul doth magnify the Lord," — my soul, the superior part of my being, the noblest, the least unworthy of my Creator. My soul doth glorify the Lord and so to speak, doth magnify Him. Were He not already immense, I should wish to make Him infinitely so, though I am better pleased the sacred attribute is His by divine right. Nevertheless, I magnify

Him, by giving myself to Him as His kingdom, His possession, His sanctuary ; as His creature whom he most desires to possess, knowing that He vouchsafes to love me more than all the others. I magnify Him, secondly and principally by receiving His word, by surrendering myself to His Holy Spirit, by abandoning myself entirely to His powerful virtue in order that of my flesh and blood He may make the flesh and blood of His Word, assuming in me that human nature by which He begins His earthly career ; by which He blesses His entire creation with truth, grace and life. Then, by Christ and in Christ, His perfect adorer and most holy Pontiff, God becomes all in all and in all things.

Those sentiments always filled the Immaculate Virgin's heart : at Nazareth as well as at Hebron and at Bethlehem ; in the Temple, in the presence of the pure white Host, as on Calvary in presence of the bleeding Victim, Mary's attitude was always that of adoration, and in heaven it is still adoration, more perfect adoration and this for eternity.

II. — Thanksgiving.

Blessed art thou among women ! Before thy dawn, O harbinger of salvation, many a woman had won renown and admiration through virginity or valor, fidelity or beauty ; yet in all their glory they were only faint sketches of the masterpiece of grace and virtue God intended to realize in thee.

Miriam, the sister of Moses, Deborah and Judith were heroic warriors and great conquerors ! Each of them is associated with some deliverance of God's people ; each of them sang a hymn full of holy joy, yet they merely presaged humanity's deliverance through Mary, they merely preluded her sublime Magnificat. The hymn of gratitude sung by the people of Bethulia to Judith soars above her and goes directly across the centuries glorifying the Immaculate Conqueror, the one who by her humility and her virtue saves not a small Judean village but humanity itself.

“ God has blessed thee with His might, He has overthrown our enemies by thine arm... Thou art the blessed daughter of the Lord, the most high God, superior to all women....

Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the honor of our people.” And in consequence thanksgiving and joy welled from thy heart, O Virgin most blessed, in that hymn which will eternally resound as the perfect expression of redeemed humanity's thanksgiving towards its adorable Redeemer : Magnificat anima mea Dominum. Because thou

art blessed by God, O Mary, thou wilt be eternally blessed by mankind, upon whom flow back in benefits and graces all the blessings that fill thee. Behold all nations shall call me blessed. Wonderful prophecy, capable in itself of showing the truth of our holy religion and since its utterance fully realized: Each century in its turn has bowed before this blessed woman, has extolled admired, venerated, besought her and has asserted that among all she is blessed, that her happiness is wonderful, unlimited, unparalleled.

If we desire to participate more and more in the graces the glory and the beatitude of our Blessed Mother, let us adore, love and receive more and more the life-giving Sacrament, the blessed fruit she has left us, fully containing all the great mysteries, the source of her dignity and exuberant joy; let us in presence of the Son of God and of Mary, continuing on our altars His former life and renewing so often the sacrifice of Calvary, but especially when we possess Him in our hearts by holy Communion, let us repeat again and again Mary's Magnificat! Magnificat!

III. — Reparation.

Blessed art thou among women! Thou art blessed among women, O Mary, because thou wast chosen by God to be the Mother of the Redeemer and to co-operate with Him in the salvation of the world. If Jesus is the Redeemer, thou art the Co-redemptrix; if Jesus is the great Mediator, thou art the great Mediatrix whose sublime mission is to counteract Eve's baneful influence even as Jesus' mission is to repair the ruin wrought in humanity through Adam. All evil originating from Eve's transgression is remedied by a correspondent and opposite good of which Mary is, if not the author, at least the highest and most perfect type. If this evil comes from sin, its antidote is found in Mary; if a natural sorrow resulting from sin, Mary is miraculously exempted therefrom and in consequence, Mary, innocent and blessed, is truly the woman "blessed among women."

Eve sinned through pride, desiring to be "like unto God;" through rebellion demanding like her tempter: "why did God forbid me to eat of this fruit?" through sensuality, not curbing her desire to taste the luscious-looking fruit; through curiosity looking too complacently on what she was forbidden to enjoy; through loquacity not bridling her tongue, had she not spoken so long with her tempter, she would not have fallen. To our sorrow, we must admit how tenaciously her daughters cling to their maternal inheritance and at

the same time, how they feel the sting of her sinful tendencies and smart under the punishments incurred by her transgression. How admirably Mary has expiated these sins by her humility, her obedience, her silence, her mortification and her wonderful discretion.

According to St. Augustine, the Mother of the human race through her disobedience brought sorrow and chastisement upon the world ; the Mother of God brought it salvation, happiness and redemption. Eve was the author of sin ; Mary, the source of merit. Eve wounded her children and caused their downfall ; Mary healed them and raised them up, compensating by her faith and obedience for the perfidy and disobedience of Eve. On this account and also because of thy concurrence with God in the grand work of Redemption, it is meet and just that thou shouldst be blessed by God and men, O benign Mother of God and men. We, also, poor, miserable children of Eve, desire to be blessed by uniting our sufferings, our sorrows, our expiations our reparations to thine and to those of thy Són, Our Lord Jesus Christ to co-operate in the salvation of our fellowmen.

IV. — Prayer.

Blessed art thou among women ! O Mary, thou art dear to God, thou art more pleasing in His sight than any other created being, thou art His Mother and thy maternal privilege still holds sway in heaven enabling thee to obtain all graces and blessings for thy exiled children weeping and mourning in this valley of tears. If we could suppose, says a great theologian, that the Blessed Virgin Mary asked for something and that all the heavenly choirs opposed her request, as in Daniel we read of one angel opposing another, Mary's prayer would have more weight, more power, more efficacy than that of all the opposing angels. St. Dominic forced a demon he wished to expel from a demoniac to avow that even a sigh of Mary's merits more than the prayers of all the saints combined.

Therefore, Mary dwells in heaven as on earth the creature blessed among all and our loving Mother whose intercession we should beg with unlimited confidence in order to obtain the graces necessary to glorify her divine Son and to work efficaciously for the extension of His Eucharistic reign.



Progress of Eucharistic Cult during 1905.

THE year 1905 is destined to mark an epoch in the annals of Eucharistic devotion. The number and importance of meetings and manifestations held in its honor, chief among which we must rank the Congress held in Rome; the extraordinary progress of Eucharistic works; the encouragement given by the Sovereign Pontiff to these works are all, so many bulwarks helping to give more weight to the royal cult due to this adorable Sacrament of Christ abiding with us.

The twenty-fifth International Eucharistic Congress held in Rome from the first to the sixth of June, sheds a lustre over this year which nothing can surpass. The Eternal City was chosen as the site of celebration at the request of His Holiness Pius X; the Sovereign Pontiff's choice, the cordial fatherly kindness shown by him to the Sessionists, the splendour of the ceremonies, the conferences and decisions of this venerable assembly will bear fruit a hundred fold and greatly contribute towards the progress of Eucharistic works, as well as be a help and incentive for those whose lives are devoted to such works. This we are convinced in the Holy Father's desire, clearly shown by his letters written to the Bishops of Italy during the Convention, and his burning eloquent allocutions to the Sessionists themselves. So, in accordance with his wishes, the French dioceses of Cambrai, Arras, Amiens and many others organized Eucharistic Conventions.

As to works specially designed to develop love of the Blessed Eucharist in souls, they have undergone during the course of this year a wonderful improvement.

The Weekly Communion League numbered at the end of October more than 50,000 membres ; this shows a powerful vitality and an increased membership of 15,000.

The daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament society, organized in Brussels, about three years ago, now counts 70,000 members of which 25,000 were enrolled this year. Calculate, if you can the number of visits paid daily to the Eucharistic King, by this enthusiastic militia during the year just ended.

Another consoling fact is the testimony of so many Pastors, that their parishes have been completely transformed since being enrolled in this royal work accessible to all. We earnestly pray that it may soon take root in Canadian soil and bear abundant harvest among its devoted fervent population.

While Rome was holding the solemn religious ceremonies of the Convention, Bois-Seigneur-Isaac (in Belgium) was commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Miracle of the Holy Blood, and the first century of the translation of the Blessed Sacrament, of Miraculous fame to the church of St. James (Louvain). These feasts were solemnized with great magnificence and will be forever memorable in the Eucharistic archives of Belgium. At Lourdes numerous miracles took place during the procession of the Blessed Sacrement ; that grand demonstration of faith in which a chorus of 50,000 voices proclaims the royalty of the King hidden under the Sacred Host. Scarcely had that compassionate King who never crushed the bruised reed nor quenched the smoking flax passed down the long row of suffering humanity — when a young girl springs from her litter, a child stretched out apparently lifeless jumps up and follows the procession, a paralytic discards his crutches, the air is filled with enthusiastic grateful cries at each new miracle incontestably proving that the life of the body as well as that of the soul flows from the Sacred Host.

Another circumstance that indirectly contributed to the glory of the Blessed Sacrament was the Beatification of the Curé of Ars. That great adorer of the Eucharist, that

nineteenth century Apostle of frequent Communion, that devoted, member of the Priest's Eucharistic League whose fidelity in fulfilling its obligations and indefatigable zeal in leading souls towards the Eucharist won universal admiration.

We cannot conclude without gratefully referring to what Our Holy Father, Pius X, has done for Eucharistic works. Acting according to the wish and under the instructions of Leo XIII in his last encyclical on the Blessed Eucharist, Pius X has earnestly striven to lead pastors and people towards Our Lord in the adorable Sacrament fully realizing that therein is found the centre of the church's life and the principle safeguard of every Christian life.

In a Brief dated March of the year we are reviewing and addressed to the President of Eucharistic Conventions the Holy Father says: "Impelled by the ardent desire to see devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament daily increase among the faithful we enrich with particular graces and spiritual privileges all works having for aim the cult rendered to the Most Holy Sacrament."

On the eighth of February, His Holiness introduced in the Litany of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, and a little later in that of the Saints the invocation: By thine Institution of the Holy Eucharist, deliver us, O Jesus.

On the sixth of June, at Rome, by the Sovereign Pontiff's desire was published a prayer and edict for the purpose of obtaining universal diffusion of daily Communion.

We are glad that this year also marks the first step in Père Eymard's cause. His writings were revised at Rome on the eighth of August and their soundness and orthodoxy declared by the Church.

Let us all who wish to respond to the desire of the Sovereign Pontiff realize in the practice of our daily lives the urgent recommendations he addresses to the Roman Sessionists: "I exhort," he says, "all the faithful to approach the Blessed Sacrament frequently, in order to honor Jesus in the Sacred Host and also that this treasure of divine goodness may not be fruitless.

To work then, at the command of our Chief. Work in ourselves and around us, strive with all our might, spare no efforts in our earnest crusade to spread the reign and love of Jesus Christ in His Sacrament more and more: "May Thy Eucharistic Kingdom Come."



A Trysting Place.

ANNA T. SADLIER.



HE was a very beautiful woman, with that beauty which is not of earth, but has rather an affinity with that loveliness which comes straight from heaven, the beauty of the stars, of the moonlight upon the face of the water, the myriad hues that succeed each other as a panorama of exquisite views in the sunset sky.

Though still young she was a widow. She had married in early youth a man after her own heart, and one who, in the language of Scripture was emphatically a just man. Their happiness had been brief, but as nearly perfect as anything this side of eternity. John Martin had loved his young wife very ardently and she had returned his love. They had made up their minds at the very outset of their career, to do as much good as possible. There was nothing pharisaical or puritanical about their goodness. To the eyes of the world they were a fresh, wholesome, happy, couple, more cheerful and light-hearted than their neighbours, seeming to preserve their boy and girl gayety. But it was a pleasant sight to see them going up to the altar together, Sunday after Sunday, receiving side by side, the Bread of Life, which was to make their mutual love eternal, or to observe them making a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

Mrs. Martin usually went down to meet her husband at his office and in the way uptown they went to church.

A few other things were noticeable about them ; their extreme charitableness in their discourse. It was unheard of thing to hear them speak evil of any one. They vied with each other in finding excuses for evil doers. It was also known to very intimate friends that a large slice of their yearly income was given to the church and to charity. They also used to plan all sorts of expeditions to the abodes of misery, to the very slums of the city, as others plan pleasure-parties.

Of course they had their share of amusement and recreation. They entertained their friends, with a continual hospitality, which made their house a most delightful centre, and they were entertained in turn and were an extremely popular pair in their own circle. John was an athlete and had carried off honor in various kinds of sports ; his wife was an excellent musician ; her voice had been exceedingly well cultivated, she made it a point of honor to know as many as possible of the new songs, so as to please every taste. But her friends could not help noticing how her voice seemed to swell into harmonious richness and to acquire a new expressiveness when she sang the hymns of the church.

The Martins had their own trials, otherwise earth would have been a second, terrestrial Paradise and perhaps they would have learned to centre their affections there and to forget the land which is eternal, where the light is perpetual, where the flowers fade not and the joys are immortal. Their three children were carried off in swift succession by the inexorable Reaper. They were truly flowers transplanted to the gardens above. And a more cruel trial awaited the two ! When it was first announced that John had to die, the young wife felt as if she could not bear the separation. It was the husband who with manly firmness and the finest Christian fortitude accepted the irrevocable sentence : " When we meet again it will be never to part. This sacrifice of our hopes and plans, the happy years we had counted on together will be a great help to us both in winning the crown. " But, oh, think," moaned the stricken wife, " of the years I shall have to spend here alone knowing

that you are no longer upon the earth. Our home will be desolate. You will no longer have part in the poor little interests of earth that were so precious to us, even the furnishing of our house and all our domestic arrangements. When I think of sitting at table where you will never more be opposite me, and of the long evenings, where you will never come home again. And, our walks and our talks, our visits to church and our Communion. Oh, my dear, my dear, it seems as if my heart must burst." She poured forth these lamentations from the depth of an aching human anguish! Her husband upon whose face was already settling the solemnity of death, since his days, even his very hours were numbered, looked upon her sorrowfully, pitifully.

"Oh, my love," he said, "what can I say to comfort you, only that I shall be near you whenever I can, and especially when you visit the Blessed Sacrament, or go up to the altar rails. You will be helping me all the time in my place of purgation and since earthly ties are strengthened rather than weakened by death I shall be with you in spirit, my soul with your soul, meeting in the presence of God."

There was not much more time for talk between them. The blow had come suddenly, as blows from the hand of death almost always do. The Viaticum was brought and the husband and wife, in perfect union of heart and in touching resignation to the divine will, for the last time on earth adored together the Eucharistic God.

* * *

When her husband had gone, gone home, freed forever from the prison walls, as the widow loved to tell herself, she devoted the greater part of her time and a goodly share of her fortune to the service of the altar. She sewed the altar-linen, she embroidered costly vestments, she supplied the needs of mission-churches and in country-places, whenever it was possible she gave her personal service. It was her hands which placed fresh flowers each day before the tabernacle and supplied the finest oil to burn in the perpetual lamp. No ornament was too costly, no gift too beautiful for the Sanctuary of the living God. She enlisted every one of her friends whom she could influence in the work.

"It is such a beautiful service," she used to say, "it seems like the profession of our loyalty to our exiled King, who has forsaken heaven for us. It is so reasonable, so doctrinal, and if we may mix up little things with great, so poetical, to offer our money and our hearts to



Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament." In the moral order, she brought many a soul to the foot of the altar, teaching it to place there its sin and its sorrow and care, that they might be consumed in the flame of the altar-lamp, or in the more consuming fire of the Redeemer's love.

Once a friend asked her how it was that she remained so comparatively cheerful, after having lost the husband she had idolized. "I always seem to find him in

church," she answered, "when I go to communion, I can fancy he is beside me, or when I make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, I am almost sure he is near."

She stopped and the tears gushed into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks upon the black gown scarce relieved by a band of white she had put on forever, and an expression of something like terror crossed her face.

"Oh, but what should I have done," she exclaimed, "if there had been no place to meet him. Suppose he had been careless or indifferent, or worse, while he lived. Then, I should feel as if I had really lost him."

Somehow the idea got abroad, and when people saw the young and handsome widow, whom every body knew and admired, kneeling before the Tabernacle, with that rapt look upon her face, they knew that she was keeping a tryst in a double sense. There earth and heaven blended; the human love humbly subservient to the divine, the human sorrow tempered into something that was almost joy, and when she came forth from that trysting place, there was always a radiance upon her face, a light in her eyes, as if she were saying to every one:

"My husband and I have just been making our visit to the Blessed Sacrament together and praying for each other."

Notice.

We beg to remind some of our readers that their subscription to the SENTINEL having expired in January has not yet been renewed. They would greatly oblige us and help along our good work should they be kind enough to remit the small amount at their earliest convenience.

Subscribers wishing to have their "Sentinels" bound, have only to send us the twelve numbers of the past year with their address and 35 cents. After a few weeks, they will receive by mail, post-paid, the volume in pretty linen-binding with ornamentation and title in gilt letters.

Do not roll the numbers when sending them, as rolling gives the pages a fold difficult to be smoothed out.



A Legend OF THE Infant Jesus.

IN a small chapel, rich with carving quaint
 Of mystic symbols and devices bold,
 Where glowed the face of many a pictured saint
 From windows high, in gorgeous drapery's fold ;
 And one large mellowed painting o'er the shrine
 Showed in the arms of Mary—mother mild—
 Down-looking with a tenderness divine
 In His clear shining eyes, the Holy Child—

Two little brothers, orphans young and fair,
 Who came in sacred lessons to be taught,
 Waited, as every day they waited there,
 Till Frey Bernardo came, his pupils sought,
 And fed his Master's lambs. Most innocent
 Of evil knowledge or of wordly lore
 Those children were ; by faith from every taint
 Had Jesus' blood their guileless souls made pure !

A pious man that good Dominican,
 Whose life with gentle charities was crowned ;
 His duties in the church as sacristan
 For hours in daily routine kept him bound.
 While that young pair awaited his release
 Seated upon the altar steps ; or spread
 Thereon their morning meal, and ate in peace
 And simple thankfulness their fruit and bread.

And often did their lifted glances meet
 The Infant Jesu's eyes; and oft He smiled—
 So thought the children; sympathy so sweet
 Brought blessing to them from the Blessed Child!
 Until one day, when Frey Bernardo came,
 The little ones ran forth; with clasping hold
 Each seized his hand, and each, with wild acclaim,
 In eager words the tale of wonder told:

“O father! father!” both the
 children cried,
 “The Caro Jesu! He hath
 heard our prayer!
 We prayed Him to come down,
 and sit beside
 Us as we ate, and of our feast
 take share;
 And He came down, and tasted
 of our bread,
 And sat and smiled upon
 us, father, dear!”
 Pallid with strange amaze,
 Bernardo said:
 “Grace beyond
 marvel! hath
 the Lord been
 here?”



“The heaven of
 heavens His
 dwelling, doth
 He deign
 To visit little
 children? Fav-
 ored ye

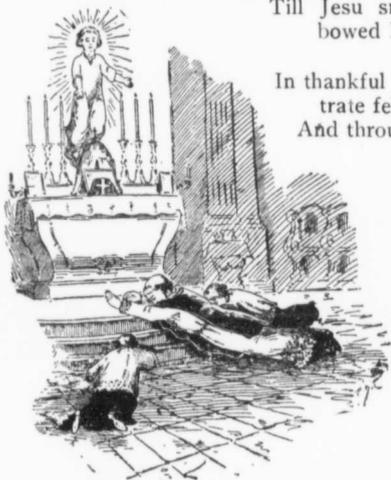


Beyond all those on earthly thrones who reign,
 In this dread miracle and mystery!
 O lambs of His dear flock! to-morrow pray
 Jesu to come again to grace your board
 And sup with you; and if He comes, then say:
 “Bid us to Thy own table, blessed Lord!”

“Our master too!” Do not forget to plead
 For me, dear children! In humility
 I will entreat Him your meek prayer to heed,
 That so His mercy may extend to me!”

Then, a hand laying on each lovely head,
Devoutly the old man the children blessed ;
" Come early on the morrow morn "—he said,
To meet—if such His will—your Heavenly Guest."

To meet their pastor by the next noon ran
The youthful pair, their eyes with rapture bright ;
" He came ! " their happy lisping tongues began :
" And we are bid to sup with Him to-night !
Thou, too, dear father ! for we would not come
Alone, without our faithful friend ;—we said :
Oh ! be thou sure our pleadings were not dumb,
Till Jesu smiled consent, and
bowed His head."



In thankful joy Bernardo prostrate fell,

And through the hours he lay entranced in prayer ;
Until the solemn sound of vesper bell

Aroused him, breaking on the silent air,

Then rose he calm ; and when the psalms were o'er,
And in the aisles the chant had died away,

With soul still bowed his Master to adore,
Alone he watched the fast departing day.

Two silvery voices, calling through the gloom
With seraph sweetness, reached his listening ear ;
And swiftly passing 'neath the lofty dome,
Soon side by side he and his children dear
Entered the ancient chapel, consecrate
By grace mysterious. Kneeling at the shrine
Before which, robed in sacerdotal state,
That morning he had blessed the bread and wine.

Bernardo prayed. And then the chosen three
Partook the food which Christ on earth had blessed :

Viaticum for those so soon to be
 Borne to the country of eternal rest!
 Bidden that night to sup with Him! in faith
 Waiting for Him, their Lord beloved, to come
 And lead them upward from this land of death
 To live forever in His Father's home!

In that same chapel, kneeling in their place,
 All were found dead; their hands still clasped in prayer:
 Their eyes uplifted to the Saviour's face,
 The hallowed peace of heaven abiding there!
 While thousands came that wondrous scene to view,
 And hear the story of the chosen three;
 Thence gathering the lesson deep and true—
 It is the crown of life with Christ to be!

—MRS. E. F. ELLET.

What a Child May do.

THE instructions preparatory to first communion, had awakened fervent piety in the heart of a boy, whose parents were sadly neglectful of their religious duties. He was inconsolable when Sunday after Sunday passed, and neither his father nor his mother made any attempt to go to Mass.

He begged and entreated them to come with him, but his efforts were useless. What could he do for them? He determined to hear Mass on two days in the week, once for his father once for his mother. The latter remarked that the child went out regularly at an early hour, and one day she followed him, to see whither he went. She saw him enter the church, and standing herself near the door, observed his recollected demeanor. When he came out, she joined him, and seeing the traces of tears upon his face she asked with some anxiety what was the matter and why he went to church so early?

The boy threw his arms round her neck. "Dear mother," he said: "Yesterday I went to Mass for father; today it was for you."

The sequel will readily be guessed. On the next Sunday the boy might be seen, his countenance beaming with happiness, kneeling beside both father and mother in the House of God.



Gleanings.

~~~~~

**A Quaint Old Custom.** — In the village of Minori, Italy, a quaint and touching custom has existed from time immemorial. On Thursday evening every one places a light in his window for a few minutes in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. A traveller says : “ It was pretty to see the little tremulous sparks approaching one after another in the windows of the humble dwellings, resting there for a short time and then disappearing again.”

**The Word “Chapel”.** — The word “chapel” comes from the low Latin *capella*, a cope or canopy, and was applied to a recess or chapel attached to the altar.

Used originally of the place where the *coppa* or cope of St. Martin was preserved, the word came in the eighth century to signify any sanctuary where holy relics were kept and thence a consecrated building connected with a church or cathedral. At this period also domestic oratories and places of worship for such corporate bodies as colleges began to be called chapels.

Apart from its present day meaning, as applied to any place of worship which is not a parish church, such as a chapel of ease or a nonconformist chapel, the word denotes the ecclesiastical staff of a sovereign, the sacred office recited by the Pope with his household and the working staff of a printing office, because the first one in England was set up by Caxton in Westminster Abbey.

**A Japanese Priest.** — In the *Lamp*, a High Church journal, there is an interesting communication from Japan.

“On the second Sunday after Easter, after attending the celebration at St. Andrew’s church, I went, says the writer, according to my custom, to the Roman Catholic church at Kasumi Cho Azabu, for the 9 : 30 Mass.

“I arrived at the church a few minutes before the time, and, going in, found the Japanese priest at the Altar, finishing a Mass. I was a little surprised at this. There are not many Japanese priests connected with the Roman missions in this part of the country. The rule here is that no Japanese is admitted to holy orders in the

Roman Church unless he is a Christian of the third generation, so that the whole of his life may have been spent in Christian surroundings. There is good reason for this discipline. We are warned against putting authority into the hands of neophytes, and the yoke of sacerdotal celibacy is one which cannot, without great danger, be changed."

**Soldiers at Mass.** — When Pepin the first king of the Carolingian dynasty of France was solicited by Pope Stephen III to protect him against Astolphus, king of the Lombards, Pepin hastened to the rescue of the Holy Father, and defeated Astolphus. The exarchate of Ravenna was taken by the victorious monarch and added to the dominion of the Pope. It was allowed when Pepin and his soldiers assisted at Mass, that the same form of homage should be shown to the Blessed Sacrament by the soldiers, as was shown to the king: namely, they stood in the royal presence and presented arms. Hence at the elevation of the Mass the soldiers, when in military array, presented arms standing, and the custom has been continued, but there is no privilege of this kind that we are aware of when there is not a military array. The concession was granted in recognition of the aid given by the army to the Pope.

**Her Jewels to an Ostensorium.** — While attending the sale of the effects of a deceased friend a Catholic lady of San Francisco was horrified by the cool and calculating comments of bargain hunters, especially when they referred to articles endeared to her by close association with memories of the departed. She then and there resolved to dispose of much of her family heirlooms during her lifetime, and tender recollections prompted her to have such as could be used embodied in an ostensorium for the chapel of the Convent of the Sisters of Holy Trinity of her native city, who devote themselves to the sick and poor, kindergarten and day nursery work.

Thereupon she entrusted silver plates, old gold, jewels and precious stones, and a unique necklace of mosaics to Z. J. Pequinot, of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, to have them made into the desired ostensorium. The result is a large and magnificent work of art, surmounted by a cross ornamented with diamonds and at the base of which is a miniature cross of rubies, pearls and sapphires. The luna is surrounded by seven diamonds, a total of twenty-seven appearing in the ostensorium. The rays are ornamented with twenty-two mosaics on one side and jewels and seals from rings on the other side. The main ornamentation in gold is in the shape of passion flowers and thistles. Among the jewels are one amethyst, two cornelians, one white topaz and four pieces of gold quartz.



# The Madonna.

By J. Kehren.