



The Guardian Angel



To the Blessed Mother


 H ! what shall I call thee, my mother,
 That men have not named thee before,
 To add to thy titles another
 Enriching thy litany's store ?
 By the care thou didst give the Most Holy,
 When forced o'er the desert to roam,
 By the rev'rence of Joseph, the lowly,
 Be Queen of the Catholic home !

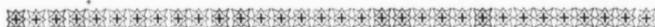
Thou knowest not, woman, thy power,
 If striving to widen the sway,
 Thou barterest modesty's dower
 To mingle a voice in the fray !
 When men with their laurels have decked thee,
 What gain, if the conscience cries : " Cease !"
 Thy children no longer respect thee,
 Thy husband seeks elsewhere for peace ?

Though fame should be thine for the asking,
 Oh say, would the guerdon be great,
 If while in its flattery basking,
 The Bridegroom should whisper : " Too late"
 And pass to the feast in His beauty,
 Whilst thou in the darkness should stand
 Unfaithful to promptings of duty,
 The lamp still untrimmed in thy hand

By mem'ries of Nazareth humble,
 O Mary, be ever our guide,
 Lest we on life's journey should stumble
 Through weariness, weakness or pride !
 And pray that henceforth all our actions
 Be cleansed from hypocrisy's dross,
 And teach us in spite of attractions
 To choose the highway of the Cross.

Thine image in fair and foul weather
 Should smile on the hearth from our walls,
 Thy rosary bring us together,
 When night in its loneliness falls !
 Thy name with its grand benediction,
 The eldest of daughters should bless,
 That so, in our deepest affliction
 Our mother may heal our distress.

— ANON.



QUID

Quid Retribuam Domino ?

“What will I give back to the Lord for all that He has given to me ? I will take the chalice of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.”

O Lord, we bring Thee gifts already Thine !
 Thy hands have stored each bending ear with grain,
 And sent the rich, fruit-teeming juice amain
 Through every branch and tendril of the vine ;
 Yet, when we offer Thee this Bread and Wine,
 As gifts Thou takest Thy good things back again,
 And in exchange, O what exchange ! dost deign
 To give us Thine own Flesh and Blood divine !
 And so, though these our hearts belong to Thee —
 Alas, Creator, injured in our care ! —
 Thou dost accept them and enkindle there
 Faith that through every veil of sense can see,
 And Hope that meets its death in vision fair,
 And Love that lives and reigns eternally !



The Triumph of the Church

✦ by the Eucharist ✦



EO XIII has often raised his voice in lamentation over the actual unhappiness of Spouse of Christ ; “ and the voice of the lion, as the Scripture says, has shaken the depths of the desert, and awakened the slumbering children of man. ”

This Spouse of Christ has seen herself attacked by numerous enemies ; like the woman of the Apocalypse, who, when she gave birth to children, elect for heaven, saw the infernal dragon approach to devour these children. The Pope watchful guardian, has recalled the army of the faithful to the combat ; his voice has resounded throughout the world like a clarion cry of victory, when he says, “ Union, strength and prayer against satan and his agents.

In their writings they insult God, His Son Jesus-Christ, His consecrated ministers ; they undermine the foundations of divine truths and endeavor to extinguish the eternal light of faith, under the darkness of their ignorance and blindness.

Against the temples of ivory built for the Church, by the purity of her virgins, the holiness of her priests and pontiffs, they have spread a flood of filth and corruption to cover this virginal brilliancy. When seduction was powerless, as it ever will be where the God of purity reigns, they circulated calumny and detraction to attain their vile ends.

Those enemies of the Church united in a formidable league, as secret and dark, as the hell, from which it originated ; this society sends her votaries to every city

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and country, to every village and hamlet, hoping to exterminate every soul and community living the life of Christ.

Sovereigns proudly rebelling against the authority of the Church, taunt her, you are not our guide, our head, you are not even our equal, you are a slave, and even go so far as to menace her with captivity's chains.

Nothing can stop the fury and madness of those miserable wretches, guided by the spirit of lucifer. When neither revolution, nor riot, nor sedition, could conquer or dethrone the Tabernacle, verifying the words of the God who resides there in : " So, I am with you all days, even until the end of time ; " then in satanic hatred, they seized in sacriligious robbery, the sacred Ciborium and inflicted outrages upon the pure white Hosts, wherein was hidden their God and their Judge.

The Pontiff supreme guide of the army of christians was not spared ; they have bound him, imprisoned him, but even in chains they cannot prevent his voice vibrating over the world, directing God's combatants with divine intuition.

Where is the child, who seeing her mother suffering, or in danger would not run to her assistance, and if necessary shed her blood for her ?

The Church is our mother, having given us the life of grace and never ceasing by her multiplied and foreseeing tenderness, to develop this life in us ; let us then unite our efforts to defend her, to help her, by fervent prayer before the Blessed Eucharist, where we will perfectly fulfill the conditions of victory, union, strength and prayer.

The strength of an army, is in its union. The rallying point of union, for the members of the militant Church, is the temple of Jesus-Christ, and in that temple the divine Sacrament. Saint Paul exhorting the first christians said : " Know that we are a single armed body, and as one man, we who have eaten the same Bread and drank the same Chalice. "

When paganism is expiring in degeneration and vileness, we hear Saint Augustin singing his hymn of victory to the Blessed Eucharist : O adorable sign of unity ! O link of fraternal union ! "

Strength, courage, energy to bear great hardships, impetuity in face of danger, are the requisites to make a hero of a soldier. What nature gives to a few, grace offers to all christians, and the Eucharist is the source where those soldiers of Christ are strengthened and disciplined for the battle of life.

Human intelligence might well question — how can those frail species, which are so carefully guarded, contain the principle of strength and courage. Yes — but the spirit of faith teaches and shows us how it was prefigured and announced in the old Testament, by that bread, cooked under the ashes, which Gédéon saw coming down the mountain and changing into a formidable sword, overthrowing the bulwarks and tents of the Madianites, reducing their camp to ruins, and exterminating their powerful army. Christian soul, receive into your heart, the humble bread, cooked at the fire of Jesus love, it is the formidable sword which will repulse the most furious attacks directed against your soul or the Church.

When the Israelites saw the enemy rush upon their camp, they cried out so long and so powerfully to Jehovah that those great cries alone were sufficient to rout the enemy.

Our Pontiff and chief perceiving the numerous evils falling on the people of Christ, ordains, that all together, we cry to heaven for help by the sublime cry of the Rosary.

And when in that prayer, we call on the adorable name of Jesus, which resounds and moves all in heaven, on earth, and in hell ; joined to the powerful name of Mary, " terrible as an army in battle, " consternation spreads in the infernal camp and our enemies recoil in affright.

That those cries, clear and strong, may have full effect they must resound in the temple, in presence of Jesus-Christ.

The Church has established the devotion of the " Forty-Hours, " in order that prayer before the Blessed Sacrament unveiled and solemnly exposed may deliver the city of God, from the numerous snares of its enemies.

That is why Leo XIII calls us to prayer in a special manner during this month, and he desires, as much as

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possible, those prayers be offered before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

Let us unite ourselves around the Eucharist ; pray and strengthen ourselves at its living-waters, and victory will surely be ours. Then shall those words of Pius IX be realized. " The Blessed Eucharist is the great comfort of the Church in modern times.



ROSARY DREAMS

WHAT tranquil dreams flit thro' my brain
As I prayerfully count on my endless chain
And think o'er the mysteries in each decade,
From the joyful scenes of the Virgin Mary
And the life of Christ the Saviour.

What anguished dreams of suff'ring deeds
The Passion reveals on the rosary beads,
When I ponder the sorrowful mysteries in dread,
From the crowing of thorns and the cross where he bled
To the tomb of the God Redeemer !

What wondrous dreams I now behold !
Christ's victory o'er death the decades unfold
To His glorious ascent ; then the Paraclete-dove
And the blessed assumption and crowning above
Of Mary the Mother of God.



A Child's Prayer Before Leaving the Church

DEAR Jesus, I am going away for a time but I trust not without Thee. Thou art with me by Thy grace. I will never leave Thee by mortal sin. I do not fear to do so, though I am so weak, because I have such hope in Thee. But if You do not help me I will grieve Thee, so take care of me, that I may not pain Thee.
Amen.



For the Sake of a Rosary



THE incident, which I am now about to relate, and which is strictly true, occurred a good many years ago, when I was assistant priest in an unpretending village in South Germany.

It was one night in the month of October, that at the close of a tiring day I laid my weary head upon the pillow with the prayer that God in His Mercy would grant "patience, rest and kind relief" to all the sick and suffering. Let me add that I wished that our house-bell might rest serenely that night.

It was a cold night, but I soon fell fast asleep. Suddenly I was startled by a shrill sound. Was I dreaming or was that the night bell? I listened a few seconds, holding my breath. No, I was not mistaken: there it was again, louder than before. Throwing on my clothes, I drew aside the curtain and flung the window open.

"Who is there?" I cried. No answer came. "Who is there?" I inquired again.

A hoarse voice, quite unfamiliar to my ear inquired in reply:

"Are you the priest of this place?"

"I am not the pastor: I am his curate. What do you want?"

The answer came up from below:

The wife of the station-master at W— has sent me to beg you to come to the station immediately. A passenger was run over by the last train, the Dr. says his injuries are fatal. If you make haste, perhaps you will find him still alive."

I thanked and praised the man for taking the trouble to come so far on such a cold dark night, and asked him to tell them at the station I would be there directly. As

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I hurried down stairs the light I was carrying fell on the countenance of the Mother of Dolors : her statue stood there. I fancied I saw the tears which filled her eyes.

I went into the church to take the Blessed Sacrament ; the key grated as it turned in the lock. How still and peaceful it was in the church, while the wind howled outside and rustled among the dry leaves ! There was the red light of the sanctuary lamp. " My God, I adore Thee ! Come, Lord Jesus, Thou Son of David ! Behold, a soul whom Thou lovest is sick ! "

With pyx containing the Bread of life carefully hidden in my breast, I trudged onward. Arrived at the station, I saw, on the floor, strenched out on a bed of straw, a man, whose legs were swathed in linen bandages. I shuddered as the dark stains on the boards met my eyes. Nothing had been prepared for my coming ; so I cleared a space on the table whereon to deposit the burse containing the pyx, and then bent down to the sufferer. He was a young man not over thirty. As I gazed at his livid features a convulsive twitch, as of pain, suddenly passed over them.

" Can you hear me, my friend ? Can you see me ? I am close beside you, — a priest. Can you hear what I say ? "

There was no sign of life. I took his hand and gently pressed it ; I passed my hand over his cold face, damp with the sweat of death ; again I spoke : " Say my child, shall we pray ? say in your heart : My Jesus mercy !

His lips quivered. I caught a sound — a half — articulate cry for " water ! "

Thank God he was coming to. I filled a glass and held it to his lips. Consciousness had now fully returned.

" My legs, " he murmured, and presently : " My poor mother ! " he ejaculated.

His confession was made in the best dispositions. To my joy I found he could swallow easily ; and reverently I placed the Sacred Host upon his tongue.

Thus, in the dead of night, Our Lord, the Good Samaritan, came to this unfortunate traveller, who lay dying in that lonely place, and took possession of his heart. I administered Extreme Unction to the sufferer ; but he soon relapsed into a state of coma from exhaustion. I had done all I could, and I comforted myself with the thought

that he had made his peace with God ; so I called in the men who were quietly waiting outside. " Did the dying man ask for a priest ? " I inquired. " How could he, " interposed the young man. " Why he was totally unconscious when we got him from under the wheels ; and unless he came to while you were here, he has been in a faint ever since ; but having the rosary in his pocket when we searched him, we concluded he must be a Catholic, and so sent for you. " " What a singular chance ! " the children of this world would say ; but I saw in it the gracious interposition of Divine Providence and of the Mother of God. Why have I related this incident ? To show the importance of carrying a rosary, and to afford a fresh example of the faithful and untiring care, where-with Our Lady watches over the salvation of her children.

To finish my narrative, I will add the injured man never regained consciousness. About two o'clock he died.

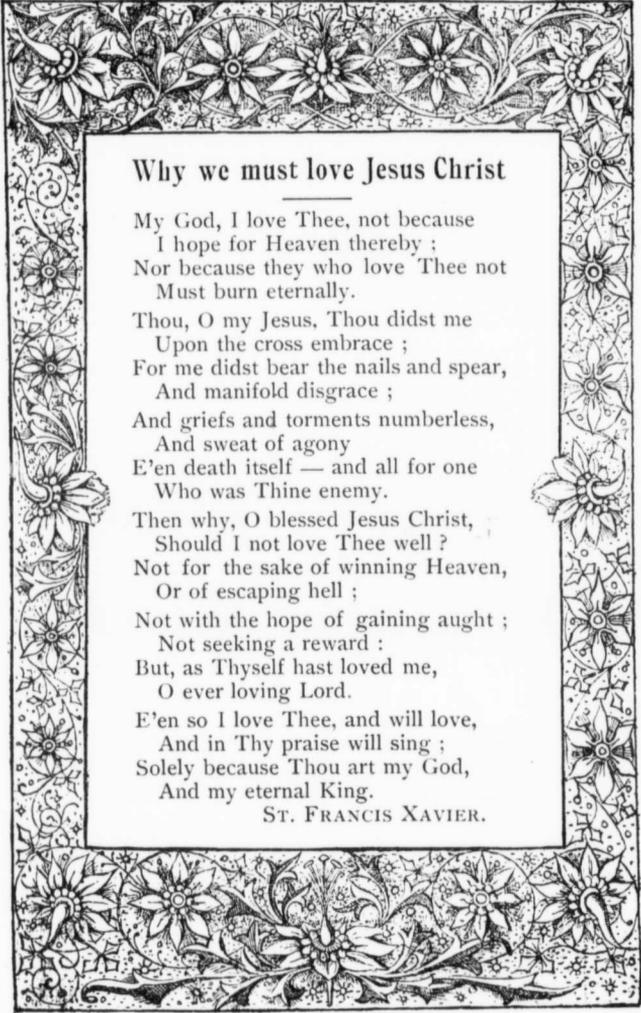
Thus I witnessed the departure of this young man, a stranger to me, whose identity I never learned. He expired fortified with the last Sacraments and all the consolations of our holy religion, — the reward of devotion to the rosary.

Instinctively I felt in my pockets to see if my beads were there. Before very long I found myself at the presbytery. As I stepped into my little room, which felt snug and warm after the cold air without, and laid the burse and stole down on my prie-Dieu, the words : " From sudden and unprovided death, O Lord deliver us, " escaped my lips.

The next morning when I was at last roused from a heavy slumber, and the events of the night crowded in upon my thoughts, I fancied at first it was all a dream. But no : it was stern reality, as the stains of blood upon my clothes too surely proved. So I said the *De Profundis* for the soul of the departed, and gave heartfelt thanks to our ever — compassionate Queen — for one more favor received at her hands.

L. R. in *St Anthony's Monthly*.





Why we must love Jesus Christ

My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heaven thereby ;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace ;
And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony
E'en death itself — and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well ?
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping hell ;

Not with the hope of gaining aught ;
Not seeking a reward :
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever loving Lord.

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.



THE PRINCESS CAPRICE

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

IN her magnificent boudoir, the Princess Caprice, amazed and baffled, sat with a telegram spread out before her on Christmas Eve. The unexpected had happened, and for once in her life her wayward and imperious will could not by any possibility be done.

A millionaire in her own right, by inheritance from her dead mother, she was the only child of none knew how many times multiplied a millionaire father. Alexandrina Von Vorst Freylinghensen sincerely believed herself to be a princess, with the world at her feet; and she deemed even a ducal coronet too slight a bauble for her small and queenly head.

From childhood her inherited ambitious nature had been fostered in every way by her adoring father, whose one aim was to pile riches on riches until no American should surpass him, and kings themselves should be proud to link their names with his. His one child was gifted with rare beauty, real talent most carefully cultivated, and as strong a pride as his own. Though styled by everyone from her very babyhood the Princess Caprice, because of her varying moods and fancies ever gratified, she was so sweet, so winning a character, though so sadly selfish, that everyone admired her, and not a breath of idle gossip ever dallied with her name. As yet she had never seen any one who seemed to her one half as noble or interesting as her devoted, art-loving, highly-cultured father; and to be with him was her pleasure and her pride.

They had a habit, ever since Alexandrina was ten years old, of going together to the opera on Christmas

Eye. Only they two sat in the box, that night, alone, in all the year; and for his sake she dressed in her queenliest array, and to him she gave her loveliest smiles. And he had promised to be home surely from his southern journey that night; and that night of all nights he "could not" come.

Could not! Astounding words! She rang her bell hastily, and her young French maid appeared, a well-born girl of great refinement, orphaned and poor, the one person who sometimes saw Alexandrina Freylinghensen with her veil of reserve thrown by.

"Pauline!" she cried, "my father cannot come! Nothing is the matter. Nothing shall be the matter! But I must *forget*. What could be the matter, Pauline? Nothing! But I certainly shall not go to the opera, or see any one else to night. This night was always for him. There never was such another father as mine, Pauline, you know."

The color went and came on the delicate cheek of the French girl, and suddenly Alexandrina remembered what her quiet black dress meant. Yet she hurried on:

"He is like a king," she cried. "I shall never care for anyone except a king. I could not! I don't know what it means, Pauline, but nobody could ever content me unless he were a million times nobler and richer and wiser and more splendid than I am. Else, I would despise him! I can say it to you, Pauline, for somehow you always seem to understand me. And I should die without my father, and *you* could live without yours; so you see that I must love mine the most!"

Again Pauline's color went and came, but this time Alexandrina wondered at it. For it was no longer grief that caused those varying shades; and yet surely neither tears, nor pride, were in the brilliant, assured, mysterious look that shone in Pauline's great brown eyes.

"Suppose," she exclaimed, then paused a moment, then impetuously went on, "suppose you had found that king,—what then? Found one who was all you wished—and more—and that could never disappoint?"

"I would give everything," answered Alexandrina. "But that could never be, of course. And, after all, what can you know about it? What do you know? You

are very odd to-night. Pauline De Mostyn ! what do you mean ? ”

“ I mean,” Pauline said shyly, softly, “ that there is such a king, dear Princess Caprice. If you would only go to see him with me to-night ! ”

“ You are jesting,” Alexandrina answered. “ You never want to go anywhere except to church. But where would you like to go to-night, Pauline ? Could I take you somewhere that would not seem disloyal to my father since I cannot go with him ? ”

She was not prepared for the rapture in Pauline's usually calm, collected face. “ Would you go ? ” she exclaimed ecstatically. “ Will you go to the midnight Mass with me ? ”

To give pleasure to someone else on Christmas Eve, since you positively could not please yourself, suddenly appeared not unworthy of the Princess Caprice. “ Where will we go ? ” she asked. “ To the cathedral ? Choose, Pauline ! You shall go wherever you like. ”

And Pauline said : “ I would like so much then to go to old St. Stephen's. My father and I used to go there—years ago it seems. ”

Alexandrina gave a sharp cry. “ It is no use. Pauline,” she said, “ I am terribly afraid. If anything has happened to *my* father, my whole world goes ! How can *you* live without your father, and alone, and—not rich ? ”

Pauline faced her now with a look that suddenly filled the Princess Caprice with an amazement she had never felt before. That look was not pride, it was so noble, yet so sweet. Impossible as it seemed, Alexandrina nevertheless felt for a marvelous moment that her French maid was superior to herself and to the world and wealth and time.

“ Suppose,” said Pauline, “ suppose you had seen the King ; and, after that, that everything else seemed small ? ”

“ Where is He ? ” Alexandrina demanded imperiously, only to be met by eyes as fearless as her own, but far more brilliant, shining with heavenly light.

“ He comes tonight,” Pauline answered. “ He is King of kings, and He chose to be born in a stable. He had all riches, and He chose to be poor. And He is all beauty

and all love for those who receive Him, He so little and lovely and lowly, and so heavenly dear! Oh, Princess Caprice!"

The voice died in a happy sob.

"What is it? What is it?" asked Alexandrina, but very gentle now. "Can I see Him, Pauline! How can I see Him? For it is plain that you have something that I have not—I who thought the world was mine! What shall I do, Pauline?"

"Ask Him, only ask Him," Pauline answered. "I will tell you! Will you kneel down at his altar? Do you know a little saying we have, we Catholics? It is that the first prayer you say before an altar where you never were before will be granted you! So say tonight: 'Show me Thyself, dear Lord, and let me love Thee.' Will you just do that? You want to see the King. Nothing less can satisfy you!"

"It cannot do me any harm certainly," Alexandrina answered thoughtfully. "Yes, Pauline, I will say that, since you ask me. It is strange, but you never asked me for any favor before this."

An hour later, they were in the church. Pauline slipped into a confessional, and out again, with the faith and humility of a little child at home in its father's house. Alexandrina waited patiently. She had been in a hundred Catholic churches and cathedrals abroad; but, strangely enough, never in one at home. And she had never before entered one so reverently and thoughtfully as now. How large, how quiet, how beautiful, how dingy, how very natural and sweet it seemed! There was a constant sound of the tread of feet upon the aisles; people came and went; so many were poorly clad, so many were well dressed; but how perfectly composed and peaceful they were, as if, somehow, they all belonged there, and to one another, and to God. It was very nice, wasn't it? that they all had one beautiful place to come to and be at peace!

Nobody noticed her at all. It had crossed her mind in her ingrained vanity and self-importance, that Pauline might tell the priest that the great millionaire's daughter was honoring St. Stephen's that night, with her presence. Pauline joined her again, however, and a very mean-



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

*Christian Virtues : — Charity. The Eucharist,
Source of Charity*

IN this and following meditations, we will consider. Divine love as a virtue, that is to say the love of man for God, and we will see it has its source, its object, its model in the Blessed Eucharist.

I. — Adoration.

Adore our Lord Jesus Christ in His Sacrament of love, as the principal source of the love of God in our hearts. Consider how His gentle presence, the precious gifts and graces He communicates to us, and the intimate union He contracts with our souls, contribute in producing this marvellous effect.

Love is not a fruit culled at a distance, its growth requires companionship, sympathy, congeniality. Jesus wishing to gain our hearts for heaven, remains with us, if I might so speak, As a constant loving devoted companion. He is there — very close, behind the little golden door.

How gentle is His presence, how attractive His divine charms, How sweet and consoling His words ! Yes, sweet Saviour, I adore Thee — I love Thee.

2. Gifts are the tokens of love. Love gives not only its heart, but as it were all its possessions ; when these gifts assume vast proportions, they create union impossible to dissolve. Our dear Saviour pleads for the love of our hearts, by making us participitants in the riches of His graces and merits in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. Look with eyes of faith and you will be astonished, confounded at the prodigality of this Divine Friend. His gifts are infinite, greater than heaven, greater than the universe, and were our souls vast enough they would possess them all in their entirety. How precious they are : the price of our soul, of our eternity ! O Jesus, I am overcome at the sight of those gifts and graces Thou dost shower on me in Thy Eucharist, at Mass and in Holy communion. Yes, I love Thee, I adore Thee.

3. Union crowns affection. Wordly union is sealed by contracts, agreements as to mutual interests, property, life : our soul is called to this sovereign happiness of uniting, not only her interests, her work ; but her body soul and very life to Jesus Christ in the Eucharist. "*Sponsabo te mihi in sempiternum,*" " I have chosen Thee as my spouse forever, my heart belongs to thee, give me Thine in return." Divine Saviour, what union, what wonderful condescension ; how hesitate ? Oh Yes, my heart is Thine, I love Thee, I adore Thee.

4. Jesus Christ not only exerts a mora' influence on our hearts by drawing it to His love, He acts directly on it ; He attracts it, possesses it, and by the power of the Sacrament of love makes it adhere inseparably to God. Baptism planted in our hearts the germs of Divine love, confirmation strengthened them, Penance renewed the young branch bent or broken by the storm, the Holy Eucharist nourishes and develops them. The Eucharist having emanated from the heart of Jesus, the source of love, what can it produce but love ? O Sacrament of love ! — I love Thee, I adore Thee.

II. — Thanksgiving

Unceasing, unending should be our *Te Deum*, our gratitude to the Eucharist source of clarity, for it satisfies an imperious need of every human heart, of every crea-

ted soul, which God alone can fully satisfy in His sacrament of love. God who feeds the birds, who gives dew to the flowers, who provides for the spiritual and temporal interests of man — has not forgotten the heart of man ; its thirst, its ardent longing is to love, and God alone can fill and satiate it. That is why the pure white Host of the Ciborium, which contains Jesus, our God, is given to man, to satisfy his desire for the infinite. Partake of God ! O supreme delight !

Love of God is the most important of our duties. The Divine Master has said " Love the Lord... behold the first and greatest precept ; " and the apostle tells us that charity surpasses all other virtues, even the theological virtues of faith and hope. "*Major autem horum est caritas.*" Blessed then be this adorable Sacrament which teaches us love of God, fills our hearts with this sacred fire, helps us to discharge the principal and most important of our obligations.

The Eucharist has a special power of producing this love in us. It contains the burning Heart of Jesus, whose love inspired and operated the marvels of His existence. Because He loved us, because He desired our happiness, all His actions were resumed by the Holy Ghost in those words ; " He went about doing good." When this heart so tender, so overflowing with love and affection, meets ours in Holy Communion, with what divine fires will He not embrace it. If the words of Jesus so deeply moved the disciples of Emmaus, what transformation will not His soul produce in us, by the infusion of His adorable graces and perfections in their very source. O Blessed Eucharist ! how can we offer thanksgiving for the Divine love with which Thou hast filled us.

III.—Reparation.

The Eucharist being the source of love ; why is it that souls partaking of it remain lukewarm and weak ? not living the life of love of God which alone causes us to merit and advance in the way of salvation. The cause is easily found, and unhappily very common ; we do not approach often enough to the Eucharist. What sadness for the Good shepherd, to see those sheep, He has brought, with such suffering, back to His sheep fold, to see them faint and expire so close to the source of life. It we feel the weight of the cross, the burden of the heat



and sun in God's service, let us not blame grace, but our own negligence in nourishing ourselves with the substantial bread which God has prepared for us.

Another cause why the Blessed Eucharist does not produce love in our hearts, is, our improper dispositions. We communicate with an indifferant heart, without will to do right, full of affection for venial sin, God is powerless on surch a soul. He comes, He cannot violate His liberty, but what a sad sight such a soul is for Him. We cannot approach fire without feeling its warmth, but, unhappily we approach the burning furnace of ardent love and remain cold and insensible owing to our improper dispositions. Lord Jesus, we ask pardon and offer reparation for our negligencies and infidelities.

IV. — Prayer

Let our most ardent desire, our most fervent prayer be that Holy communion may produce its fruits of love in our hearts..

That it may increase charity that sublime virtue, whose growth has no limit. Ever to grow in Gods love, ever to make us love Him more and more, is the special grace of the Eucharist, if we do not place obstacles in its way... Lord purify me that I may love Thee more and more, and that I may place no obstacle to Thy Eucharistic reign in my heart.

May the Eucharist render our love generous and active : — for what is love if it does not give itself, if it does not abandon itself, if it does not work and sacrifice itself for the honor and advantage of the Well-Beloved ; otherwise love would be superficial and selfish. O Jesus Hostie my heart is willing, but my will is weak, feeble, and inconstant, help it, strengthen it, by Thy Eucharist so that I may love Thee in spirit and in truth.

The Blessed Eucharist will produce wonderful effects of Divine love in us, if we prepare ourselves for its reception by repeated fervent acts of love, and multiply those acts during thanksgiving. Let that be our firm resolution.



ly-dressed old woman took her place in the confessional, and nobody appeared to know that the Princess Caprice was near. Quite naturally and simply Pauline led the way up to the high altar and knelt down to say her penance, leaving the astonished Princess to do what she chose. She did not even remind her of her prayer.

The Princess looked about her. Before her the altar towered up very high ; but, higher still, was a great, life-size crucifixion painted upon the wall behind it. Even to Alexandrina's eyes, trained in the highest principles of artistic criticism, and familiar with all the famous European galleries, there was something wonderful in that crucifixion on St. Stephen's wall. What was it ? She had never seen an other precisely like it — it was so calm in its suffering, so glorious, so kingly. That was the crucifixion of a king — a king reigning from the tree of shame and pain.

Alexandrina stood studying it, gravely, carefully, when she heard Pauline whisper : " We are to have a place in the front pew tonight, Father Rector says."

After all, did someone know the Princess Caprice was there ? Alexandrina's heart felt a pleasant glow. She would have asked Pauline, but the girl was again on her knees, saying her beads. Perforce Alexandrina looked around and above, once more. An unwonted feeling of loneliness came over her. Who cared for her ? Why was she not happy here like this little Pauline, poor, fatherless, dependent, yet so joyous, so free, so blessed ? And suddenly Alexandrina remembered her promise.

" Show me Thyself, Lord !" she whispered eagerly. " And let me love Thee ! "

Show me Thyself ! — but, then, what was He ? Was this the King, white, wounded, thorn-crowned, His throne a cross ? Was this the King, this little Babe in the Crib at the side altar, cradled on straw, between an ox and an ass ? Yet He was a King. Nineteen hundred years had passed away, but here He was reigning over Mary and Joseph then. That was a magnificence of length of days, surely, and an empire that plainly knew no end.

The Mass began. Alexandrina sat as at the opera, but far more deeply interested than it had ever been in Mu-

sic's power before to stir her. Later she knew how Pauline's prayers were all for her that night. But the girl gave no sign of her absorbing, passionate pleading till the bell rang for the consecration ; then she caught Alexandrina's hand !

" He is coming, the King ! " she whispered. " Oh, kneel down now, and ask Him to show you Himself ! "

Alexandrina sank upon her knees. Once, twice, thrice, the bell sounded. She saw the white Host lifted, the chalice raised high, the bended heads, the cloud of incense, the torches' glow. And up from her heart rose again this plea, but a strange, overwhelming faith was it :

" Show me Thyself, dear Lord, and let me love Thee ! Show me my King ! "

No vision, no sensible rapture, no audible voice, came. The gift of the faith was granted her on Christmas night. Jesus Christ Himself was on that altar. As truly as in Bethlehem and on Calvary. He was there, His blessed Body, His precious Blood, His Sacred Heart ; and He loved her, this King of kings, and she loved Him. And the poor were His courtiers, His friends, His brothers and sisters, — nay, more, they were Himself. What was the wealth of a millionaire in the sight of the King of Heaven and Earth ? Truly, as Pauline had said, after one had seen the King, everything of this world was small indeed, a bauble, the merest dross.

She looked up. That King on the great cross, *her* King, had chosen poverty and want and shame and pain. Oh, to follow Him in that pathway, where His royal and wounded feet had trod ! He was literally pouring His graces on her, in answer to the little maid who knelt beside her. Not only but the love He gave her for Him was that love which counts all things dross if it may win Christ, — the love He gave to Paul on the road to fair Damascus, the love He gave to Elizabeth of Hungary and Teresa of Avila, to Francis Xavier and to Stanislaus Kostka. It is His gift, and He grants it to His chosen ones ; and perhaps there would be more of His chosen ones if we only willed.

When Pauline rose up and went forward with the crowds to the altar for communion, it seemed to the Princess Caprice that her heart must break within her. Twice

that night her will had been denied her — she had not seen her father, and she might not receive her Lord. And the proud heart melted into its first conscious act of real humility as she cried once again, not “show me Thyself,” but, “*give* me Thyself, dear Lord ! and let me love *You* forever, and do whatever You may want of me, and will let me do !”

But the strange thing was that she was enamoured of His poverty. Yet was it strange ; or is it we who are strange to think it strange, when He gave all for us ? Again and again she watched, with fascinated gaze, that white form stripped of all things, its face so glorious in its regal grace. Was she not to give all, in order to gain all ? Could she ever again go richly clad, and live in luxury, and spend as she used to spend on self, and, as a Princess Caprice indeed, on whatever she fancied, while He and His children were in cold and want and woe ? Could her Lover and Lord suffer, and she not suffer too ?

The Mass ended, and the people moved eagerly to the Christmas Crib. After a time, Pauline and Alexandrina knelt there too. And there the Infant Jesus completed His work of grace. She saw a small child and a beggar-like old man kneel down in rapt devotion, and then place their humble offering in the box at the Infant's feet. And suddenly the Princess Caprice tore the bracelets from her wrists, and the rings from her white fingers, and the diamonds from her ears, and flung them at Jesus' feet ; and then Pauline knew without words that the answer to her prayers was given. “She lavished the ointment, Father,” she said to an old priest near. “Won't you speak to her, Father ? For I think it is one who loves much, that has come to the Crib to night.”

When, a few days later, Mr. Freylichensen returned, enraged at the band of determined strikers whose firm stand against him had kept even him at bay, he met for the first time determined opposition from a most unexpected quarter. To his iron will was opposed his daughter's will, firm now as adamant because founded on the eternal rock. Justice and charity were the Christmas gifts she asked of him, and she would not be gainsaid. And when, soon after, he died, and died in the Faith she fearlessly professed, willing to lose everything earthly, and

all human love, rather than to lose it, he left the bulk of his enormous wealth to her. She made of it a great act of restitution and of reparation, and a great act of love.

People called her conversion her latest caprice. They found it, however, an abiding, life-long conviction. The disposal of her wealth, consecrated entirely to the King's service, seemed to her but a necessary consequence of her love for the King of kings. And she and Pauline De Mostyn founded together a new order of Little Sisters and Servants of the Toilers, going in and out among factory and mill-hands, and miners and artisans, and filling their hard lives with the joy and beauty that come from the Carpenter's shop at Nazareth, that earthly palace of the King.

Alexandrina died first ; and Pauline, bending over her, caught the last look of love from the aged eyes. They were old women then in the service of their Lord.

"We have been so happy together, Sister," Pauline exclaimed ; and Alexandrina answered humbly to her superior :

"Thank God, Mother ! It was you who led me to see the King in His beauty. I shall never forget you in His presence. Who made us one in Him."

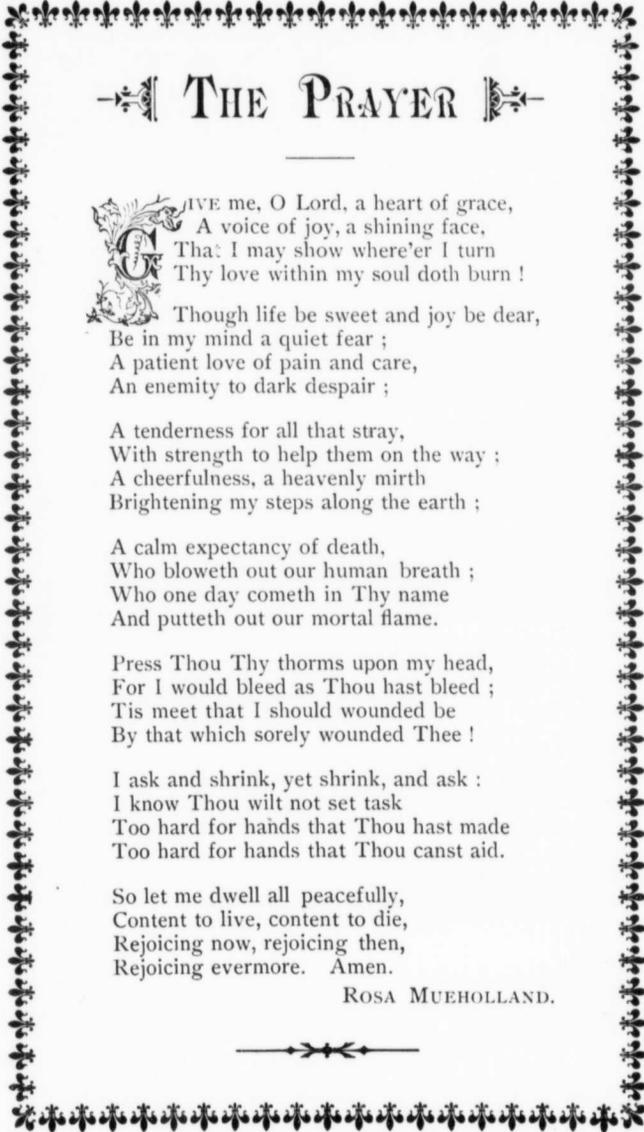


God's List'ning Ear

My lips are close to God's list-ning ear,
 What are the words I wish Him to hear ?
 What is the music He loves the most ?
 What sweeter than song of heavenly host ?
 'Tis my heart's own love, — 'tis this from me : —
 " My God ! My Father ! I Love but Thee ! "
 A thousand times through the long, long day
 These simple words may I fondly say,
 Thus giving a joy to His Sacred Heart,
 Than which no greater can heaven impart !

Sister Madeleine M. Augustine.





— ❧ — THE PRAYER — ❧ —

GIVE me, O Lord, a heart of grace,
A voice of joy, a shining face,
That I may show where'er I turn
Thy love within my soul doth burn !

Though life be sweet and joy be dear,
Be in my mind a quiet fear ;
A patient love of pain and care,
An enemy to dark despair ;

A tenderness for all that stray,
With strength to help them on the way ;
A cheerfulness, a heavenly mirth
Brightening my steps along the earth ;

A calm expectancy of death,
Who bloweth out our human breath ;
Who one day cometh in Thy name
And putteth out our mortal flame.

Press Thou Thy thorns upon my head,
For I would bleed as Thou hast bleed ;
Tis meet that I should wounded be
By that which sorely wounded Thee !

I ask and shrink, yet shrink, and ask :
I know Thou wilt not set task
Too hard for hands that Thou hast made
Too hard for hands that Thou canst aid.

So let me dwell all peacefully,
Content to live, content to die,
Rejoicing now, rejoicing then,
Rejoicing evermore. Amen.

ROSA MUEHOLLAND.





The Benefits of the Holy Sacrifice

as exemplified in

THE PRISONER'S DELIVERANCE

THE effect of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as we learn from the Council of Trent, is to free our souls from sin, to purify us. Its immediate effect is to efface venial sin, and indirectly it breaks the bonds of mortal sin, by conferring actual graces which lead sinners to repentance and pardon, thus the Blood of the Eucharistic Victim delivers us from the captivity of the devil. Even in temporal things it has worked similar prodigies, such, as to free unhappy prisoners from their chains, and to restore health to those mourning under the weight of their infirmities. We cite an example related by Venerable Bede in his history of England.

A bloody combat had taken place in the North of Trent, the Mercian king, Aelrède, had slain Elbuin, the brother of his rival Egfrid, the king of Northumberland.

Among the victims was a valiant soldier from the vanquished army who fell mortally wounded. He remained a day and night lying among the dead on the battle-field. Finally having recovered somewhat of his strength, he dressed his wounds, as well as he could, arose and with extraordinary energy set out to seek his friends, but he fell into the hands of his enemies and was led by them to Aelrede's lieutenant.

Questioned as to his nationality and fearing to admit that he was one of Elbuin's soldiers, he said he was a poor ploughman who had come to carry provisions to the camp and had been wounded in the discharge of his duty.

Orders were then given that he should be cared for, but as he was not yet wholly free from suspicion, the officer commanded him to be bound every night, lest he should be a spy.

But every night, as soon as his guardians had retired, the chains miraculously fell, as if broken by an invisible and powerful hand. Astonished at this prodigy, the offi-



cer inquired of Quinia what magical art he used to break so often, the chains wherewith he was bound. " I have never practised any magical art ", the prisoner answered, " but in my native land, I have a brother, who is a priest : I presume that believing me slain in battle, he often offers the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for me, that is the only explanation I can give of the marvel ; doubtless

if my soul had passed into the other life, my brother's prayers would have delivered me and united me to God."

As he was speaking an officer who was watching him attentively, concluded from his language and distinguished bearing, that he was not what he had represented himself, but undoubtedly a warrior belonging to a noble family; the officer took him aside, and pressed him to divulge his identity, promising him that no injury should happen to him, as the result of his avowal.

Quinia finally yielded and acknowledged he was a minister of king Elbuins. "I judged rightly not believing you to be a ploughman", the officer replied, "you deserve death, and I should be revenged for the loss of my relatives and friends who fell in that battle, by the shedding of your blood; but I will be true to my word and your life will be spared."

When his wounds were healed he was sold and brought to London. There also every night he was carefully bound that he might not escape; but again his chains miraculously unloosed. His purchaser frightened at the extraordinary occurrence, offered him his liberty provided he should pay a considerable ransom; he gladly promised, and was immediately set at liberty.

A few days afterwards he rejoined his brother the Abbot, in the monastery of Tunnacestir, and related in detail the marvellous intervention of Divine Providence in his behalf, then the mystery was fully explained. "I had heard, said the Abbot, that you were among the slain, I went to the battle-field and after long searching I found the corpse of a soldier who perfectly resembled you, I buried him, believing him to be you, and since then, I daily offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of your soul". Then it was seen according to Quinia's version that the hour of the nightly miraculous deliverance corresponded exactly to the hour wherein the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the repose of his soul.

Venerable Bede concludes by saying that the renown of the mystery spread broadcast, and gave a wonderful impetus to the devout practice of having Masses offered for the living and for the dead.

ADORO TE SUPPLEX

TRÈS LENT ET SOLENNEL Metr : (♩ = 44).

A - do - ro te sup - plex. la - tens De - i -

Crescendo. *p*

tas, Quæ sub his fi - gu - ris ve - rè la - ti -

tas! Ti - bi - se cor me - um to - tum sub - ji -

cit ; Qui - a te con - tem - plans to -

crescendo.

tum de - fi - cit ; Qui - a te con - templans

crescendo. *f* *ff*

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a grand staff. It consists of two phrases. The first phrase is marked *dimin.* and *pp*, and the second phrase is marked *très doux.* and *ritard.*. The lyrics are: "to - tum de - fi - cit, to - tum de - fi - eit."

✻ ADORO TE SUPPLEX ✻

Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur ;
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius,
Nil hoc Veritatis verbo verius.
Nil hoc verius.

In cruce latebat sola Deitas :
At hic latet simul et humanitas :
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro pœnitens.
Latro pœnitens.

Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intueor,
Deum tamen meum te confiteor ;
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere, te diligere.
Te diligere.

O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus, vitam præstans homini,
Præsta meæ menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.
Dulce sapere.

O fons puritatis, Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,
Cujus una stilla saluum facere
Totum quit ad omni mundum scelere.
Saluum facere.

Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio :
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.
Tuæ gloriæ.



RECOURSE TO THE HEART OF JESUS

"Come to me, all you that labor, and are burdened."

ST. MATH., XI, 28.

ET us have recourse, with the most entire confidence, and on every occasion, to the Heart of Jesus. "We shall find in that adorable Heart," says saint Peter Damian, "all the arms fit for our defence, all the remedies that our maladies require, the most powerful succor against the assaults of our enemies, the sweetest consolations, the purest delights, and such as are most capable of filling our soul with joy."

"The treasures of blessings and graces which the Heart of Jesus contains," says blessed Margaret Mary, "are infinite." Have recourse to that Heart. You will there find the strength necessary not to be disheartened or troubled about anything, not even your failings, for which you ought to humble yourself; but never be discouraged.

"Make your abode in that adorable heart; bring there your uneasiness and sufferings, and all will be there pacified; you will there find the remedy for all your evils, and your shelter in all necessities

If you are an abyss of weakness and misery, the Heart of Jesus is an abyss of mercy and strength; if you are an abyss of dryness and feebleness, it is an abyss of power and love. If you desire the grace of a happy death, seek it from the Heart which bled for us: if you fear the severities of judgment, have recourse to Him. Yes, in everything, and every where, plunge into that ocean of love and charity; and, if it is possible, do not depart from it until you are penetrated with the love with which that

Heart is inflamed for God and man. " There are in the Heart of Jesus infinite treasures, graces of light, graces of strength, graces for every situation and for all sorts of persons. It is an inexhaustible source of all the blessings we can desire.

The Heart of Jesus is the refuge of all who are unfortunate, it is particularly so of sinners, who are, in truth, the most unfortunate of men. It shares in all our sufferings and feels them as its own. Let us remember the sentiments of goodness and commiseration that our Saviour manifested at sight of sufferings ; how many acts of His life represent Him healing our sorrows and miseries.

" The Lord is good to those who hope in Him, and who seek Him in the sincerity of their soul. "

Often in our suffering, our sadness, our weakness, we say to ourselves : " Where shall I find a heart to understand mine ? " Why do we not go to the foot of the tabernacle, before that prison of love where He dwells for us who alone is our repose and true joy ? There is a heart which will understand ours, and will be always a consolation to it.

One day when the Blessed Margaret Mary was laying before our divine Saviour her weakness, her powerlessness to fulfill His designs, He said to her : " Put thy will into the wound of my heart, and it will there find the strength to conquer itself " ; to which the holy sister replied : " Carry it far into your heart, O my God, and place it so securely there that it may never depart thence. "

It has been so with all the saints ; their souls were always strengthened and comforted by contact with the Heart of Jesus, with which theirs had the closest union. Like us, in this life of warfare and misery, they were a mark for contradiction, for temptations, for interior trials, infirmities and sickness ; like us, they were often in sadness and tears ; but they had recourse to the Heart of the Divine Master, and that delivered them from their sufferings, or what was better, communicated to them the strength and courage to support them with faith, resignation, and love, and even the desire of suffering still more, so as to have more resemblance to Him.

It was from their relations with the Heart of Jesus, that saint Francis of Assisium, saint Theresa, saint

Francis Xavier, saint Magdalen of Pazzi, and Blessed Margaret Mary drew that love of the Cross which is the sublimity of Christian heroism, and which made them say to their Divine Saviour : " O my crucified love, may I be crucified with You ! Either to suffer, or to die ! Still more suffering ! Yes, to suffer always ! O my Lord, I beseech Thee do not deprive me of the happiness of suffering for you. "

BROTHER PHILIPP.

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The Sanctuary Lamp

WHILE gleams the golden cross upon the height
 Of the tall spire that climbs towards the sky,
 While bends one human knee in reverence, nigh
 The slender host will burn the ruby light,
 Whose glow through the long day and silent night,
 Will soften grief and check the rising sigh
 And bring relief to wounded hearts that lie
 Forspent with grievous toilings in the fight.

And gleaming steadfast through the tempest's roar,
 Calm in the midst of passion's strife and din,
 It pledges refuge on a happier shore,
 And refuge from the hopeless wreck of sin —
 This beacon at the tabernacle door,
 Weak emblem of the love that burns within.

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RESIGNATION

COUNT the saddened Rosary of my days
 On Memory's silver chain, the fair beads strung
 Glide slowly on along their gleaming ways,
 Till where the decades end, a cross is hung.

See, e'en the chaplet chants a sermon true,
 And breathes in minor tones from sorrow wrung
 A warning, that though life seems fair to view,
 Somewhere adown its course a cross is hung.

Dear Lord, as we press onward towards the end,
 With blinded eyes not knowing gold from dross,
 Be Thou our guide through paths where sorrows blend.
 Untill we learn to kiss the waiting cross.

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### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

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**T**HERE was a party of men in the house of a prominent gentleman in Berlin, the other day. The host, a passionate gatherer of antiquities, was showing his guests a valuable coin, of which he declared, only three pieces still existed in the world. The coin wandered from hand to hand, but failed to return to its proprietor. A search was instituted, but it could not be found. The host tried to comfort his guests, but all comfort was gone. The search was renewed again and again, but with the same fruitless result.

Some one at last proposed that the guests should examine the clothes of one another, suggesting that the coin might have fallen unawares into some one's pocket or might be suspended in the folds of some coat. The proposition was about to be acted upon when one of the guests, pale as chalk, rose and declared sharply that he for one would not submit to being searched. The effect was painful. The air in the room became oppressive, the wine glasses remained untouched, and all eyes were fixed on the man who would not be searched. At length a waiter came in showing the coin, which had been found hidden between two plates.

All suspicion vanished, but why did the gentleman object to being searched? The mystery was cleared. The gentleman in question rose and drew out of his pocket a coin precisely similar to the one which the host had shown. Courtesy had prevented his announcing in the first place that he also was in possession of a like coin, and had he been searched, he would have been stamped as the thief. "You can imagine that this half hour has been the most terrible of my life," he said, "and you may think, what would have become of me, had the coin not been found."



THRONE OF THE PERPETUAL EXPOSITION  
of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament New-York