

A crowd of people gathered at the corner of Mass.



THE ANGEL SONG

“ And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God.” (St Luke II 13)

What sudden blaze of song
 Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven ?
 In waves of light it thrills along,
 The angelic signal given —
 “ Glory to God !” from yonder central fire
 Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir.



Like circles widening round
 Upon a clear blue river,
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
 Is echoed on forever :
 “ Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 And love towards men of love — salvation and release !”


KEBLE.

The Eucharist and the Rosary.

The Second Glorious Mystery.

The Ascension of Our Lord.

Frequent Communion.

ORTY days have lived and died since Jesus stepped beyond the huge sepulchral stone and passed out into the Spring sunlight to meet His friends. Those forty days were hours of peaceful, sublime teaching. His words were burned into the souls of His followers by the fire of His glorified state, painful in its intensity, it must have been, but also joyful and triumphant.

It was on Mount Olivet that He spoke His words of melting love to the Apostles for the last time. Then for the last time, too, He looked into His dear Mother's eyes ; raised His pierced hands in blessing over those who had been faithful and true, and with a glow of heavenly ecstasy upon His face, He gradually rose above the earth and was lost to the sorrowing little group on the hill-top. God help them ! No wonder the homeward walk was slow and heavy-paced ! What was earth to them now that He was gone ?

"I will not leave you orphans" was the promise left to console them and how well Jesus has kept that promise ! Though He departed that day into heaven ; though He was never more to be seen by mortal eye, yet He has tarried with us on the Mount of the altar in His Tabernacle home.

The mystery of the Ascension incites us to spiritual progress to perfection. "Higher ! Higher still !" exclaims our dear Saviour as He soars through space, "linger not where things material keep thee back—Higher ! Ascende Superius ! Borne down as we are by

the weight of nature how can we rise if the impetus given be not divine? Before going to His Father Christ left us the Mysterious Bread whose all powerful virtue draws us heavenward and helps us to overcome the dead weight that drags us to earth. This Bread is His own dear Self. "Ego Sum Panis." If we partake of this Bread often we shall progress—attain the degree of perfection demanded of us. This progress means an increase of the life of God within us, and perfection is a superabundance of this life. How obtain this superabundance? By frequent Communion.

The daily reception of the Holy Eucharist is no innovation in the Church. It was a good old custom of the primitive Christians, desirous as they were to practice evangelical perfection. The great St. Cyprian, voicing the opinion of the early Christian doctors, says: "Each day we receive the Eucharist as the nourishment of salvation."

The Church, through the Council of Trent, speaks in the following terms:—"The Council desires that the faithful assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion, not only spiritually, but sacramentally. Lastly, the very nature of the Eucharist calls for frequent Communion. It is a sacrament of God's presence. He makes it His delight to be with the children of men. Should it not be our delight to make this divine presence more intimate by Holy Communion? The Eucharist is a sacrifice and a perfect sacrifice can be consummated only by eating the flesh of the victim. The Eucharist is a food—the true "daily bread" which Jesus taught us to ask for in the "Pater." And if it is a daily bread, "How is it," says St. Augustine, "that we eat it but once a year?"

The desire for perfection and frequent Communion are two thoughts that most naturally fit together. They are co-relative. He who desires to be perfect longs for Communion; he who longs for Communion necessarily longs to be perfect.

There are Catholics who tell us that they feel no desire for frequent Communion and that, apart from the Paschal obligation, they are satisfied with an odd Communion on

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great feasts. Assuredly they are safe—they do not fall under the divine threat : “ Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood “ You shall not have life in you.” (John VI, 54.) But let those self-satisfied Christians sit down for a few moments of serious thought and note the answers to a few questions their conscience may flash upon them. Is it really, honestly the sense of their own unworthiness and a reverential fear of approaching so great a Sacrament that keeps them from Holy Communion? No ; but their hearts, like the inns of Bethlehem on that Christmas night so long ago are crowded with other interests than those of the Eucharistic God. There is room in them for dangerous pleasures, worldly aims, doubtful friends, fashionable companions, distracting and useless occupations, but when Mary’s Child knocks gently for entrance, the door is not opened.

Another class of Catholics will say : “ I go to Communion often, but some way or other my life is always the same—always poor in virtue, always beating about the same path, no uphill effort. There is the pity ! But why this stand-still? Can you not account for it? Would it be that you forget to direct your intention? If the motive be not pure ; if the sole motive that draws you to the Holy Table is not the love of God and a desire for your perfection, you need not expect to be able to accomplish the uphill work. If you are simple hearted and true Jesus will help you to live nobler lives of purer motives, higher aims and braver deeds.

Let our desire to mount be honest and sincere and we shall feel the strength of the “ Bread of Life ” in our souls, helping us actively on the road to higher ground. We shall hear the tender voice of Jesus whispering to our struggling souls : “ Ascende Superius.” “ Higher still, my child—up ! up ! up to the Heaven where my smile of welcome will prove that the efforts you make are not overlooked. I long to see you on the heights and to have you safe near My Heart through a blissful eternity. Ascende Superius ! ”



I



AND so you are going to take the chance of the roads?"

"As usual. For years and years I have been wandering, my feet constantly treading new paths."

The man on the threshold of the poor house, raised the stick that he held in his hand and, with a gesture, pointed to the broad horizon bounded by great pine woods.

"How can I help it?" he said. "It is my life. Every one has his own. If mine has its hardships, it has, also, its charms."

"Yes," murmured the woman. And as from a corner of the room, the only room of the little house, the distressed cry of a child arose, she added hurriedly:

"Sit down a moment, if your heart tells you. . ."

The man remained on the door-sill.

He was an old man with a white beard, stooped shoulders, a wrinkled face, one of those beggars whom destiny makes at random and whose only companion in the evening of life is misery. But under the long lashes, hardened by the summer heats and the winter frosts and

snows, the eyes looked forth, mild and serene, with no trace of hatred against fate, misfortune, or humanity. They seemed very gentle.

The old man was troubled by the cry of the child. The mother had gone to the corner whence it came and, as she leaned over, she drew aside a little tattered curtain, her lips murmuring words of tenderness :

“ Sleep, darling, sleep ! I am here. . . ”

“ Aud papa ? ”

“ He will come back soon. ”

“ What will he bring me ? ”

The mother heaved a deep sigh : “ I do not know, my child, perhaps, nothing, for he may not be able to go down to Giromagny. ”

“ Oh ! *nothing* ! . . . ”

There was in the very sound of these two words an expression of untold disappointment. The mother added :

“ Only do not cry, my darling. He will go to-morrow or the next day, and then you shall have a beautiful plaything. ”

“ What will it be, mamma ? . . . A box of soldiers ! Tell me . . . O a big box of soldiers ! ”

“ Yes, my darling. ”

Happy in the thought, the child was silent and soon slept again.

The mother returned to the old man, who asked :

“ What is the matter with your child ? ”

She answered sadly : “ Sick and weak. He needs good nourishment, meat and wine, and we have nothing of that sort. We can afford him nothing like that ! His father makes twenty sous a days by felling wood on the mountain, and that is only enough to buy bread and bacon. ”

“ Ah ! ” said the old man thoughtfully. She went on : “ And my husband, counting on some other work that pays better, has promised the child for his Christmas-gift a box of soldiers. But the work did not come. To-morrow will be Christmas, and Andrew will not have his present. ”

“ Christmas ? . . . To-morrow ? ” . . .

“ Yes, don't you know that ? How in the world do you live ? ”

There was a gesture of the head. He had in his wanderings become almost like the beasts. The days were so uniformly alike that he confounded them. He was constantly on the go, saying the same words at the doors of houses, lying on the same alms, sleeping the same leaden sleep anywhere, in some old ruins, behind a haystack, or on a litter when some good soul consented to open to him a stable door. What to him were the days!

"Here," continued the woman, "in our lonely mountain, every year we keep Christmas-eve. It is an old custom of our country. But this year, alas! we cannot do it. The father has not had regular work and, though living as frugally as possible, we cannot make ends meet."

The old man listened, an expression of sadness on his withered face.

"But, my poor man, I am telling you our troubles, as if they could interest you! You think, perhaps, it is in order not to give you anything. No, no! In spite of our poverty, we always have a little bread for those that have none."

The woman went to a bread-chest and cut from a loaf a slice which she held out to the old man. "Here," she said, and then added: "It is growing dark. The wind is rising. We shall have snow to-night."

"Yes," he replied, thanking her.

"Will you be able to reach the town? . . . There is no place here . . . And yet . . ."

He understood her thought of kindness, of compassion, and with a smile he said: "The snow does not frighten me, nor the wind, nor the night! Thank you, good woman, and may God protect you!

II

The wind, indeed, began to blow. The clouds hung low in threatening masses, tumultuous sounds filled the air, and the haulms still standing from the summer harvest rose and fell in surging billows. Lower down the mountain, the first waved their branches, interlocking with one another as if in furious battle.

The man began to descend the footpath toward the far-off town. He trudged along, stick in hand, the toes

of his heavy, nailed shoes displacing the pebbles before him and sending them rolling down the steep path. The blast, keen and frosty, would have been for another a prickling lash ; but he, accustomed to all kinds of weather, heeded it not. Soon he entered the forest and, with the same rapid stride, he continued to descend the narrow path. He thought not of the struggle of the unchained elements in fury around him. He was buried in his own reflections.

He was thinking of the little cottage he had just left up above, hidden in the mountains. Ah ! the poor people ! They were not more happy than he ! For their sheltered misery, he would not exchange his own wandering life with all its hardships.

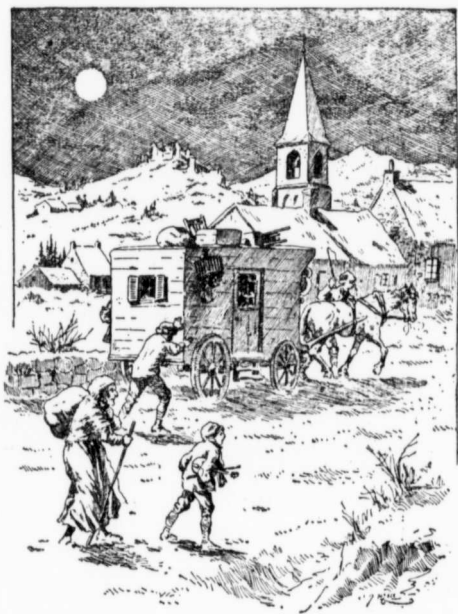
He had not always traversed these paths, however. He had once known happier hours, a time when he, too, possessed a fireside and a family. But that time was long past. It had died out in sorrow and reverses. Misfortune had weighed upon his whole life. One fatal evening, without any fault of his own, he had found himself alone and ruined. Then he had left his country, without a sou in his pocket, resolved to begin again a life of labor. But what guarantee of labor can be found in a white beard, a back bent down by care, and trembling hands ? His assurances that he was still able to work, that he could do what they asked of him, only provoked a smile.

At first, he had suffered much ; but, little by little, by wandering around in search of work, he contracted the life of a vagabond. People gave him bread, and with that he could not die. The fresh open air had grizzled him and won his love. He was inebriated with liberty, with the boundless horizon, with the dizziness of space. He had tasted the joy of sleeping upon beds of moss, among the perfume of flowers, under the clear light of the moon, of awakening in the depths of the forest roused by the harmony of singing birds. It was, indeed, harder in winter, but he always found a corner in some farmhouse to rest his weary limbs.

And so, for years, as he said, he had been on the go, without an aim and without a care. The same words sprang to his lips on the threshold of the cottage and the

gate of the chateau. He was humble and stooped, so they gave to him. Here, some bread, some bacon, some cheese ; there a glass of wine, an old garment, or a sou. Sometimes a word of comfort fell to his lot, and that he carried away in his heart as a drop of balm.

The sous he kept till he had enough of them, and then he changed them for a silver piece ; and when the silver pieces multiplied sufficiently, he transformed



them into a bright louis d'or. While walking along in the pelting storm, the old man felt it under his hand in his pocket. That twenty franc piece was his whole fortune.

The wind redoubled. Noises resounded through the forest like prolonged moans of distress. Daylight began to fade, and with the twilight arose huge black clouds from the horizon.

And still the wanderer's thoughts went back to the cottage of the poor people, solitary, hidden, in which hospitality was practised with so much greatness of soul, so much goodness. He thought of the woodman's disappointment at not being able, for the want of a few sous, to carry home to his sick boy the toy that would have given him so much pleasure. He had not seen the child but he pictured him to himself, pale, sad, with black circles round the eyes into which tears often started.

Christmas ! The word rang in the wanderer's ears. He remembered that it was on this December night people took their places around a great fire, and that tables groaned under their viands. Families were then reunited, and countenances were radiant under the clear light of the heart.

But all these joys were over for him. Never again should he experience them ! Alone, all alone, he would wander until his last night on earth !

Many a Christmas had come and gone in the past weary years, and he had not given them a thought. But this evening he would reach Glomagny, and he would ask shelter in some house. They would give him leave to lie in a corner of the stable, and he would sleep there on the straw, while all the world, the happy world, were preparing for the feast.

True, there were others no better off than himself. Up on the mountain, in the woodman's cot, there would be no gayety. They would perhaps, go to bed early that they might not be tempted to shed tears.

" Ah ! the poor !" murmured the beggar.

III

Suddenly, an idea flashed across his mind. He tried at first to banish it, but it was persistent, it would come back. If he would, he could give some happiness this evening and taste some himself. Was there not in his pocket, right under his hand, the beautiful louis d'or with which he could buy so many nice things ? And he went over them all in his mind. First of all, a box of soldiers, wooden soldiers, painted, with red pantaloons, gilt caps, and blue jackets. Then a roasted goose, and

some generous wine, red as blood, flowing in glasses, and some chesnuts just off the fire, there shells cracking under the fingers.

And there would be laughter, while the fire danced on the hearth, the clear, ringing laughter of a child, and its joyous exclamations . . .

"Yes, I can have all that," thought the old man.

But how should he manage it? The snow had begun to fall, the white flakes were already floating in the air, and the cold was piercing. To buy provisions in the town and climb the mountain would take, at least, an hour and a half, no matter how quickly he went. And the darkness would soon be deep. There would be danger in going by night along the path bordered by precipices.

"It is folly for me to think of such a thing," said the old man to himself, but despite his words, he rose and departed with a rapid pace.

IV

"Come now, husband, do not be so sad!"

Near the fire sat the woodman, his head drooping dejectedly.

"Perhaps, you'll have a better chance after to-morrow added his wife.

"Yes, but it is because I promised the poor little one his toy," said the husband.

"I know that well! But what can you do, since it is impossible?"

"No, I was working on the other side of the Grande Planche to day, and the town is so far! By going to Giromagny, I would have lost almost a day of twenty sous. And we need those twenty sous on Saturday for bread. After all, that would be just as bad!" He was silent, and for some moments the silence was full of agony. Then he spoke:

"Soon he will get awake, the poor little fellow! He will, perhaps ask us for nothing, but he will be thinking of what I promised him. And he will be so disappointed. That breaks my heart, you see. Then, you, too my poor wife! Once we could keep Christmas eve.

Even last year, I was able to get something better than usual. Don't you remember !”

“ We must not think of it,” she answered.

At that moment from the little bed in the corner, a voice was heard : “ Mamma !”

The mother was quickly at the bedside. “ Papa ? Has papa brought me nothing ?”

“ No, my darling. but to-morrow . . .”

“ Ah ! you always say ‘To-morrow’ ” and the feeble voice was hushed in a sob.

At that instant, a rap at the door was heard, then another and another.

“ Who can be out this dreadful night ?” said the woodman rising. Then came a cry : Let me in, good people. It is the Good-fellow Christmas !” And when the door was opened, there stood the beggar of the afternoon, the old man with the white beard, his arms filled with packages.

V

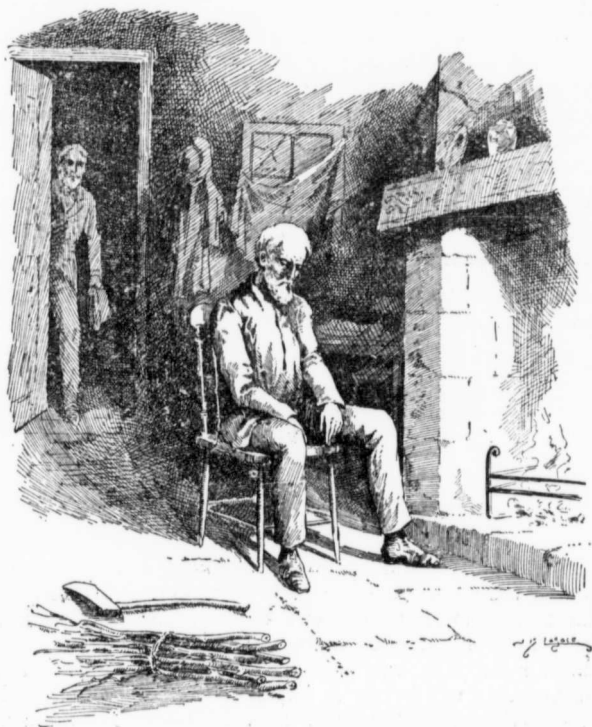
And now in the little cottage there is a feast. Joy reigns around the table. Explanations given, and the wanderer having expressed his desire to spend the evening with the woodman, the clever housewife had prepared the dinner.

Enraptured with his beautiful box of soldiers, superb in their red and blue uniform, the child suddenly regained new life, and insisted on rising. He seated himself on a chair before his little army, contemplating his troops with delight, joy dancing in his eyes. From time to time, he raised them to the old greybeard, and smiled upon him.

“ I love you so much, Good-fellow Christmas !” said he in his childish voice, charming in its lisp.

And the beggar was joyous as never before with the happiness that he had spread around him. They drank to the little one's health and to his future full of vigor, as they fondly hoped. Truly, on that evening, in no rich dwelling did their reign more heartfelt satisfaction than in the lowly cot of the poor woodman.

It grew late, and all retired. Adjoining the house, was a little shelter where, in better days, they had kept a goat. There on the warm straw, the beggar went to pass the night.



VI

Before daylight the next morning, the old man slipped out noiselessly. The snow had ceased to fall during the night, and the firs were covered with its pure flakes. In the grey dawn, they looked like giants clothed in white. The old man, stick in hand paused in a listening attitude.

All were asleep in the little cot. He thought of the happiness he had given, and his soul was filled with satisfaction, such as he had not felt for many a day. But he wanted no thanks. It appeared to him that he, and not they, was the favored one, that the poor people, still so quietly resting, owed him nothing. If he saw them again, he might, perhaps, not want to leave them, to recommence his wandering life among the neighboring towns and villages, that vagabond life, the only one that now remained to him. No ! no ! He was a beggar cast by adversity into the wide, wide world, and he must travel on patiently as long as his legs would carry him.

Go on, old man ! . . . The snow is beginning to fall again. It is coming down in great butterflies, and the wind is whistling.

Out again to the unknown, the old man goes, his stick in hand.

PAUL ROUGET



CHRIST WITH US

Christmas has come again—the birthday of the Redeemer. All over the world the day will be celebrated. Hundreds of millions of human beings will make an act of faith in the dogma that God then became visible on earth in the form of a child, when Jesus was born of Mary in a stable of Bethlehem and they will rejoice in His advent as the Messiah. For in its effects it is, as it were, a present reality. He still comes to save us from sin, to break the fetters wherewith Satan has endeavored to enslave us, and to lead us to His kingdom.

It is idle to be merry only with gifts and feasting. It is the soul that should most rejoice. The gladness of the day is primarily spiritual. Christ is with us to day. In the Eucharist He is really present. He is in our tabernacles. He appears on our altars. He visits our homes. He dwells in us as His living temples. Let us be glad that, in the Mass, to-day a Saviour is given to us who is Christ the King.

A Christmas Wish

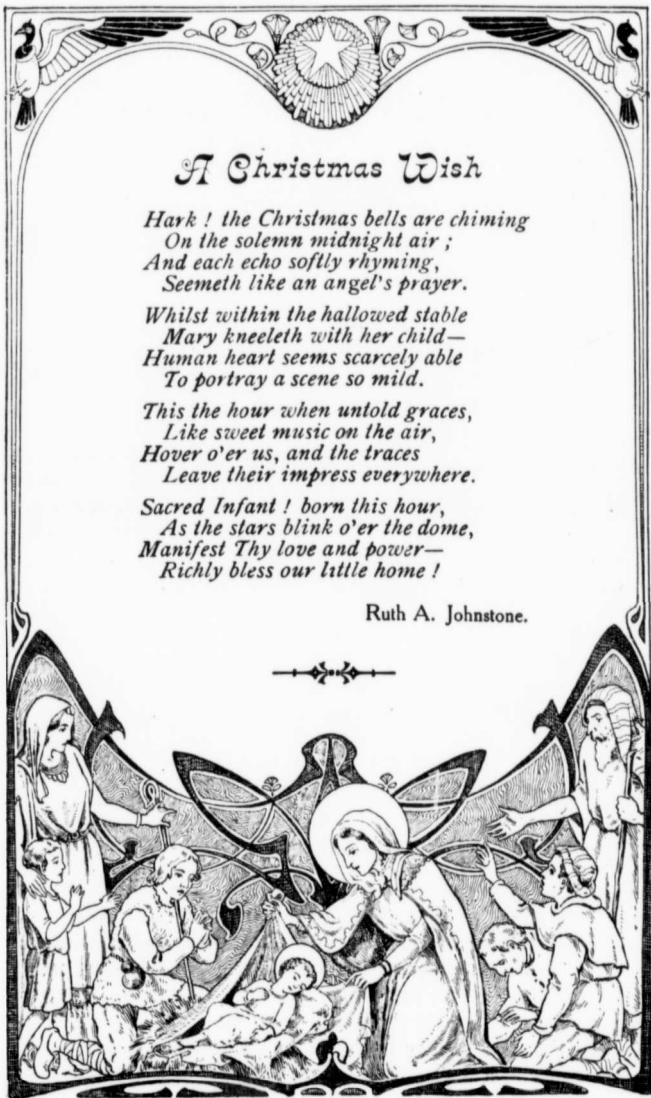
*Hark ! the Christmas bells are chiming
On the solemn midnight air ;
And each echo softly rhyming,
Seemeth like an angel's prayer.*

*Whilst within the hallowed stable
Mary kneeleth with her child—
Human heart seems scarcely able
To portray a scene so mild.*

*This the hour when untold graces,
Like sweet music on the air,
Hover o'er us, and the traces
Leave their impress everywhere.*

*Sacred Infant ! born this hour,
As the stars blink o'er the dome,
Manifest Thy love and power—
Richly bless our little home !*

Ruth A. Johnstone.





HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus Carries His Cross

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Et bajulans sibi crucem exivit in eum qui dicitur Calvarie locum, hebraice autem Golgotha,

And bearing His own cross, He went forth to that place which is called Calvary, but in Hebrew Golgotha.

I. — Adoration.

The sentence once pronounced, all haste was made with the preparations for the execution. Without losing an instant they despoiled Jesus of all signs of His mock royalty; and reclothed Him with His ordinary working attire in which they were accustomed to see Him when speaking to the people. It was right that all should recognize the Man who was going to be immolated for them.

The Cross, too, was there waiting its Victim. As soon as Jesus perceived it, His heart leaped with joy. He received it as coming from the hands of His Father, embraced it, pressed it to His Heart, and watered it with His tears. Holy Cross, precious Cross! From the first moment of His life, He had been waiting for it, longing for it. His hands, still red from the cords that had tightly bound them since His arrest, placed it upon His shoulder, and the sweet Victim took the road to consummate His sacrifice.

The disreputable cortege sets out. It is now about half after eleven. At its head, according to Roman custom, a mounted centurion leads the procession. Behind him, a herald proclaims aloud the crimes that are going to be punished, and carries the tablets inscribed with the names of the condemned and the cause of their condemnation. Jesus proceeds through the Holy City, surrounded by soldiers carrying the ropes, the nails, the hammers, in a word, all that is necessary for the crucifixion. To fill up the measure of His humiliation, two unfortunate robbers, condemned to the same punishment escort the august Victim. Breathless with hatred and joy, the Sanhedrites, with whom come a great number of Jews and Jewish women close the march. "Here and there followed women, their eyes filled with tears and fixed on the Victim, too impressed by that sight to care for the jostling of the crowd. Among them was one more broken-hearted, more deeply absorbed, and more beautiful, bearing on her countenance the traces of fifty years of existence and an age of sorrow. She was Mary the Mother of the Victim."

The Cross is a principality, a principedom, for it is the throne on which Jesus will begin to reign over the world. It is a principality, for it is the principle of salvation and human reparation. It is a principality, for as says the prophet, it is the "Key to the House of David," which is to open the gates, until then closed, of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is a stable, solid principality, which does not change, but which will triumph over all the principalities of earth and subject them to itself. This principality is humiliating for Jesus, but it is by it, nevertheless, that He will attract universal veneration.

Still more, it is by the very thing that is humiliating, says St Paul, that God the Father will give to His Son a name above every name, and before that name every knee will bend in heaven, on earth, and even in hell. As soon as the Saviour shall be raised on that instrument of torture, He will crush the pride of hell and of Satan, and will cause Himself to be acknowledged by the demon. In receiving His Cross, Christ possesses Himself, indeed, of a trophy of victory.

Blessed Cross, I adore thee, but I adore thee only because thou was borne by my Jesus ! To Thee, above all, O Divine Redeemer, I offer at this moment the homage of my adora-

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tion and most tender love ! Divine Saviour, how great Thou art, how powerful, how adorable under the Cross ! Was not divine strength needed to bear the crushing weight of the sins of the world ? I behold Thee, indeed, bending under a Cross, Thy fore-head in the dust, annihilated without the power even to rise, Thou who didst command the elements and all nature ; but I know that it belongs to the all-powerful God to triumph by weakness and humiliation, and under the Cross, as at present under the still more humble species of the Host, Thy Divinity shines forth to me more clearly than anything in creation. Thou must have the power of God to rise above such abasement !

II. — Thanksgiving.

Who can say what passed in the Heart of the Divine Saviour when, for the first time, His eyes rested on the wood upon which He was soon to die ! God alone knows it, He alone can repeat it. Assuredly, Jesus sees first all the tortures of the crucifixion, and all that He would have to endure during the three terrible hours He would hang on the Cross. But His Heart did not rest on those pains, nor was His mind fixed on the thought that death would end His sufferings. The Redeemer's Heart could not be swayed by such weakness. No, from the first moment, the Cross appeared to Him as the instrument a thousand times blessed and desirable, which was to procure for God infinite glory and for men eternal happiness. Is it not for Him the altar upon which He is going to immolate Himself, pour out His Blood as a Sacrifice without stain ? Is it not His to say the first bloody and solemn Mass for the reconciliation of the world with God ? Is it not the condition for the testament of His Heart by which He is going to bequeath to us His Body to eat and His Blood to drink ? Is it not His royal standard which will guide men in the battle of life and serve as a rallying-point to His predestined ? Will it not become one day the sceptre of His power, the tribunal from which He will judge all mankind ?

And it is His Divine Father who, at this moment, offers to Him that present. By loading Himself with the Cross, Jesus knows that He is discharging our debt. He knows there is no reconciliation possible between God and man, if

He does not consent to fall for us under the weight of divine Justice. That is the reason Jesus looks upon His Cross with so much love, grasps it so eagerly, kisses it with so much joy, and with His own hand places it on His shoulder with such alacrity. That is the reason He carries, and does not drag it, in spite of its length and weight. That is the reason the Holy of Holies does not disdain to walk as a criminal between two thieves. That is the reason He does not fear, by taking up His Cross and bearing it through the streets of the Holy City, to sacrifice His reputation and incur under the eyes of all men the unavoidable disgrace of a shameful condemnation. It was for this reason that, on the way to Calvary, every one of His steps was marked by His Blood, and that He fell under the weight of His Cross. And if His Heart still beat, it was with love and impatience to die for us. It was for this that, although with great difficulty and thoroughly exhausted, He rose after so many falls. He wills to reach Calvary's height. His tenderness for us, gave fresh strength to the Body whose veins held no more Blood. This is the reason He delays not to reach the end of His journey where He is to offer Himself in sacrifice for the honor of His Heavenly Father and the salvation of souls. This is the reason that He would not abandon His Cross, that, on reaching Calvary He allowed Himself to be bound to it, nailed, and there hang till released by death.

And it is to continue His work of regeneration and salvation that He engages to carry down through the ages, the far more dolorous cross of humiliation and contempt in the Sacrament of His Love.

How can we sufficiently bless the Heart of so good a Saviour in these mysteries of love? How sufficiently thank this Divine Lamb making His way to the slaughter-house under the double weight of His own Cross and our sins?

III. — Reparation.

Jesus carries His own Cross! How its weight must add to the sufferings of the Divine Saviour already worn out by His agony, the flagellation, the crowning with thorns, the bad treatment He had received, and also by the privation of food! What remained of His Blood was reddening the road to Calvary, marking every footstep.

His executioners, animated by barbarous fury, push Him forward, strike Him, urge Him onward with rude kicks. At last, Jesus feels Himself overcome. From excess of suffering and weariness, He falls under the weight of His Cross. The divine wrath is unchained against Him. There is a general coalition to increase the shame of the Condemned One. It is Jerusalem, the capital of His kingdom, that drives Him out of its walls, in spite of all His benefits. They took away His purple mantle, and clothed him again with His own garments, that He might be the more easily recognized. With Him, they associate two infamous malefactors to accompany Him to Calvary. In the eyes of men, of all the Jews who are at their doors and windows to see the procession go by, Jesus passes for a criminal ! But oh, what a difference in the eyes of the angels !

Pardon, Jesus, pardon ! Pardon for those unhappy Jews who so maltreated Thee ! Pardon for Thy disciples who, at this agonizing moment, abandoned Thee to loneliness so cruel for Thy loving Heart ! Mercy for the souls in purgatory who, by their sins, increased the weight of Thy Cross !

Pardon for all my own sins ! I can see on this wood my disobedience, my ingratitude, my sensuality, my vanity, my sloth, my pride. Can I ever be consoled for having contributed to making Thy Cross so heavy !

Every day increases the load of iniquity that Jesus bears on His shoulders. " In the Divine Sacrament of the Altar, bad Christians impose on Jesus a cross much more heavy, much more painful for His Heart. This cross is made up of their irreverence in the holy place, their mind so dissipated, their heart so cold in His Presence, their devotion so tepid," writes Ven. Père Eymard. Jesus is still more annihilated in the Eucharist than under the Cross or under the feet of His executioners, and what is worse, He is still more despised and afflicted. And upon this new " Dolorous Way," how much more sensitive is He to " the fall that He makes into a young heart receiving Him unworthily on the day of First Communion." Jesus does not pass over the road to Calvary; but here He remains, and He will remain till the end of the world.

IV. — Prayer.

Jesus again carries His Cross in the Most Blessed Sacrament. It is, indeed, no longer the instrument of wood that weighed upon His shoulders on His way to Calvary, but it is no less heavy, no less ignominious. It is no longer the Jews that impose it upon Him, it is a multitude of Christians, enemies, the indifferent, even some of His friends—and that is all the more pitiful—who lay it upon Him. It is no longer along the road to Golgotha that Jesus bears His Cross, but on thousand of other dolorous ways which hatred, impiety, or indifference has opened for Him in His kingdom here below. Not for one hour only, but for ages, and until the end of the world the cross of exile, of humiliation, or of contempt will weigh with an almost infinite weight, not upon the shoulder, but upon the very Heart of Jesus Christ.

And if our desire, however intense it may be, of relieving the sweet Victim advancing under the Cross toward Calvary, can now, alas ! be but a simple regret,—may we at least efficaciously relieve the Divine Saviour of the numberless crosses that men inflict on Him in His Eucharistic retreats ! Grant, O Divine Redeemer, that I may take from Thee the cross of exile in Thy Tabernacles by visiting Thee more assiduously ; the cross of contempt by lavishing on Thee every honor ; the cross of hatred by ever offering Thee a heart filled with love ; the cross of ingratitude by acknowledging all Thy benefits, above all that of Thy Holy Eucharist ; the cross of indifference by bringing to Thee a soul entirely devoted, entirely consecrated to Thy divine service !

Glorify, O Divine Redeemer, glorify Thy Cross, the trophy of Thy love, the instrument a thousand times blessed of Thy mercies and of our salvation ! Since Thou hast touched that Cross with Thy adorable Flesh, and watered it with Thy Blood, it has become holy, venerable, adorable. May it take its place of honor among Thy redeemed, and may it receive from all the homage of adoration to which it has a right ! May it appear with honor above all our public monuments, in our schools, in our courts of justice, in our hospitals and cemeteries, on the public roads, in the reception-rooms of the rich as in the hovels of the poor. May this be so while we await its glittering sight in heaven on the solemn day of great assizes of humanity.

THE HEART THAT CARES

(Written for the Sentinel)

For the dear departed that will never return,
 When I miss those that would understand,
 And those that would loyal by me stand.
 Why do I seek that lowly shrine.
 And claim kindred love from a Heart Divine !
 The Lord that wept
 O'er a mortal's bier,
 Will fill the vacant place
 Of the lost and dear.

If my day is blest by a kindly voice,
 Or a thoughtful word makes my heart rejoice
 What prompts me my gladness to Him to tell ?
 Is it aught to Him, if with me 'tis well ?
 Why do I pray Him to shelter and bless
 And keep the dear ones from life's harmfulness,
 Since His kind Heart careth,
 He'll sure caress,
 All these that render
 My lone hours less.

'Tis a pleasure unsought that cheers my heart,
 And I would that others would feel a part,
 Yet I often find they are far too great,
 My small life's joys to them hath no weight.
 No life is little to the Heart that cares
 And watches and waits and a welcome prepares.
 He stoops to hearken
 And my joy He shares,
 Just because He cares.

When the frame is weaken'd and the footsteps slow,
 And the trobbing brow is with pain bent low,
 When the duties I owe to my fellowmen
 I would not dare neglect — not even then :
 Yet why do I feel He'll in mercy forgive
 The praise, or the pray'r, I am unable to give ?
 His mercy knoweth
 What none else can see,
 His Heart that careth
 Will but pity me.

O Jesus my Comfort, my Hope, and my Life,
 My joy and my succour through all the world's strife !
 If Thou my Creator thus careth for me,
 How could my cold heart not care, Lord for Thee ?
 Forgive the neglect — O Grandeur so hidden
 More love will be mine, since much Thou'st forgiven
 O Heart of Love's Prisoner.
 Watch for me still
 I want Thy Heart's care
 My lifetime to fill.

O happy am I, poor weak child of His !
 He cares for me ever amidst all His Bliss
 For me He watches so patiently here,
 Bidding me come always and not to fear,
 Tho' myriads of Angels are around His Throne,
 Each care of my little life, He maketh His own
 My comfort each day,
 This thought shall be
 'Tis the Heart of my God,
 That careth for me.

S. M. F.
 Holy Angels' Convent
 Trevandrum.



Christmas and the Eucharist.

Venerable Père Eymard.

Hodie parvulus natus est nobis.
 Today a little Child is born to us.
 (ISAIAH, IX, 6.)



WHEAT feast of the Saviour's birth! We always hail it with joy. It lives again in our love, it is perpetuated by Eucharist. The relations between Bethlehem and the Eucharist cannot be separated; one completes the other. Let us study them today.

I.

The Eucharist was sown at Bethlehem. What is the Eucharist, if not the Wheat of the Elect, the Living Bread? Now, wheat has to be sown. It must be buried in the earth, that it may germinate and ripen, be harvested and ground, in order to make nourishing bread.

When born today on the straw of the stable, the Word prepared His Eucharist, and saw It in all His mysteries as their complement. He came on earth to unite Himself

with man. During His life, He established with him the union of grace, the union of example and merits. But in the Eucharist alone, He was to consummate the most perfect union of which man is capable here below. We must not lose sight of this divine thought, this end which Our Lord proposed to Himself, if we wish to comprehend the divine plan, namely : the union of grace by the mysteries of His life and death, and the union of body, of person, in the Eucharist, both the one and the other preparing the consummation of unity in glory.

Now, as the traveller never loses sight of the destination he has in view, as all his steps tend thereto, so in all His life Our Lord was secretly preparing His Eucharist.

This heavenly Wheat was, as it were, sown at Bethlehem, the house of bread. Behold It on the straw. That straw is trodden under foot, broken—it is poor humanity. By itself it is sterile. Jesus will raise it up in Himself, He will give it life, He will render it fruitful: "*Nisi granum frumenti cadens in terram*—Unless the grain of wheat fall to the earth." Behold this divine Grain sown! His tears are the moisture that will make it sprout. It will become beautiful. Bethlehem stands on a hill looking toward Jerusalem. When this Ear is ripe, It will incline toward Calvary, where they will mow It down, and expose It to the fire of suffering that It may become Living Bread.

Kings will come to feed upon It, and It will form their delight: "*Panis Aser, deliciæ Regum*—The bread of Aser, the delights of kings." He invites to the royal marriage-feast of the Lamb: "*Currunt Magi ad regales nuptias*—The Magi hasten to the royal nuptials." The Magi here represent those royal souls that are masters of themselves, and who feed in our day on the Blessed Sacrament.

The connection between the Saviour's birth at Bethlehem and the Eucharist viewed as a Sacrament, is found again with the Eucharist as a Sacrifice.

It was a little lamb that was born at Bethlehem. Jesus was born as a lamb in a stable, and as if He knew but His Mother. He already offers Himself in sacrifice :

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"*Hostias et oblationes noluisti, corpus autem aptasti mihi.* Father, Thou dost no longer desire victims nor sacrifices of the Law, but Thou hast given to Me a body. Behold Me!" This body is the condition of immolation. Jesus offers it to the Father. This little Lamb grows by His Mother's side, and in forty days she will possess the secret of His immolation. She will nourish Him with her pure and virginal milk. She will take care of Him for the day of Sacrifice. The character of victim will be so conspicuous in Him that, perceiving it on the very first day of His public life, St. John will point Him out only under the name of the Divine Lamb: "*Ecce Agnus Dei! Ecce qui tollit peccata mundi!*"

The Sacrifice begun at Bethlehem is consummated upon the altar at the Holy Mass. Oh, how touching is midnight Mass in the Christmas world! We hail it long before the time, we rejoice yearly at its approach. What is it that imparts to our Christmas feast its charm? What is it that gives joy to our canticles, transport to our heart, excepting that upon our altars Jesus is really born anew though in a different state? Are not our hymns, our homage, directly offered to His real Person? The object of our festival, as well as of our love, is present. We go in reality to Bethlehem, and there we find Him, not in remembrance, not in an image, but the Divine Infant Himself!

Again, see how the Eucharist begins at Bethlehem. The Emmanuel who has come to dwell among His people, is already there. He begins on this day of His birth to live among us, and the Eucharist will perpetuate His presence. There the world was made Flesh; in the Sacrament, He makes Himself bread that He may be able to give us His Flesh without exciting our repugnance.

There again, that is at Bethlehem, He begins the virtues of the sacramental state. He hides His Divinity in order to familiarize man with God. He veils His divine glory in order to come by degrees to the veiling of even His Humanity. He restrains His omnipotence in the feebleness of His infantile members. Later on, He will enchain it under the Sacred Species. He is poor, He is despoiled of everything—He, the Creator and Sovereign

Master of all things. The stable is not His. It is lent to Him as an alms. He lives with His Mother on the offerings of the shepherds and the Magi. Later, in the Eucharist, He will ask of Man a shelter, the matter of His Sacrament, a vestment for His priest, furniture for His altar. See how Bethlehem proclaims to us the Eucharist.

There, too, we find the inauguration of Eucharistic worship in its principal exercise, that of adoration.

Mary is the first adoratrix of the Incarnate Word, and Joseph, His first adorer. They believe firmly ; their faith is their strength, their virtue. "*Beata es, Maria, quæ credidisti* — Blessed art thou, O Mary, who hast believed !" It is the adoration of virtue.

The shepherds and the Magi adore in union with Mary and Joseph.

Mary gives herself up entirely to the service of her Son. She is all attention in His service, foreseeing His least desires in order to satisfy them. The shepherds offer their simple and rustic gifts ; the Magi, their magnificent ones. Theirs is the adoration of homage.

The Eucharist, also, will be the rendez-vous of all conditions, the centre of the Catholic world. They, too, will render to It the double worship of adoration : interior adoration of faith and love, and exterior adoration by the magnificence of the gifts, the churches, the thrones on which will appear the Eucharistic God.

The birth of Our Lord suggests to me another thought. The angels announce the Saviour to the shepherds by these words : "*Hodie natus es vobis Salvator*" — Today is born to you a Saviour" What does that mean ? A new world begins. The work of Adam is about to be overturned and supplanted by one of divine restoration. There are two Adams, each the father of a great people. The first Adam, terrestrial, the father of the degenerate world, *de terra terrenus* ; and the second Adam, the Father of the regenerated world, *de celo celestis*. Now, the second came to restore all that the first had destroyed. Ah, well ! remark that this restoration is strictly accomplished here below only by the Eucharist.

The capital point of Adam's fault, like the main feature in the diabolical temptation, is comprised in these

words : " You shall be as gods," and in the sentiment of pride that it roused in him.

You will become like unto God ! Alas ! they became like unto the beasts. Ah, well ! Our Lord came to take up the promises of Satan, and repeat them to us, but with the intention of accomplishing them. Satan will be taken in his own snare. Yes, we shall become like unto God by the eating of His Flesh and Blood.

" You shall not die " — Immortality ! In Holy Communion, we receive a sure pledge of it : " He who eats My Flesh and drinks My Blood has eternal life, and I will raise him at the last day." Our Lord promises us eternal life. The temporal we shall lose. But that is not a life worthy the name ; it is only a halting-place on our way to true life.

" You shall be like unto God !" We change our state by rising to a more perfect union. A plebeian maiden becomes a queen when a king unites her to himself. Now Our Lord associates us to His Divinity by communicating Himself to us. We become His Flesh and His Blood ; we receive the divine and heavenly royalty of the Creator. Human nature has become divine in the hypostatic union. Communion also elevates us to the divine union, and renders us participants of the nature of God. Less perfect nourishment is changed into us, but we are changed into Our Lord who absorbs us. We become members of God, and in heaven we shall be so much the more glorious as we shall be more changed into Jesus Christ by our frequent participation in His Adorable Body.

Lastly, " You shall know all things". — Evil ! Yes — Good ? Certainly not. Where do we learn this divine science of good, excepting in Communion ? Listen to what Our Lord said to His Apostles after having communicated them : " I will not now call you servants, but friends ; because all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father, I have made known to you." Knowledge is given us in the Eucharist by God Himself, who becomes our special and immediate Teacher : "*Et erunt omnes docibiles Dei.*" He no longer sends us prophets, for He is Himself our Teacher. You shall know all

things, for He is the Divine Science, increated and infinite.

Behold how the Eucharist perfects the restoration begun at the Crib. Rejoice on this beautiful day, on which arose the divine sun of the Eucharist. May your gratitude never separate the Crib from the Altar, the Word made Flesh from the Man-God made the Bread of Life in the Most Blessed Sacrament !

The Ven. P. Eymard and his Eucharistic Works

An Echo of the XXIst Eucharistic Congress.

(See frontispiece)



WE have already heard the present century very frequently called the Eucharistic era. If up to the last few years the legitimacy of such a title might have been questioned, I venture to say that at the present moment every serious and believing mind must be fully impressed with its truth. After the recent and multiplied Decrees of our venerated and glorious Pontiff Pius X, it is clear that the intention of the Church is to restore all things in Christ—and the *Eucharistic Christ*. Is it necessary to say that there is no means wiser, none surer of triumph over the pernicious errors of modern times ?

The double element of which man is composed seems now, more than ever, to have leagued together for his destruction. On one side, his mind, rising up in sacrilegious independence, is indignantly rejecting even the idea of control, and the "*non serviam*" of the rebel archangel has become his device.

But if man's intelligence cannot support the yoke, his lower appetite is no longer held in subjection, and our modern pleasures show forth only too faithfully in his conduct these words which the Holy Scripture puts on the lips of the impious : "*Comedamus et bibamus cras enim moriemur*—Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die" (Isaias XXII, 15). Rashly mounting upon the giddy height of his own proud reflections, which the

science of to-morrow will reduce to nothingness, or shamefully sinking into the infected filth of sensual pleasures,—such does the great majority of the human race appear to us to day.

Now, to cure it of this double malady by which it is attacked and which is fatally leading it to eternal death, there is no surer nor more efficacious remedy than the



St. Patrick's Guard.

Holy Eucharist. Christ alone, because He is God, can bow down man's intelligent head without humbling him. He alone can give him in return of the natural light of which He demands the sacrifice the brilliant illuminations of supernatural truth: "I am the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world—*Ego sum lux vera quæ illuminat omnem hominem venientem in hunc mundum.*"

Christ alone has in His virginal Flesh and most pure Blood sufficient germs of purity to make continence flourish in man's body, and temperance reign without a struggle over his rebel senses: "*Frumentum electorum, vinum germinans virgines*—I am the wheat of the elect and the wine that germinates virgins."

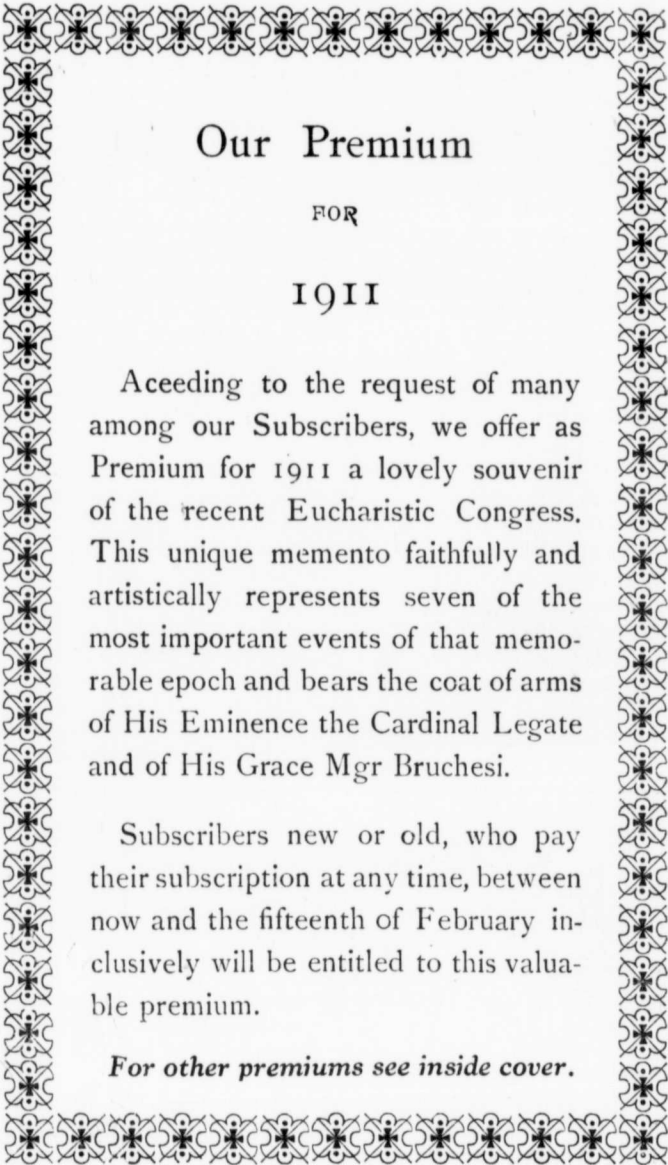
But heresy stepped in to misconstrue the nature of this spiritual medicine so necessary for man. The testament of love which Our Lord bequeathed to us in order to attract and win us to Himself, it has endeavored to transform into a dreaded tribunal where the Divine Majesty awaits poor sinners to inflict upon them terrible justice. And severe as were the anathemas fulminated by the Church against Jansenism, is it not true that its glacial influence is still felt in our own days, blunting many a soul withdrawn from the sweet influence of Eucharistic love? It became, therefore, necessary to manifest anew to the world all the treasures of love and strength that the Most Blessed Sacrament has brought and preserved on earth. Pure souls must penetrate Its divine secrets, noble hearts must fall in love with Its celestial beauties, eloquent lips must chant Its praises. God has provided for this by giving to His Church in the last century a host of Eucharistic souls, whose mission seems to have been to sunder the last bonds which held souls captive under the empire of fear.

(To be continued in next number.)



Deceased Members

Montreal: Mrs David Boud.—Mrs William Hurtubise—
Mrs Jos. Rankin—Mr James Fowley. —*Quebec City*: Mrs
P. B. Murphy.



Our Premium

FOR

1911

Aceding to the request of many among our Subscribers, we offer as Premium for 1911 a lovely souvenir of the recent Eucharistic Congress. This unique memento faithfully and artistically represents seven of the most important events of that memorable epoch and bears the coat of arms of His Eminence the Cardinal Legate and of His Grace Mgr Bruchesi.

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