

Chapter General of the Consecration of the B. K. Sacrament held in Keweenaw September 1908



The Magi.

Evening fell—

AND lo! their star come softly gleaming
 O'er the Eastern Princes' way,
 Till its rays, divinely guided,
 Rested where Emmanuel lay!
 Entering, with unsandall'd footsteps
 Beth'lehem's lowly, hallow'd Cave,
 And bending low, their Orient treasures
 To the Infant Saviour gave!

*Burnished gold was Gaspar's offering,
 Precious gift from Persian mine;
 Let us kneel with him and offer
 Love to Mary's Babe divine,
 Love to Jesus and to Mary,
 Love we trust shall ne'er grow cold.
 Our Infant Saviour smiles His welcome,
 'Tis to Him the purest gold!*

*Melchior, with perfumes laden,
 Opes his jewelled casket rare,
 And rich frankincense arises
 On the mystic midnight air !
 With the simple, humble-hearted,
 Let our pleading prayers arise ;
 And their incense shall be wafted
 Far beyond the vaulted skies !*

*Myrrh, by far the meekest offering,
 In the Cattle Cavern shed.
 For Battassar's gift foreshadow'd
 Paths of pain the Babe would tread !
 " Sursum Corda "—Let us follow,
 He will guide our steps aright,
 Till our souls shall rest forever,
 Lilies on Love's sea of Light !*

Loretto, Fermoy,

M. M.

Rules specified by the Church for frequent and daily Communion.

*Paper read at the Eucharistic Congress of Metz
 by F. A. Bettinger, S. S. S.*



THE Decree " Sacra Tredentina Synodus " given the 20th of December 1905, by the Sacred Congregation of Rites and which His Eminence Cardinal Van-nutelli at last year's Eucharistic Congress of Tournai called " a memorable Decree " has irrevocably laid down the doctrine of Communion.

The author reminds us that daily Communion was practised by the faithful of the primitive Church, not only in Apostolic times but in the following

centuries, where, according to the Decree, "it produced remarkable results of perfection and sanctity as testified by the Holy Fathers and ecclesiastical writers.

Thus, this laudable practice, which, we can well affirm, has been the principal source of the admirable heroism of martyrs of every age, sex, and condition, during centuries of persecu-

tion,—this praiseworthy practice of frequent and even daily Communion will answer, as the Decree asserts, the desire, the wish of Our blessed Saviour, who only instituted His Sacrament of Love, to make of it, the daily food of all Christians, as clearly prove both the comparison established by Him between the Bread of Angels, and the Manna gathered daily by the Hebrews—and the petition: "Give us this day our daily bread," which He



Himself taught us and in which He principally meant the Eucharistic Bread, as the Fathers of the Church understood and as the Decree reproduces the traditional interpretation.

It is to reawaken in Christians the practice of daily Communion, and of frequent, where daily is not possible, that our Holy Father Pope Pius X, seconded by the Cardinals and Prefects of Roman Congregations, aims. In fact, since the Decree that putting an end to all further unnecessary discussions, establishes the right of all

Christians, regardless of age, sex or social condition to communicate daily, provided they possess the least of the required dispositions, (which we will specify later) the Holy Father has not ceased to multiply acts to strengthen its authority, and to show truly it embodies his intention, and how heartily, he, the Pilot commissioned to guide, amid many shoals, the bark of the Church, desires to see Christians returning in large numbers to the practice of frequent and daily Communion, alone able to impart vigour to Christian life in its weakened state and make in those days of persecution through which the Church is passing valiant Christians, generous Confessor of Faith, Apostles of Charity, and if necessary, heroic Martyrs.

The present paper according to the outlined programme is like an entrance into detail, a short and as clear a commentary as it shall please God to allow, of the dispositions specified by the Decree, in order that daily Communion be allowed by the Confessor, its authentic and efficacious dispenser.

I.—NATURE OF COMMUNION.

Holy Communion is a food, a divine food. Our Lord Himself emphatically declared it: My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood drink indeed; and expressly taught it by the choice He made of the matter of the sacrament, for, says St. Thomas of Aquinas, "it was not without deep reason that Jesus choose the matter of His sacraments, those chaneln whereby grace, that is to say, divine life, would flow to us, naturally there should be a relation between the sensible signs and the effect produced by the sacraments."

Thus it is under the appearance of bread that Our Lord gives Himself to us in Holy Communion, of bread which is at the same time the most common and the most nutritious of foods and the type and figure of food in general. Our Lord evidently knew what He was about. How then imagine that He has not accepted an assimilation which He Himself established between the Eucharistic food and the corporal; or that He did not desire all

the consequences of this assimilation of the supernatural nourishment to the nourishment of the body by comparing the essential function that presides at the presentation of one and of the other.

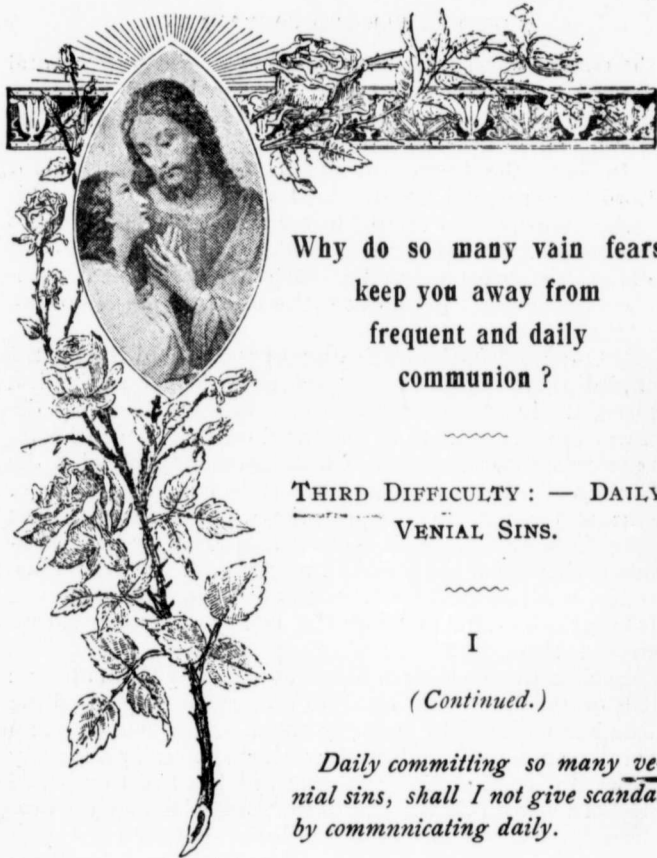
In fact—the Decree recalls it to us—“ it was Our Lord’s intention at the time of Its institution to offer this divine nourishment to all Christians as the daily food of their souls. But, even then, He knew it would be accessible to the greater number with the necessary dispositions that every Christian worthy of the name has or can attain.”

“ Our Lord in the institution of the Sacred Banquet,” according to the Decree, “ did not consider in the first place, the honor and respect to be rendered Him, nor the reward or the prize to be bestowed on the virtue of communicants.” What Jesus Christ intended and what the Church also intends when she urges souls of every age, sex, and social standing, in the way of frequent and daily Communion, is, that united to God by the Sacrament, they draw the strength to triumph over concupiscence, wash away daily transgressions, and be preserved from grievous sins to which the frailty of human nature exposes them.

Such is the doctrine of frequent and daily Communion : it is destined by Our Lord to preserve our spiritual life which is menaced by so many enemies, and that so many permanent causes combine to weaken ; to repair our daily losses, to increase this supernatural life and to gladden it. “ In a word all the effects that material aliments produce in our bodies, the Lord, divine nourishment produces in our spiritual life ” says St. Thomas of Aquinas : it repairs, preserves, increases, gladdens or refreshes.

Consequently the dispositions necessary and sufficient for all to communicate daily may be logically merged into two : 1. The state of grace which is the possession of supernatural life ; and second, a pure intention, which is like the spiritual appetite necessary in order that the divine food profit our souls.

(to be continued.)



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

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THIRD DIFFICULTY : — DAILY  
VENIAL SINS.

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I
(Continued.)

Daily committing so many venial sins, shall I not give scandal by communicating daily.

NO, Christian soul, Rather you do so, though in general only slightly, by the venial sins that you are seen to commit, and this is one of the reasons for which I exhort you avoid them as much as our weak nature permits. But you never give real scandal when, having committed them, you go even daily to communicate devoutly. As there is no scandal for an invalid to receive the daily visit of a physician, and daily to take medicines, neither can you give it by going daily to the Holy Table

to take Jesus, the Physician and the Remedy of our spiritual daily infirmity, that is, of our daily venial sins.

I must say that I cannot understand how so many spiritual directors are found—otherwise good men and worthy of esteem—who entertain this *prejudice*, or rather this *vain fear* of scandal, which I call imaginary.

They object : If imperfect souls, who daily commit venial sins, receive daily Communion, the neighbor will be scandalized. Many say, in effect : See that man, see that woman. They communicate so often ! And yet



THE LAST SUPPER.

they do not know how to conquer their resentments, to refrain from censuring others. They are constantly yielding to impatience, showing ambition, etc !

Listen, Christian soul, to what the pious and learned Frassinetti wisely replies to those directors in his popular little golden book entitled *Enlightened Devotion* : " Is it true," as asks, " that souls still imperfect give scandal by their frequent Communion ? It seems to me that the scandal comes rather from you when you teach that frequent and daily Communion exacts great sanctity. Ac-

ording to your doctrine, many think that they who communicate often, although evidently wanting in the perfection required by you, do very wrong and abuse the Blessed Sacrament. Put away this rigorism. Teach rather with the holy Fathers, the Council of Trent (and the recent Decree *Sacra Tridentina Synodus*), that Communion is prohibited to those only who are guilty of mortal sin, that Communion admits of venial sins, that It even effaces them wherever It finds them. In this way you will cause scandal to disappear . . .

“ And then, of what scandal are you speaking ? I know of no real scandal but that which springs from some voluntary fault by which one gives occasion of sin to his neighbor. Can it be that the imperfect who communicate often are guilty of giving to those that see them communicating a true occasion of sin ? If this were so, how much more would we, priests, give scandal, we, who certainly not being all perfect (and the Faithful know it well,) fail not to celebrate Holy Mass every day !”

You have heard the answer, Christian soul ; is it not persuasive ? Do not, then, abandon daily Communion through the *vain fear* of scandalizing them who know your imperfections and the venial sins you commit daily. Fear rather not giving good example if they do not see you, you whom they know to be miserable and infirm, recurring daily, as far as you can, to Him who is the source of mercy ; if they do not see you receiving every day the antidote of your daily sins, namely, the Holy Eucharist. For “ this Divine Sacrament is the health of soul and body and the remedy of all spiritual evils. It is by It that your vices are cured, your passions repressed, your temptations vanquished or weakened. By It, again, graces are given you in greater abundance, virtue is increased, faith is strengthened, hope fortified, and charity inflamed and dilated.”





Venite Ad Me Omnes.

Matt. XI, 28.

"COME to Me, heavy-laden ones, come all !"
 I hear, I rise, I hasten at His call ;
 ' Neath burden bent, across the threshold steal,
 The curtain lift, and in His Presence kneel :
 There loose my load—and wide,
 With none to check nor chide,
 Scattering, a sorry sight, on every side,

 They fall—pains, troubles, care—lying, how meet,
 About the weary, way-worn, wounded Feet ;
 Under the Eye of yore bedimmed with tears,
 The Heart Gethsemane oppressed with fears,
 The Heart that sore afraid
 Strong supplication made
 And with a sweet of blood the Father prayed.

 Beneath His glance, as snow ' neath sunny ray,
 Some of my cares dissolve and melt away,
 And some He takes and smoothes a little space
 The less to chafe, and lays again in place.
 'Tis mystery to me
 How some He smiles to see,
 And how on some His tears fall tenderly.

*One I hold up to Him, and pleading pray,
 " This, Lord, just this, in pity take away ! "
 And ever comes His word with cheering smile :
 " A little longer, trust Me yet awhile,
 Each pang of keen distress,
 Each prayer, I mark and bless,
 Each in its hour shall show forth fruitfulness."*

*That, my life's woe, against a bleeding Side
 Is pressed, and lo ! transfigured, glorified,
 It glows as crystal flushed with rosy ray.
 " O gem unprized ! Restore it, Lord, I pray ;
 As costly gift from Thee
 Dear shall it be to me ; "
 And in my heart I hide it lovingly.*

*A lightened load He lays on me, all sweet
 With words of love—and thus I leave His Feet,
 With steadier step to plod on day by day,
 With stouter heart to climb the upward way
 And when anew life's strain
 Frets me with weary pain
 I take my load and go to Him again.*

MOTHER MARY LOYOLA.

Power of Blessed Sacrament

(By Rev. Richard W. Alexander.)



have had many experiences in my long life, Father, but I never think of this one without sudden tears."

The speaker was a venerable Sister of Mercy, and we had been talking of the non-Catholic missions and of the wonderful ways by which God brought souls to a knowledge of His faith and love, I need not say I pressed the good Sister to continue.

" It was many years ago, Father, in the young days of the second St. Paul's cathedral, in Pittsburg, Pa.

(You may not know the present great cathedral there is the third of that name.) It was, too, in the days of the first Bishop, Right, Rev. Michael O'Connor, who became a Jesuit and died a saint.

His brother, Dr. James O'Connor, afterwards Bishop of Omaha, Neb., resided at the cathedral, and was a warm friend and benefactor of our hospital at the time I mention.

"Few and far between were the theatrical or operatic performances of that day. But suddenly, the city was filled with posters, announcing in glaring letters a fine company was about to give a week's performance in the best opera house.

"The company was of the highest moral standing. The plays were classic and everybody was going to be present.

"In the middle of the week, when the whole town was in delight and almost wild over the 'star,' it was announced she was seriously ill and her understudy would fill her parts for the rest of the time.

"It was too true. One night, after a performance at which the house was in frantic enthusiasm, the best physician of the city was roused up and hurriedly driven to the principal hotel, which was right on the Monongahela river. He was led at once to the lady's room, and found her in high fever.

"'Overstrained nerves, excitement and fatigue,' was the verdict. 'Her life depends upon perfect quiet.'

"The manager was in despair. He knew the people wanted her, and visions of a disastrous finale to a season that began so prosperously, distressed his soul. There was no help for it, and Dr. Bruce, who was on our staff, suggested a removal to our hospital, where quiet, and the best nursing care, could be found.

"Already the hotel people were complaining that their house would be depopulated if the truth got out. So the ambulance was sent at night, when the streets were silent, and the unconscious actress was brought to our care. The best room was demanded and given, and for days the members of the company came, and although they could not see her, all expressed deep concern, and all demanded, and gave generously for her comfort, everything money could buy.

“ When the week was up and the company had departed, she still lay there, sick unto death.

“ The manager gave addresses and an ample check, and arranged we should keep him informed daily of her condition, which we faithfully did.

“ The hospital became for a time quite a point of interest on account of this celebrated woman, who lay so long between life and death, but by degrees the “ nine days’ wonder’ cooled down, and only the doctor and the Sisters continued their interest.

“ Dr. James O’Connor, who frequently visited the hospital, however often inquired for the poor invalid, and, as soon as was possible, paid her a visit. Her room was constantly filled with beautiful flowers sent by admirers of her talent.

“ She was worthy of all the attention she received. I never saw a more beautiful woman, nor one more cultured, or intelligent, or sweet. She was about 28, unmarried, and in the full maturity of majestic woman-hood.

“ Tall, graceful, with perfect, chiseled features, a wealth of rich brown hair and very dark blue eyes, that often changed to gray, she had a smile that was sweet even in her sufferings. She had beautiful slender hands, which her art had made full of language. In her convalescence, when the fever had caused her to lose her hair and her head was covered with a crop of lovely, short curls, she was the most winsome personality one ever met.

“ As she grew better she became interested in things around her. She had many questions to ask, and for the first time realized she was in a Catholic hospital. I was with her every day, and she told me she was a ‘High Church Episcopalian,’ and always said her prayers, and, whenever her engagements permitted, went to church. I mentioned some ministers I knew, and offered to send for any one she wished, but she said ‘no’ so sincerely that I did not press the subject.

“ We had many talks about religious matters, and especially about the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. She told me she always ‘believed it possible,’ and longed to go to Mass. She begged me to take her just once to the chapel for Mass, and I promised she should go the following Sunday.

" You are not surprised I became deeply interested in her and had many prayers offered for her. As it neared Sunday she grew so excited and anxious that I was about to retract my promise, but when I said so the tears came and she pleaded so earnestly that I could not resist her.

" She was taken to the chapel Sunday morning in a rolling chair and placed beside my priedieu.

" All during Mass I prayed for her with my whole soul. She never moved. Her white, slender fingers were clasped loosely in her lap, and she never stirred her hands. We all went to the rail to Holy Communion, and when I returned to my place and bowed my head in thanksgiving, I felt her trembling and heard her softly sobbing. I motioned to an attendant to take her to her room, but she shook her head and would not go until after Mass.

" Shortly after breakfast she sent for me and I found her brilliant with happiness and in an ecstasy of joy.

" 'Oh, Sister !' she cried, 'I longed so to go to our Saviour all during that Mass. My heart cried to Him because I couldn't go ; but when you came back from receiving Communion I felt He had come to me. I knew He was with you and I worshipped Him because He was so close to me, I felt His Presence.'

" The ring of her voice is with me yet. I did not attempt to repress my tears, and when she begged me to instruct her, and declared there was nothing to satisfy her soul but the Church where Christ Himself remained, my joy was complete.

" Dr. James O'Connor instructed and baptized her, and she made her first Communion in the hospital chapel.

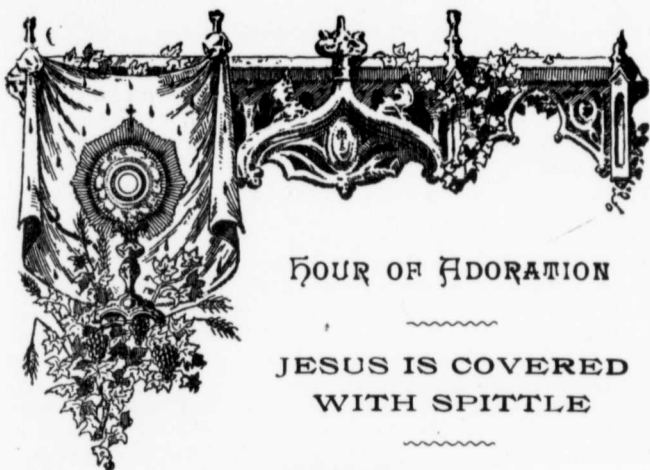
" Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was intense, and as she grew stronger she remained for hours before the altar, 'loving and talking to our Lord.'

" She had a married sister in New York, but she did not wish her to be informed of her condition at first. Now, she wrote to her and asked her to come and visit her. She did so. She was a tall, handsome woman, a little older than the actress, but extremely bigoted. Her manner was perfectly courteous, but very frigid. We gave her every attention, offered her a room near her

sister, and, ere long, her coldness wore off. Her sister could not keep to herself her new-found happiness, and they had many talks together, at which I was afterwards present by their request. Dr. O'Connor whose gracious manners were very attractive, did much to smooth away prejudice. All of them had traveled abroad extensively, and their conversation, beginning on something they had seen in Europe, generally ended on religious subjects. Finally he invited both ladies to take a drive and visit the cathedral, a handsome Gothic structure, the pride of the city. The carriage came, they went several places, and finally the great solemn basilica was shown to them. The sanctuary lamp, ever burning, and the confessionals greatly impressed the ladies, and when these latter were thrown open and the Protestant lady invited to examine them, the Doctor unconsciously overturned her last prejudice. On their return to the hospital the married lady told me she had always had a horror of confessionals, and could not reconcile the idea of a Sacrament being connected with the stories she had heard of priests and penitents. From that day she began to read books of instruction, and before her return to New York asked to be baptized and was received into the Church. Both ladies left the hospital with grateful tears in their eyes and a warm love for the sisters.

"I have had many letters from them since. The actress never went back to the stage, but married a good Catholic gentleman. Her sister was the instrument of her husband's conversion and their children's also. All led most beautiful Christian lives. I have not heard from Aimes, my first protege, for a long time; perhaps she had gone to heaven. If so, she is surely singing praises to the most holy Sacrament of the altar, by whose power she was led to the true faith and the love of our Lord. May His name be blessed forever!"

"Amen," I echoed, as my good religious friend closed her narrative. "All praise be given to the Most Holy and Divine Sacrament of the Eucharist, the true magnet of souls."—Washington Catholic.



HOOR OF ADORATION

JESUS IS COVERED WITH SPITTLE

I. — Adoration.

Up to this moment the Jews had preserved toward Jesus at least some appearance of justice ; but after His condemnation, their fury knew no bounds. The Divine condemned will, indeed, be " saturated with opprobrium."

They began by spitting on the Face of Jesus ! According to the Scripture text, this was the first outrage inflicted on the good Saviour after His condemnation : "*Then they began to spit in His face.*" Men spit only on what they consider most vile. To spit on anyone, above all to spit in his face, is not that the mark of sovereign contempt ? The Gospel means to infer that the servants of the High Priest and the guards of the Sanhedrim were not the only ones who poured out on their Victim their impure spittle, but that the numbers of the Grand Council themselves set the deplorable example. It is upon the Face of Jesus they amuse themselves by spitting ! upon that forehead which, infinitely more than the foreheads of all other men, reflected the image and the majesty of God ! They spat upon those eyes, sweeter and more gentle than even the eyes of Mary ; upon those eyes which so faithfully mirrored the sentiments of the best of hearts. They spat upon those lips that had uttered so many consoling words. They spat upon those cheeks, that hair, that beard ! With horrible spittle, they covered the Face of Him whom Scripture calls "*the most beautiful among the children of men,*" the Face that the Gentiles most ardently desired to see when they said to the Apostles, "*We would see Jesus.*" It was looked upon by the executioners as the Face of the vilest, the most abject of men.

Apostles, do you recognize under the filthy spittle the Face that once shone like the sun ? Mary, can you find under this de-

flement the Face of thy cherished Child ? Angels of heaven, are you still in ecstasies of love and joy before this polluted Face ?

Eternal Father, wouldst Thou now pronounce over this Head these loving words : " This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased ? "

Jesus has become in reality what the Prophet had foreseen, without shape or beauty, unsightly as a leper, having lost even the features of a man, so numerous are the stains that cover and disfigure His Face. In all truth, Thou canst now say, O my Jesus, " I am a worm and so man, the reproach of men and the outcast of the people." Nothing, indeed, more abject, nothing more despicable than this Worm trodden under foot by little and great, by rich and poor. Heaven and earth, angels and men, shudder with horror at the sight of such dishonor.

Remain very near to Jesus while His enemies are disfiguring His Face with their abominable spittle. You have Him here in the Host as near you as the executioners had Him, Say to Him : " O Face, holy and august, Thou art as adorable under these hideous outrages as in heaven surrounded by the saints and the angels."

For having been humiliated, debased to such a degree, thou has merited, O venerable Face, to become the object of the adoration of the universe ! I adore thee, and prostrate humbly before thee !

II. — Thanksgiving.

Legions of angels are around Jesus, ready to protect with their wings the Face of their well-beloved King. They await but a sign from Him to paralyze forever the audacious mouths which are vomiting forth disgusting spittle on His thrice holy Face. The thunderbolt is hovering over the heads of the insulters ready to exterminate them at the least sign of the Saviour.

Elias, to avenge himself on his enemies, called down upon them fire from heaven. Eliseus called from the depths of the forest bears to devour children, though still without reason, who had mocked him. The Creator is spit upon by a worm of the earth, and He calls to His aid neither fire from heaven nor wild beasts from the forest. Jesus is silent and, not only is He silent, but He orders His angels to harm not His enemies, the thunderbolts to spare the guilty. He accomplishes in very truth the word of the Prophet : " I have not turned away My Face from the strikers and from those that spit upon Me." He hopes by patience at last to gain His enemies and, therefore, without a movement of anger, the least sign of impatience, He accepts every one of their insults with infinite sweetness.

He permits His Face to become hideous, to merit that our soul may be ornamented and embellished by the Holy Spirit with the gifts of His grace. It was to deliver us from the opprobrium of

eternal shame that He accepted the opprobrium of the spittle. He willed that for a moment His Face should be covered with filthy spittle in order that I, guilty and prevaricating, may contemplate in eternity the adorable Face of the Most High !

Jesus willed to descend into this abyss of ignominy and degradation that in heaven I, a sinner, a criminal, may mount even to the throne of the Divinity ! Oh, yes, Divine Saviour ! the more vile and deformed Thou dost appear to the profane eyes of mortals, and the more Thy Face is covered with filth, the dearer Thou art to me ! Never hast Thou appeared to me so loving and so lovable as Thou dost through that impure covering !

I thank Thee, O Jesus, I thank Thee for so much goodness ! I have done nothing to deserve so much love. It is still Thyself, hidden under the humble appearances of Thy Sacrament, who in Communion dost come to wash my soul from the mire of sin.

I thank Thee for myself, I thank Thee for my brethren. What shall I render to Thee for so much love ? I am nothing, but this nothing I offer to Thee with all my will, with all my heart. I abandon myself without reserve to Thy good pleasure.

III. — Reparation.

Is it not a sign of profound contempt to spit on a man ? Such an outrage appears to the world so grave that it can be avenged only in blood. It is, indeed, the last resort of hatred and contempt. And the servants of Caiaphas did not fear to inflict this affront on the Face of the King of kings. Still more, according to the Sacred Text, it appears that the priests themselves, the Scribes and the Pharisees of the Supreme Council, did not hesitate to spit upon the adorable Face of Jesus. It was not only in a moment of passion that one or two of those coarse men spat upon Jesus, it was the entire hall that turned Him into jest. *Multi*, a great number ! His Face was soon entirely covered with their filth. How horrible !

How the sensitive Heart of Jesus must have swelled and beat in His divine breast ! What grief for a father should one of his children spit in his face through contempt ! What would it be were all his children to gather around him and, after binding his hands, each in his turn spit in his face ? Is not Jesus the most tender of fathers ? He loves His children more than any father has ever loved his offspring. And those cherished children carry their effrontery so far as to cover His Face with their disgusting spittle !

Was not I myself there to spit on the Face of the Saviour ? Every time man commits a mortal sin, he spits on the Face of Jesus Christ ! Yes, he who sullies his conscience with bad thoughts or bad actions, sullies the Face of Christ, for Christ

dwells only in a pure conscience in which shines the image of God.

Pardon, O my God, pardon for all these outrages ! Pardon for the souls who at this very moment are expiating such sins in purgatory. Pardon for the part I have taken in this horrible scene by committing sin ! Would that I could wash away these impure stains with tears of loving repentance !

I offer Thee in reparation the tender kisses which Thy divine Mother impressed upon Thy Sacred Face during the years of Thy mortal life. Rather would I die than insult Thee by sin !

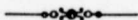
IV. — Prayer.

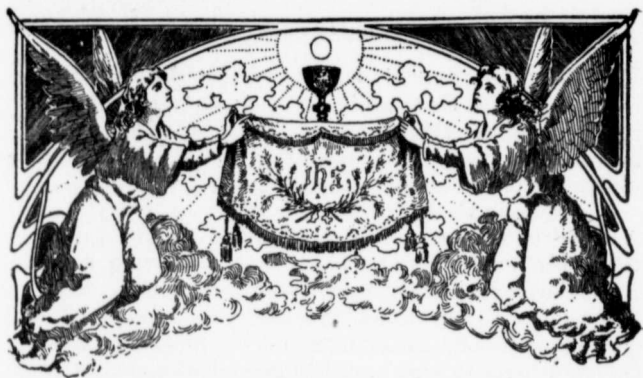
To spit upon the Face of Jesus appears to us an enormous crime, and yet, we must confess it to our shame, we are all capable of it. "Without Thee, Lord, I should have committed all crimes," cried out St. Augustine after his conversion. We are made up of pride and ready to commit any sin whatever when there is question of satisfying our passions. Jesus could not reveal to us more clearly the malice of our sins of pride than by allowing this outrage. By it He merited for us the grace to use it as a remedy for our own cure. And this most precious grace of humility, He gives above all in a new act of that virtue, which is called Holy Communion. It is He Himself who, abased to the point of becoming apparently inert matter, wills to cure our soul of the deadly malady called pride.

O Jesus, meek and humble of Heart, by the merits of these outrages so lovingly received for my salvation, render my heart like unto Thine ! Pour out the treasures of Thy ignominious Passion into all proud souls. Teach me how I ought to humble myself before God in order to appease His wrath and draw down His mercy. When tempted to exalt myself, I shall look upon Thy adorable Face, O my Jesus, covered with spittle. I will contemplate Thee in this mystery of humiliation in which Thou didst disrobe Thyself of Thy glory to teach me constantly to efface myself and to live only in Thee.

Having lost by my sins every title to true greatness, grant me the grace, if not to love contempt, at least to accept it in silence. I beg of Thee, through Mary, Thy most humble Mother, to make me comprehend the hatred of the Jews when they spat on Thy august Face, and not to forget that it is I myself, a most unworthy sinner, who merited this affront for Thee !

Permit not, O most dear Saviour, my soul ever to be sullied by mortal sin, but keep it for Thyself, entirely pure and immaculate that, after the darkness of this life, it may deserve to contemplate Thy infinite beauty for all eternity !





Sighs of Jesus Eucharistic

*Adveniat regnum tuum !
Thy Kingdom come !
(Luke x, 2.)*

MAY Thy kingdom come ! May it be enlarged, exalted, perfected ! This should be our New Years greeting to Our Lord. May it be fulfilled wherever He is not known, not loved ! May all His creatures perfect in themselves the work of the Incarnation and of the Redemption !

And where is Our Lord known and loved ? Ah, the Kingdom of Jesus Christ is very small ! For three hundred years, they have retrenched His rights as well as those of His Church. They pursue Our Lord. They snatch from Him His temples and His people. Oh, what Eucharistic ruins !

And what about those nations that have never had the Faith ? How will Jesus establish there His kingdom ? What is necessary for that ? Ah, listen ! *One saint, only one saint*, would suffice ! Desire for Our Lord good priests, true apostles. That ought to be our constant prayer. The poor pagans know neither their Heavenly Father, nor their tender Mother, or Jesus, their Saviour, — and we leave them in that sad, sad state ! O how

cruel ! Let us extend, let us enlarge, by our prayers, the kingdom of Our Lord. Let pagans come to the Faith, let them know their Saviour. Let heretics and schismatics return to the sheepfold, and range themselves under the crook of the Good Shepherd.

And among Catholics, how does Jesus Christ reign ? Ask without ceasing the conversion of bad Catholics, who have but little faith. Ask that they who have the Faith may preserve it. You who have a family, ask that all may keep their Faith. So long as Judas lived with Our Lord, he had the chance and the means of salvation. One word would have saved him. But when the unhappy man left Jesus, he came to an evil end. He fell into the abyss of perdition. Ask, then, to preserve faith in Jesus, no matter in which one of His mysteries. It is often said that a good Protestant is better than a bad Catholic. But that is not so. Such a declaration means that one can be saved without the true Faith. No, no ! The bad Catholic, though a prodigal, a sinner, is always the child of God, and has a right to His mercy. The bad Catholic, by his Faith, is nearer to God than the Protestant. He is still in the house of his Father, which the Protestant is not. And what difficulties to be overcome before he can enter !

In laboring at the preservation of the Faith, use Christian language, the language of Faith. Change the forms made use of by the world. By a culpable tolerance, we have banished Our Lord from our customs, laws, etiquette, and circles of fashion. In a mixed assembly, we do not dare speak of *Jesus Christ*. Even among practical Christians, it is thought strange to mention Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. It is alleged as an excuse that there are so many who do not make their Easter duty, do not go to Holy Mass, consequently, some guest might be offended by such a subject. The master of the house may himself be among that unhappy number. Religious art, moral truths, the beauties of religion, will, perhaps, be discussed ; but Jesus Christ, the Eucharist, never ! Now, let us try to change all that. Let us profess our Faith. Let us learn to say, Our Lord, Jesus Christ, and not merely Christ. We must proclaim that Our Lord has the right to live and

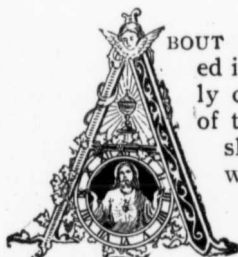
the reign in the language of society. It is dishonorable in Catholics to hide Our Lord under a bushel as they do. We should confess Him, make Him known everywhere. He who makes open profession of his Faith, who courageously pronounces the name of Jesus Christ in public, draws upon himself a grace from above. Let all know the Faith that we profess.

Atheists proclaim aloud their principles, whole nations glory in believing nothing, and shall we not dare to make known our Faith ? shall we shrink from pronouncing the name of our Divine Master ? We ought fearlessly to do so. The impious are, if not absolutely possessed by the evil one, at least obsessed by him. Against these demons, let us oppose the name of Our Lord, Jesus Christ. If every faithful soul would take the resolution to speak boldly and reverently of Our Lord, the face of the world would soon be changed. The thought of Him would become familiar. The great day is coming. The two armies are standing face to face. Thanks be to God, eclecticism is no longer in force. We must be either of the good or of the bad, of Jesus Christ or of Satan. Ah ! let us proclaim Jesus Christ let us sound His name ! It is our standard. Let us bear it nobly aloft.

Lastly, let the reign of Our Lord come into us, into our soul. Our Lord is, indeed, in us. But that He may reign in us absolutely, there is yet much to be done. We are not entirely conquered. Our Lord does not yet reign peacefully by a reign of harmony and love. The frontiers of the soul are not yet subjected to Him ; and what sovereign can reign as master if he does not hold the boundaries of his dominions ?

Let us know Our Lord more perfectly. Let us enter into His life, His sacrifices, His virtues in the Most Holy Sacrament, and into His love. Instead of always living in self, let us mount up to Him. To see self in Him is good, but to see Him in self is better. Instead of cultivating self, let us cultivate Our Lord, let us make Him increase in ourselves. Let us think of Him. Let us study Him in Himself. Let us enter into Him. We shall have enough in Him to support our life. He is great. He is infinite. This is the broad and royal road that ennoble life.

Allocution of His Holiness Pius X TO THE English Pilgrims.



ABOUT 1,000 English Pilgrims were received in audience by the Pope who warmly congratulated them on the success of the Eucharistic Congress. Archbishop Bourne presented His Holiness with about 30,000 dollars as Peter's Pence, and a replica in solid gold of the Medal which had served as the official badge of the Congress.

The visibly affected Pontiff addressed the Pilgrims as follows :

Most cordially do I greet you and gladly seize this favorable opportunity to express to you, venerable brother Archbishop Bourne, and to your brethren in the Episcopacy, as well as to all the dear Sons of England, my heartfelt gratitude for the solemn demonstration of Faith, given by you, to the universal world, in the recent Eucharistic Congress and confirmed by your pilgrimage of to day.

Though bodily far from you, yet I was with you in spirit during those glorious days. With you in the grand imposing religious rites and prayers ; the busy sessions, the brilliant enthusiastic assemblies ; with you in the glad assurance that this profession of Faith would revive that old-time fervor, which, during ten centuries had made of England the land of Saints, and won for her Rulers the title they still bear " Defender of the Faith " This title was given by Leo X to Henry VIII, who even in his sad defection did not go so far as to deny the Real Presence and august mystery of Transubstantiation in the Eucharist.

There is such an admirable union between the Eucharist and the Papacy that these feasts correspond perfectly with the protestations of fealty and loyalty you have just

made to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. In the institution of of the Eucharist Christ said : Behold I am with you until the consummation of centuries." But how ! In what manner ! " Each time you shall do this, you shall do it in memory of me. " Jesus Christ, the Eternal Priest, who has not and cannot have a successor and who to remain with mankind until the end of ages perpetuated the divine Sacrifice of Calvary under the veil of the Eucharist,



PONTIFICAL MASS.

in like manner, perpetuates His earthly Priesthood under the veil of the Roman Pontiff.

In the Sacred Host, we find the Babe of Bethlehem, the Artisan of Nazareth, the Preacher of Judea, the Victim of Calvary, the Conqueror of the Tomb ; but privileged souls who commune with Him and listen to His mystic voice could never be sure of perfectly understanding his counsels and teachings unless they sought them in the Gospel, whose only authentic interpreter is the Pope. Then only will they understand the divine charity, of which the Holy Host is an inexhaustible furnace and the loving invitation to come and draw, from this source, all graces and blessings as well as a foretaste of Heavenly joys.

At the Last Supper Jesus thus prayed to His Father : " I beg of You that they may be one as Thou, My Father, art one in Me and I in Thee." But this union symbolized in the Eucharist—and of many grains being made bread, and many grapes wine—this union cannot be realized but in the permanence of one head constituted by Christ to be His Vicar, depositary of His authority and of His love : " Feed my lambs, feed my sheep."

This union could not have been ignored by those who heard our venerable predecessor assert that a very noble and almost naturally Christian nation had remained without the Sacrifice of the Altar, because it had remained without Priesthood.

And on account of this admirable union between the Eucharist and the Papacy, we trust that the recent Eucharistic demonstrations, with the continual steady increase of converts will hasten the return of this noble nation to the Church and reestablish, with the grace of God, full and complete submission to the See of Peter.

Thus will the prayer of the Church be fulfilled : " That one may be the Faith of spirits and the piety of hearts." May this oneness of Faith and piety be the assurance of the blessing of the Lord which I implore on you uniting all spirits and all hearts. And after having thus lived on earth, with but one heart and one soul, we shall meet again in heaven to sing throughout eternity the glory of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

GENERAL CHAPTER

of the

*Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament
held in Rome. September 1908.*

(See frontispiece.)

As we announced last month, the General Chapter of our Congregation took place in the Eternal City, this year, for the first time.

Pius X received twenty-five Capitularies with the kindness that characterizes him, and wished our little family long-life and prosperity.

The Almighty Little-One.



HE birthday of Our Lord is celebrated, year after year, with a tenderness which the human race has never dreamt of lavishing upon any other nativity. Other birthdays are commemorated merely as the coming round of some more or less remote anniversary. On the recurrence, however, towards the close of every succeeding twelve month, of the day upon which Our Most Blessed Lord was born into the world, the thoughts of all instinctively fly back to the event as it actually occurred, the Redeemer of the human race is seen again as He was then on His first becoming visibly incarnate—as a newborn Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. No other birthday recalls to mind the one whose nativity is being celebrated under that earliest aspect—a new born Infant. It is distinctive, however, of all the anniversaries of our Lord that we at once picture Him to ourselves precisely as He then was at the time of the divine occurrence we are commemorating. We do so by a sort of necessity, and for a reason that is in itself all-sufficient. We do so in a word, because He has so entirely mastered our love and adoration. Speaking of the fugitiveness, of the absolute perishableness of human love, the greatest pulpit orator of the XIXth century cried out one day in a rapture of tenderness, " Yet there is a man—alone among the countless millions of the human race—there is a man whose very tomb is guarded by love. There is a man whose very sepulchre is not only glorious, but whose sepulchre is loved. There is a man who, after the lapse of eighteen centuries is each day re-born in the thoughts of an immeasurable multitude of men ; who is visited in His cradle by shepherds and by kings, bringing to Him in emulation of each other gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

There is a man whose foot-steps a considerable portion of humanity are never weary of following and who, al-

though He has long since disappeared from view, finds Himself followed by this vast concourse through all the stages of His ancient pilgrimage, upon the knees of His mother, along the borders of the lakes, upon the heights of the mountain, in the hollows of the valley, under the shadow of the olive trees, into the solitudes of the wilderness. There is a man whose sleeping and waking his followers are never tired of watching, and every word from whose lips still vibrates on their ears and into their hearts producing not only love, but virtues which are the fruition of love. There is a man who was fastened centuries ago to a gibbet, before whom millions of adorers, detaching Him each day from that throne of His anguish, prostrate themselves on their knees in the dust, kissing His blood-stained feet with indescribable ardor.

There is a man scourged, killed, crucified, whom an unutterable passion resuscitates from death and infamy to exalt to the glory of a love which will never know diminution, and in whom millions of adorers find peace, honor, joy, yea, even ecstasy. "Who is there," asks Lacordaire, "among the great men of whom the world has record, who is loved? Among warriors, is it Alexander, or Caesar, or Charlemagne? Among philosophers, is it Plato or Aristotle? One man alone, out of all the centuries that have clasped, receives without stint the willing tribute of the love of all generations. King of all intelligences, Jesus Christ is still the sovereign of all hearts." It is with an exquisite tenderness, therefore, that the human race He has redeemed by His Incarnation recurs each year to the lovely day of His nativity. From His birth to His death, His divine life is followed through all its stages with unspeakable affection.

The great Cardinal Wiseman, in one of the most beautiful and impressive of his essays spoke of Christmas-Day and Good Friday as the Alpha and Omega of all that is written in the Book of Love, the *ecce venio* and the *consummatum est* of the divine advent. The Alpha in very deed of all that is written in the Book of Love, penned by the inspired Evangelists and the Apostles and Disciples of our Lord, in His New Testament is this lovely feast of Christmas, which commemorates the nativity of the Incarnate God of the Universe, and the commence-

ment, in the lowly stable at Bethlehem, of the stupendous work of redemption by the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity. At every recurrence of the divine anniversary, the immeasurable love, and gratitude, and adoration of Catholic Christendom are poured out in homage before the shrine of the Infant Redeemer.

Nothing, it is certain, is nearer to the innermost hearts of the faithful than this dearest and holiest birthday in creation. The shepherds, at the first Christmas, brought Him their homage ; and the kings from the East, with theirs, brought Him offerings of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Better, however, than any other birthday gifts that could be laid now in loving adoration at



the feet of the Infant Redeemer, are benefactions done to the very poor, the destitute, and the suffering whom, in His infinite compassion He has left to us as His especial representatives. Whatever we do for the very least of these, He assures us, He will regard as done unto Himself. Nothing that we may give to them, even though it be no more than a cup of cold water, He tells us, will go without its reward.



A Year untried.

A year untried before me lies.
*What will it bring of strange surprise?
 Or joy, or grief, I cannot tell;
 But God, my Father, knoweth well.
 I make it no concern of mine,
 But leave it all with Love Divine.*

*Be sickness mine, or rugged health,
 Come penury to me, or wealth;
 Though lonesome I must pass along,
 Or loving friends my way may throng;
 Upon my Father's Word I rest,
 Whatever shall be, will be best.*

*No ill can come but He can cure.
 His word doth all of good insure:
 He'll see me through the journey's length,
 For daily need give daily strength.
 'Tis thus I fortify my heart,
 And thus do fear and dread depart.*

*The sun may shed no light by day,
 Nor stars at night illumine my way,
 My soul shall still know no affright,
 Since God is all my Life and Light.
 Though all the earthly lamps grow dim,
 He walks in light who walks with Him.*

*O Year untried, thou hast for me
 Naught but my Father's eye can see;
 Nor canst thou bring me loss or gain,
 Or health or sickness, ease or pain;
 But welcome messenger shall prove
 From Him whose name to me is Love.*

R. M. OFFORD.



OR
 The First Communicant
 in Strange Attire.



WOULD you like me to tell you the true story of my curly headed, blue-eyed Jim who was born and lived about four years at Montaign ? I am sorry to say it is a sad story, as well as a true one, specially on account of the two great evils of our own day : modernism and alcoholism.

Jim was only seven years old when his mother died. A good woman who while still very young married a skilled mechanic, but one, who unknown to her, was a slave to drink, and who shortly after their wedding showed his true colors, and lead her such a life that often she counted her days by the illtreatment she endured and which as time went on became worse and worse. Yet in the midst of all this and the dreariness of her evil surroundings, in one of the worst quarters of Nantes, she clung to her faith and seemed like a pure white lily trying to bloom in that fetid atmosphere.

James, her husband, when sober was an honest, upright, industrious man, whom bad company and strong drink seemed to change into a tiger. When he came home staggering, he always found his wife ostensibly engaged in household tasks or sewing, but with tell-tale eyes, that strive as she would disclosed the agony of that anxious waiting and watching for him. She had been

advised never to reason or argue with a drunken-man ; and though she could not hid the traces of her tears, she carried out that wise advice to the letter and never even attempted to remonstrate with him until he was perfectly sober.

But sometimes this conduct instead of pleasing only exasperated him and standing over her threateningly he would hiss :

“ So, my beauty, you’ve been crying again eh ? Don’t you know I want you to look pleasant when I come home. Better make up your mind to obey me, or I’ll teach you a lesson or two.”

Getting no reply he continued still more savagely : What is the matter with your tongue ? Why dont you answer ? You despise me. I’ve a good mind to throw you out bag and baggage.

If she dared speak no matter how gently or kindly it made matters worse and drove him into a perfect frenzy, so much so that more than once he had attacked her with blind fury.

Sympathetic neighbors tried to encourage and console her saying :

Your husband is not really wicked. It is not himself that speaks and acts so barbarously it is the “ Elixir of life.”

And in truth, at times the poor fellow was heartily sorry and deeply ashamed of his conduct, but what was more deplorable still, at others, completely forgot everything that happened.

In his penitent moods his patient wife would try to reason with him and make him see his folly and he would answer humbly but hopelessly : I know I’m only a weak miserable wretch ; but I can’t help it. You are too good for me ! Go away and leave me to my fate. I can’t help it and bad comrades lead me on.

About a year after they were married a little baby came and brought sunshine and peace and happiness for a brief space. He was his mother’s joy and pride and when old habits reasserted themselves and her husband grew even worse than before, baby Jim was her great consolation and clung to her as if to implore protection against the only evil genius he feared—his

drunken father. As he grew older he became more and more attached to his gentle winsome mother who was so good to him and loved him so dearly and tried so hard to brighten and cheer his sunless life.

One night the unhappy father came home hopelessly drunk, very angry. After venting his spleen on the dishes and furniture he tried to grapple his wife who easily eluded him. Furious he shouted at her :



Get out of this house ! Get out quick ! I don't ever want to see your face again.

Thinking it best to obey she walked to the door but before she reached it baby Jim threw himself at her feet screaming.

“ Mamma ! Mamma take me with you ! ”

She lifted him up and hesitated a moment holding him in her arms.

The child's despairing cry had suddenly calmed the madman who threw himself into a chair and was soon lost in a drunken stupor.

But the poor heart broken wife could not stand those awful scenes. Her health failed, she grew weaker and weaker day by day, yet for her little lad's sake made superhuman efforts to keep up. Amid such surroundings her bravest efforts were useless and shortly afterwards poor Jim was left motherless. For days before her death her little laddie never left her. She tried to disguise her own sorrow to comfort him and spoke to him wise words from the fulness of her anxious heart.

"Jim darling, when Mamma is gone you will be very good? Will you not dearie?"

"Yes Mamma," the little hero answered through blinding tears.

"You will say your prayers every day for Mamma's sake. Just as if Mamma were listening as of old?" But the brave little heart faltered and with a long sobbing sigh he pleaded: Oh Mamma take me with you! Do not leave me here alone."

"Darling I cannot." Ah if she only could! What would become of him left with an inebriate father and street arabs for companions.

Putting her arms round his neck and clasping him close she murmured: My God, I give Thee my boy.... O Mary, you were a mother, you know how I love my babe, how I fear for his future, how I grieve at leaving him. Be his Mother I implore you. Guard and protect him O blessed Father de Montfort whom I have invoked so often keep him in the faith.

Worn out with grief little Jim fell asleep and when he awoke the angels had taken Mamma to heaven.

(to be continued.)

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Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be as its close—then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some good strength or knowledge gained for yourselves."