

THE COMMUNION OF THE APOSTLES.



The Living Bread.

How lovely are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts : my soul
longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.

To steal away—away—and contemplate
(Not hidden from the world, but in my heart)
They wondrous love, that serves to compensate
For all the ills that Heaven then bids depart.
To hold Thee, O my Jesus, to my breast,
And find in loving Thee, my purest rest.

Forgetting my surroundings—see no face
In all the faces that encompass me,
Nor to remember aught of human race,
But kneel alone, and silent, worship Thee.
Oh ! let earth's tempest rage, and dangers threat
So I may love, and loving, pay my debt,

Alone—alone—and Thou hast come to bless
My waiting heart—that hungers for the touch
Of Thy dear Self in mute, in sweet caress,
So I am know Thou knowest I love much
Love Thee, my Jesus ? Ah, my tongue would fail
To put my passion into worded tale.

Love Thee, my Jesus ? Yes—with love so deep
Filled with such ecstasy that never fear,
Nor doubt nor tempting o'er my mind can creep,
When I am worshipping Thy altar near.
Never afraid, O Jesus, for I know
Thy love o'ershadows me where'er I go.

GRACE KEON.

A Memory and a Hope.

I OFTEN 'tis true on my days horizon,
 I see in the East the clouds arise,
 But within my heart I carry a whisper
 That brings a light o'er the darkest skies.



A MEMORY bright as the golden sunset,
 A HOPE as sweet as the fields in May.
 "I am going to Holy Communion to-morrow,
 I went to Holy Communion to-day,

Many a time I am weary of labor,
 Vexed with a life of work and worry.
 Tired of giving myself to others,
 Worn with the fret of this age of hurry,

*Then o'er my heart's unquiet waters
Comes my Lord's sweet whisper to say,
" We shall meet at Communion to-morrow,
We have met at Communion to day."*

*Sometimes others are rough and thoughtless.
Sometimes it may be hard and cold ;
I long to pour out on the first quick impulse,
All the pain that my heart doth hold.
Then my HOPE and my MEMORY blended,
Plead in my soul with a note of sorrow,
Jesus lay on your tongue this morning,
Keep your story for him to-morrow."*

*All day long like a ballad burden
Rings in my heart that musical chime,
All my minutes swing backward and forward
Between the bliss of two points of time,
And I know that the gracious Heart on the Altar
Is touched to think that my own is gay,
Just because he is coming to-morrow
Just because he has come to day.*

Daily Offering of the Most Precious Blood.

O Mary, Immaculate Mother of Jesus. offer we beseech Thee to the Eternal Father the Precious Blood of thy Divine Son, to prevent at least one mortal sin from being committed somewhere in the world this day.

" If every night, before we go to sleep," says Father Faber, we begged our dear Lady to offer up to God the Precious Blood of her Divine Son for grace to hinder one mortal sin somewhere in the world, during that night, and then renewed the same offering in the morning for the hours of daylight, surely such an offering, and by such hands, could not fail to win the grace desired, and thus each one of us might probably hinder numbers of mortal sins every year."— *All for Jesus! Imprimatur* : PAUL, Arch. of Montreal. 100 days' indulgence.

Our Divine Lord comes to fire my heart with loyal love of Him, with the devotion to His Person, on which the fervor of my service depends. The knowledge of Him is the condition in the order of God's providence for carrying out His mission in the world.

A Martyr of the Eucharist.



VER since its institution the blessed Eucharist has always been hated and persecuted by the impious, and, on this account a vast number of noble souls consecrate their whole life to its special service, its loving worship, and form day and night, round the Sacred Host, voluntary victims, angels of adoration.

It not infrequently happens, especially in times, when iniquity threatens universal destruction, that our blessed Lord asks from some of these loyal adherents their life-blood as well as their love. To the large number of such heroes which the Franciscan Order already counts, we are happy to add another, with the hope that this brief sketch of his life and death may lead to greater love for the divine Prisoner of the Altar!

Joseph Heinrichs was born at Esteric in the diocese of Cologne on the 15th August, 1867. The Immaculate Virgin under whose patronage he was born watched over his tender years, and even when he reached the age when life seems to enthusiastic youth but a joyous medley of flowery vistas and intoxicating pleasures, and he dreams not of the many pitfalls hidden beneath, her sheltering care still protected him and saved him from evil contact with the world and its pernicious maxims, and eventually led him to a sure haven for his virtue—the cloister.

The Master's invitation "to leave all and follow Me" generally entails many and great sacrifices. When the Revolution had swept the Religious Orders out of Germany, leaving only the Angel of Solitude in possession, the Sons of St. Francis, faithful to their Father's admonition sought, like many others, hospitality in the mother country which unfortunately it could not grant. Therefore to respond to the Divine call, Joseph, was obliged to bid adieu to home and kindred and sail for the New World. How often during the long journey his gaze wandered back to the fair land he had left; how often when the fury of the turbulent sea seemed to quiet

down and the friendly darkness hid alien shores he knelt on deck to pray, and to think of those dear to him, for the religious life is not a severance but, rather a cementation of natural ties; how often his tear-dimmed eyes looked upward beyond the blue azure, beyond the myriad stars in mute petition for strength and courage. But, he was the Immaculate Virgin's knight and in those hours of anguish her maternal protection never failed him.

As soon as his ship reached port, Joseph, he went to the Monastery of St. Bonaventure, in Paterson, and on the fourth of December had the happiness of receiving the sacerdotal livery under the name of brother Leo.

Guided by such a distinguished Master as Rev. P. Denis Schuler, actual General-Minister of the Order, the young novice made rapid progress in virtue. The following year, on the eighth of December, fitting day to consecrate to God a life henceforth to be lived under the perfect standard of poverty, chastity and obedience, he made his simple profession.

Three years afterwards on the same date and again under the Immaculate Virgins auspices he pronounced his solemn vows and on the twenty ninth of June, 1891, knelt before the Pontiff who consecrated him priest forever.

From that moment the young Levite's zeal, ambition, one aim in life was to save souls, and to more effectually achieve this he made himself all things to all men: Father to the erring, friend to the needy, consoler to the afflicted.

When in 1902 a fire in Croghan destroyed the church, school and Sisters dwelling Father Leo was asked to go to its relief, and so efficaciously and energetically did he respond, that in two years time solid substantial buildings dominated by a lovely church, replaced the ruins and caused the young priest to be loved and revered as a benefactor.

On account of his great learning and deeply religious spirit he was named Sub Master and Vicar of the Monastery: exalted positions that called for unusual self-sacrifice and implicit trust in Providence.

During his canonical visits to the provinces of North America, Rev. Denis Schuler, then Provincial was de-

lighted to see in the priest of to-day the fervor of his former novice and choose him for his Secretary and Companion. Needless to say how perfectly he fulfilled those important functions.

After having served as Pastor of Paterson and Vicar of the Monastery for three years, he was sent to Denver in October, 1907, and had been there only five months when on the 24th of February, he immortalized it by the shedding of his blood.....

It is six o'clock Sunday morning. About three hundred people are devoutly assisting at Mass. The little bell rings the "Domine non sum dignus" and many approach the altar rails for Communion. Among them kneels a poorly-dressed man to whom no one paid any special attention, but who, had they only known, was not only a traitor at heart but a murderer as well. When the Sacred Host is laid on his tongue he rejects It. Then adding sacrilege to sacrilege draws a revolver and levels it at the priest. The little acolyte sees him and warns Father Leo but too late. The deadly bullet has done its work and the Eucharistic Hero is mortally wounded.

For an instant consternation and horror paralyze the Congregation, and the murderer revolver in hand rushes from the church. He has barely reached the portal when the reaction sets in, and strong men pursue and capture him and would have lynched him then and there, were it not for the interference of the police. When questioned he defiantly declared "he was an anarchist and that because he hated all priests he had shot that particular one."

Death to the Priest ! The cry of the impious for nigh two thousand years. But blinded by passion they forget this truth endorsed by history : the blood of martyrs is a harvest of Christians."

The Jews also cried : Death to Christ ! And the blood of the First-Priest flowing from Calvary peopled the earth with altars, priests and innumerable Christians !

Pagan and licentious Rome in the vain hope of exterminating its Priests, and its Christians, who by their words and example denounced its corrupt morality, threw them to the lions — but, behold from these graves dug by barbarism sprang up a new generation, crowned by charity and purity !

To-day again in far away missions from one priest who sheds his blood for Christ rise many Christians, because since the Redemption, the blood of the Christian participates in the divine fecundity. And this leads me to question do we value this glorious title as much as we should ?

But to return to our hero. He knows his wound is mortal, he feels his life-blood flowing, yet, loyal as of yore tries to serve and revere his God until the end. Making a supreme effort he stoops to gather up the fallen hosts and hears the little acolyte admiringly say " Father what are you trying to do. Are you not badly hurt ? " " I am," weakly answered the priest. " Call Father Eusebe, quick."

Uttering the last words he dragged himself to the Blessed Virgin's altar and laid the ciborium, his icy hands could no longer hold, on the altar steps. And there, before his divine Master, he lay praying for his slayer.

He can scarcely breathe ! He is suffering intensely, yet, his only thought, is to wrest from profanation the Hosts still lying on the sanctuary steps, and only when he sees Father Eusebe stoop to pick them up does he close his eyes and murmur " Nunc Dimittis."

Father Wulstan who had been hastily summoned gave the dying hero last absolution (he had been to confession the previous eve) and anointed his brow. And though barely ten minutes since the dastardly crime the victim already slept his last sleep, his countenance radiant with that indefinable expression characteristic of martyrs in general.

Father Leo who belonged to the race of saints bore out the axiom, that, such a glorious death is the price of a holy life. Faithful to the Apostles' admonition he accomplished in his body what was lacking to the Passion of Christ. After his death it was discovered he had constantly worn an implement of penance, a sharp-pointed iron chain, which at the least movement pierced his bare flesh and caused him continual agony. His love for humility was so great that it induced him to hide his austerities under a smiling face ; while his sweet graciousness and cordial sympathy won all hearts and led many a contrite prodigal back to his Father's home.

In the message of condolence which Dr Buchtel, Gov. of Colorado sent, in his country's name, to deceased's brother were these remarkable words "Such a death proclaims to the world at large that Father Leo was a true servant of God."

His funeral was a real triumph. After the requiem Mass at which fully five thousand assisted all the inhabitants of Denver, wishing to show a last mark of respect accompanied his remains to the train that was to convey them to Paterson, the general headquarters of the Franciscans in the United States.

Here new marks of veneration and sympathy awaited him. His remains were exposed guarded night and day by twelve men and visited by thousands.

The solemn requiem Mass was sung by Rev. E. Blake, Provincial and attended by an immense crowd. M. Nulti, dean of the City pronounced the funeral oration and Right Rev. J. J. O'Connor, Bishop of Newark the Libera.

After the ceremony in spite of the unfavorable weather thousands followed the remains to its last resting-place and there he now lies mourned as a Father, revered as a Saint. Perhaps some day, in God's good time, the Church may add his name to its glorious martyrology.

The Days and Nights of the Blessed Sacrament.

How long and lonely are the nights for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament! How slowly pass the hours of His abandonment! All is silence in the forsaken church; no human form is prostrate before the Eucharistic God, no loving soul is pouring out its supplications to His Sacred Heart. The light of the sanctuary lamp burns steadily and brightly before the Tabernacle, as if in atonement for the neglect of men. Angels bow down in pro-

foundest worship of the Lamb of God in His veiled majesty and sing their canticles of praise. But the children of men are not there. The Lord of the Tabernacle waits and watches for the dawning of day that they may hasten to Him, after their long absence, to console Him by protestations of love and loyalty.

Yet when morning has come, do these children of men visit Him—these children of predeliction for whom the Divine Watcher has longed so patiently, so uncomplainingly? Some few, yes, but, alas! how few. And even of this pitiful number, how many offer Him their love? They are cold, so very cold, whilst their Saviour is all on fire with love which He would gladly enkindle in their souls, were they but to ask Him. "Ask these graces of Me," he pleads, opening the treasure—house of His Sacred Heart, "and I shall lavish upon you all that you need". But the spirit of the world has possession of the visitor's thoughts, and the golden words of invitation fall on unheeding ears: Again and again Jesus pleads in "the still small voice," and again and again is His loving merciful generosity ignored. His words fall upon deaf ears. The one kneeling so close to the altar rails is indeed there in person, but his thoughts are far away. Business, pleasure, that last conversation, that glaring poster—these things occupy his mind while praying perfunctorily, and the visitor hurries away without, perhaps, so much as one heartfelt, whole-souled ejaculation of love; and then is Jesus once more left alone to watch and wait and long for another visitor, one who will, at least, return Him love for love. Hours may go by, it may be an entire day, without one fervent soul entering the church in which He dwells to welcome and enrich all who come to Him.

Night again sets in; the church is locked; the only adorers round about the Tabernacle are the angels; the sole watcher before the Prisoner of Love is the glowing sanctuary lamp. Lonely indeed are the nights for our Sacramental Guest, but oh! how much more lonely are the days! The days disappoint Him; the nights do not.

W. W. WHALEN.

THE STORY
OF A
Young Catholic Soldier.



In the Catholic Youth's Annals M.H. Reverdy publishes a few letters written by a young peasant during his sojourn in a regiment garrisoned in an Eastern City.

When a little lad he had made a good first Communion, and at the time of which we are writing had still preserved his faith and the purity of his morals intact. Son of a respectable farmer, when about eighteen years of age he also became a tiller of the soil, and so engrossed by his laborious work that he gradually grew indifferent regarding religious matters, even going so far as missing Sunday Mass whenever it seemed to him he could not spare time to attend. Judging from appearances, it looked as if he would develop into one of those bluff, hard-working, thrifty, good-natured farmers whose energies and interests all centre in their small world of material things and who never think about God except on very rare occasions.

"About this time," continues M. Reverdy, "a Society of Young Catholics was formed in the parish; the spiritual director took an interest in this lad's soul and prevailed on him to become a member. A retreat, the first one completely won him over to a more Christian spirit and awoke in his soul a real Eucharistic hunger. In two years he was altogether transformed, instead of missing mass for any trivial excuse as he had formerly been in the habit of doing, he now had the courage, in his longing for Communion, to begin his day's work at four in the morning, keep the fast, and make time even in the busiest harvesting season to go to Mass."

These letters reveal such a noble guileless soul, such tender artless, piety that I thought our readers would profit by them as much as I did. They show the salutary influence of a practical Catholic Society on a soul that

nothing exteriorly seemed to distinguish and prove that everywhere, God helping, elect souls may be found.

October 25.

BARRACKS,

You ask me, how I'm faring? Well, I'm always the same; always thinking of Him (God) and hoping He will never forsake me. I say my prayers every night and beg of Him to forgive my offences of the day and finish up by my act of contrition. I'll try and get leave of absence some evening this week and go to confession; because if I miss once, I will more than once and perhaps in the end altogether....

October 28.

In looking through one of the pockets of my bivouac cloak I found this book (Imitation) which I thought lost. Opening it, I read things and saw roughly drawn sketches that were not at all what they should be; fortunately they only spoiled the blank white pages at the beginning and end of the book, so I tore them out and now carry the little book about me — I'm more sure of it thus. I find it pretty hard work I assure you to be patient when my companions make me the butt of their sarcasm and ridicule. I try to think they deserve pity more than I do; but any way I do hope they will soon grow tired of it and leave me in peace.

November 11.

I did not have the happiness of going to Communion on All Saints. only to confession. I was very sorry not to have been able to receive Him who gives me strength and happiness. I think of Him every day, many times a day, and never fail morning or night to ask His benign protection, His merciful forgiveness. As soon as I can manage, some Sunday morning I will go to Holy Communion. I enjoy peace once more in the dormitory. As I said they would, my mates grew tired of the one-sided sport and left me alone. Now they say: "it's just his way." This morning when I was going out before lunch one sarcastically remarked: "So you're going to Vespers, eh?" "Where better could I go," I answered, at which they all laughed and so the matter ended.

You tell me the retreat takes place this week. How I wish I could make it. I will say my beads every day for its success.

January 20, 1907.

On Sunday, as I told you in my last, I had the good luck to get off before lunch and profited by the opportunity to make for the Cathedral as fast as I could. When I reached there the ten o'clock Mass was nearly over. I waited until it was finished then went into the sacristy and asked the priest to hear my confession and give me Communion. He answered that in ten minutes he would be at my disposal. I profited by those minutes to prepare for confession. After it was over the priest wanted to know if I would like to go to Communion right away or wait until the eleven o'clock mass I replied right away please and He gave me the Sacred Host I had so long desired and then I was delighted to possess One to whom I could confide my sorrows and my troubles.

January 21, 1907.

I was on sentry-duty from Wednesday till Thursday. Last year I spent that night with my fellow-members of the Young Catholic Society at Montmartre. What a happy time that was, so close to the Sacred Heart, and at Epinary also. I will never forget those hours filled with such unearthly peace and delight. I tried to while away the weariness of my watch with prayer. I said my beads to ask the Blessed Virgin to shield and protect me, her protection is very necessary in this garrison. I thought how some are sleeping, others watching and I thought of Him watching alone through the long dreary nights and my heart was stirred with pity for His loneliness...

Yesterday I did not get off till the afternoon and then I was accompanied by a comrade. I brought him to the Cathedral and as he did not seem to mind we went in and I had a few happy peaceful moments and said a few hurried but fervent prayers; then was in good trim for the visits he wanted to make.

I tried to get out early next morning to go to confession and Communion but did not succeed. Even though I had with that intention given away my morning's cup of coffee. I was sorely disappointed. Nevertheless there is a Mass at a quarter past eleven next Sunday and I'll do my utmost to attain my heart's desire then.

Tears filled my eyes when I read in your last for which I am very grateful how Papa began to cry when

you spoke about me. I could not read any further, and had to begin anew several times before I finished it.

February 18.

How the time flies ! Already a month and half since I left you. What happy hours we spent together in days and months gone by ! Their pleasant recollection brightens many a sad one now. Last Sunday I had no leisure at all, the whole regiment was picketed for fire duty and to-day Monday we are to have an inspection of arms, so I must polish mine. We are supposed to have them in perfect condition at all times but generally give them an extra touch for an occasion like this. Pray that next Sunday I may be able to get off early. I will prepare for it all week. If I must suffer a little I will offer it to Him who supports and strengthens me. Without Him, I can bear nothing, and have no heart for my work. Some of the fellows do what they must cursing and loathing it all. They may say what they like it won't affect me, only its so sad to see young fellows scarcely out of their teens come to that stage already so far from Him they should serve and love ; we must pray for them and God will pardon them.

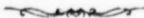
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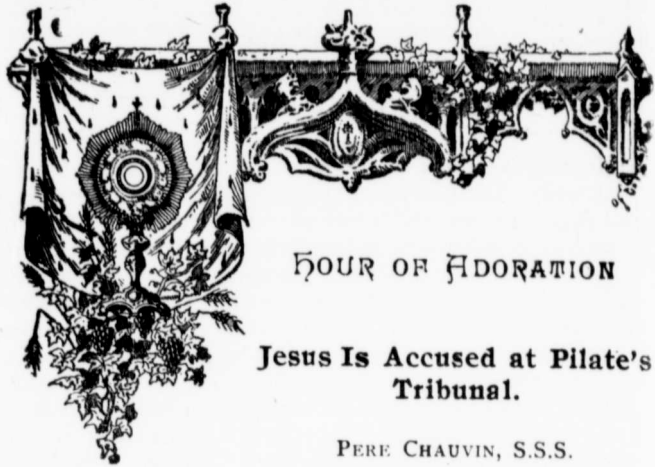
HOSPITAL.

When will that longed for Sunday come that I may go out early to feed my famished soul. I know you understand my eagerness. Every day, I offer Him my disappointment and my sufferings. How happy I will be to receive Him, Him for whom I have waited so long. I say my morning and night prayers and don't forget my beads.

How glad I will be when that Sunday morning comes ! When I can go to receive Him who makes me so happy and to whom I can offer my sorrows and my trials.

.....
 And though the writer did not know it then, that was his last letter. He died, in the hospital, a few days afterwards, of pneumonia. His soul was ripe for heaven.





HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus Is Accused at Pilate's Tribunal.

PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Exiit ergo Pilatus ad eos foras et dixit : quam accusationem affertis adversus hominem hunc ?

“ Pilate, therefore, went forth to them and said : What accusation do you bring against this man ? ”

(ST. LUKE XXIII, 2.)

I. — Adoration.

PILATE, like a good Roman Governor, yielded to the religious scruples of the Jews. As they would not cross the threshold of his palace, he went outside to them. There he beheld the Sanhedrim and a crowd of Jews. He at once understood that they had not come to present an ordinary petition, but to ask for a death-sentence.

Pilate paid no attention to their demand, for the Roman law exacted that no one should be condemned until his cause had been previously heard. That was but just.

“ *What accusation do you bring against this man ?* ” By this single question, Pilate frustrated their proceedings. From judges, he lowered them to the rank of accusers. Galled by this unexpected attitude on the part of the Governor and confused at being unmasked, they replied quickly : “ *If he were not a malefactor, we should not have brought him to you !* ” We, the Sanhedrim, the High Court of justice in the Jewish nation, we, High Priests, our holiness supereminent ; we, scribes and magistrates, with all our experience of the Law ; we, ancients of the people and princes of Israel, with our perfect integrity of life, would we bring to you

an innocent man to be condemned? What an insult to the Jewish nation in all that it esteems holiest, greatest, and most honorable!

Their motive is, however, clear. They have led Jesus to Pilate not to be tried, but executed. They have come to the tribunal of the Procurator, not to offer him the role of judge, but only that of executioner.

Their reply does not satisfy Pilate. He does not want words, cause for condemnation is necessary for him. And so, he says to them, not without a touch of roughness: "*Well, take him and judge him yourselves according to your law.*"

"*But we have not the right to put any one to death*" By this reply, the Sanhedrites confessed their civil decadence. The sceptre and the judiciary power are no longer in the hands of Juda. They also acknowledge by it that the Messiah, the Desired of nations, has come, at last, to redeem the world. The ancient prophecy of Jacob is now accomplished.

Mysterious conduct of Divine Providence! All this took place that "*the word of Jesus might be accomplished, for He had said what manner of death He should die.*" If God had taken away from them the judiciary power, it was that they might not stone Him, as their law exacted, but that Rome should raise Him upon a cross when He should "draw all to Himself."

But laid under the necessity of punishing Him according to their law, that is, of excommunicating Him and scourging Him up to the point of death—or of recommencing the process with whatever chance of gaining it, they do not hesitate. They prefer to begin all over again.

They knew, however, that the crimes against their religion for which they had condemned Him to death, would weigh little with Pilate. But they have no difficulty in inventing others. They must be facts purely political which, more than any other, could give umbrage to the diplomatic Roman. The leaders began, then, to shout: "*We have found Him stirring up our nation, forbidding to pay tribute to Caesar, saying that He is Christ the King!*"

Pilate had asked the Jews what was their chief accusation against "*this Man*." Recognize Him, O Pilate, "*this Man*" is God, and who can accuse God? Even in our own day, multitudes of pretended savants allege against Jesus lying accusations. They have the audacity to repeat with the Jews this horrible blasphemy: "He is a malefactor! In His person, in His morals, in His disciples, He is a malefactor!" They do not, however, hinder the Christian from falling on his knees at the feet of "*this Man*" and proclaiming Him the signal Benefactor, the real, the only Benefactor of humanity.

II. — Thanksgiving.

Jesus, a malefactor ! What has He done to deserve from you, O Jews, this gross epithet ? In what is He malefactor whom not one among you has ever been able to convince of sin ? Where are His murders, seditions, robberies, offences ? In what is He a malefactor who has given to us life and all that we have ? In what is He a malefactor who is Himself the Sovereign Good from whom all good proceeds ? In what is He a malefactor who came down from heaven to teach us the way thither ? In what is He a malefactor whose life among you, O Jews, was but one succession of benefits ? Instead of questioning these ingrates, O Pilate, interrogate rather the sick whom He cured, the blind who see, the deaf who hear, the paralytics who again walk, and the dead risen to life. At every step, this pretended malefactor has wrought marvels of cure. Let them all respond to thy question, O Pilate, as to whether Jesus is a malefactor.

Forced to yield to the demands of the Roman Judge, the Sanhedrites begin to detail the ill-deeds of their pretended criminal : “ *We have found Him stirring up the people, forbidding them to pay tribute to Caesar, and proclaiming Himself Christ, the King !* ” These are Jesus, great crimes !

Jesus inspiring a spirit of revolution among the people ! And yet Jesus had come to bring to the Jewish nation the grand principles of national unity. Did He not everywhere preach obedience and subordination to public authority ? “ The Scribes and the Pharisees are seated on the chair of Moses. *Do all that they will say to you.* ” Did not the people, after listening to His words, always withdraw peaceably, praising God ? Come to something definite and tell Pilate on what occasion you found Jesus stirring up the people, in what city you were obliged to appease a popular rising on His account.

No, Jesus who Himself desired to observe the Law, did not come to preach its destruction. The greatest desire of His Heart was to see the most perfect union reigning in the Kingdom of Israel ; to behold all His compatriots embracing His teaching, which would render them happy for time and eternity. “ Jerusalem, Jerusalem,” He exclaimed, “ How often would I have gathered together thy children as the hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not ! ” How many tears did He not shed over the hardness of this unfaithful people to whom He had come to bring the liberty of the children of God ! His principal mission in this world was to save the lost sheep of Israel.

And this signal Benefactor of the Jewish nation is treated as a public malefactor !

Still more, they want to make Him appear in Pilate’s eyes, as a sower of insubordination against the law of tribute. What bold-

ness ! Only four days ago, the Pharisees in order to ensnare Him, proposed to Him the question in presence of all the people, whether they should pay tribute to Caesar. What had He answered ? Taking a Roman coin, and pointing to the effigy of the Emperor, He said to them : " Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. " Had He not Himself given the example by paying the tribute both for Himself and for Peter ?

Again they accuse Him at Pilate's tribunal of having passed Himself off as Christ, the King, and of being a competitor of Caesar. Where is His Court ? Where are His courtiers ? He has never alluded to them. He has never adopted the manners of royalty, never affected anything in His exterior. They cannot ignore the fact that, when in Galilee the people wanted to make Him king, He fled alone to the mountains.

And if He pretended to royalty (which was true) it was not to that of the Caesars, but to a royalty entirely spiritual, which can be affirmed of no temporal power. Would to heaven that you had comprehended, O Jews, the benefits of this government of love, which Jesus, your King and your Sovereign, came in His mercy to offer you !

But let us not be deceived. This accusation against " the Malefactor, " which sums up all their charges, they do not themselves believe. It was not for that they condemned Him to death. No. The truth is, they wish His death, because He is the great Benefactor of the people. They fear that, precisely on account of His eminent holiness, His miracles, His innumerable benefits, the people will one day bear Him in triumph, proclaiming Him the promised Messiah and the true King of Israel. Were they sincere, they would have had to say to Pilate : " If He had not been Israel's great Benefactor, we would not have delivered Him to you ! " They delivered Him only because they feared losing their authority and the people's confidence.

Contrary to the Grand Council of the Jewish nation, let us acknowledge Him whom they deliver to Pilate, the great Benefactor of Israel. Let us thank Jesus for all the benefits His love has granted that ungrateful nation.

Let us thank this Divine Master for all the good He has procured us by allowing Himself to be unjustly accused by those criminals. He allowed Himself to be called a malefactor to obtain for me grace and pardon for all my sins, to procure for me the strength to support patiently the calumnies of my enemies.

And all these benefits that He bestowed on His nation, He has granted to me, and many others besides. For love of me, He comes down every day from heaven to earth, bringing me the most precious gifts in the Holy Eucharist. He gives Himself to soul's Holy Communion, and again do His divine Hands restore

sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and plenitude of life; to souls weighed down in the sleep of spiritual lethargy. Who can hide from the healing influences of the Immaculate Host?

III. — Reparation.

The signal Benefactor of God's chosen people is placed by the Jews in the rank of public malefactors. He is called a malefactor who has committed not only one crime, but who is capable of committing all others. These miserable creatures blush not thus to asperse the reputation of the Ho'y of Holies. They audaciously accuse Him of being a seducer of the people, a revolutionist, a disturber of the public peace.

What grief for the tender Heart of Jesus! He has poured Himself out in love for men, and now He hears around Him only cries of hatred and vengeance! And have I not contributed my share to the sorrow of my Saviour's Heart? My own history is very like that of the Jews. He has loaded me with favors, and in return I have manifested to Him only indifference if not, indeed, hatred. Pardon, O Jesus, for the Jewish people! Pardon for the Christian people, now become Thy own people! Pardon for myself!

Contemplating Thee with faith in the Sacred Host, I hear issuing from Thy Heart in response to my appeal, to that of all sinners, of all apostate nations, the sorrowful complaints Thou didst formerly address to Thy People.

Is it because I brought you out of the land of Egypt that you prepared a cross for your Saviour?

"O My people, O My child, what have I done to you? In what have I afflicted you? Answer Me!"

Is it because for forty years, I was your Leader in the desert, that I fed you with manna, that I introduced you into a land flowing with milk and honey—is it for these benefits you have prepared a cross for your Saviour?

"O My people, O My child, what have I done to you? In what have I afflicted you? Answer Me!"

What could I have done for you that I have not done? I have planted you as the most beautiful of My vines, and you have had for Me only extreme bitterness, for in My thirst you gave Me vinegar to drink, and you pierced the side of your Saviour with a lance.

"O My people, O My child, what have I done to you? In what have I afflicted you? Answer Me!"

For love of you I struck the first born of Egypt. But you after scourging Me, have delivered Me to death.

"O My people, O My child, what have I done to you? In what have I afflicted you? Answer Me!"

I brought you out of Egypt, and I submerged Pharaoh in the Red Sea. But you have delivered Me to the Princes of the priests!

" O My people, O My child, what have I done to you ? In what have I afflicted you ? Answer Me ! "

I have opened for you a passage through the sea, and you have opened My side with a lance !

" O My people, O My child, what have I done to you ? In what have I afflicted you ? Answer Me ! "

I went before you as a pillar of cloud, but you have led Me to the judgment-seat of Pilate.

" O My people, O My child, what have I done to you ? In what have I afflicted you ? Answer Me ! "

I fed you with manna in the desert, and you have covered Me with blows and the stripes of the whip !

" O My people, O My child, what have I done to you ? In what have I afflicted you ? Answer Me ! "

I slaked your thirst with clear water from the rock, but you gave Me gall and vinegar in My thirst !

" O My people, O My child, what have I done to you ? In what have I afflicted you ? Answer Me ! "

For your sake, for your safety, I struck the Kings of Canaan, but you have struck My head with a reed !

" O My people, O My child, what have I done to you ? In what have I afflicted you ? Answer Me ! "

I placed upon your head, O My people. O My child, a royal diadem, and you have crowned My head with thorns !

" O My people, O My child, what have I done to you ? In what have I afflicted you ? Answer Me ! "

I raised you to a place of pre-eminence, but you raised Me and fastened Me to the gibbet of the cross !

" O My people, O My child, what have I done to you ? In what have I afflicted you ? Answer Me ! "

Yes, Jesus, my own life, like that of Thy people, is one tissue of Thy benefits and, like that same people, I have generally responded to Thy merciful advances by the blackest ingratitude. I acknowledge it with a heart filled with sincere repentance.

IV. — Prayer.

The Jews call Him who came into this world for the destruction of evil a malefactor ! Even in our own day, Jesus is regarded as a malefactor at the tribunals of the majority of the great ones of the world. They look upon His teaching and morality as noxious, and they suppress them from the official programme of instruction !

Arise, O Father Almighty ! May all the enemies of Thy Son be scattered ! Since Thou hast been so good as to leave us Jesus here

below in the Eucharist, it behooves Thy glory to make Him reign and triumph on earth. Crush every obstacle that prevents His mounting His throne and governing all nations.

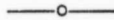
In our own day, as at Pilate's tribunal, the wicked fear Him. In one sense, the Jews were right. Jesus is a great revolutionist. "*We have found this Man stirring up our nation.*" That is His mission. He came to revolutionize, not the material world, but the intellectual world, the world of the affections, the world of the passions, in a word, the moral world. But this last world He wishes to raze to its foundations, to replace error by truth, vice by virtue, good by evil. This is truly the reproach the Jews insistently make against Him before Pilate: "*He stirs up the people,*" they say, "*teaching throughout all Judea, beginning in Galilee even into these parts.*" Is not this revolution of evil to good entirely in favor of individuals and of the nation at large?

Do Thy work in me, O Divine Host! Come to destroy in my soul by Holy Communion the power of evil. I give up to Thee at this very moment and forever, through the hands of Mary Immaculate, the keys of my liberty.

Destroy in my intellect the evil of error and enlighten it with the radiant beams of faith. Destroy in my heart the love of the creature to fill it with the chaste love of Thy Father, Thy Holy Spirit, Thy Divine Person. Supernaturalize the bonds of blood, of friendship, of esteem, which attach me to created things. Henceforth may my heart love only in Thee and for Thee!

Destroy in me those chains that hold me captive to evil, and grant me the holy liberty of the children of God! Reign by the empire of Thy truth and love over all men, especially over the Jews. Grant that soon all, Pagans and Christians, Jews and Heretics, kneeling before the Sacred Host, may submit their understanding to Thy word, and proclaim Thee before the whole world, the only, the true Benefactor of the human race!

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth, and communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Make each time a formal act of gratitude for all the benefits with which the Saviour has filled your life.



I have a Friend Who takes upon Himself my troubles, and Who is never better pleased than when they are confided to Him. I bring Him my annoyances, and expose to Him simply my embarrassment, and under His direction things right themselves.—GOLDEN SANDS.

COMMUNION OF THE APOSTLES.

(See frontispiece)

JESUS Christ when about terminating His mortal career, and returning to the Mansions of eternal bliss, would not leave His Apostles altogether disconsolate, and therefore He bequeathed to them His True and Real Presence in the Sacrament of the altar.

And while they were at Supper, Jesus took bread, and blessed and broke it; and gave to His Disciples saying: "Take ye and eat: this is My Body."

That was the first Host ever consecrated and was received by the Apostles.

Though centuries have passed since then yet this same loving Saviour still graciously extends the same invitation to us daily. He waits and watches for us and ardently desires us to open our hearts to Him. Let Him not wait in vain! Come to Him! come daily and receive Him as often as He desires and rest assured that by nourishing yourself with Beauty, Holiness and Purity Itself, your soul will become all-ho'y, all-pure and all beautiful.

Fortunate are those who live near a church, yet doubly guilty when they ignore the daily appeal issuing from its Tabernacle. Let all such rouse from their lethargy. Let them accede to the loving command: "Take ye all and eat." Let them come with confidence and humility, with love and generosity. Surely this heavenly Bread is worth the little sacrifices its worthy reception entails. At last, O Jesus, Sacred Host. I understand Thy ardent desire to come to me. I humbly beg Thy merciful forgiveness for having kept Thee waiting so long and promise, for the future, to devote myself to Thy service in the Blessed Sacrament by frequent and daily Communion.

Thou callest me O Jesus. And I come; called by Thee, impelled by my own love and confidence in Thee; I come to receive Thee and offer Thee Thy sinless Mother's Heart, with its perfect dispositions at the moment of Thy Incarnation and in all her communions. Come to me now by her, as I come to Thee by her. With her heart let me receive Thee.

—o—

It is no strain of music, no tinsel of vestment, no pomp of ceremonial which attracts us to our churches, which holds us captive in them. No! For us Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament offers the same attractions, commands the same reverent attention, elicits the same humble adoration, and it matters not to us whether we assist at His worship amid the poverty and simplicity of an Indian chapel, or amid the wealth and grandeur of a stately cathedral; it is Christ in the Eucharist who holds us captive, and it matters not to us whether He is worshipped amid the squalor of a stable as at Bethlehem by the lowly and illiterate, or as afterward when offered gold and incense He is adored by the high-born and learned, by kings and wise men.

Rabboni (Good Lord).

WHEN *I am dying,*
How glad I shall be
That the lamp of my life
Has been burned out for Thee.

That sorrow has darken'd
The pathway I trod
That thorns—not roses
Were strewn o'er its sod

That anguish of spirit,
Full often was mine,
Since anguish of spirit,
So often was Thine.

My cherished Rabboni !
How glad I shall be,
To die with the hope
Of a welcome from Thee.—

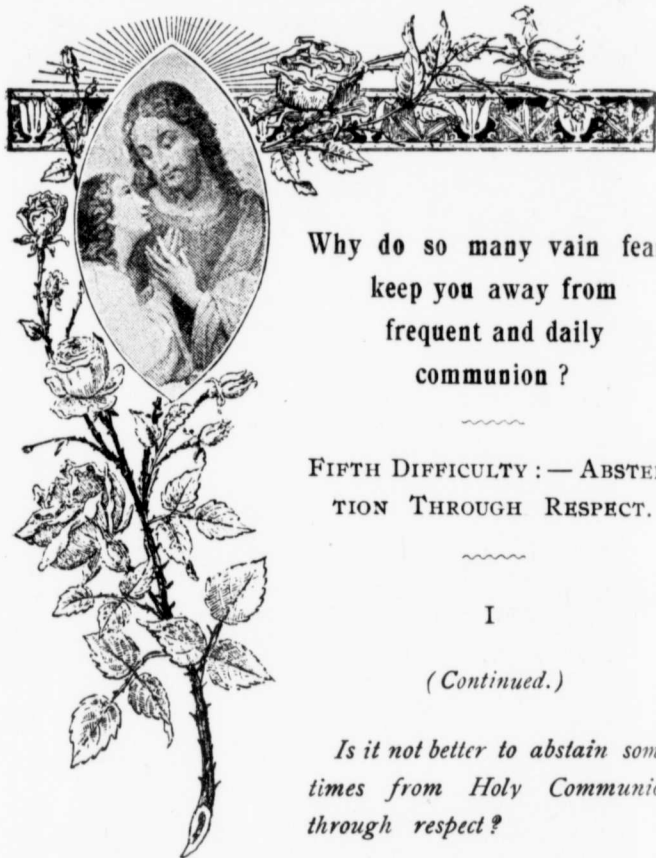
AMEN.

* * *

On'y one little bunch of grapes
That gladly dissappears for Thee,
O Jesus, holy heavenly Vine !
Thou knowest I rejoice to be.
Under the pressure of the cross
I prove my love for Thee alway ;
And ask no other joy than this,—
To immolate myself each day.



GOOD LORD.



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

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FIFTH DIFFICULTY : — ABSTEN-  
TION THROUGH RESPECT.

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I

(Continued.)

*Is it not better to abstain some-
times from Holy Communion
through respect ?*

EIGHTHLY, it is much better for you to communicate every day through *love* than to abstain sometimes through *respect*, because every Communion that you omit is a truly great loss, since you are then deprived of the divine and marvellous effects that the Holy Eucharist produces by Itself. These effects are : 1st, the real and intimate union of our soul with Our Lord Jesus Christ ; 2d, the increase of grace and charity ; 3d, the remission of all venial sins to which we have not an actual affection ;

4th, even the remission of mortal sins that we have no attachment to ; 5th, the partial remission of the punishment of past sins, according to the greater or less fervor with which you approach the Sacrament ; 6th, the preservation from the curse of mortal sin.

After all these reasons, and there are others which, for brevity's sake, I do not bring forward, I conclude by addressing you in the words of the learned and zealous Frassinetti : " Never will I counsel my penitents to deprive themselves sometimes of Communion ; rather will I beg other confessors not to subject theirs to such a privation... I see that

St. Francis de Sales approved of such a privation, for the reason that, after some days of abstinence, the soul relishes more the Divine Manna. He will pardon me for saying that such an argument fails to convince me. To the taste of the Sacrament, I think it much better to prefer its fruit, that is the increase of sanc-



tifying grace.—He who rarely eats, says St. Alphonsus, does so, it is true, with more appetite, but with less benefit. In the same way, by communicating rarely, one may experience a little more sensible devotion, but the spiritual profit is less, for he deprives himself of the food that gives the strength to shun failures. In truth, I prefer the strength which I receive every day from a suitable portion of bread to the special pleasure that the same would afford me did I eat less often. I can compare this abstinence from Holy Communion only to that which Adam would have observed in the terrestrial Paradise by depriving himself of the fruit of the tree of life, the Divine Eucharist." You conclude, Christian



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soul, by saying to me : " Then, when I have no certainty of being in a state of mortal sin, and that I am not prevented by some duty, I ought never to omit Holy Communion ? "—With Frassinetti, I answer : " Do you know when you ought to omit Communion ?—On Good Friday ! "

II.

If it is better to communicate daily through love than to abstain sometimes through respect, why do not religious in general Communicate daily ?

Who has told you, Christian soul, that religious in general do not communicate every day ? That is false. For fervent religious women and, consequently, they who are most desirous of their *spiritual profit*, not only aim at communicating every day appointed by their Rule, according to the admonition of the Holy See, but they know well that " among all devotions, there is none more dear to Jesus Christ than to receive Him in Holy Communion ; they know well that all the perfection of a soul consists in her intimate union with God and . . . that it is Communion which unites us with God in the most perfect manner. " With the advice of their confessor, they are careful not to let a single morning pass without receiving the kiss of their Divine Spouse — their Chosen among thousands — lovingly given to them every day by the reception of His Body and His Precious Blood.

Just here I think of saying to you, Christian soul, that in all the religious communities which I have successfully directed for twenty years, as well as I remember, I have never, or almost never, met a religious who, unless legitimately hindered, did not communicate every day. " By the fruits of these frequent Communions and by the progress in piety, " I have been able to touch with the finger, as it were, the truth, that the greatest means of perfection is daily Communion made devoutly. You will say to me : " Religious have their Communions of Rule, and they certainly are not daily. " That is true, Christian soul ; nevertheless, we must know that the Church, who so loves daily Communion, in approving those Rules, has never wished to prohibit more Communions than those thus indicated. She intends that the religious should

make *at least* those prescribed by the Rule. This is so true that the Holy See regards as abrogated the articles of all *constitutions*, whether of men or of women, in which it is expressly prohibited to make more Communion than those fixed in these passages of the Rules. It was for this reason that Cardinal Gennari says so well : " The Communion of the Rule are the *minimum* required of religious persons," as " the annual confession of precept is the *minimum* for persons in the world. "

If in some communities they make use of a calendar, approved by the Holy See, on which are marked the days of general Communion, the Holy See has itself declared that such a calendar cannot be considered *prohibitive*, that is, forbidding a greater number of Communion, but only *directive*. It thus admonishes religious that they ought to aim at living in such a manner as to be able to approach the Holy Table at least on the days designated, if there is no lawful hinderance. Of the Communion of the calendar must be said what has already been said of Communion of the Rule — they should be regarded as the *minimum* of the Communion that religious souls are called upon to make. " But if, among the people of the world, we cannot praise those who, free to communicate often, even every day, satisfy themselves with the Paschal Communion, because they do not respond to the manifest desire of Jesus Christ " to be our daily Bread ; " so, with still greater reason, we cannot praise the religious who is satisfied with making only the Communion of the Rule. I say, *with greater reason*, because being by the religious profession the spouse of Jesus Christ, she is so much the more obliged to accomplish not only His will, but still more His every wish. Is it not proper that the Heart of the Spouse and His spouse should make but one same heart ?

If the Church ardently desires that all her children should communicate every day, how much more does she desire it for religious souls, her children of predilection ! She desires it to such a degree that, in order to obviate the case in which superiors would wish to interfere and prevent Communion more frequent, than those allowed by the Rule or the calendar, she has gone so far as to decree that " they have no authority whatever to meddle

with the permissions or prohibitions concerning Holy Communion," (they cannot, then, forbid it) "except when some one has given scandal to the community since his last confession, or if, having committed some grave exterior fault, he has not yet confessed."

This Decree is very just. For, "of whatever rank or preeminence the lay superiors or the superiors of religious communities may be, since it is strictly prohibited them to induce their subjects to manifest to them their conscience affairs" (since not being confessors, they ought not to penetrate into the secret of souls), "neither directly nor indirectly, neither by command, counsel, fear, threats, nor blandishments," it follows that they do not know their interior and, consequently, cannot properly judge of their dispositions for Holy Communion. The *only* duty, consequently, incumbent on religious toward their Superiors is to inform them — once suffices — that they have the permission of the confessor to communicate more frequently than the days assigned by the Rule and even to make daily Communion.

Now that you have read this paragraph, will you again tell me, Christian soul, that not even religious in general communicate every day?

(to be continued)

Christ, the Bread of Life.

In the beautiful little book of "the Lord's Prayer," written by St. Cyprian in the middle of the third century, a passage occurs in his explanation of the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," from which it appears that it was the custom of the early Christians to communicate daily. He says: "Christ is the Bread of Life." We pray that this Bread may be given us daily, that we who are in Christ, and daily receive the Eucharist as the food of salvation, may not by any mortal sin be shut out from partaking of this Heavenly Bread, may not be separated from the Body of Christ; for He Himself hath said, 'I am the living Bread which is come down from Heaven.' So now we pray that our daily Bread, which is Christ, may be given to us daily, in order that we who are in Christ, and who live in Him, may never fall away from His salvation nor depart from His Body."

The Spirit's Eye.

I looked on Nature through the eye of microscopic lens;
The small took on the greatness, that with God's least
atom blends.

Clear telescopic view disclosed the far off worlds of space,
Yet more my soul desired to see—Love's radiant, shining
Face.

I dreamed a dream of skies so blue, none earthly could com-
pare;

Of earth, etherial and new, that moved—a ship of air—
To lightest breath of Love that breathes through all created
things,

And gives to every thought of God, Love's all surmounting
wings,

And hosts innumerable shone, with light of sea nor shore,
Bright sparks of one great flame of Love, through which
souls heavenward soar,

By fire tried, and purified, celestial stars to shine,
In bliss of loving to behold, the Face of Love divine.

And thus I learned, that great and small, to Love's sim-
plicity.

Are one, and Love—a point—hath all of Love's immensity,
O Father, teach me how to love, and to Thyself drawn nigh,
Thy Face in all things to discern, with Love, the spirit's eye.

Lord, teach me how to love Thee, and to make Thee loved
by all,

That every thought, Thy holy Presence, to the mind recall.
And thought of Thee, my being fill, with Love that cease-
less flows,

From Love to love, in endless waves, and change nor turn-
ing knows.

And answer light as air came back, from Love's celestial
sphere.

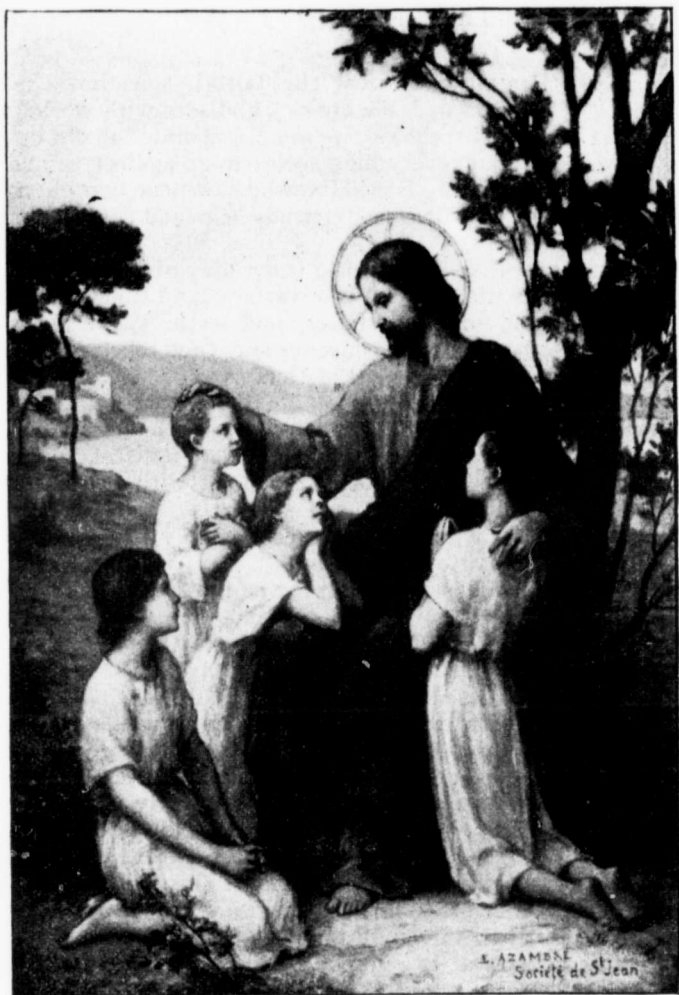
With Eye of Eucharistic love, behold Me, I am here.
The sacramental veil is drawn, yet parted shall it be,
And Love's celestial Face meet thine, for all Eternity."

HONORA McDONOUGH.



*Y*ES, I remember well the time, the place,
 Of First Communion—date of rarest grace,
 Sweetest of Childhood's happy days! For then,
 As when He wa'ked amongst the sons of men,
 Christ in His arms raised up His little child,
 With soothing gesture, fatherly and mild,
 And pressed him to His bosom. With the same
 Unutterable tenderness He came
 Into our hearts full often since that day,
 How many more such visits shall He pay
 Before He comes to summon us away?
 How many such between us and the shore
 Of that dark ocean He will waft us o'er
 As our Viaticum? Ah! None can tell
 Save only One Who keeps the secret well.
 To him I leave the manner, time and place
 Of that dread change, so He but give the grace
 Of Last Communion. When and how and where,
 I know not, care not; but for this I care—
 Dying may I my Last Communion make
 In peace with Him Who died, too, for my sake,
 And may that loving Lord, my parting spirit take.

REV. MATTEW RUSSELL, S. J.



Lacking in Faith.



SHOULD we not fear that faith is sometimes lacking in us? We are sick and sore with worldly cares and troubles; we are disappointed in our expectations, everything seems to go against us and we turn away from Him who alone can console us and seek in ourselves and friends help and consolation for our miseries.

We forget that "this world is a valley of tears" and that "man's life on earth is a warfare, and that the wages of sin and sorrow are misery and death. We refuse to accept our portion of the miseries and thus rebel against the necessary dispensations of God.

If we have our measure of life should we not accept resignedly our measure of sorrow? If we have not sins of our own for which to suffer, ought we not feel a little liable for those of our kind? But who is without sin before God? In Adam we have all sinned, and "if any man says he is without sin," declares holy writ, "he is a liar and the truth is not in him."

Trouble should bring us all the more to God. The afflictions undergone by the leper and paralytic brought them to God and a greater blessing was the faith they received than the healing of their infirmities.

So too with us; if we but use trial to advantage we shall find God's crosses but blessings in disguise. God would draw us in our physical ailments that He may bless us spiritually and greater far is it to have our faith strengthened and increased than to be freed from any temporary misery or affliction. Tried as we may be, disappointed as we will, there is one thing we can always feel sure of, that is the unchangeable love of God. This was the courage of the martyrs to make them rise superior to themselves and their surroundings, and help them submit to any torment, trial, or affliction rather than give up Christ.

MGR. COLTON