



THE HOLY VIATICUM.

A. LOUBEN.



A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.

If the Blessed Sacrament we better know, earth would be bright and Heaven nearer.
E. FABER.

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A SOUL'S SURRENDER

“ O Sacred Heart, with love consumed,
Thy love compelleth mine !
Take it, my wayward rebel heart,
Make it be wholly Thine !

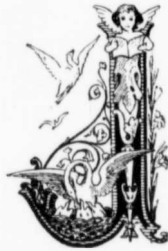
Break Thou, O Jesus, break the chains
Of earth that hold me fast !
Draw me till I capitulate
And live for Thee at last !

In Crib, on Cross, in Sacrament,
Dear Lord, keep drawing me,
To love Thy loving Heart Divine,
No creature but in Thee !

To love with deep and generous love,
With love that counts no pain,
Thee, O my God, Who naught didst spare
Thy creature's love to gain !

H. C. S. S. R.

THE GREAT MISSION OF THE MONTH of the SACRED HEART



ESUS is *the true light, which enlightens every man who comes into this world; He is the way, the truth, the life; He is the divine Promulgator of that new commandment, which elevates us to God and makes us fraternize in Him. Salvation and peace, therefore, both for souls and societies, lie only in the knowledge and love of Jesus, in the observance of His precepts, and in the imitation of His virtues.* To fulfil these conditions of salvation ourselves, and to induce those around us to fulfil them, such is our supreme duty and our true good. Now, this duty is always made easy by a multitude of helps and graces, which Jesus Christ, in His goodness, sends, according to the different needs of succeeding generations. And in order to move us efficaciously by a means in harmony with the conditions and aspirations of our times, He has chosen the devotion to the Sacred Heart, in which He presents to us, under a sensible form, His own Heart..., that wounded Heart, which men still wound as often as they so unfortunately turn away from God, that Heart, which is nevertheless consumed with the inextinguishable desire of pardoning them and of giving them heaven.

This Heart, of infinite sorrow as well as of infinite love, is the object of the special devotion that Jesus Christ demands of us, who live during these *later times*: it is the means He has given us to prepare *the way towards the truth and the life.* In this Divine Heart *sinners shall find infinite mercy, tepid souls salutary fervor, the just very high perfection, everybody the graces necessary in his state of life*; this Heart *shall establish peace among the nations; It shall avert the chastisements merited by the crimes of peoples.* It is Jesus Himself, Who has promised it!

Devotion towards the Sacred Heart is therefore of the greatest importance, henceforth, for societies as well as for individuals. But, in truth, it does not consist in merely reciting a few prayers to the Divine Heart. It is essentially a living and vivifying devotion, which begins with a love of compassion, grows perfect by the love of imitation, and is consummated in a love of reparation and apostleship ; it is a devotion, the object of which ought to shape the whole interior of souls and of societies, on account of the love which it must inspire. Now, it is impossible that such a devotion be made to penetrate the intelligences and the lives of individuals and of societies in a day, or by insignificant and isolated exercises. From this arises the great importance, which is henceforth attached to the practice and propagation of the *Month of the Sacred Heart*, since it consists in a harmonious succession of considerations, supplications and good works, which gradually and methodically bring the devotion into light, insinuate it into souls, and make it issue forth into action in the form of reparation and apostleship. This explains why the Church gives such attention to-day to this holy exercise, and why she endeavours, by the most extraordinary spiritual favors, to entice all classes of the faithful to practise and propagate it. This is why Leo XIII and Pius X turned all their hope towards the *Month of the Sacred Heart*, and why Pius X *desires it to become in the Church a HOLY MISSION, which being renewed universally every year, may restore all things in Jesus Christ.*

Now "a holy Mission" is an exercise prepared with care and executed with active ardor and zeal, in which a whole people is impelled either towards conversion, which it makes easy or towards greater holiness. Such is the *Month of the Sacred Heart*. Because, as we have said, it is the most comprehensive of all the exercises of the devotion to the Sacred Heart ; and this devotion, if conceived in the manner explained above, of itself leads souls towards a fervent conversion and high perfection. It contains all that is necessary for the salvation of the individual, of the family and of society : it places vividly before the eyes of our faith the dogma of that love,

which was the source of all that God deigned to do for us in Redemption, and it thereby strongly arouses souls, and is marvellously suited to inspire contrition and confidence, to provoke strong and generous resolutions, and to attract souls irresistibly towards the Eucharist, which is the source of life. It is thus that a month, properly consecrated to the Sacred Heart, will have all the success of a Mission, and moreover will have exceptional efficacy and fecundity, by reason of the special benedictions of Our Lord, Who has attached to the devotion towards His Sacred Heart an irresistible power for conquering the hardest sinners and the most rebellious souls.

It is towards this that the *Month of the Sacred Heart* must converge from the very beginning, whether it be celebrated in a church or elsewhere. It must converge towards it not only by meditations permeated with the suavity of the Divine Heart upon the truths most suited to withdraw from sin and to impart heroism in doing good, but also by pious contrivances, which, being penetrated with the flames of divine love, shall render the exercises of the month attractive, while at the same time impelling towards christian perfection : and lastly by prayer and ceremonies, which, being inspired by Jesus' ardent desire to be loved, plead for souls and strongly attract them towards Him.

The utility of a " Mission " of this sort is greatly increased by its annual and universal repetition. Moreover the universality, which the Holy Father desires to imprint upon this holy Exercise, in order that it may be apt to *res'ore all things in Jesus Christ*, is not simply a material universality extending over the world, but, above all, a moral universality extending to and embracing all classes of people and all groups of individuals, who belong to the Church under any title. We mean by this, that the *Month of the Sacred Heart* must be celebrated not only as a solemn Mission in the Churches, by solid sermons, by the use of all the means that facilitate salvation, by the vivifying action of public adoration and general reparatory Communion, by the great importance and solemnity to be given to the Indulgence TOTIES QUOTIES of the last Sunday.., but that moreover

it must be celebrated in all the families, schools, workshops, hospitals, Communities, Seminaries, etc., and thus be given the character of enthusiasm and efficaciousness, that belongs to a true "Mission." In the families, it is the mother, who should give the *Mission of the Sacred Heart* during the month consecrated to the Exercise : she must try and make all the household so interested in the "Mission," that all may become holier,



happier and more united, owing to their increasing fervor in the accomplishment of their religious duties. In the schools, the "Mission" must be conducted in such a manner, as to produce a lasting impression and strong religious impulsions ; in Communities, while elevating souls to high sanctity, it will, at the same time, cultivate the generous spirit of apostles ; in Seminaries, let it be celebrated in such a manner, as to appear in its

true light, as the triumph of the most comprehensive and luminous doctrine united to the surest and most stimulating asceticism ; in all places of work and suffering its celebration shall give the sweetest spiritual consolations, and shall raise minds and hearts towards heaven, where, alone, full justice and eternal happiness are to be sought. In all these places, as well as in the churches, the principal object of our efforts must be the men. Let us try to attract them above all ; let us draw them aside and, by means of particular Spiritual Exercises, endeavour to prepare them well for the reception of the Sacraments, and for the accomplishment of their Easter duties, if unfortunately neglected ; let us try to form them above all into groups, let us organize them so thoroughly, that they shall surely persevere, and even become apostles among their companions.

If the *Month of the Sacred Heart* be universally celebrated in this manner, as the Holy Father desires it to be, then individuals, families and societies shall in truth be placed in the Sacred Heart, and nations shall enjoy peace. It is therefore, for us all, an obligation of christian and social charity to do our utmost to have it properly celebrated. Let us exert all our energy in a supreme, persevering effort not only to be true apostles ourselves, but also to form around us ardent apostles of the *Month of the Sacred Heart*. Let no difficulty stop us, no sacrifice be above our generosity. If we but have firm confidence, God will send us men and means at the proper moment. Yes, if we but have firm confidence, and do not fail to pray to Mary ! Oh ! and what does our sweet Mother intend doing by the devotion of her beautiful month of May, if not to prepare and to obtain for us the *Month of the Sacred Heart*, the month of light, of grace, of transcendent mercy ?..

Oh ! let us work with Mary ! Priests, educators, men of action, Religious, christian mothers and zealous women, this work is yours, this work so highly apostolic ! The Blessed in heaven look down upon you with holy envy ! Our Lord entrusts to you the coming of His kingdom upon earth !



The Goodness of the Master



HAD come from a visit to the city, where I found a young clerical friend about leaving for the West to regain his lost health. I was grieved ; for his zeal and usefulness were unbounded, and the few years he had spent in the ministry gave promise of an apostolate worthy of a hero of Christ.

While I was with him, I could not but be impressed with his cheerful optimism, which rode down all the appearances that were against him. He was determined to get well and return to his work.

My heart misgave me as he told me he had been chaplain to the City Pest House and the Tuberculosis Hospital.

He had labored untiringly and without a thought of danger, and with the assurance that he was taking all possible care against infection, that he was immune.

Suddenly he awoke to the fact of the approach of the insidious white plague. Instantly his Bishop had ordered him to Colorado where physicians declared he might shut off the danger and recover what he had lost. A new volunteer was appointed in his place and my young friend was relieved of the fear that his dear patients might be neglected.

I looked at him with dubious eyes ; he was pale and frail and now and then a tell-tale cough was in evidence. But he had youth and hope, and with a silent prayer I encouraged him. Heroes are scarce in this selfish world and here was surely one.

Before we parted he told me of an experience he just had. I could find no greater incentive to trust in the

Heart of Christ than the story which fell from his lips. Let me quote the young priest's words :

"Father Alexander," he said, "I have had some strange experiences in the Pest House and Consumptives' Hospital, but this one happened only a week or two ago and is still fresh in my memory. I was called to the 'phone by one of the nurses at the pest house. A small-pox patient, a Catholic, was very low and had not received the Sacraments.

"I instantly changed my clothes, took the usual precautions and went to the church where I placed the Sacred Host in my pyx and started for the hospital. When I arrived there I went at once to the patient, who was perfectly conscious but had every appearance of a dying man. I heard his confession, exhorted him to patience and resignation, and told him I would give him the holy Viaticum and then Extreme Unction. He was calm and resigned. When the table was prepared and I opened my pyx, I found to my amazement there were two Sacred Hosts, quite detached from each other. Now I was positive I had only taken one from the Tabernacle at home ; I was absolutely sure of it. There was no sign of their having adhered to each other. Both were quite perfect and it seemed impossible they could have been lifted from the ciborium together. I was considerably distracted, and it took me several seconds to collect myself and administer the Sacraments to the poor dying man. I did so, however, and when I gave the final blessing to the poor fellow he seemed to have but a few hours to live. I was disturbed over the presence of the second Sacred Particle that remained in the pyx, and I asked the nurse if there was any other Catholic in the house.

"No, Father," was the reply ; 'there is no one else.'

"I turned to leave the hospital and had reached the door. As I was about passing through, the porter who opened it said :

"Did you see the new patient who was brought in last night, Father ?"

"Why, no, I replied. Is he a Catholic ?"

"Nobody knows what he is, for he has never spoken. But he doesn't look like a Catholic ; he was fixed up too

fine ! He isn't a poor man, that's sure, and the man smiled.

" I was about to go on, when some impulse arrested me.

" I'll see about him, I said in a low voice, for I carried the sacred pyx.

" I went to the office and inquired. I learned that a strange man, a gentleman by his dress, was brought there quite insensible. He had been picked up in the street, and lookers-on, judging from his inflamed face, thought he was intoxicated. An examination by medical experts at the police station proved that it was a developed case of smallpox, with high fever. At once everybody drew back, and he was hustled into the pest house ambulance and hurried off. He had a valuable watch and a diamond pin, plenty of money and his clothes were of the best material, but there were no papers—nothing that could as yet identify him. He had not spoken or unclosed his eyes since he came.

" And Father, said the office man, they say he is an awful sight. You would not know whether he was a white man or a negro ; it is the worst form of black smallpox !

" I must see him, I said.

" I don't think there is much use, said the clerk. No one knows anything about him, and as he is entirely unconscious you can't give him religious rites, for there is no mark of religion about him.

" The impulse within me was too strong to resist. I want to see him, I persisted.

" All right, Father ; just as you say, and he led the way down the corridor, with its pungent smell of iodine-form, and pointed to a closed door. In there, Father.

" I knew the place. It led to a room where hopeless cases lay, never again to see the outside world. I opened the door of the passage and found the room. The door was ajar. The light was dim, but I could see the man was alone. He was breathing heavily. The nurse was pacing the hallway. The patient was a terrible sight. His face was so swollen it was hardly human and in the dim light would not be recognized by his closest friend.

I stood by the bed. There was no sign of life save the heavy breathing.

"My friend, I said in a distinct voice, I am a Catholic priest. Are you a catholic?"

"With a quick flutter the eyelids moved, there was a flash of intelligence and they dropped shut. Just then the orderly entered and said respectfully: Father, he is unconscious. He will die in this stupor; the doctors say there is not the slightest hope. I motioned him away.

"My dear friend, I said to the patient, I think you are conscious; if you understand me, and wish to go to confession and Holy Communion, I have the Blessed Sacrament with me. Let me know by pressing my hand, and I took the swollen hand in mine. Instantly I felt a strong pressure. I turned to the orderly.

"The man is speechless, but he is conscious, I said, and I mean to hear his confession; stay outside till I call you.

"The orderly gave me an incredulous look, but obeyed and closed the door. I began by telling the poor sufferer I would make his confession and he must press my hand. It was touching, and almost drew tears from my eyes, the effort he made to respond. I was perfectly satisfied. When I told him I had our Lord with me, he tried to extend his poor swollen tongue to prove to me his desire to receive Holy Communion, and when I gave him the Blessed Sacrament, a great tear rolled down his face. There was a glass of water near, and I assisted him with spoonfuls, to swallow the Sacred Particle. When he did so I anointed him, scarcely finding a healthy spot for the holy oil.

"All this time his eyes spoke the most pitiful language ever seen in a human face. My feelings almost overcame me. I never thought of contagion. I gave every consolation of the Church to this poor, speechless, disfigured Christian and left with the conviction that another soul would soon be in Paradise. I knew now the destination of the second Sacred Host, so strangely placed in my pyx.

The young priest paused. We were both touched. I grasped his hand.

"God-speed your journey," I murmured. "Come back well. We need you.— Father Alexander.

THOUGHTS ON THE EUGHARIST

JESUS' INFLUENCE UPON SOULS



HERE is something solemn and awful in the thought that there is not an act done or a word uttered by a human being but carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace. Every thought of ours, to a certain extent, gives color to our lives and insensibly influences the lives of those about us. And who, better than our dear Redeemer knew this? Had He not filled His thirty-three years with thoughts, words and acts which have been influencing the individual soul from the first conquest of His public life and which will continue to influence the generations to come until the trumpet-call gathers the blessed of His Father to their great reward?

Jesus wishes each human life to be the soul's outstretching to something better than it has attained ; and when we get insight we perceive that what the soul yearns for is as close to it as its own being. The aim and end, pointed to alike by faith and reason, is not to gain possession of anything whatever, but to become pure, gentle, loving and wise, that we may awaken to the consciousness of God's presence. The inspired word overflows with allusions to this awakening and our Blessed Lord's soul-touch as He spoke to the Samaritan, to Magdalen, to the chosen twelve, and to the thousands who crowded about Him on the hill-sides, had the power to satisfy their deepest and most essential needs.

The thirty-three years are over and Jesus' Heart, being the Heart of a merciful God, cannot slip from the scenes of spiritual activity and leave the " Men of good will " without something divine to influence their lives. But how stay on to influence lives and keep them in the circle of His attractive mercy and love? The little white Host is the creation of that love. From every Tabernacle, the

world over, our Captive Lord looks out upon the struggling children of His love and longs to gather them to His Heart and to assure them of His patient, long-suffering affection for them. He wishes to be our *Light* as we grope in darkness. He wishes to be our *Guide* lest we turn down the flowery avenues that lead to sin and death. He wishes to be our *nourishment* lest we faint along the way and He longs to be a dear *Friend* whom we may always find alone and with whom we may converse at ease.

Love is strong, oh ! how strong since it has bound and fettered a God ! Surely the Eucharistic life was the best means of exercising a lasting influence upon the soul. But what is influence ? Influence is the power we exert over others by our lives. It is a silent, a pervading, a magnetic and a most wonderful thing. It works in inapplicable ways. We neither see nor hear it, yet consciously or unconsciously, we exert it. Man's conscious influence is small. But his unconscious influence—the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers — is tremendous. Therefore, there must be very much of God in it, we must live of His life, His thoughts, His feelings ; we must enter into the spirit of His life behind the little prison door. We must be curtained off from all that is “ of the world worldly ” ; we must learn to work silently, kindly, patiently, lovingly. It is wise to learn as early as possible, that the admiring exclamations of the crowd have little meaning ; that the love of truth for its own sake is really the love of God : that it is a duty to practice self-restraint ; that our personal worth is measured by our usefulness ; that if we wish to rise, we must first stoop ; that zest of life lies in right doing, not in the garnered harvest, and that a good life is a continuous prayer. All this we may learn at Jesus' feet if we but ask Him to teach us as He taught the dear docile souls along the highways of Palestine.

Near the Tabernacle the loving soul may contemplate Him as truly as did those who looked upon Him when “ He went about doing good ”, for the Eucharist is the continuation of His mission in the saving of souls. His

influence in the little Tabernacle is as great as the love of His own great Heart.

He makes us long to be better, and to do better things. He helps us to realize that the good and the great draw others after them and that they lighten and uplift all who come within reach of their influence. We know that they are so many living centres of beneficent activity.

We, all of us, fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, we all pray that we may become a source of strength to those around us. We make, at times, whole souled efforts to cultivate gentleness, trust, generosity, truth, justice, loyalty and nobility of heart. We want all this to be vitally active in our character, so that by these qualities we may constantly affect the world and help to raise it and ourselves to Jesus' standard.

The theory is beautiful, but those of us who try to hold our nature down to the daily practice of it know how hard it is. Whence only can we get strength to keep up the effort? Our own experience tells us that the morning's Communion, the Holy Sacrifice, the afternoon visit, the glance towards the Tabernacle and the thought of our Blessed Lord's patient, loving help has alone done the work in the soul. All He longs for as He lies there in our churches is to procure the glory of His heavenly Father. Whence does He expect this glory if not from the lives of the rational creatures He has fashioned for that purpose? Surely, we are an ungrateful race if our eyelids do not droop in shame at the feeble efforts we make to allow our souls to be influenced by the Divine Magnet within the Tabernacle. To follow Christ is the supreme law of Christians, and His life is so simple. His conduct so plain, His teaching so reasonable that the most ignorant amongst us need find little difficulty in understanding what following Him means. The one thing the Saviour asks us to learn of Him — to be meek and humble of heart — is the one thing we are most unwilling to learn.

If we believe in Christ we should cherish Him in our hearts and minister to him with our hearts and gentle service. If the temple of our soul is filled with light

after a good Communion, its radiance and warmth will eventually spread to other souls and influence them to higher and nobler things.

Dear Jesus, we come to Thee that we may grow in the love which leads to self denial and self conquest, that we may have strength to do the difficult things and thus in imitating Thee rise to what is most divine.



THE COMPASSION OF THE SACRED HEART



ESUS CHRIST came into the world to suffer with us as well as for us. Every sort of suffering has a claim on His Divine compassion.

He has the most intense compassion for those who are suffering any earthly sorrow. None appreciates as He the utter loneliness of the mother who has lost her son ; of the friend who is separated from one who was dear as life itself. At the tomb of Lazarus and at the gates of Naim He manifested His tender sympathy with sorrow. To Him then we will have recourse when earthly shadows press hard upon us.

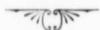
He has a still greater compassion for those who have separated themselves from God by sin, and who are desirous to be freed from the chain that has bound them down, and to return to their Father in Heaven. What countless, boundless graces flow from His Sacred Heart to help them in their difficulties.

He has the greatest compassion of all for His servants and saints who are suffering for Him. How it grieves Him to witness their pains ! What consolations He pours into their souls ! How He compensates them for their afflictions with spiritual delights ! What a reward He promises to give them for what they have endured for love of Him.

REV. R. CLARKE, S. J.

THE VEILED PRESENCE

Permella L. Schweitzer.



*Jesus Silent Jesus
Dwelling on Thy altar throne,
How often, Oh how often
Thou abidest there alone !*

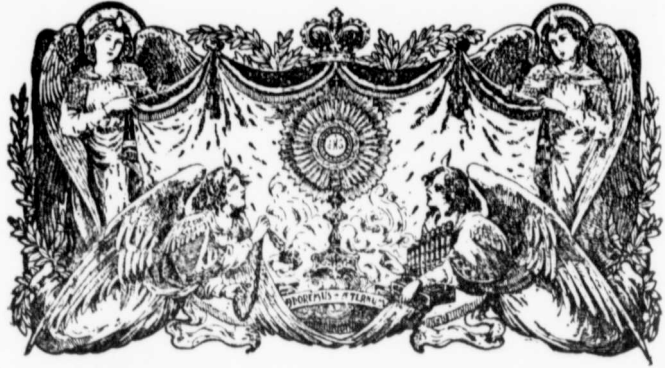
*Jesus Silent Jesus
How Thy Tender Heart is torn
At the insults Thou receivest
By sin's purple robe of scorn !*

*Jesus Silent Jesus
Pleading day by day :
Come to Me all ye who labor
I will soothe your cares away.*

*Jesus Silent Jesus
Could we but understand
Thy sweetness and Thy good-
ness
How often we would wend.*

*Our weary footsteps hither
Unto Thy altar Throne
There to love Thee and to
praise Thee
And to serve but Thee alone !*





HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus Addresses the Daughters of Jerusalem

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Sequebatur autem illum multa turba populi, et mulierum quæ plangebant et lamentabantur eum.

And there followed Him a great multitude of people, and of women who bewailed and lamented Him. (LUKE XXIII, 27.)

I — ADORATION.

The Divine Condemned One advanced slowly toward Calvary. As is the custom on such occasions, "a great crowd followed Him" to the place of execution. It was composed of enemies, friends, and the simply curious. From the midst of this crowd, behind Jesus, arose the cries and lamentations of women loudly bewailing the sad fate of the young Prophet of Israel. During His sojourn in Jerusalem Jesus had appeared to them as the visible image of their Father in heaven. He had so often blessed their children, cured their maladies, defended them against the insensate demands of the Pharisees. Still more, there can be no doubt that many among them looked upon Him as the Messiah, the Saviour, the King of the Jews. And this Benefactor, this Friend, this King—behold Him utterly disfigured, His eyes black and blue, His hair dishevelled, His face bloody, His knees trembling, as

He advances with tottering steps toward Calvary, where His enemies are going to put Him to death ! One of those women, unable to bear so distressing a sight, boldly rushes toward the holy Victim and, with her veil, wipes the august Face, which is covered with blood, dust, mud, and foul spittle. By a miracle of condescension, Jesus impresses His features on the linen presented Him by this kind hearted woman.

Forgetful of His own sufferings, Jesus now casts a look full of tenderness on the women, and, in gentle tones, addresses to them these words, harsh in sound, but in reality full of kindness : "*Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For behold, the days shall come wherein they shall say: Blessed are the barren and the wombs that have not borne, and the paps that have not given suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains: Fall upon us; and to the hills; Cover us. For if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?*"

"*Weep not over Me, but over yourselves!*" The Divine Saviour does not refuse the compassion of the holy women, but He desired, above all, that they should mourn over what made Him weep and suffer, that is, sin, their own personal sins, those of their children, and chiefly the enormous crime of deicide. They will understand all its greatness and malice on the day when, to avenge this enormity, God's wrath will be let loose upon the Jewish nation. The mothers would then mourn over a fecundity which had served only to furnish victims for divine justice. The woes that would then overwhelm their nation would be so horrible that the Jews would look upon a sudden death as a desirable fate.

And in order to give to the Jews an idea of the torments they would have to endure, Jesus, referring to His lacerated head and wounded members, adds these words : "*For if they do these things in the green wood, what will be done in the dry?*" In Holy Scripture the just man is often compared to a fruitful tree planted near the running waters, and the sinner to a withered tree. Jesus, the Just *par excellence*, is, indeed, this green wood, this fruitful tree, laden with flowers and fruits of all kinds, with virtues and good actions. Saint Luke tells us that virtue went forth from Him, and cured all ills. His words were words of life, and all agreed in declaring

that no one had ever spoken as "this Man". His hands cured the leprous, His fingers touched the ear of the deaf, and hearing was restored. His eyes converted Peter, His saliva restored sight to the man born blind, the touch of His garment was sufficient to cure the most inveterate maladies. Yes Jesus Christ was, indeed, the green and fruitful tree, *par excellence*.

The sinner, on the contrary, is dry wood, the sterile tree, dead, useless, all whose acts are dead, vitiated from the root. If, then, the innocent is treated in so grievous a manner, what will it be with the sinner? If the fire of divine justice burns and destroys so actively a tree so green, so fruitful, so laden with flowers and fruits, what will become of the dry, sterile, dead, useless, good only to be cast into the fire? The Romans, in fact, came. Their battle-axes hewed down Israel as a dead trunk is hewn down, and they cast it into the fire.

Who, then, is the Man who, upon the point of death, speaks with such authority? Up to this time Jesus had kept silence. Like a lamb, He had opposed no complaint to the outrages of His executioners. But at this moment He stops short, imposes silence and, in a firm, strong voice, like a teacher and master, He gives His last instructions. The cortege could not resume its march toward Calvary's height until He had finished speaking. It is because this Man is God. As a master He governs human wills. He knows how to impose His orders as well upon multitudes as upon individuals.

II — THANKSGIVING

Jesus, turning toward them said. . . ." One glance from Jesus is a grace, one word from Jesus, were it even apparently severe, is a greater favor still. Every gift is a part of His Heart. And whether He afflicts, or whether He consoles, He always seeks the greater good of His creature.

And here, what language! He forgets Himself to think only of the woes that are shortly to fall upon the deicide people. Doubtless, in a certain sense, Jesus is not to be pitied, His fate is not to be deplored. He is accomplishing at this moment the great work of the Redemption of the world. He is expiating sin, He is rendering to God His Father infinite honor and satisfying His justice in full. He Himself by His

Passion is soon to enter into His glory. Notwithstanding all this, He is suffering. He suffers as never creature suffered nor will suffer, and, in spite of His sufferings almost infinite, He is thinking not of relief, but only of the sad fate of God's people. He might have abandoned this nation to its unhappy fate. But no, His Heart would save it, and under the weight of the Cross, at the moment when He was leaving the marks of His falls and His blood on the road to Calvary, in the midst of all kinds of mockery, brutality, pains, and outrages, He finds sufficient strength of soul, sufficient tenderness, to make a last and supreme appeal to this people, about to fall under the avenging arm of God's justice.

It is because Jesus loves souls. But all His tenderness was useless. Hearts became more hardened, instead of opening to His love. There remained to Him but one resource, and that was to inspire them with fear. It was for this end that He laid under the eyes of the Jews the severity of the divine judgment, the horror of its chastisements, the torments of time and those of eternity.

And these women who had had the courage to brave the injuries of His enemies and to come to offer Him the homage of their compassion, He invests with the beautiful mission of repeating, first to the Jews and afterward to all Christian generations, this lesson, so important for the salvation of souls. This was their recompense.

And what a lesson ! The whole nature of Redemption is comprehended in this truth. It is not enough to weep over the sorrow of Christ. We must, first and above all, reserve our tears for sin, which is the cause of His Passion and death. And if Jesus demands tears for the pardon of our faults, He Himself shed His Blood !

Jesus abides in the Blessed Sacrament only to take care of us, to comfort us with looks of love and words of salvation. How often from the depths of His Eucharistic retreat has He not repeated to sinful souls the same menaces : "*If they do these things in the green wood, what will be done in the dry ?*" How often has He not struck sinners with holy terror, thus leading them to repentance ! What remorse have I not sometimes felt after Communion ! How often, when upon the point of dragging Him to death and crucifying Him, has He not attracted me to contrition, reconciliation, pardon, and life !

Purity of Heart.



WHAT lessons can we learn as we gaze on St John leaning on our Saviour's breast! Does it not teach us that purity attracts Jesus to us as the magnet attracts steel? He who feedeth among the lilies, must feel drawn to unite Himself to a pure soul. Do we love purity, do we shrink instinctively from anything which might sully our soul? So often in Holy Communion, like St John,

we, too, have pillowed our heads on His sacred breast—nay, more, we have received Him into our souls when "He came unto His own." But there are moments when we fall, when we fail to accomplish our resolutions, when we quit the path of duty, then penitent love will give us a place with Mary Magdalen at the feet of Jesus. All cannot aspire to lean on the breast of Jesus, but all can hope to kneel at His feet, where we find souls who are especially dear to Him.



*A heart, O God, clean, undefiled,
Create in me, I pray,
Then shall I be indeed Thy child,
And childlike duty pay.
Would that the purest thoughts alone
Found shelter in this breast,
Which is the Holy Spirit's throne,
The Dove's beloved nest.
O God, Thou knowest—knowest well
Thy feeble creature's heart,
Yet here dost Thou delight to dwell:
Come Lord, and never part.*



Watch over whatever might sully the purity of your soul.

EMMANUEL

(Continued.)

In the Blessed Sacrament you have our Lord's whole life right before your eyes, from the moment He was conceived in the womb of the Holy Virgin until His present glorified life in the kingdom of Heaven. You have His Infancy, His Hidden Life, His Public Ministry, His Passion and Death, His Resurrection and Glorious Life. This is, certainly, a consolation. Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is not there as dead or asleep, nor simply to receive your love and adoration. But just as the Blessed Virgin had her divine Son's life, and His holy examples, and actions, and words going on before her eyes, to her inconceivable advancement in grace and spiritual progress, even so we have her Son's life and examples going on before our eyes, in all their stages, which we can study to our immense profit and advancement in grace.

First as to the Holy Infancy. The counterpart of this stage of the earthly life of Jesus is very evident in the Blessed Sacrament. The angel announced to Mary that she was chosen to become the Mother of God. She spoke the words: "Be it done unto me according to thy word"—and the Son of God became incarnate in her womb. The Priest at the Altar speaks the words—"For this is My Body"—and the Son of God and Mary is incarnate in his hands. For nine months He was hidden from all the world except from His holy Mother. She alone knew Him and conversed with Him. So, in the Tabernacle, our Lord is hidden from the eyes of all the world under the impenetrable veil of the sacred species, revealing Himself in love and faith only to those who believe. In His Nativity He was given unto the hands of creatures: in the Blessed Sacrament He is given into our hands in Holy Communion; and He is sometimes laid in the hearts of those who are unworthy to receive Him, even as He was laid in a stable and manger of brute beasts.

His blessed Mother presented Him in the temple to God His Father for our salvation ; so the Sacred Host is elevated on high in the Mass and offered to the Eternal Father. His flight into Egypt from the face of Herod has often been repeated when the Blessed Sacrament has had to be carried away to preserve it from the profanation of heretics and pagans. As our Lord when a child dwelt for a time in Egypt among a pagan population who knew not God, so in the Blessed Sacrament He dwells in heathen lands and in protestant countries, dispensing His graces in secret and drawing poor, ignorant hearts to His fold. He lived in Nazareth for many years a hidden life of prayer, silence, obedience, mortification of the senses ; so in His hidden life in the Tabernacle, He teaches the same life of prayer, silence and obedience, for there we behold Him hidden from men, as at Nazareth, leading a life of prayer, for the Heart of Jesus in the Host is continually active, making infinitely sublime acts of adoration to God His Father, and intercession for us of infinite value. We behold Him there in profound silence. We learn from Him self-denial ; for there He continually refrains His senses, granting them nothing on this earth. He teaches us obedience ; for He is absolutely obedient to His creatures, the priests, as He was to Mary and Joseph ; they place Him in the Tabernacle, He remains in the Tabernacle ; they place Him upon the altar, He remains on the altar. He teaches humility ; for He humbles Himself to the depth of remaining under the poor elements, under the humble accidents of bread, so that He seems to those who know Him not, to be an inanimate creature, not the Lord of Heaven and earth. Such also was the life He led at Nazareth, where the neighbors knew Him not as the Son of God, but as a poor lad, the Son of Joseph the Carpenter.

In our Lord's public life on earth He went about doing good. He taught from place to place. He cured the sick and cast out devils ; He preached to thousands ; He journeyed from place to place to heal the souls and bodies of men. There is nothing like this to be found in the Blessed Sacrament, is there ? O yes ! The life of

our dear Lord in the divine Host is most active. He remains still in the Tabernacle, it is true ; but thousands come to visit Him. Graces are flying forth from His Heart in inconceivable abundance. A poor, sad-hearted child comes in and kneels by the door. The Lord in the Sacrament sends forth His power ; she seeks the confessional, washes the feet of Jesus with her tears and goes forth from before the Tabernacle, another Mary Magdalen.

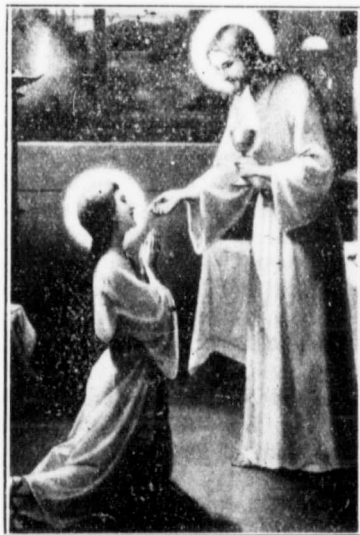
(to be continued)

On Communion

(See frontispiece)

In the Blessed Eucharist Jesus imparts to us the most precious gift He can bestow. Having to depart from this world after He had completed our redemption, our loving Saviour would not leave us desolate, therefore He bequeathed to us His own most precious body and blood in the Sacrament of the Altar. His mortal life had been one uninterrupted evidence of charity towards men ; but not satisfied with this, not contented even with shedding the last drops of His blood for our salvation, He determined, when the hour of His return to the Father had arrived, to leave us yet another and a stronger pledge of His devoted love. The same night on which He was betrayed, He took bread, and giving thanks, broke and said to His disciples, "Take ye and eat this is My Body." And taking the chalice, He gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood which shall be shed for the remission of sins. At the very time that men prepared for Him scourges, and a cross to crucify Him, our compassionate Redeemer wished to leave us the last proof of His love. St Augustine when considering the greatness of the gift which the Saviour makes to us in the holy Eucharist, declares that Jesus, though an omnipotent God, has nothing more valuable to give. "Of all the sacraments," says St Liguori, "the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar is the most excellent." The other

sacraments contain the gifts of God but the Holy Eucharist contains God Himself. The principal effect of this Sacrament is to preserve in the soul the life of grace. The Eucharist is, according to the Council of Trent, the divine medicine which purifies the soul from venial, and preserves her from mortal sins. "It is of such efficacy" says St Vincent Ferrer, that it delivers from all sin those who receive it with the proper dispositions."



"If any of you," says St Bernard, "do not experience such frequent or such violent emotions of anger, envy, or lust, let him give thanks to the body of the Lord, which produces fruit in his soul." The angelic doctor teaches that the holy Communion gives us strength to overcome all the attacks of the devil. St Chrysostom asserts, that when we receive the Holy Eucharist, the devils are put to flight and the angels run to our assistance. Moreover, this Sacrament infuses into the soul great interior peace, a strong inclination to virtue, and a great willingness to practise it, and thus renders it easy to walk in the path of perfection.

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“GOD WILL PROVIDE”

GRACE KEON.



WITH blazing cheeks and flashing eyes, Laura Grant flew up the narrow stairway to the room which she and her mother occupied. The woman from whom they hired it had just turned on her stormily, bidding her send her mother to a hospital, scolding coarsely and stridently in a way that made the sensitive girl shrink like a wilted blossom at first, and then roused her pride to fever heat. In a passion of indignation she bade the angry woman cease, that the paltry sum due would be paid within an hour and left her.

Her false energy departed as suddenly as it had come when her fingers touched the knob of the door. She entered quietly. The woman lying on the bed, rose on her elbow and looked anxiously at the girl.

“What did she say, dear? Was she very much put out?”

“Oh, no.” The breath fluttered, wavered, caught in her throat. “Not very much.”

With penetrating eyes the mother read the truth. Laura went to the window and stood there gazing down the street.

“We’ve—we’ve about come to the end, mother.”

“Dearest, dear child! Don’t say that!”

The girl’s form quivered.

“Oh, if it were only myself,” she began, “only myself! But it is you, you! You who are lying helpless, hungry, ill—and I can do nothing. Nothing, nothing!”

She turned from the window and sought comfort where she had ever found it, on her knees beside the dearly-loved one, who weak and sick as she was, did not fail her, would never fail her while the breath of life sustained her.

“It will pass. God is good, dear, God is good. It will pass, you’ll see. Don’t worry.”

"Don't worry!" The girl began to sob. "Absolute strangers here; you ill from lack of proper nourishment; I, penniless and idle, though I'd scrub if they would only give it to me, but I can't even get that. I can not bear it. We owe that woman four dollars, and one would think it a colossal fortune—"

"Patience, patience!" whispered the mother, and stroked the girl's cheek until the sobs died away. "God will provide, God's providence is over us. Let us have confidence in the dear Heart of our sweet Lord."

The girl sat back with eyes from which the tears had ceased to flow, eyes bright now with sudden resolve. Then she arose with a determined air.

"Where are you going?" asked the mother, as the girl silently pinned on her small dark hat.

"I am going," was the answer, given firmly, "to test our trust in the providence of God. Surely He can save us."

"Surely He will," said the mother gently. She did not like to see that hardened line about the fresh young mouth, that strange light in the blue eyes. "Laura, come here to me."

Obediently the girl turned from the door.

"Take this with you, dearest."

The gentle voice, the caressing manner, made Laura stoop at once and kiss her. When she reached the street she glanced at the object which her mother had pressed into her hand. It was a worn Sacred Heart Badge, one that the mother wore night and day. Laura brought it to her lips, then pinned it impulsively inside her coat.

Their story was very sad. The husband and father had been a hard working man, who did his utmost to bring up his two children in the way of righteousness. He was a rigid Catholic himself and insisted on the observance of every rule of the faith in his own home. His son, Walter, inclined to carelessness, could not brook the stern discipline which his father exercised, and was rather pleased than otherwise to throw off the yoke and escape to the big city. He kept up a desultory correspondence with the home folks, but had been away on a business trip to the West at the time of his father's death. The latter had been buried a week before his

return, and all the regrets in the world availed him nothing then. He wrote a long letter to his mother, giving her the reason of his absence, and asking her and Laura to come to the city and make their home with him.

They had little time to answer this, for their affairs were in a critical state. They found themselves forced to give up their pretty cottage. To Laura, with the high hopes and enthusiasm of youth, this was nothing. She was a good needle-woman ; in the great city there would be so many more advantages and they would be with Walter.

So they left the quiet and peace of the country, and with fifty dollars as their sole capital reached New York. On the way the mother had made the acquaintance of an elderly lady who, learning the state of their affairs, advised them to seek as cheap a boarding-house as they could find consistent with respectability. She gave them an address, and to this house Laura and her mother went at once, thus avoiding all confusion and annoyance. That very night, happy as a lark, Laura dispatched a note to her brother. Every-thing seemed to have turned out so nicely, and here they were, fairly launched on a new life in the city. When Walter came all would be well.

But Walter did not come. After two days of waiting, Laura ventured out to search for him. She found the street and number with little difficulty. The stolid-looking woman who kept the house informed her that he had left a fortnight since, that he had simply had a room there, and that she did not know where he was.

Laura returned to her mother with a heart filled with foreboding. That one week would cost them fifteen dollars. They did not know enough of city prices to realize how moderate this charge was. To both it seemed that fifteen dollars out of their poor hoard would leave them almost nothing.

" We must find some cheaper place ; we cannot afford this," said Laura, determinedly. " And I must get work "

So they took the one bare room in which our story finds them, and Laura joined the great army seeking

employment. She called on one lady who required an expert dressmaker, and who gave her a few trifling articles at first and paid her promptly. Then came an order for an elaborate gown. The young girl worked feverishly, hastily, well, glad of any labor that would add to their tiny means. The garment was finished, it had been finished two weeks, but the twelve dollars which she was to be paid for its making was still in the lady's possession. The spectre of poverty haunted their threshold, and with it came a more dreadful evil, her mother's increasing weakness.

Truly, as Laura went down those stairs she was nearly distraught. But a glance at the worn Badge, and the thought of her mother's faith nerved her aching-spirit. In spite of herself the words, "God will provide; God's providence is over us, gave her courage. She needed courage, for she was about to do violence to the strongest trait of her nature, her pride.

Never in her life had she thought of being compelled to seek charity, and the knowledge that she meant to do so now stung her to deepest shame. Her heart was sore as she went along the street in the direction of that church which had been her only heaven in this big and cruel city. Her limbs trembled as she stood at the foot of the steps and looked up at the closed doors of the priest's house. Her fingers were clenched, her eyes a little wild. She had come here—to beg!

No tears rose to the surface now, the emotion that burned within her was too intense for weeping. She paused, and held tightly to the narrow iron rail, breath coming fast. She could not! What would they say to her, a stranger? They would say she was an impostor; so many people tried to impose on them.

"God will provide; God's providence is over us." The words echoed in her brain. With a silent prayer she ascended the steps and rang the bell.

"May I see one of the fathers?" she asked, shrinkingly, as the house-keeper opened the door.

"There is no one at home but Father Denton, and he is engaged." said the woman. "What is it, a sick call?"

"A sick call?" replied Laura. "Oh, no, not a sick call. I—"

"If you will state your business—"

"I can not," said the girl with fluttering breath. "I must see the priest myself. May I, may I wait for him?"

"Certainly." Taught by experience, the woman realized that this gentle, refined face hid a sensitive soul. "Go inside. Mind now, if it's urgent, I'll call him for you."

"Oh, no, do not call him. I will wait until he finishes."

She sat down heavily in one of the chairs, her face white, save for the flickering spots of red that burned now and again in either cheek. Her hands were cold with terror. She, Laura Grant, had come to ask charity, had come here as a beggar. Mrs Ryan had been told to use her discretion in matters of this kind, and she well knew that the fashionable lady engrossing Father Denton's time was not one to cut a visit short. The timid girl, so plainly dressed and so evidently laboring under severe mental strain, appealed to her good heart. She went along the hall to the office. Father Denton looked up with a smile, a not unwelcome smile, for Mrs Allen was apt to bore a man. A good soul, of course, a very good and charitable soul but—

"It's a slip of a girl, Father," explained Mrs. Ryan. "A pretty young thing but so white-looking. She wanted to see one of the Fathers, and wouldn't tell her business. It's not a sick call. I asked her."

Father Denton rose.

"Pardon me a second," he said. "This may be some one for you, Mrs Allen, since you are looking for people on whom to exercise your charity. Will you wait until I find out?"

"With pleasure." smiled Mrs Allen.

Laura tried to rise when Father Denton came into the room, but she felt as if glued to the chair. Her blue eyes sought the priest's face, a face that grew very kind when he met that beseeching glance.

"What is it, my dear child?" he asked.

"God will provide; God's providence is over us!" Again the words of the mother struck home to the girl. She seemed to feel the pressure of the worn Badge against her heart.

"Father, I—I am in trouble, and I am a stranger in the city—a Catholic—my mother is ill—we are very poor—"

She paused. The priest read between the broken sentences. He knew that this distress was genuine.

"My dear child! You are a stranger, a Catholic, poor and doubtless out of employment. I see. You want a little help now until you can get on your feet? That's it? Good!" as the girl's expression changed to sudden gratitude. "There's nothing terrible about that," smiling at her, "and nothing so wonderfully out of the way, either. But let me hear about it."

Encouraged, she told the whole story. As she went on, a strange look overspread his countenance. But he did not interrupt her.

"God will provide: God's providence is over us," murmured the girl, her lips framing the words unconsciously.

"You believe that, child? You believe your mother's trust is not misplaced?"

"I came to test it," she said, coloring a little, perhaps ashamed of the bitter thoughts that had been hers in that moment of despair.

"Ah." He was silent a few moments, looking out of the window. "You came to test it? Now that is strange—that you should come here. God's ways are often so mysterious," he went on, musingly, "mysterious by reason of their very simplicity. Listen," he continued. "Last evening Father Curran was called to attend a sick man who had grown ill from worry, looking for a mother and sister who had come to this city two months ago and of whom he could find no trace. His name is Walter Grant. Wait," as the girl interrupted him with a cry. "He is not near death, do not think that. But he was too ill to leave the house, and as he had not been to the Sacraments in three years, he thought God would not bless his search until he made peace with Him. So he sent for Father Curran."

"Oh!" gasped Laura. "Walter! Walter found! Thank God, thank God!"

"Another moment, child. You mentioned the name of that lady for whom you worked, and who did not pay you. May I ask you to repeat it?"

"Mrs. Allen, Father."

"There is a Mrs. Allen in my office now. How did it happen that you were not paid?"

"She did not have the money when I called first. The second and third times they told me she had just gone out. Last time they said she was engaged. I did not go again. I thought she did not want to pay me."

Father Denton went back to Mrs. Allen.

"A most strange story," he said. "A little girl, a dressmaker, who is trying to support her mother and herself.

Would you want anything of that sort done, Mrs. Allen? She appeared to be a bright girl. Her name is Grant."

He turned away as if by accident, and straightened some papers on the desk. He did not wish to embarrass his visitor. Consternation was expressed on Mrs. Allen's face.

"Oh, Father! I remember now! How negligent I have been! My maid was speaking about her only yesterday: the matter had totally escaped my mind. She is here?"

"Yes, indeed. If you wanted to pay her now—"

"Oh, I shall gladly do so! Such a sweet little thing, too! And I dare say she actually needed the money! I am so very careless! I shall never forgive myself."

She was most kind to Laura, whom Father Denton called in at once and presented; praised her neatness, her quickness, and her taste, and would have pressed more than the sum due upon her, but this Laura firmly refused.

"Thank you, madam," she said, "but I can take only what you agreed to give."

"I have much more work for you," said Mrs. Allen.

"And to make up for being so careless, I shall see that you get all you are able to do. But you must forgive me."

Laura answered gracefully, and Father Denton accompanied his wealthy parishioner to the door. As she went out he said gravely :

" Mrs Allen, this ought to be a lesson. We must all learn from the same teacher, experience. That child came here to ask my help ; her mother and she are in the direst need. She will want no one's help now, for by God's providence we have found a brother of hers who will care for her."

" Father ! " exclaimed the really good-hearted lady, in distress.

He smiled and nodded when he saw the sudden self-reproach on her face.

* * *

" God will provide ; God's providence is over us ! " The mother took the Badge which the young girl laid reverently upon her pillow, and pressed it to her lips. She held it clasped tightly to her bosom during the recital of that wonderful tale, and then whispered her watchword into the girl's listening ears. She whispered it again the next day to the son who knelt beside her, his arms about her.

" Yes, mother," he answered humbly. " Please God I too, have learned that lesson."— Grace Keon in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.



EVEN ME !

Of all Thy poor, weak, sinful creatures
 The poorest and weakest, perhaps, am I ;
 Yet even me Thou canst love and pardon—
 Pardon me, Lord, the day I die !
 Then at least, in my last few moments,
 May love and sorrow my soul prepare
 For the day then dawning, the life then coming,
 The home which penitent sinners share !

Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

