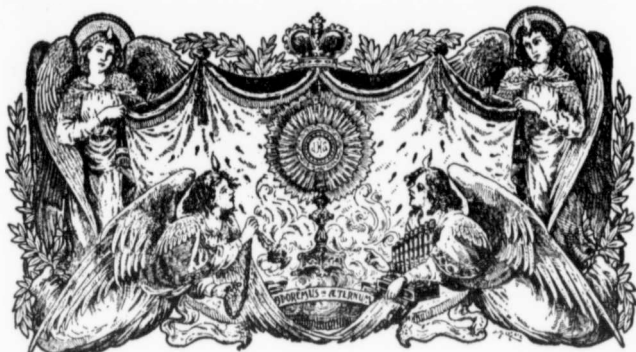


The Resurrection of Lazarus
After a painting by Sebastian del Piombo



— The Silver Refiner —

“ He shall sit refining and cleansing the silver. ” — 3 MAL.



READ a quaint expression
In the pages of Holy Writ,
How the Lord, o'er the souls of His people,
As a Silver Refiner shall sit.

And musing one day o'er the meaning
That lay hid in those words divine,
I sought out an Artificer,
Who wrought in the metals fine.

And I asked him to tell me the process
Of refining the silver and gold,
And whether he *sat* while discerning
The pure from the baser mould.

“ I *sit* while refining the silver,
To *watch* with a tenderer care,
And temper the heat of the furnace
To the metal enclosed there.

“ For though not one pang of the burning
May be spared to that precious clay,
A moment *too long* in the fire,
And its beauty would fade away. ”

“ But how are you certain, ” I asked him,
 “ At last that your work is done,
 That the glittering ore, pure and perfect,
 May shine in the noonday sun ? ”

“ I know that my task is ended,
 And no dross remains to destroy,
*When I see my image reflected,
 In the silver without alloy ! ”*

Oh ! beautiful lesson ! and wondrous,
 Thy care, oh Thou Majesty dread !
 Who bearest the lambs in Thy bosom,
 And numberest the hairs of our head.

Oh ! shrink not, poor heart, from thy trial,
 In the fiery furnace of pain,
 For thy griefs and thy sorrows are needful
 To refine thee from manifold stain !

But *the Lord* sits behind the furnace,
 And measures the cleansing flame
 With gaze ever steady and watchful,
 And *love*, oh ! *forever* the same !

He soundeth the depths of our weakness,
 And suffering shall never exceed,
 By His merciful Providence guarded,
 The limit of each soul's need.

He will never cease from His watching
 Till the perfect work is complete,
 And He sees in our purified nature
His Image, divine and sweet !

Then welcome, oh chastening sorrow !
 Thrice welcome, oh, fire of pain !
 That shall still purge the dross from our being,
 Till naught but *pure silver* remain !

And hasten, oh Lord ! the blest hour
 When from base imperfections set free,
 In humbled spirits, yet holy,
 May shine out a *likeness* to *Thee* !

—*Eliza Lummis.*



Love of Jesus Towards us in the Holy Eucharist

“ You are my friends.” — ST. JOHN, XV. 14.

THE sacrament of the altar,” says St. Thomas Aquinas, “ is the expression of the greatest love God could give us.”

Everything, in fact, speaks to us therein of the immense love of Jesus Christ towards men: the circumstances in which He instituted it, the sentiments which animated His Divine heart, the excellence of the gift He has bestowed on us, His designs in instituting it, the state to which He is reduced ; — everything therein reminds us of these words of St. John : Jesus, having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them to the end.”

He loved men with a constant generous love which nothing could weaken ; with a love which showed itself greatest at the very moment when He encountered the most hatred and ingratitude.

It was not when the people whom He had fed with a miraculous bread wanted to make Him King, that the Divine Saviour instituted His Sacrament ; it was not on the day of His triumphal entrance into Jerusalem when the multitude received Him with acclamations and blessings ; but on the very night when He was going to be delivered up, when the infamous Judas had already sold Him, when the wicked Synagogue was ordering His arrest, and preparing for His death while His enemies were preparing the manacles, the scourges, the nails, the cross, all the instruments of His Passion. Yes, it was when the ingratitude of men towards Him was at its height, that He favored them with the most signal of His favors.

How great then is His love for us ! Why is it not given us to understand the sentiments of affection and tenderness that pierced His Heart at the moment when He bequeathed to us that treasure of the Holy Eucharist, which is the testament of the new covenant ?...

Ah ! if a good father shows himself tender and affectionate, it is especially at the approach of death, when seeing his afflicted children bathed in tears standing around his bed of suffering, he thinks that he is soon to leave them. He regards with inexpressible emotion, and while stretching out his feeble arms towards them, he says : Dear children, come that I may embrace you for the last time." Then he presses them one by one to his heart, mingling his tears with theirs, blesses them, gives them his last counsels and farewell kiss. Afterwards, having what is most valuable brought to him : " Take," says he, the pledge of my tenderness, and after my death remember me, and the love I have had for you."

This, then, is but a very feeble image of what Jesus, the most loving of fathers, has done towards us.

Let us contemplate him surrounded by His apostles whom He is about to leave. His brow appears on that evening more calm, his eyes beaming with love, His smile more winning, his face more radiant : " My dear children," says He to them, " with desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer." And these words, says St. Laurence Justinian, are like the sparks of the immense fire of love that envelopped and consumed His Heart.

O Jesus, how great is Thy affection for us ! Thou sayest, I am dying of the desire to communicate myself to your souls : and you soon add, while presenting to us the consecrated bread and wine : " Take.. this is my Body. Drink.. this is My Blood."

What, O Lord, Thou givest Thyself to us ! Dost Thou forget what Thou art and what we are ?

If the holy Scripture extolled the clemency of David who twice spared the life of Saul, his enemy, how can we worthily praise the clemency of the Divine Saviour who made Himself our inheritance, whom we have, alas ! so often and so grievously offended ?

Yes, His Heart has an immense love for us, inexpress-

sible and incomprehensible to the Seraphim themselves,— a love which made Him generous to an extent we cannot conceive. Who loves much gives much ; now, here what is given us is infinite ; the Author of that gift must then have loved us with an exceeding love.

St Augustine teaches that God, who by His omnipotence can do all that He wills in heaven and on earth, can create a thousand worlds more beautiful, more admirable than this universe, cannot, however, give us a greater gift than that of the Holy Eucharist. "His wisdom," says he, has found nothing more precious ; and despite His infinite riches, this is the first of all His treasures, the one which in itself alone contains all."

And, in truth, exclaims St. Bernadine of Sienna, what other greater and more precious treasure can a soul conceive than the most holy body of Jesus? Does she not possess in Him all good things? What more could He give us? Ah! could we have imagined such a mark of love, would we then have ever dared to dwell on it in thought?

"Jesus Christ, in giving Himself to us in the Holy Eucharist," says St John Chrysostom, "gives us all the riches He has, and reserves nothing to Himself." Let us then believe in His love, and never cease to extol its greatness.

And what other motive than that of charity towards us inspired this Divine Saviour? For what end, after the glory of His Father, was the Holy Eucharist instituted but for our interests? Jesus Christ wished to reside in the holy sacrament, to be our companion, our guide, our physician, our high priest, our food ; to bring us out of our misery and place us with the princes of His people ; to give such weak and miserable creatures the bread of angels ! Does not His design, in establishing this wonder of wonders, tell us that He loved us with a boundless love? The state to which He is reduced tells us so likewise.

It is for us He has concealed Himself under the sacramental species, as it is for us He became man, and wished to labor, suffer, and die : it is for us that He is in the host or the Chalice... Ah! let us then measure, if we can, the extent to which He has annihilated Himself, and

let this teach us the extent of His charity...

He who created the whole world with a word, the God of Sinai, whose voice resounded like a peal of thunder, is here on our altars, silent immoveable, veiled under the accidents of bread and wine scarcely discernible to the eye:—and He is here full of goodness, here He resides day and night waiting for us to come to Him, calling us to His throne of clemency, inviting us, urging us commanding us to assist at His Divine banquet.

O immense, incomprehensible, infinite love! A God gives Himself entirely to us! A God annihilates Himself through love of His miserable creatures! What matter for astonishment! But, above all, what motive to love and glorify our Divine Saviour.

BROTHER PHILIPPE.



Sometime, Somewhere.

BY CHRISTIAN ROSETTI.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded,
 In agony of heart these many years?
 Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing?
 And think you all in vain those falling tears?
 Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
 You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
 This one petition at the Father's throne,
 It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
 So urgent was your heart to make it known!
 Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
 The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
 Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;
 Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
 Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
 She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
 And cries, "It shall be done sometime, somewhere!"





• The most Holy Sacrament •
IN THE LOUVRE AT PARIS

KING Louis XIV, of France was exceedingly troubled with the thought that Turenne, whom he regarded as the most virtuous man of his age, and loved as the bravest of his generals, was under the influence of religious error ; for Turenne was a Calvinist. On this account he frequently made known to him his wish that he might be brought back into the Catholic Church. The wishes of King Louis XIV, were generally looked upon as commands ; but Turenne, being no time-server, disregarded the wish of the King, because he could not acknowledge his error. Then did the learned Bishop Bossuet undertake to open the eyes of the great general, and to make clear to him the truth and excellence of the Catholic faith. But he succeeded not : Turenne remained a Calvinist. His prejudices against the Catholic faith were too strong, and there was wanting in him the grace of faith, which alone is capable of being victorious over error. Above all, the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament appeared to him to be incredible. He admitted the beauty and consolation of this doctrine, but he could not believe in it. ' Ah,' he would say, ' that it were possible I could be convinced of the truth of this lovely, this most consoling teaching ! How happy are Catholics who believe it ! But did they truly believe it, would they not spend their whole lives at the feet of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament ? For my own part, were I to be convinced of the Real Presence of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, prostrate in the dust I would adore Him incessantly.'

In the mean time the discussions with Bishop Bossuet

continued, and Turenne, earnestly desiring the gift of faith, sighed with the blind man in the Gospel, 'Lord, make me to see!' But the moment when his prayer should be answered was delayed for a long time.

Now it happened on one occasion, during one of these interviews with Bossuet in the Louvre, that the palace took fire. The fire had broken out in one of the galleries which connected the Palace of the Tuileries with that of the Louvre, threatening general destruction to all the famous works of art therein collected. Every effort to control the devouring element seemed to be in vain,



especially as a storm of wind fanned the flames to the very height of fury.

Turenne, who never was known to turn aside from any kind of danger, hurried at once to the scene of destruction, and proceeded to direct the men in their efforts to extinguish the flames. The Bishop, however, seeing the imminent danger, and following a divine impulse, took his flight at once to Him who commandeth the winds and the waves, and they obey Him. Hastening to the chapel of the palace, he took the ciborium containing the Most Holy Sacrament, and suddenly appeared with it at the opposite end of the burning gallery. The men understood the sound of the little bell, and, separating on either side with the deepest respect, allowed the Bishop to pass

through the cloud of smoke which surrounded him. He pronounced a benediction over the flames, when, behold, at once the wind ceased and the fire withdrew, as in acknowledgment of His presence who commandeth storms. The surrounding people, struck by the might and majesty of the miracle, fell on their knees and intoned the *Te Deum*, while the great Turenne, himself subdued by a power to which he no longer offered any resistance, sank to the ground, and adored.

From that moment Turenne became a Catholic, joining in the chant of the *Te Deum* as the Blessed Sacrament was carried back to the tabernacle. This wonderful occurrence took place in the year 1667. Now from the moment that Turenne learned the truth, he loved and followed it; and more especially was he always known to adore, with the deepest humility, devotion, and faith, our Divine Redeemer present in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

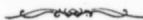


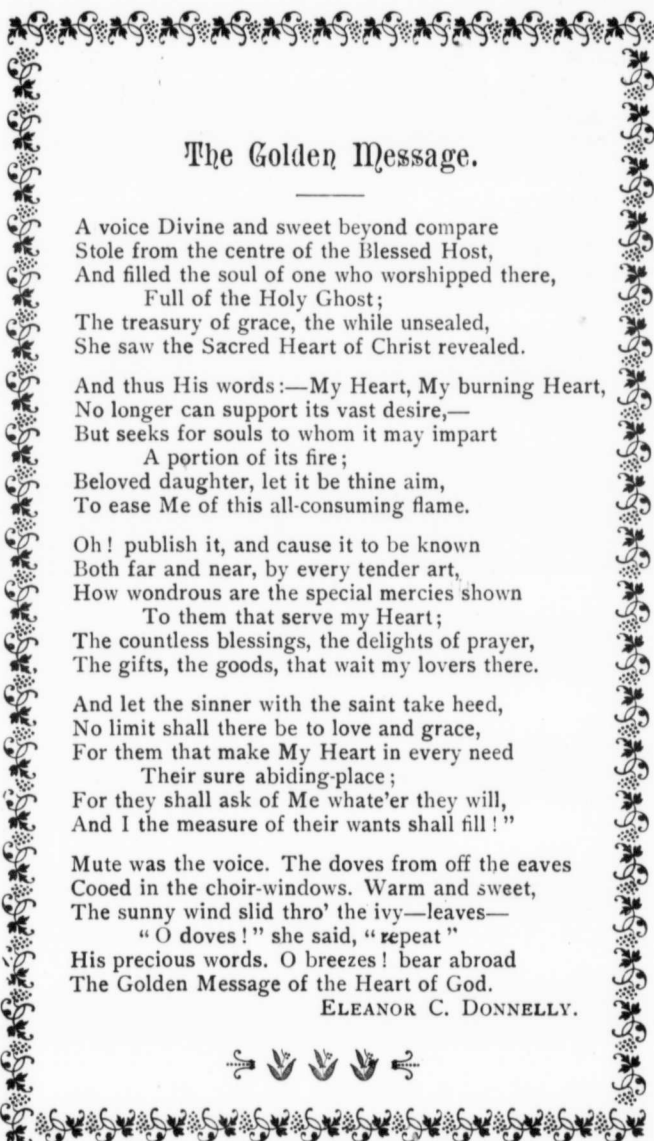
Unspoken Words.

The kindly words that rise within the heart,
 And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
 But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
 And claim a merit that is not their own.
 The kindly word unspoken is a sin—
 A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
 And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
 That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst
 For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
 Poor, banished Hagar! Prayed a well might burst
 From out the sand to save her parching child.
 And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
 Will watch the expected movement of the lip.
 Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
 Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.





The Golden Message.

A voice Divine and sweet beyond compare
Stole from the centre of the Blessed Host,
And filled the soul of one who worshipped there,
 Full of the Holy Ghost;
The treasury of grace, the while unsealed,
She saw the Sacred Heart of Christ revealed.

And thus His words:—My Heart, My burning Heart,
No longer can support its vast desire,—
But seeks for souls to whom it may impart
 A portion of its fire;
Beloved daughter, let it be thine aim,
To ease Me of this all-consuming flame.

Oh! publish it, and cause it to be known
Both far and near, by every tender art,
How wondrous are the special mercies shown
 To them that serve my Heart;
The countless blessings, the delights of prayer,
The gifts, the goods, that wait my lovers there.

And let the sinner with the saint take heed,
No limit shall there be to love and grace,
For them that make My Heart in every need
 Their sure abiding-place;
For they shall ask of Me whate'er they will,
And I the measure of their wants shall fill!"

Mute was the voice. The doves from off the eaves
Cooed in the choir-windows. Warm and sweet,
The sunny wind slid thro' the ivy—leaves—
 "O doves!" she said, "repeat"

His precious words. O breezes! bear abroad
The Golden Message of the Heart of God.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.





AZRAEL.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

WHEN he was born his father said : " Let him be called Azrael ; for he has been indeed the Angel of death who has taken away my best beloved." Then the proud, unhappy man shut himself up with his grief, and time went by, until by brooding much on himself, and his own sorrows, the tender dew of pity and sympathy dried up in his heart.

The years also passed over little Azrael until he was six years old. An isolated babyhood grew into a lonely childhood. No companions were his. No one was even allowed to tell him he had had a mother.

" He will learn it in time," the strange man said, " but let him live as long as possible without knowing he has a heart to love and a soul to suffer."

And so the little boy wandered through his father's vast estate, lived in splendid rooms, and was taught with great care ; but no one ever caressed him or said " I love you," and often, he knew not why, his little heart was sad. His chief joy was his violin, on which he could play with great skill and sometimes he sang ; but not often.

One day he was walking through the great hall of his father's house when he saw an open door :—here was a room into which he had never before penetrated. Very softly he entered, making his way across the rich velvet-carpet, and past heavy tapestries, till he reached a corner

of the room where some dazzling rays of light came through the half-closed blind, and here, just out of reach of the sun's rays, but illuminated by its soft reflection, was a full length portrait of a sweet and gracious figure, whose soft eyes looked down on the child, and the little boy looked and looked, and knew not that it was his mother.

How lovely she was! Her lips parted as if just about to speak, her slender girlish figure full of a tender appealing sweetness. Little Azrael stood very still, and as he gazed into the dark eyes, so like his own, a great joy welled up in his heart, and he said: "I will call her my beautiful one."

So he took his little violin and played to her, as he never played before, and his father hearing him, sighed, and said; "Some day he will be famous, and he will suffer pain!"

After that the little boy was happy. His lessons over, he would steal away into the silent drawing room, and curling himself up on the rug in front of the dear picture, he would play, until the shadows on the lawn outside deepened, and twilight descended, and he could no longer see the soft eyes looking down on him.

There came a day when Azrael felt ill; but he told no one, for he was a patient child who had never been questioned as to how he felt. Once more he came into the vast, silent room; and standing before the picture he began to play. The little hands that held the violin were hot and feverish, the great dark eyes were full of tears—suddenly the music halted and broke; the treasured violin fell almost noiselessly on the floor, and the child took a step forward with his arms outstretched.

"O my beautiful one!" he cried, "speak to me. I am so lonely. Speak to me, only once."

The dear face smiled on him, but no sound came to relieve his eager little heart—and then he cast himself upon the floor and wept. After that followed many days when he lay tossing on his little bed, and great doctors and skilled nurses bent over him; for too late the strange man found out that he loved his only child.

It was toward evening on the twenty-first day of his illness, and the golden sun was setting in the west, when

two majestic angel forms met outside his door, and paused.

"I am Azrael of death," said one, "let me enter first, for I come to bear away the child who was named for me."

"Not so," said the other, "I am Gabriel, the Angel of Revelation—the all Father has bidden me come for him whom you seek."

So Azrael, the mighty one, spread his wings and flew away. The little child opened his eyes, and saw bending over him the great Archangel—tender, strong and beautiful. He looked into eyes full of divine compassion; and with a little sigh he yielded up his pure soul into the angelic keeping.

Then Gabriel folded the little one in his strong arms, and the child rested its head against his shoulder, for he knew neither fear nor sorrow now. Upward they flew—hundreds, thousands and millions of miles—on, on, through immeasurable space, till they came to the portals of the Eternal City—whose gates are as one pearl—standing ever open.

And the Angel put down the child, and hand in hand they entered, treading the streets of pure gold, and then the little child looked up in wonder and awe, for there, coming toward him, was his mother!

"O my beautiful one, it is you!" he cried, and then he held out his arms and ran to her, ; and the lovely shining figure stooped down and folded him in her arms, and—yes! it was no dream, he heard her cry: "My child, my little Azrael, how I have loved and prayed for you."

He lay safe and happy in her arms, drinking in all that tender mother love that is deathless and eternal. By and by she put him down very gently and led him through paths strewn with flowers, till they came to a beautiful, majestic figure, and the young mother said to her: "Mother of Christ, I have found my little child," and little Azrael looked up and met a gaze full of tender compassion; for this mother, also, had loved and lost and found, her son. Then they took him by each hand, and led him nearer and nearer to the light that is the glory of God, until they stood in front of the Mercy Seat! and on this throne sat One, who had said: "Suffer the little

children to come unto Me."

And when the eyes of the glorious Christ turned on him, the little child became as wise as he was innocent and pure, and he knew his mother, and that love is divine and eternal.

And so joy came to the little heart that on earth had been so starved, for he had found his "Beautiful One," and they were safe in the bosom of God.



The Lesson of an Old Painting.

A late Archbishop of happy memory, used to relate the following story, about an old painting. Whilst traveling through Europe, he visited an ancient monastery, and being a distinguished guest, was shown through many apartments not usually thrown open to strangers. In one of these rooms, used especially for the storage of ancient and rare objects, an old picture particularly attracted the attention of the Archbishop. Age and an accumulation of dust, prevented him from distinguishing what the idea of the picture was. The good monks at his request, applied sponge and water, and succeeded in removing the coating time had placed there. The subject was the ward of an hospital, with a row of couches on either side, and in the foreground a rude wooden bench surrounded by monks. Seated on the bench was a poor dustcovered man. They had found him lying by the wayside, and carried him to rest and shelter. Upon removing the filthy coverings from hands and feet, they are amazed to find the imprint of the nails, as they were in the hands and feet of our Lord. The painting was intended as an illustration of the words of Holy Scripture "In as much as you have done it to the least of these my brethren, you have done it also unto me." They had carried Jesus Christ, in the person of the poor man.



"Never a rose without a thorn," is an axiom possessing much truth. It follows, then, that the thorns were created for the purpose of protecting the treasures of the bush. So do we often find in human life that beauties of the heart and mind are preserved by the thorns of unshapely bodies, unbeautiful faces, or a lack of wealth.





SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

I. — Adoration.

The Christian virtues : — Faith.

Let us adore our Lord Jesus Christ truly present in the Sacred Host, and devoutly contemplate this Sacrament which the church calls a mystery of faith ; she obliges her ministers to pause at the solemn moment of consecration and recall those words : *Mysterium fidei* ! The Eucharist is a mystery of faith because it is the most wide-spread object of our faith, and contains all the wonders of our holy religion.



The Eucharist is God, Creator and Ruler of the universe who accumulates prodigies in operating this wonderful mystery.

The Eucharist is Jesus Christ continuing and renewing all the mysteries of His past life, prelude to the glory of His future life.

The Eucharist is the center and source of grace and sanctification, in the mysterious world of souls.

The Eucharist contains besides the Humanity and Divinity of the verb ; the Father and the Holy Ghost by concomitance and surrounding the Sacred Host, the celestial phalanx of angels and saints, guard of honor, of love, respect and adoration.

2. The Eucharist is a mystery of faith, only by the light of faith can its profound obscurity be penetrated, allowing us to see all its beauty, sweetness and greatness. Reason in presence of this mystery accentuates objections — How — and why — the only reply to which, must be simple and lively faith. How can appearances exist without a substance ? How can the body of Jesus living and entire be contained in the frail Species ? How can fire words pronounced by an ordinary mortal instantly produce such a wonderful change. Why this presence of the God of Majesty in such an humble state ? How



this universal presence at all times in all places, etc. Faith answers, my heart submits wholly to Thee, my God, I believe all the Son of God has spoken, nothing is truer than the word of Truth Itself Truth all-powerful, all-loving.

Let us submit our reason, acknowledging its weakness, its blindness, its spiritual inaptitude unless aided by faith. Repeat frequently with St. Peter, the apostle of faith : " I believe Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

II. — Thanksgiving

Thank our Lord for the gift of faith in the Blessed Eucharist ; gift which has not been granted to intelligences more vast than ours, refused to hearts more pure than ours. This gift is a special mark of God's love of predilection for us.

Offer Him Thanksgiving that in the Eucharist, He is not only the subject of our faith, but also its nourishment and strength.

Offer Him Thanksgiving for bringing the Eucharist so close to us, that we can indirectly attain it by our senses, thus being more favored than the ancient Patriarches to whom God spoke from heaven ; more favored than the Hebrews, who had only the Ark of the Covenant, as sign of God's protection ; even more favored than the apostles for only during their years did the word of Truth Himself visibly guide them ; — but we, we possess Him really, truly, and substantially. He speaks to us, instructs us, enlightens us, abides with us by His living Sacramental presence.

Offer Him thanksgiving for enlightening our faith. Jesus speaks to our hearts individually clearly. This voice of Jesus inflamed holy souls from the great St. Thomas Aquinas, to the humble Marie-Estelle. Communion the breaking of bread, is a ray of light to disclose to us the mysteries of our religion ; as the breaking of bread disclosed to the disciples of Emmaus, their God and King.

The venerable Father Eymard says " as the elect receive the capability of contemplating the essence and the majesty of God without being dazzled ; so Jesus in Communion enlightens our soul and even increases our power to know His beauties and perfections."

Thank Jesus for fortifying and facilitating the consent of our will to revealed truths ; The will being conquered and submissive naturally induces the soul to follow its lead with more eagerness.

Father Eymard says, " Before communion, you recognize our Lord Jesus Christ, you hear Him spoken of, you even love Him ; but let the same words be addressed to you after communion — oh ! how much more your soul responds, how much more perfectly you understand, how much more easily you believe, how much more ardently you love."

Offer Jesus thanksgiving for vanquishing the obstacles to faith ; by His humility, He heals our pride ever desirous of following its own reason, ever impatient of control ; by His holiness and divine purity, He overcomes hardness and coldness of heart, the result of passion and sin. The Eucharist while increasing supernatural life, diminishes this natural sense which is faith's greatest enemy. Thank Jesus Christ " Bread of life and faith."



III. — Reparation

Unhappily, for many the Eucharist instead of increasing their faith, is the obstacle against which their faith is stranded.

Instead of humbly opening their eyes to the brightness of its light, they proudly wish to follow their own reason and say like the hardened Jews : " How can He give us His flesh to eat " ?... What presumption to question the all-powerful God. " O man, says St. Cyrille, do you not deserve severe punishment when commenting on the prodigies of divine love, you dare question the why or wherefore ? " The words of Jesus Christ are not clear enough for heretics, He says to them : " This is my body," and they answer ; no, it is the figure, the remembrance of the Body and Blood of Christ.

What an odious insinuation to brand as a lie the words of eternal truth.

There are Christians who believe in the Eucharist ; but who do not believe fully, whose faith in the real presence is not sufficiently practical. They forget He is there, with His Divinity, His infinite perfections, His titles of creator Ruler and supreme Judge. They forget He is there with His Humanity, His beauty, His admirable qualities ; His titles of King of nations, Saviour of souls,



Spouse of hearts. Oh ! let us offer reparation for those who forget the living presence of Jesus Christ among us ; reparation for those who do not know how to consider the Blessed Eucharist as the adorable center of all religion.

Let us offer reparation for those who knowing the mystery of the Eucharist and what it exacts, have not sufficient practical faith, and do not render to this mystery of love the respect, fervor, zeal, love and devotedness which is Its due. Are we not guilty ? Is not our faith weak, without life, without activity ? Pardon, Lord Jesus, we offer Thee reparation.

IV. — Prayer

Let us offer our Lord St. Peter's prayer in face of the Jewish incredulity : Lord to whom shall we go ? Thou alone hast the words of eternal life ! " Thou alone canst reveal to us what the Eucharist is — and give us the incomparable grace of faith in this mystery.

Let us ask first a lively faith which does not slumber, having always before our eyes the realization of the real presence of our Lord Jesus Christ. Entering into Church let the thought of our Lord's real presence seize us, penetrate us with interior and exterior respect ; let the thought rouse and warm our hearts, heavy and dull with the distractions and things of the world.

2. A loving faith, — He whom we adore is God, yes, but the good God, He who loves us, who has showered blessings on us. We must believe with love for, " love is the germ, the essence of faith."

3. An active faith, — " Faith without good works is dead." Believe in the Eucharist but show your belief, your faith, by your zeal your devotedness. While awaiting the joys of heaven, where unveiled we shall contemplate our adorable Saviour, let us frequently repeat : " I believe, Lord, help Thou my ignorance, my unbelief." *Credo Domine, adjuva incredulitatem meam.*





THE WHITE ROSEBUD



It was the first thursday, and a busy morning it had been for Father Ryan, for even in the remote South African village of Wyndall the devotion of the Nine Fridays was practised.

Not till the midday Angelus struck did the priest leave the confessional, and as he knelt at the end of the church for a few moments, footsteps on the gravel outside told him that possibly another penitent would detain him still longer. On the footsteps came, till they stopped in the porch. The priest turned his head and his gaze met a pair of dark eyes belonging to a little girl of about four or five. The child was a stranger to him, but he remembered to have seen her in the grounds adjoining the presbytery garden. Father Ryan beckoned to her, and she obeyed his sign.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Rosebud," was the reply, and then she added: "Nurse fell asleep, so I got through the hedge in your garden and came here."

"Will mother not be anxious about you?"

"Mother died when we lived in the other house, and I is so lonely."

Her eyes filled with tears and the rosy lips quivered piteously. Father Ryan with great haste turned the conversation by suggesting that she should dine with him.

The invitation was graciously declined. Rosebud said she would rather stay where she was.

"Who is that?" she asked suddenly, pointing to a statue of the Sacred Heart.

"That is Jesus," was the answer. "Would you like to go nearer to him?"

Rosebud agreed to the proposal immediately, and together they walked to the top of the chapel, the child

all the time repeating the name "Jesus," as if she had heard it for the first time. That she might have a better view, the priest raised her in his arms, and long and earnestly Rosebud looked at the statue, examining every little detail.

"Why is He holding out His hand?" she whispered, after a long silence. "What does He want me to give Him?"

"He wants your heart, Rosebud," said Father Ryan; then, seeing how puzzled she looked, he added, "He wants you to love Him so much that you will give Him whatever you love best."

Rosebud considered for a minute, and then she said decidedly. "I love flowers best; I will bring Jesus some." There was another long pause, and then the child, pointing to the wounded Heart, asked. "Who hurt Him? Oh! who hurt Him so sore?"

"The Jews did." Father Ryan, as he answered her, was wondering to what religion the child belonged. Her answer enlightened him.

"Jews," she repeated, as if the name suggested something, and then after a pause she said. "Nurse says I am a Jew; but, oh! I didn't hurt Him, really I didn't, I didn't."

The thought excited her so dreadfully that Father Ryan had to assure her he believed her, and to prevent another outbreak, told her it was time for them to go.

"First let me kiss Him," she pleaded.

Father Ryan lifted her up to the level of the Sacred Heart. The tiny arms were twined round the Sacred Neck, and as the pretty lips were pressed against the open wound he heard her say:

"Jesus I love you, and I am sorry for you, and you known I wouldn't hurt you."

Would that more often Jesus received such true, heartfelt acts of reparatory love as His baby-lover poured out that day.

Once outside that chapel, Father Ryan said good-by to his little visitor, and helped her into her own garden through the gap in the hedge which she had made use of that day. That night, before the Blessed Sacrament, the priest prayed:

"O Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus for the conversion of the Jews, and in particular for Rosebud."

A few days later, as he was walking near the hedge, thinking of Rosebud, he heard her calling him. She was at the gap with her arms full of roses, and her whole appearance showed that she had hard work gathering them.

"These are for Jesus," she said, giving the flowers to him.

"Do you think He will like them?"

The priest looked at the flowers, the choicest of their kind, and then at the beautiful child. "Rosebud," he said, slowly, "I know a little flower that Jesus would like better than gardens full of these."

The lovely face beamed with smiles as she cried with delight, "I'se the little flower, 'cos I'se Rosebud."

Nurse's voice calling stopped any further conversation, and Father Ryan walked to the church to lay the flowers on the shrine. They had evidently been culled by the child herself, for they bore marks which told of a struggle. One snow white bud was stained with blood. Father Ryan singled it out and placed it at the foot of the statue, offering at the same time the Precious Blood, that one day another Rosebud might find her way to those Sacred Feet. He little knew how soon or how literally his prayer was to be answered.

Days grew into weeks before Father Ryan saw Rosebud again. The daily visits of the doctor at the next house aroused his fears. On inquiring of the gardener, one of his congregation, he heard that the child had a bad attack of fever. Every day after that, the daily reports grew worse. On the First Friday, Father Ryan stopped the gardener to ask for the latest tidings. There was but little hope.

"And, Father," the man said "all night she was raving about somebody wanting her in the chapel. It is as much as they can do to keep her in bed. The housemaid told me the words she keeps saying are, 'Jesus wants me;' but I think that must be a mistake, for they are all Jews.

Father Ryan walked away in silence, but he deter-

mined to see the child that evening. After the devotions, he was delayed by a workman who had to make some alterations in the shrine of the Sacred Heart, and who was to begin his work next morning. After seeing the statue placed on the floor, Father Ryan hurried away to his supper, and then to "Dene Grange," as Rosebud's home was called. There, all was confusion. The child had got out of bed during the nurse's absence and could be found nowhere. Her weak condition rendered it impossible for her to have gone any distance and the whole house was being searched for her. Father Ryan joined in the search, and no one noticed him. At last, a thought struck him and quickly he made his way to the hedge, crawled through and then on to the church, hoping against hope that Rosebud was there. And there he found her, a weewhite-robed figure nestling close to the Sacred Feet of Jesus.

Love can do all things, and love had given her strength to get there, but a glance told the priest that her life was almost over. In those few moments Father Ryan baptized her. Then he called her name. She did not hear him, but as he bent down he heard her gasp, "Jesus-wants—Rosebud."

A slight shiver passed over the tiny frame and all was over. Rosebud was gone, to blossom for all eternity near to the Sacred Heart. At the foot of his crucifix, in a small glass box. Father Ryan keeps a faded white rosebud with dark stains on its petals, and night and morning, as his eyes fall on it, he breathes a fervent "Thank God." which is always followed by the prayer:

"O Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus for the conversion of the Jews."

S. M. J. IN IRISH MESSENGER.

Let every dawn of the morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close. Then let every one of these short lives leave its own record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for ourselves.

RUSKIN.



What Jesus Christ is for us in the Holy Eucharist

“It is good for me to adhere to my God”—Ps. I. XXXII. 28.

JESUS CHRIST in His divine Sacrament is our light, our hope, our guide, our nourishment, our repose, our joy. He is our friend, our shepherd, our king, our physician, our comforter, our life and our strength. He is for us everything that is blessed, good, sweet, and salutary.

Jesus Christ in His sacrament is our most faithful, most loving, most generous, most condescending friend; a friend sovereignly good, affable, sweet, and anticipating our wants. It is His love for us that makes Him come down from heaven, that lowers His infinite greatness, that encloses Him in the consecrated Host, and keeps Him prisoner under fragile species. O love, exclaimed a holy doctor, how strong are thy chains since they have power to bind and fetter a God!

Let us be filled with the same sentiments of admiration. Let us be astonished that Jesus Christ has so much love for us, who are so poor and miserable. Let us love Him then, and say to Him with St. Augustine: O Lord, who will give me to be able to repose in Thee, who will grant me that Thou will come into my heart and inebriate it with the delicious wine of Thy love, so that I may lose the remembrance of all my miseries, and may embrace Thee with all the powers of my soul as my only good?”

Jesus Christ in His Divine Sacrament is our shepherd, full of goodness and solicitude. From the tabernacle He speaks to His faithful sheep, and they hear His voice with joy. He knows them, He calls them by their names; He guides them, He protects them, He encourages them, He warms them within His arms and against His Heart.

He leads them into good pastures. O prodigy of tenderness ! The nourishment He presents to them is His adorable flesh and blood, is Himself !... Let us bless His infinite generosity, and let us ask Him that we may worthily partake of that divine food on this earth so as to partake of it in heaven. Let us say to Him with the Church : " O good Shepherd, O true Bread. Jesus, take pity on us, feed us, sustain us, make us enjoy the true good things in the land of the living ! "

Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is our King. He it is of whom it is written : " Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Sion... behold thy King will come to thee, the just and the Saviour. " Yes, He is the new Solomon, the King of peace, the richest, and most liberal of sovereigns. We can go to Him at every hour, because He is always disposed to hear our requests. The tabernacle is His throne of love where He waits for us. Not only has He no guards to prevent access to Him, but there always issues from it a voice that urges us, to have recourse to Him.

And as if that was not enough, He deigns to visit us Himself ; He comes to us, He abides with us, He takes delight in remaining with us, and enriches us with blessings by His presence. How much, then, ought we to love Him and devote ourselves to procuring His glory !

Let us beseech Him to grant us grace, and say to Him : O Jesus, prince of peace, king of kings, reign in my heart, and subject it for ever to Thy gentle sway ! O Lord infinitely rich and liberal, grant that I may share in Thy gifts ; but above all, grant me that of Thy holy love.

Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, is our physician, for He there heals all our diseases, and places on the wounds of our souls the balm which alone can cure them. All the miseries which afflict us come from this, that man has eaten the forbidden fruit, which has been for us the fruit of death, a mortal poison. Now, the antidote to this poison is the fruit of life which Jesus Christ presents to us, saying : " Take ye and eat. "

Let us receive it from His hands, and feed ourselves on it with all the dispositions He requires of us. Let us communicate with fervor, and our souls will receive again in superabundance all their primitive vigor.

Jesus Christ, in His Sacrament, is our consolation and our joy ; it was on that account He wished to remain in this abode of exile and tears, and on the very theatre of His sufferings. Let us understand this, and in imitation of Saint Francis of Assisium, let us go in the midst of our sufferings to the foot of the altar to unburden our hearts in that of our heavenly friend ; we shall not return thence without having been consoled. There we shall call to mind what Jesus endured for us, the memorial of which is the adorable Eucharist ; there we shall hear in our heart : "Ought not Christ to have suffered those things, and so enter into His glory." And we shall understand that it is by suffering that we must enter after Him ; there He will give us His grace, the unction of which sweetens all the bitterness of the soul, and which, making us stronger than suffering, will lead us not only to feel resignation in our sufferings, but, following the example of St. Francis Xavier and St. Theresa, to desire to suffer still more for His love.


Jesus Christ, in the Blessed Sacrament is our strength against the enemies of our salvation : ah ! how could we not triumph over their attacks by a worthy communion, since we then possess in our hearts the omnipotent God, the conqueror of death and hell !

Jesus Christ, in this Sacrament. is our life, the life of our mind by the light with which He illumines it ; the life of our heart, by the sentiments with which He animates it ; the life of our will, by the energy He communicates to it ; the life of our senses, by the dominion He gives the soul to rule over them ; the life of our body by the germ of a glorious resurrection He sows there, and which will develop at the great day of His last coming.

BROTHER PHILIPPE.

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Begin by denying yourself, and by and by you forget yourself. The kindness which was at first just a duty becomes a pleasure and a joy. Self-denial becomes glorified into self-forgetfulness.

"My God and my all," St. Francis of Assisi's constant prayer, explains both his poverty and his wealth.



# PANGE LINGUA

M. (♩ = 78)  
All<sup>o</sup> mod<sup>o</sup>

Contralto ou Ba.-e.

Pau ge, lin-gua, glo-ri-o-si Cor-po-ris mys-te-ri-  
 Pan ge, lin-gua, glo-ri-o-si Cor-po-ris mys-te-ri-  
 Pau ge, lin-gua, glo-ri-o-si Cor-po-ris mys-te-ri-  
 Pau ge, lin-gua, glo-ri-o-si Cor-po-ris mys-te-ri-

-um, Pau-ge, lin-gua, glo-ri-o-si Cor-po-ris mys-  
 -um, Pau-ge, lin-gua, glo-ri-o-si Cor-po-ris mys-  
 -um, Pau-ge, lin-gua, glo-ri-o-si Cor-po-ris mys-  
 -um, Pan-ge, lin-gua, glo-ri-o-si Cor-po-ris mys-

-te-ri-um, San-gui-nis-que pre-ti-o-si, Quem in-  
 -te-ri-um, San-gui-nis-que pre-ti-o-si, Quem in-  
 -te-ri-um, San-gui-nis-que pre-ti-o-si, Quem in-  
 -te-ri-um, San-gui-nis-que pre-ti-o-si, Quem in-

mun-di pre-ti-um, Fru-cus ven-tris ge-ne-ro-si  
 mun-di pre-ti-um, Fru-cus ven-tris ge-ne-ro-si  
 mun-di pre-ti-um, Fru-cus ven-tris ge-ne-ro-si  
 mun-di pre-ti-um, Fru-cus ven-tris ge-ne-ro-si

Rex ef-fu-dit gen-ti-um Fru-cus ven-tris  
 Rex ef-fu-dit gen-ti-um Fru-cus ven-tris  
 Rex ef-fu-dit gen-ti-um Fru-cus ven-tris  
 Rex ef-fu-dit gen-ti-um Fru-cus ven-tris

ge-ne-ro-si Rex ef-fu-dit gen-ti-um.  
 ge-ne-ro-si Rex ef-fu-dit gen-ti-um.  
 ge-ne-ro-si Rex ef-fu-dit gen-ti-um.  
 ge-ne-ro-si Rex ef-fu-dit gen-ti-um







## FOR HIS DEAR SAKE

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**I**N one of the most miserable quarters of Paris, lay an old man, sick unto death. He was a rag-picker by trade, his dwelling a mass of filth and disorder, partly owing to his occupation, and partly to his great poverty and serious illness. The priest who had just heard his confession promised to anoint him the following morning ; but his heart was very heavy and sad seeing the awful condition of the house into which Jesus must enter : rags were accumulated every where, the bed itself was composed of them, ugly skins, dirty bones, old clothes of every description covered the walls. Suddenly the priest's face brightened, he had an inspiration acting on it, he went and related his sorrow and its cause, without, however literally describing the actual condition of the sick man's house ; to a young woman, bearing one of the noblest names of France, rich, beautiful, queen in her own home, idolized and flattered by society ; and though a fervent Catholic, having it must be confessed, her weak side for wordly amusements.

“ But, she exclaimed, interrupting the priest, we cannot let our dear Lord, enter into such a dirty lodging.”

“ So I thought, responded the priest ; would you, for His sake, kindly supervise the cleaning ? ”

“ Certainly, I will attend to it myself. Had I better bring my maid ? ”

“ Oh yes, there will be sufficient work for two.”

“ Even so, if she accompanies me, she will rob me of part of my merit. In her place I will bring my son, he is seven years old, he loves the poor, he has never seen their misery, I will initiate him, it will do him good and perhaps be for his future happiness.”

When the priest arrived the following morning with the Holy Viaticum, he no longer recognized the poor old

rag-picker's home. His room was transformed into a charming little chapel all draped in pure white, a white quilt covered the bed ; on a table covered with white were two wax candles, holy water, a crucifix, and even the blessed palm, nothing was forgotten. The old man appeared radiant in his new surroundings, his face was clean his hair well combed and brushed, luxuries which had not been his for years.

The young mother and her son were still busy in their sublime act of charity, when the priest entered the room unannounced, bearing the Holy Viaticum, as soon as they perceived the priest, they fell on their knees near the sick man's bed, and recited the confiteor like two trained Acolytes. Before giving Holy Viaticum, the priest addressed a few words to the sick man, recalling to him what the Blessed Eucharist was.

" I know all that, Father, the lady kneeling there has instructed me, and made me pray with her son. Oh ! I am so happy ! so glad."

He received Holy Viaticum with deep emotion, poor man how would it have been possible for him not to believe in God's goodness, and Paternal Providence, when such wonderfully visible proofs had been given him. The priest had scarcely finished the prayers, when the young woman grasped the old man's hand, and placing it on her pretty bent head laid the other hand on the head of her son saying. " My brave man, you are now God's friend, you have him in your heart by Holy communion, please bless my son and I ; your blessing will bring us happiness " Oh Madame ! replied the old man overcome by emotion what are you asking ? I cannot bless you, I am only a poor unworthy old man ; but from my heart I beg of God to bless you : He will bless you because you are His Angels, only angels could have acted as you have. May God bless you ! May God bless you both ! As he pronounced the blessing his tears were falling, the priest shed tears also, but as he remarked the happiest he ever expected to shed.

Doubtless the old man's blessing was re-echoed by the Heart of Jesus, for " whose dear sake " the mother and son had performed their sublime act of charity.

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## The Ant's Monstrance

ONE of the most curious and instructive wonders of nature to investigate is the little republic of ants, who by dint of hard work, industry and discipline, build most complicated constructions, and gather up a considerable supply of provisions. History gives more than one example of their habits of order, and perseverance, God apparently wishing to inculcate those wise lessons to us from such seemingly useless creatures.

Not only moral but sometimes deep and salutary lessons of faith are given to proud mortals by humble ants.

Ecuador one of the most luxurious countries of the new world was the scene of one of those examples, in reference to the Blessed Eucharist.

Quito, the capital is furrowed by deep gutter floods, which in early Spring fall from the heights of Pichincha, emptying their muddy waters into the river Machagara ; one of those ravines bearing the peculiar name of Quebrada of Jerusalem, bounds the city on the south side, and is of a melancholy and sombre appearance. On the other side, and close to the green and picturesque hills of Pichincha, rises a lovely Church surmounted by a cupola, and as seen from a distance, appearing to form part of the monastery and Church of St Clare, in reality, being only separated from them by a narrow street.

○ In the porch of this humble sanctuary, hangs a painting, more damaged by weather than age ; representing our Lady of Dolours sadly contemplating Sacred Hosts lying on the ground. This Chapel is still commonly called Chapel of theft.

We quote the tale from the chronicles of that date. On the night of January nineteenth, in the year 1649, the church of St Clare was desecrated by an awful sacrilege.

Among the Spanish Catholic population, were a certain number of Indians, who were still pagans, and whose cupidity coveted the brilliant gold and silver vases, where the precious Body of the Lord was deposited. Knowing the little chapel was less guarded, in this quiet spot they burst open the door, abstracted the contents of the Tabernacle, which consisted of a Ciborium and a pyx ; and beheld the sweet Son of the Virgin Mary, in His Sacramental garb in the brutal hands of pagans, in the sacrilegious hands of robbers.

Possessed of the Sacred treasures, hoping to avoid human Justice, they fled across fields in order to reach the vast forests of the mountain, where there would be less danger of their apprehension.

What was transpiring while criminal hands held the Divine Captive of the Host? Perhaps the Justice of God made the lightning of His sword appear to their guilty eyes. Perhaps Jesus rebuked them with a word, as centuries previous, the soldiers at Gethsemane, whatever the cause the sacred vessels became so heavy they were a burden to carry, the robbers hoping to lighten their weight opened them, scattering their contents ; the Sacred Host fluttered an instant, then fell and rested, on a small hillock peopled by an immense swarm of ants. How often the Eucharistic God comes to us, finding us indifferent to His coming it was not thus with the little ants. Scarcely had their Divine Creator reposed in their home, than all the republic, impelled by a new and miraculous instinct began preparations to respond as much as they could to the honor of such a visit.

Some stationed themselves around the ant-hill, and gathered finely polished grains of sand, and placing it around the Sacred Hosts as if to form a pyx ; others went to an old palm tree, and with sharp edged-claws detached pieces, which they pushed, rolled, or dragged with wonderful courage, to the hillock ; there acting harmoniously they placed those slips of wood, in long straight lines ending in the center of the hillock, thus drawing around the pyx, where the Sacred Hosts were a graceful Monstrance.

Their work finished instead of going to rest, they grouped themselves in black and compact masses around

the Monstrance of their own construction, offering their humble worship to Jesus, and defending His fragile Sacramental existence against the invasion of other insects.

The discovery of the crime caused universal sorrow and consternation in the city of Quito. The awful sacrilege filled the Priests and Catholics with unutterable grief and anguish. The uncertainty of the whereabouts of the Sacred Hosts augmented their grief. They were afraid, perhaps the Sacred Hosts were still in the guilty hands of robbers. They went in crowds to the Monastery, to see what could be done.

Not far from the Monastery they witnessed a most peculiar sight, the road was covered with farmer's wagons on their way to the City Market and drawn by asses and mules, who when they came to a certain spot, bent their forefeet, and profoundly bowed their heads, as if in respect and adoration before some mysterious object. The anxious crowd went to investigate this strange conduct; and remained dumb with astonishment to see the ants acting as guard of honor, around the Monstrance, built by themselves, and containing their Lord and Master. With tears of joy and gratitude, the crowd prostrated themselves around this most marvellous exposition of the Blessed Eucharist.

The Bishop of Quito, having heard of the miracle, not wishing his flock to show less love, and respect for the God of the Sacred Hosts, than the Ants had done, ordered a solemn feast of reparation, after which a general procession of penitence should bring back the Sacred Hosts to the Church of St Clare.

The people eagerly responded to the ordinance of their Bishop. The entire population clothed in black, with tears and sobs, accompanied the Bishops and barefooted clergy, to the miraculous hill, and amid hymns of love and reparation, the God of the Eucharist was brought back and solemnly enthroned in His earthly home.

Some years after a commemorative Chapel was built its dome overshadowing the green hills of Pichincha, from which it derives its name.



CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER

