

THE QUEEN
- OF -
PURGATORY

O turn to Jesus, Mother turn
And call Him by his tenderest names,
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

Ah ! they have fought a gallant fight
In death's cold arms they persevered
And after life's uncheery night
The harbor of their rest is neared.

In pains beyond all earthly pains,
Favorites of Jesus ! there they lie,
Letting the fire wipe out their stains
And worshiping God's purity.

Spouses of Christ they are, for He
Was wedded to them by His Blood ;
And angels o'er their destiny
In wondering adoration blend.

They are the children of Thy tears
Then hasten, Mother, to their aid ;
In pity think each hour appears
An age while glory is delayed.

O Mary, let thy Son no more
His lingering Spouses thus expect ;
God's children to their God restore,
And to the Spirit His elect.

The XXIst Eucharistic Congress

ANNA T. SADLIER

(Continued.)

Member of Procession Committee and Messengers. Religious communities as follows : Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Brothers of St Gabriel. Brothers of Lamennais. Brothers of Maristes. Brothers of Charity. Brothers of the Christian Schools. Fathers of Society of St Mary. Fathers of the Holy Cross. Redemptorist Fathers. Fathers of St Viateur. Fathers of the B. Sacrament. Oblat Fathers. Dominican Fathers. Jesuits. Franciscans. Trappists. Member of Procession Committee and Messengers. Officials. Choir Boys. Seminarians. Priests. Visiting Canons. Visiting Vicars-General. Subdeacon bearing Cross. Priests vested in official ceremonial robes. Representatives of Bishops. Canons of the Cathedral Chapter of the Diocese of Montreal. Mitred Abbots. Bishops and their Chaplains. Archbishops and their Chaplains. Pontifical Zouaves. Cross Bearer. Incense Bearers. His Eminence the Cardinal Legate bearing the Sacred Host. Guard of Honor, 65th Regiment. Mitred Chaplain. Associates of the Pontifical Mission. Cardinal's Suite. Bearers of Sacred Orders. Officials. Cardinals Logue and Gibbons. The Archbishop of Montreal and his Chaplains. Prothonotaries Apostolic. Domestic Prelates. Papal Chamberlains. Pontifical Orders. Permanent Committee of the Congress. Representative of the Governor-General of Canada. The Governor of Rhode Island. The Lieutenant-Governor and Suite. Federal Parliament. Provincial Legislature. The Mayor, Controllers and Aldermen of the City of Montreal. Members of the Bench. Members of the Bar. Laval University Representatives. Adoration Nocturne. Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament. Rear Guard consisting of Pontifical Zouaves.

As the procession passed on and on, the enthusiasm and the fervor of the spectators, who gathered along the route, in serrled masses, who filled every window and

door, and even the roofs of the dwelling, grew to the culminating point when the Blessed Sacrament appeared,



Arch on Champ de Mars street.

borne aloft by the majestic figure of the Cardinal Legate, in his scarlet robes surmounted by the Cappa Magna. It was a breathless moment, as the population entire

Re-
cred
nais.
rs of
Fa-
hers
iers.
ists.
Offi-
ons.
oss.
nta-
of
and
on-
His
ost.
ain.
ite.
and
ins.
pal
tee
ne-
he
nt.
Al-
ch.
es.
Sa-
es.
sm
he
nd

seemed to feel as never before the almost visible presence of the Redeemer, God. Every head and heart was bowed in adoration and in supplication. It was as if one great cry of faith and love went up from all that multitude of human breasts from that throng which with all their sins and miseries, had been faithful.

The various features of the procession cannot, of course, be adequately described, any more than that upswelling of enthusiasm, of Catholic fervor and of an indescribable emotion, which almost overpowered the spectators. The corporate strength, for instance, of the innumerable societies, which even as represented by their delegates, showed what Catholics are doing, and thinking and attempting for the glory of the God of the Eucharist, even in this materialistic age. There were the Temperance Societies and the Holy Name Societies for the suppression of blasphemy, splendid bodies of men, and the benevolent societies, the C.M.B.A. and the Catholic Forester and the Unions St Joseph and St Pierre, the league of the Sacred Heart and sodalities of Mary, the various associations of Workingmen, and the Catholic Youth's Association, and the Alliance Nationale, and the old familiar St Patrick's Society, and the parish young men of St Patrick's in their dainty, white uniform and the Catholic Club of New York composed of some of that city's most prominent citizens, and such important federations, as the Knights of Columbus, the St Jean Baptiste Society and the Ancient order of Hibernians. When one thinks of what each of these is achieving for the greatest of causes, it occasions a glow of satisfaction, realising, too, that societies represented in the parade, were not only local, but that their delegations have come from every part of the continent.

The parishes of Montreal gave a wonderful object lesson in the universality of the Church, since that portion of the parade was not only numberless, but contained such diverse elements, as Poles, Syrians, Lithuanians, Italians, Chinese and Indians from the Caughnawaga Reservation.

But most wonderful of all was the latter portion of the procession, beginning with the Tertiaries of St Francis,

in their brown robes, and the religious Orders bulwarks of the Church. How their habits, as some noble uniform were inspiring and elevating. Then at last, the visiting clergy, and those of the Archdiocese, 3,000 in number, in their vestments of white or gold, and those following them, mitred abbots, bishops and archbishops. What a sense of power, of solidity, of strength, it all gave; what splendid promise for the future and what a visible realization of Christ's Kingdom on earth. It was, in fact, in

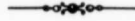


Arch at the corner of St. Denis and Cherrier streets.

all its details a spectacle such as could be surpassed nowhere upon the earth. After the Blessed Sacrament, as will be remarked, came the dignitaries of the State, representatives of the Governor General, of the Federal and Provincial Government, the Mayor and civic officials.

After a brief stoppage at the Hotel Dieu, the procession finished its course at Fletcher's Field, just as the early dusk was setting down upon the city of Mary, a crescent moon was glimmering over the mountaintop and multitudes of lights shone out from the arches and from the metropolis.

The Benediction was there given by the Legate, and the crowd dispersed. After dark, the whole city blazed forth into one vast illumination, wherein electric lights of myriad colors flashed out as so many jewels. And in that resplendence went out, as it were, the closing moments of the pageant of the Prince of Light. While slowly died likewise, in the darkness of the middle hours, the echoes of the Alleluias, the Hosannas, which had greeted the triumph of the King.



ENGLISH SPEAKING SECTION

PAPERS AND WRITERS



THE English Speaking Section of the Eucharistic Congress offered a rarely attractive programme, upon which appeared the names of so many distinguished speakers or readers of papers. The first Session took place at the Windsor Hall on Thursday, Sept., 8th, opening brilliantly with a paper on "Faith in the Eucharist and Modern unbelief", from the scholarly Bishop McDonald of Victoria B. C. Therein he touched with precise, yet elegant finger, on those two opposing forces, faith in the Central Mystery of religion, and Scepticism arrayed against it.

The second paper, by Rev. John J. McCoy of Worcester, Mass, dealt in an able and forcible manner with "Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament," while Father Finn of the Paulist Congregation, gave much useful and interesting information on the subject of "Surpliced Choirs." Mgr Lynch, by his forceful treatment of the subject, threw a new light upon "Frequent Communion," and the means suggested by that experienced Father of souls for facilitating its practice appealed powerfully to his listeners.

The afternoon Session drew another crowd of listeners by its attractive array of names ; and needless to say that the anticipations formed were fully realized. Very Rev. A. Thompson of Glace Bay, N. S., whose name has extended far beyond the boundaries of Canada, discoursed on "Reasons of our belief in the Real Presence." "Assistance at Sunday Mass," was so treated by Father Hartigan, of Desoronto, as to make his listener, "sit up" and think.



The Catholic Foresters in the procession.

In his own peculiarly fascinating style, Father Thomas Campbell, S. J. dealt with an ever interesting, historical subject, "The Eucharist and the Early Canadian Missionaries," while an eminently practical and vital question of the day, "Communion amongst the Working Classes," found an able exponent in Rev. E. S. Fitzgerald of Holyoke, Mass. On the same afternoon, at Stanley Hall, Women's Section, Dean Hand of Toronto, read an admirable paper "Frequent Communion and Young Girls in large Cities." As a fervent Catholic lady remarked

to the writer, "it went home to her, as the mother of daughters.

He was followed by the famous London preacher, Father Bernard Vaughan S. J., who in his soul stirring fashion, dealt with "The Eucharist and modern Society" and spoke with what has been called his "Pauline fearlessness", on the necessity of proclaiming one's convictions.

Next on the programme, came a paper on "Altar Societies" by Anna T. Sadlier, which touched upon the historical as well as the practical side of the subject. Dr James J. Walsh gave a brief but delightful account of the Eucharistic hymns of a great century (the thirteenth,) and the speaker, who is an authority on historical and scientific subjects, did full justice to his theme. Bishop Harkins of Providence, who presided, concluded the afternoon's work by a few well-chosen remarks upon the papers which he had heard, and their subjects.

The Friday Morning Session, at Windsor Hall, began with "A practical Study of the Decree of Pius X, and Frequent Communion," which was in every way, worthy of its learned and distinguished author, Archbishop Howley, of Newfoundland.

A paper which excited usual interest, was from the pen of that veteran controvertialist and champion of the faith, Rev. Louis A. Lambert, of Scottisville, who has since passed to his reward. He had hoped to read it himself, but Providence decreed otherwise. It was received with applause and a resolution was passed thanking the venerable and as it proved dying author, for his services to the Church and to Christianity. Its title was "Popular objections to the Eucharist."

"The Eucharist, a convert Maker," was the splendid production of one who is preeminently in a position to know, Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle C. S. P. of the "Apostolic Mission House, in Washington, D. C. Rev. Richard Hughes, of New York, thrillingly earnest and impressive, on "Holy Communion and Young Men, in large Cities, touched one of the burning questions of the hour.

In the afternoon Session, at the same place, two of the speakers were represented by proxies, Rt Rev. Bishop Clancy, of Sligo, Ireland, whom so many would so like to have heard in his deeply interesting paper, "The Eucharist and the Early Irish Church," and the eminent Oxonian, Dudley Baxter, who gave such valuable ideas on "the training of the People in Liturgical singing."



The Zouaves during the open air Mass.

Rev. Hugh Canning of Toronto, read an excellent paper on "School Children and Daily Mass", while Father Terence Shealey, S. J. of New York, touched, clearly and forcibly, on a subject which is attracting so much attention at the present time, "Retreats for Laymen."

The afternoon Session for women at Stanley Hall, on Friday afternoon, was another decided treat, religiously and intellectually. That eminent Dominican, Father Reginald Buckler, of Woodchester, Eng., opened the proceedings on "Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament," and that touching and attractive topic lost nothing by its treatment in those skilful hands. The next paper on "First Communion," occasioned only one disappointment, and that was that it was not read by its beloved author, Mother Mary Loyola. Otherwise, it was perfect; that saintly religious has the gift of touching the true note.

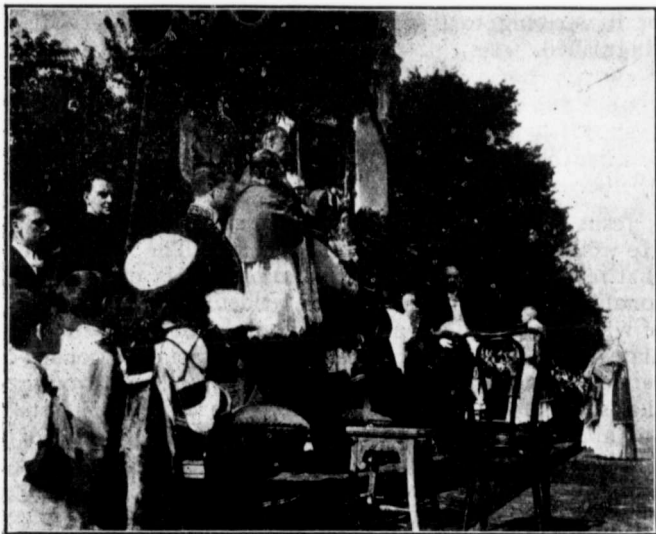
Singularly impressive and beautiful to a degree, was the paper by Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J., so admirably read by its author, on "The Eucharist and Devotion to the Sacred Heart". His fame as a pulpit orator, and as a scholarly and elegant writer, had prepared his hearers for the delight with which they listened. The Session closed by a paper on "The Influence of Religious Home Training," which fully sustained the reputation of that brilliant essayist and trained journalist, Dr Thomas O'Hagan, who though a Canadian, has been lately chosen as Editor of "The New World," Chicago.

As the Meeting was presided over by Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster, those present had the advantage of hearing from that distinguished churchman, a charming little discourse on the work that was being done by women, in England!

During those favored days, the English speaking clergy had also their meetings at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where various practical subjects of exceeding utility and interest were treated in a masterly fashion, by those so carefully chosen for that branch of the work. To the regret of many friends of that Community, very Rev. Father Cavanaugh, of the Holy Cross, president of Notre-Dame University, Indiana, was unable to be present, but his paper on "Priestly Devotion to the Eucharist," was fully appreciated. The "Upbuilding of parish by Frequent Communion," was exhaustively and in an able and attractive manner, treated by the Rt Rev. Mgr O'Brien, of Boston Mass. He was

followed, by Father Coyle, of Taunton Mass, who gave a careful and valuable study on "How to make The Holy Hour attractive."

In other Sessions, were dealt with such vital questions, as "Organization of Catechism Classes, by one well qualified to speak, Mgr Wall, New York and the "Priests' Eucharistic League : wherein, with an eloquence that was only equalled by his fervor, Rev. E. Poirier, S.S.S.,



The Cardinal Legate attending open air Mass.

gave a fine synopsis of the subject. Father Neagle of Malden, Mass., was listened to with rapt attention, while he spoke, upon "fostering vocations to the Priesthood." The Rev. Dr O'Brien, of Peterboro, Ont., gave a rapid, vigorous sketch of "Men's Societies and the Blessed Sacrament." While one of the greatest authorities upon the subject, who has done so much to propagate the good work by his books, Rev. George Quinn, S. J., of New-York, spoke of "Societies for Young People leaving School."

It would be difficult to pick out from this mass of solid, instructive, and edifying literature any particular feature. Every reader of a paper or speaker, had been chosen, with the nicest discrimination, so as to procure the best authority upon the subject treated. Different points of view, or different methods treating topics already familiar appealed more or less to different sets of listeners, and part of the charm of the occasion, was in hearing the various opinions on all that transpired, or in striving to distinguish any, where all were distinguished.



THE VICTIM OF LOVE

Jesus would not only abide with us on our altar, but He would come into our very hearts. The same love that resulted in the substantial union of His divine personality with our human nature, tended to another union of which each individual human soul should be the immediate object. As through love of us He graciously condescended to take up His abode on our altars, so through that same love would He deign to come into our hearts and abide there as the life of our lives, as the soul of our souls. He has prepared for us a banquet, wherein He establishes between Himself and us a union so close and intimate that it makes us in a manner one with Himself. Even as a mother nourishes the child of her womb with her own substance, so does Christ nourish us with His own flesh and blood, so that we may know and feel and realize that His love for us is all and more than a mother's love can ever be. Through the words of consecration He, the God-Man, is mystically slain and becomes for our sakes a victim of love, and we in Holy Communion partake of that Victim and identify ourselves with the same in union that passes all understanding. He is in us and we in Him ; His Heart beats on our hearts ; His soul penetrates and transforms our souls ; so that, as the Apostle words it, "it is now no longer we that live, but Christ who liveth in us."



Our Brother and Friend

THOSE who really practice the devotion of the Sacred Heart bring out in bold relief this most consoling truth, that Christ is not only our Brother and our Redeemer, but also our personal Friend. It was our Blessed Lord Himself who sounded the key-note of this devotion, when He said, as we read in St John's Gospel : " I will not now call you servants, but I have called you friends, because, all things whatsoever I have heard of my Father, I have made known to you." St John, 15. To unbosom one's soul completely, to keep nothing back ; this is a real test of friendship. Our Lord kept nothing back from us. But true friendship must be reciprocal ; it cannot be merely one sided. St Paul tells us how he himself responded to the loving invitation to be Christ's friend. First, he was absolutely convinced of our Lord's personal love for him. " I live," he writes to the Galatians, " in the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and delivered Himself up for me." Gal. 2 : 20. Next He brought that love right down into his daily life. Christ had said : " If you love me keep my commandments, . . . and the second commandment is like unto the first : Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

St Paul responded fully to the divine friendship ; so fully that he could say with absolute truth : " I live, now not I : but Christ liveth in me." Gal. 2 : 20. And he could add, " most gladly will I spend myself, and be spent for your souls, although loving you more, I be loved less," 2 Cor., 12 : The love of Christ was the soul motive-power of all his actions, he needed no return from creatures. The devotion to the Sacred Heart is therefore no new devotion. It began in fact when the Heart of Jesus started to beat and when its only adorer outside of the angelic choirs, was the Virgin Mother.

THE HEART THAT CARES

(Written for the Sentinel)

When the time seems long for the Rest to come,
 And my spirit sighs for the gloomless Home ;
 When a yearning so strange fills my aching heart ;
 Why do I hasten and quick depart
 Into His hallow'd Dwelling fair
 If only to gaze on Love's Prison there ?

'Tis because I know,
 My trouble He shares.
 In that Home there beats
 The Heart that cares.

When sad and dejected I sometimes see,
 So weary all things of earth to be ;
 When neither my heart nor lips can pray,
 And dreary the hours flow slowly away,
 Why does the Lamp with its trembling gleam,
 Upon my heart with a bright hope beam ?

It tells me He watches
 To comfort me there,
 I cannot languish
 While His Heart doth care.

When the struggle is fierce with the tempter's power,
 And my courage and strength seem almost o'er,
 Why do I seek the Home of Love
 And ask Him to shelter me as from above ;
 Trusting full well I'll be kept from sin,
 And in the dire battle the victory win ?

The Heart that careth
 Will fight for me.
 And ward off the danger
 What'er it be.

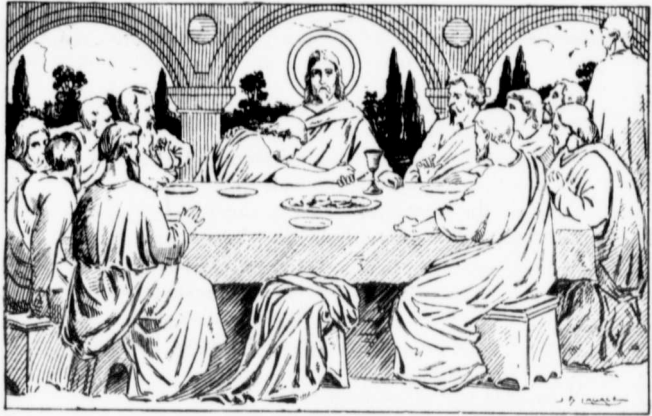
When my weakness bids me often fall,
 And men are severe — unseeing all —
 When justly — not knowing — I seem to them,
 As one that is wayward and they condemn :
 Why do the tears that scald my cheek,
 Flow only when anguished His Home I seek ?
 He dwells to pity
 And my weakness bears
 My tears flow faster
 Because I know He cares.

Why do I feel when men cannot guess,
 That each human heart hath its bitterness,
 And chide me for having a nameless grief,
 Just when I would seek for some kind relief :
 That there, before His Calm Presence yet,
 The comfort that none else would give I'll get ?
 I know He lives
 To hear my pray'rs
 For my pain is true
 To the Heart that cares.

When the hope that my sorrow would sympathy find
 From those I had looked up to as sincere and kind,
 Is crushed instead with a mocking word,
 Which I feel would be better, were it not heard ;
 Why do I go with mine unnoticed pain,
 And laying it before my Saviour, complain ?
 'Tis because my sorrow
 He'll make His own,
 There's sympathy ever,
 For a heart forlorn.

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

(To be continued)



HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus is Condemned to Death.

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Et Pilatus adjudicavit fieri petitionem eorum. Dimisit autem illis eum qui propter homicidium et seditionem missus fuerat in carcerem, quem petebant ; Jesum vero tradidit voluntati eorum.

And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required. And he released unto them him who for murder and sedition had been cast into prison, whom they had desired ; but Jesus he delivered up to their will. (LUKE XXIII, 24, 25).

I. — Adoration.

Pilate was seated at his tribunal, surrounded by his judicial associates and officers, and by the soldiers. Jesus is there, standing at the foot of the judgment-seat, covered with the tattered red cloak, His crown of thorns on His sacred head. Below swayed the angry populace, clamoring loudly for His death on the cross.

Conquered at last by the fear of Cæsar, Pilate pronounced the fatal sentence : " Thou shalt die the death of the cross ! " Then addressing the lictor : " Lictor, prepare the cross ! "

Jesus listens in silence and humbly submits to the sentence of the Roman judge.

Shouts of joy arise on all sides. Jesus is condemned, and Barabbas is set free. The people have all that they want. Look at the Redeemer of the world accepting, with the majesty of a God, Pilate's unjust condemnation. Is it not He before whom the pillars of Heaven tremble, as says holy Job? Is He not the Just One *par excellence*, Innocence itself, before whom the Powers of heaven are not pure? Contemplate that sacred head crowned with the mock diadem, those eyes swimming in tears and blood, that face covered with blood and spittle, that wounded body, those hands laden with chains, that derisive sceptre. By these marks do you recognize the Judge of the living and the dead?

Fall at His feet. He is there, really present and living under the white mantle of the Sacred Species. And with eyes fixed tenderly on His Sacrament, protest against Pilate's iniquitous decree of death.

O Pilate, false judge, you trembled at the mere thought of having oppressed Innocence! The time will come, it is not far off, when your own soul will fall into the hands of this Prisoner whom you are at this moment condemning! He will judge your judgment and give you to understand in all its atrocity the injustice you are now committing. May it please God that your sentence may not be, also, a decree of death, for that would be for all eternity!

I adore Thy divine justice, O Holy Trinity, rendering the inexorable decree which will destroy the Innocent One while saving the guilty! I adore Your infinite goodness, O Heavenly Father, O Holy Spirit, who hesitated not to deliver to humiliations, to infamy, the Second Person of Your Most Holy Trinity! I adore Thy immense charity, O Well-Beloved Son, who didst consent to undergo so many injuries, so much ignominy, for the salvation of the human race! Thou art the Life, and Thou dost condemn Thyself to death, to the shameful death of the cross!

I recognize Thee, O divine Saviour, hidden in the Host, as the Master of life and death! It was Thou who, in Thy eternal council with Thy Father and Holy Spirit, did determine in a certain and infallible manner the day, the precise hour, the place, and all the circumstances of my death. Thou

isit
sus
idit

ed.
ion
sus

cial
ere,
the
ad.
his

ced
!"

knowest with a knowledge that cannot be deceived whether at that fearful moment I shall be in grace or not, in favor or—Oh, supreme woe!—in disgrace with Thee! Thou knowest whether my name is written in the Book of Life, or inscribed upon that of the reprobate. I acknowledge, O Jesus, Thy sovereign dominion and authority over this little worm. I adore in advance all Thy divine decrees! At this moment, I beg Thee to accept at that of my death the destruction of my being as a feeble homage of my perfect dependence and my entire submission.

II. — Thanksgiving.

One day, the Divine Saviour said to a disciple: "*As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting.*"

The day which was to be the greatest in the history of man, the most fecund in results for both the past and the future, was come. It was the great day of expiation, determined from all eternity in the councils of God. The Saviour's condemnation to death, drew all humanity from the dark prison in which it had been languishing for so many long ages, and restored to it the liberty of the children of God.

Behold why Jesus, the Saviour of the world, not accepted, but received with immense joy, the decree that condemned Him to death. To die—that was the greatest desire of His Heart. To die on the cross, that was the ravishing dream of His whole life. It was the Baptism of Blood for which He so ardently sighed. No, never before had the Heart of Jesus beat with such joy! He was, at last, going to give to the world the supreme and indisputable proof of His love. Men were dead. They were now to live and be saved.

Pilate, says the sacred Text, "*delivered Him up to their will.*" He is delivered up! First, it was Satan who, fearing to lose His empire over souls, delivered Jesus to Judas. Then it was Judas who delivered Him through avarice to the Princes of priests! "*What will you give me, and I will deliver Him to you?*" It was next the priests who, through jealousy and hatred, delivered Him to Pilate: "*Thy nation and Thy priests have delivered Thee to me!*" Lastly, Pilate

delivered Him to the executioners to be crucified : “ *And he delivered Him to be crucified.* ”

But, in reality, He who actually delivered Jesus to death, was God His Father. It was, indeed, He who, not sparing His own Son, “ *delivered Him for our salvation.* ” He did it, however, only with the consent of His Well-Beloved Son. And Jesus Himself, like a meek lamb, in order to wipe out the sins of the world, “ *delivered Himself to His judge,* ” to be condemned, and to His executioners to be crucified. Why did Jesus deliver Himself willingly to death ? The whole explanation of this is written in letters of fire in the Sacred Heart : “ *Love !* ” “ *He loved us and delivered Himself for us.* ” Still more, it was for love of me, for love of me personally, that He delivered Himself to death ! Every Christian may say as truthfully as the Apostle : “ *He loved me and delivered Himself for me.* ”

How shall I express to Thee my gratitude in view of so many benefits ? Although I was not permitted to press my loving lips respectfully upon Thy bound hands, upon Thy feet covered with blood, I can always find Thee in the Eucharist. Thither will I frequently come to tell Thee of my gratitude and love. O Jesus, who didst so generously accept death for me, grant that henceforth I may live and breathe only for Thee !

III. — Reparation.

Pilate weakly yielded to the wishes of the Jews. He sets Barabbas at liberty and condemns Jesus to the punishment of the cross, and that after solemnly declaring, over and over, that Jesus was innocent. The cause of this crying injustice was that he wanted “ *to satisfy the people,* ” free himself from the threatening multitude, and regain by his concession his long waning popularity. True, he had to sacrifice for that an innocent Man, but a Roman Procurator, and above all a Pilate, did not think much of that. Behold why he delivered Him “ *to the will of the Jews.* ” Doubtless, it would be his own soldiers that would execute the horrible sentence, but by that he would be doing the will of the Jews and their High priests. He would do what they wanted, and so satisfy their hatred and passion. They have called for death, and now they have it. The people and the Sanhedrim are satisfied. Pilate decides, then, in quality of judge “ *adjudicavit* ”

that Jesus must die, must be crucified, This is *the most iniquitous* sentence that Pilate ever pronounced. How often did he not solemnly witness to the innocence of Jesus ! And the result of his deliberations is the punishment of death. The same lips that pronounce the Saviour's innocence now condemn Him to the cross.

It was the *most cruel* sentence, for of all the punishments he could have inflicted, crucifixion was the slowest and the most painful. It was the *most ignominious* sentence. Among the Romans, the cross was reserved for slaves. Among the Jews, only the guilty put to death for crimes of exceptional gravity were exposed on a gibbet, in order to inspire their fellow-citizens with salutary terror. It was, moreover, written in the Law : "*He is accursed of God who hangeth on a tree.*" It was, indeed, to the most infamous death that this base judge condemned Jesus in order to comply with the desire of the Jews.

There is no excuse for Pilate. He sinned gravely by rendering an evidently unjust sentence, and that with full knowledge of the case. He was bound, *ex officio*, to protect innocence, He Himself had said as much. He could very easily deliver Him whom he had declared innocent. And since he could have done it, he should have done it. He had even nothing to fear from Caesar. In setting Jesus free, he would have executed a law of the Roman code, which ran : "The voice of the people ought not to be heard when it expresses the desire of absolving the guilty or of condemning the innocent." His hesitation at the beginning of the trial, far from extenuating his crime, did but render it inexcusable, for it clearly showed that he had consciousness of his responsibility. Bossuet says : "Without doubt, Pilate had some honesty and justice. He had even some strength and vigor of character, for he showed himself capable of resisting the persuasions of the priests and the clamors of a mutinous populace. But because he was not able to stand the name of Caesar, all his love of justice fell short. His weakness had the same effect as malice would have had. It led him to flagellate, condemn, and crucify Innocence itself. The very worst punishment that could be inflicted on a wretch whose guilt had been proved, fear made him allot to one evidently just. Such are the virtues of the world. They are vigorously sustained until

there is a question of some great interest. Oh, virtues unworthy of so august a name ! Oh, virtues that have nothing more than vices but a weak and miserable appearance ! ”

And so, Pilate gravely washes his hands before the people and throws upon others the horror of his crime. He had acknowledged Jesus' innocence, thus openly accusing himself of the most revolting injustice, and he now says to the multitude “ *This is your affair !* ” The people may, indeed, assume the responsibility of innocent blood, but that will not prevent that blood's being an ineffaceable stain on Pilate's hands. The Roman judge has rendered himself guilty of murder, a real judicial murder upon the adorable person of the Saviour, so says Saint Augustine. Both the Governor and the governed will go down in the memory of men crushed under the weight of the same reprobation.

The divine malediction was not long in falling on the Procurator. Some years later, in the year 36, Pilate was deprived of his office in consequence of the massacre of the Samaritans. It is thought that the Emperor Caligula exiled him to Vienne, where he committed suicide. Such is the fate of those who, in order not to displease the world, fear not to displease Almighty God.

Pardon, Jesus, pardon, for that frightful crime of Thy condemnation to death ! Never by any judge whatsoever was so manifest an injustice committed. Pardon for all those that still daily condemn Thee anew in condemning their neighbor ! Grant mercy to those poor souls that are suffering in purgatory for having falsely judged their neighbor on mere appearances ! And *I* myself—how often have I like Pilate capitulated before duty, putting Thy rights on a par with my own pleasures and passions ! How often on slight appearances have I condemned innocent actions, given to indifferent words a false interpretation, judged rashly of the conduct of others !

IV. — Prayer.

We were all condemned to the double death of time and eternity. Jesus delivered us from the second, but the first remains to be undergone. That condemnation was pronounced by God Himself immediately after the fall of our first parents. Certain it is that there is no commutation of

of this punishment, although the time, place, and circumstances are uncertain. So man's most important affair, that which goes before all others, however pressing they may seem, is to prepare himself for the acceptance of this sentence. But how undergo this condemnation so frightful to nature? Cast your eyes on the Divine Condemned, and prepare for it with as much care as He did during His whole life. Yes, His entire life was a preparation for death. He prepared by leading a life wholly celestial in which the world, the flesh, and the senses had no part.

Jesus prepared for death by leading a life of privation and suffering. "The whole life of Christ," the *Imitation* tells us, "was a cross and a martyrdom." Would you courageously undergo the execution of this terrible decree, imitate Jesus, live in suffering and privation? Would you die a good death, die daily to self. This was all that Saint Paul did in preparation for death. Jesus prepared for death by making it the constant object of His thoughts. It was the desire *par excellence* of His will. Nothing better disposes a man to die than the frequent thought of death, of that death a thousand times blessed which will put us in possession of our precious inheritance.

Grant, O Divine Saviour, that at that most solemn moment of my life, I may be pleasing to Thee! Make me accept with the same joy as Thou didst the execution of the divine decree! Of myself, I am unable, but hast Thou not remained on this earth in the Eucharist to help me to die well? All the pulsations of Thy Heart—are they not so many desires to see me reigning with Thee in Thy kingdom? Hast Thou not in reserve a Host, the Host of my Viaticum, to strengthen me for that terrible moment? Then, what shall I have to dread? Strong in Thy strength, I shall tread without fear the frontiers of death, sure of finding in Thee eternal peace and joy.

"My Lord God, even now, resignedly and willingly, I accept at Thy hand with all its anxieties, pains, and sufferings, whatever kind of death it shall please Thee to be mine."

NOTE.—To this prayer, which we cannot too often recommend, His Holiness Pius X attached, March 9, 1904, an extraordinary spiritual favor. It is a Plenary Indulgence reserved for the hour of death for those who, during life, on any day of their choice, and in true sentiments of love for God, shall have recited it after Confession and Communion.

The Eucharist and the Rosary.

The First Glorious Mystery.

THE RESURRECTION.

Glories of the Eucharist.



THE great festival of the Passover is ended ; the strangers have probably left the city and Jerusalem is proud and selfsatisfied on that Easter Morning. The Great Sequer is, in their opinion, safely out of the way forever and the chief priests are breathing freely again.

Little did they think that the holy humanity which they had crushed unto death all through the Passion, was but the outer shield of the immortal, eternal God whom they would meet again in judgment.

They fancied that a handful of soldiers set to guard the Sepulchre, a bit of cord and wax was sufficient provision to imprison the Master of the universe.

Little did they dream that on that very morning He was in the city with them again, triumphant, impassible immortal, brighter than the very stars of heaven.

With Jesus' friends the world over, we rejoice in this triumph. There are times when our narrow experience might lead us into asking our Dear Lord why He did not stay on with me, now that His dear Person was beyond the reach of enemies, but such is not God's way of doing things. Forty days was all the glory He could spare for Himself here just enough to put a finishing touch to His doctrine and to reassure the poor saddened Apostles that they were still His own willing workers, despite the defections and failures of the hour of test. Then the glory of the Resurrection is set aside for the dark tomb of the Tabernacle, and that will be His home "unto the consummation". Our Christian faith seeks Him under the Sacramental species and our soul recom-

pensed at times by a mystical vision, is thrilled as were the souls of the Apostles when the Risen Saviour appeared to them with the tender "Pax vobis" for a greeting.

But that intimate phenomenon of the spiritual life is a rare visitant, and rarer still are the astounding miracles by which Jesus steps outside the Eucharistic darkness into the glory of His Person, showing Himself in a visible form to an awed multitude.

Obscurity is the law ; nevertheless, He wishes that the Sacramental Sepulchre should be glorious and He depends upon us to make it so. Thou must not be disappointed, dear Master !

The impious persist in seeing in the Eucharist nothing more than the feeble sign which strikes the senses. They close their eyes to the ever increasing homage with which Christian faith and love encircle the divine Sacrament. Have the worship of genius and love ever been lacking to Jesus in the Sacrament of Love ?

What strenuous efforts do we not see on the part of the most gifted intellects to establish the truth of the Real Presence ! What profound study of the benefits and Miracles of grace hidden beneath the little white Host ! Note the sublime hymns of the poets and the soul-stirring music and canticles of the great Masters of art. See the incense, the flowers, the precious treasures gold, silver, stones and marble which is ever being polished chiselled and made to breathe a message to us, all by the skilful hands of master minds. Note again the beauties of our liturgy and the splendid feasts instituted by the Church. And what shall we say of the yearly convocation of loving souls each longing to bring his best in honor of the Word made flesh and dwelling amongst us ? Was not our Mount Royal for one whole week a royal mount from which was proclaimed the glories of our Eucharistic King ? From a thousand altars each day during the Congress rose a mighty flood of the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ to heaven from the hands of three thousand priests in that most solemn act of worship, the Sacrifice of the Mass.

A reawakening in our memory of that interminable procession of faithful hearts who came from all parts of the world to the great feast of faith, Adoration and Love will do us good. It was all very beautiful to behold,



The Resurrection

each one of that vast concourse speaking out his feeling in his heart's hymn or his soul's prayer. A more glorious spectacle still is that of Christians transfigured by their intimate relations with the Eucharist and exempli-

ying in the midst of the world the sublime virtues of the God upon whom they have feasted in the early morning.

The Prophet has well said : " *Erat sepulcrum ejus gloriosum*". Glorious indeed is the sepulchre of stone whence the Saviour issued triumphant, and just as glorious is the sepulchre of bread whence He issues in each loving heart.

If the unbeliever were not quite so obstinate in restricting his gaze to the outward sign of the divine Sacrament ; if he could get himself to consider with a sincere eye the perpetual honor with which this Sacrament is surrounded he would soon be convinced that a common little wafer cannot be the centre of so much external glory.

We must bear in mind that the glory which Jesus is to receive must come from us. He depends upon us to give it to him and to get it for Him. He expects it as the natural outcome of our faith and our love. And how can we show it ? In a thousand little ways.— By our earnestness in assisting at any Eucharistic demonstration ; by deeming it an honor to serve as escort to the Blessed Sacrament and in swelling the ranks of adorers ; by increasing our alms and our contributions for the erection of churches in poor parishes ; by helping to embellish God's altars etc. Let us not be satisfied in serving our Eucharistic Lord as we, at times, serve a long-tried faithful servant, by giving the cast off remnants of our worldly splendor.

We should give the very best we have. Is anything too good for our God ? Has He stinted us in the distribution of His gifts ? We may be poor, but is it only money that counts when there is question of pleasing God ? Let the rich give what they may be tempted to waste, and let the poor give themselves earnestly to His service, manifesting the glory of the Eucharist by the splendor of the virtues drawn from the Tabernacle and practised for His sake. Cannot we all, every one of us, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, accept in silent endurance the daily disappointments, the slights that come to us unexpectedly, the bitter word of criticism and the thousand causes of worry in the home ?

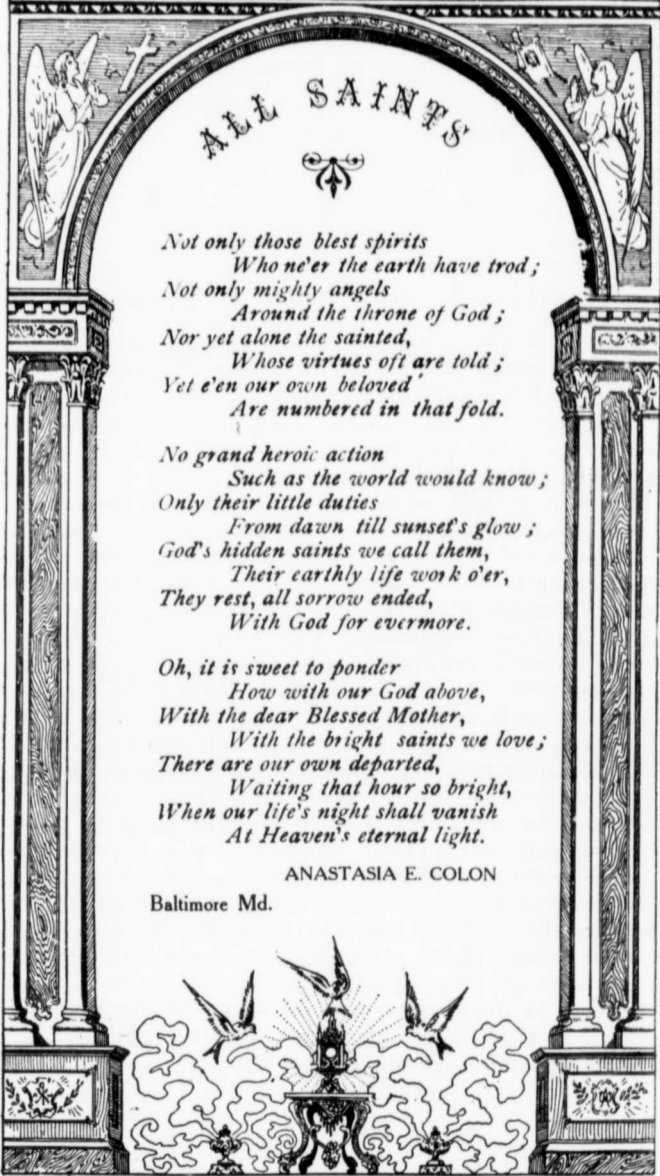
We might, if we wished, so surround the Blessed Sacrament with honors of worship and imitation that an unbelieving world would be forced to cry out like St Thomas :

Dominus Meus, Deus meus !



Gratitude of the Holy Souls

ON ONE festival day, when my place of business was closed, I was reading a book on "the Souls in Purgatory." I was absorbed in my subject when a messenger came and told me that my youngest child, aged four years, showed the first symptoms of a very grave disease. The child rapidly grew worse, and the physicians at length declared there was no hope. The thought then occurred to me that perhaps I could save my child by making a vow to assist the suffering souls in purgatory. I accordingly repaired at once to a chapel, and with all fervor, supplicated God to have pity on me ; and I vowed I would distribute gratuitously a hundred copies of the book that had moved me in behalf of the suffering souls, and give them to ecclesiastics and to religious to increase devotion to the Holy souls. I had, I admit, hardly any hope. As soon as I returned to the house I found the child much better. He asked for food, although for several days he had not been able to swallow anything but liquids. The next day he was perfectly well, got up, went out for a walk, and ate as if he had never had anything the matter with him. Filled with gratitude, I was anxious only to fulfill my promise. I went to the College of the Jesuit Fathers and begged them to accept as many copies of the work as they pleased, and to distribute them amongst themselves and other communities and ecclesiastics as they thought fit, so that the suffering souls, my benefactors should be assisted by further prayers.



ALL SAINTS

*Not only those blest spirits
Who ne'er the earth have trod ;
Not only mighty angels
Around the throne of God ;
Nor yet alone the sainted,
Whose virtues oft are told ;
Yet e'en our own beloved
Are numbered in that fold.*


*No grand heroic action
Such as the world would know ;
Only their little duties
From dawn till sunset's glow ;
God's hidden saints we call them,
Their earthly life work o'er,
They rest, all sorrow ended,
With God for evermore.*

*Oh, it is sweet to ponder
How with our God above,
With the dear Blessed Mother,
With the bright saints we love ;
There are our own departed,
Waiting that hour so bright,
When our life's night shall vanish
At Heaven's eternal light.*

ANASTASIA E. COLON

Baltimore Md.

Forsake All and Find All



JESUS CHRIST communicates to the refined soul the grace of self-forgetfulness, of entire abandonment of self, says Venerable Pere Eymard. A soul that communicates should reach that degree at which she will love Our Lord for Himself. She must learn to give herself without saying : What shall I get in return ? He who asks for a recompense for all he does loves not. To live of Jesus for self is well ; but to live of Him for Himself is better. Behold what Jesus Christ demanded of St Peter : ' Lovest thou Me ?' " Yes, Lord, I love Thee ?" St Peter hesitated. He weeps, and his tears are an avowal of his great desire to love more than all the others. Our Lord is then satisfied. He gives him His sheep and His lambs to feed. He lays upon his shoulders the heaviest burden that man has ever borne though promising him no recompense. Our Lord wants us to forget self. He asks those that love Him truly to lose self, to entrust generously to Him, without counting the cost, all their interests spiritual and corporal, temporal and eternal. To be diffident, to ask for proofs, to make reserves, is ordinarily a sign of sloth. It costs little to say to God that we love Him when He fills us with tenderness ; but it is in the tempest that we must cry out with Job : ' Etiam si occideris me, in te sperabo ! — Even if Thou shouldst slay me, I will hope in Thee !' Here we give the whole self ; there we give only of our superabundance. Truly, Our Lord is not seeking His own interest in the love that He testifies for us. He has no need of us. He loves us only for our own good, to render us happy. He asks us for all in return. Let us not pause to think so long upon what we shall receive, if we desire to love Him truly as He has loved us. Does it follow that we shall not be recompensed, that we shall get nothing in exchange for this absolute gift of self ? No, certainly not ! Our Lord demands all from us that He may give us back still more, like the mother who, to test the affection of her child asks for its little toys and then returns them to it with others still more

beautiful, satisfied to see that her child loves her more than all else.

Come then, give all to Our Lord, ye souls who live of the life of Communion ! Give your works, your merits, your heart and all its attachments, even the most lawful, the most legitimate. That is difficult, this is agony for the poor human heart. But when we think to whom we make the offering, Oh, then, the choice is quickly made !



Nocturnal Adoration



T Alphonus de Liguori in one of his beautiful "visits to the Blessed Sacrament" exclaims : " O adorable Jesus, Thou dwellest night and day in Thy sacred Tabernacles."

That dwelling is another and indisputable proof of Jesus' great love for us. Darkness shrouds the earth, man slumbers and renews his strength in the peace of sleep, and, as the Prophet says, only arises in the morning to resume his occupations ; whereas Jesus' love for us knows no slumber, but keeps Him in His Tabernacle night as well as day, always ready to receive us, always ready to give us His graces.

Since the love of Jesus Christ knows no rest even during the darkness of night, is it just that we who owe our redemption to Him, should cease to adore Him at night, should worship Him only during the day ? Such is far from being the verdict of spiritual writers. We see especially in big cities where good will not allow itself to be outdone by evil, valiant Christians rise at night, assemble round the Tabernacle and in fervent vigil silently adore God and send up to Him the incense of their prayers, the praise of their canticles.

So many dark deeds fill the night that the reason for this Nocturnal Adoration and solemn reparation is self-evident. St John in his Apocalypse laments how evil-doers, blasphemers cease not their outrages night or day but often, in persuasion of their wickedness, turn day into night and night into day. Therefore true adorers, adorers who according to the Gospel adore in spirit and truth, should watch during the night before the Tabernacle like those sentinels mentioned by the Prophet Isaias :

"I have stationed sentinels on thy walls, O Jerusalem. They shall not slumber but guard thee night and day." Glorious privilege enjoyed by Nocturnal Adorers, those loyal sentinels ever faithfully guarding the Eucharistic Christ, and singing His praises while the rest of the world slumbers.

Judging by the wonders He wrought therein, God wished as it were, to consecrate the night. It was at night that He appeared to Isaac and announced the blessings about to gladden him ; it was at night, according to Exodus, that the Lord struck all the first-born of the Egyptians, from the first-born of Pharaoh seated on his throne to the first-born of the handmaid at the mill and all the first born of beasts ; it was at night that the Hebrews escaping from servitude eat the bread of the Lamb without spot, type of the Redeemer : " And the whole multitude of the children of Israel shall sacrifice at night and at night eat the flesh roasted at the fire. "

It was at night that the Word came into the world to redeem it ; it was at night that in a mysterious Epiphany the Messiah manifested Himself to the Shepherds ; it was at night that Jesus instituted the Sacrament of the Eucharist : " The Lord Jesus in the night He was betrayed, took bread, and gave thanks, and broke it saying : ' Take ye and eat. '

If Jesus has wrought so many marvels during the night for man, object of His love, is it not mere justice that man whom He loved to such an extent, should not forsake Him at night in His Tabernacle, but, that humbly prostrate before this mystic tent he should offer

Him homage of praise and prayer following the example of this divine Master, who, Himself, spent His nights in prayer :

The God within the Host
Gives me the pledge of peace :
The promise well assured
Of joys that cannot cease.

In all my sufferings, therefore, in all my weakness and temptations, will I confidently call upon Thee, Jesus, Sacred Host ; hear me, benign Master, and when Thou hearest, have pity, have mercy.

~~~~~

Jesus, Sacred Host, let the remembrance of Thy kindness and patience conquer the malice and evil inclinations of my perverse nature and make my whole life nothing but a desire of Thee. Make me always consider Thy blessed example, through how many and great pains, and how little pleasure, thou pressedst on to a bitter death : because it is the way to a glorious resurrection.



### Deceased Members

Mrs. Nora Egan, *Westport, Ont.* — Edward Small,  
*Ste. Agathe, P.Q.* — Miss Julia Breen, *Montreal.*

---

Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal