



SAINTE CECILIA.

By E. Azambre



The Friend Divine.

THERE are no multitudes to throng Him
here.

No chiding voices nor detaining
hands—

Our Lord within the Tabernacle
stands.

To human need accessible. Draw near
And pour thy confidence into His ear ;

He twice lay helpless in His swath-
ing bands,

And life's insistent—yea, and death's
—demands,

Fulfilled with courage, Godlike and
sincere.

There is no other, howsoever dear,
Can whisper, in the silences, apart,

Such sympathetic words as He
Whose Heart

Was torn for love by the centurion's
spear.

Red as His blood, the lamp before
the Shrine—

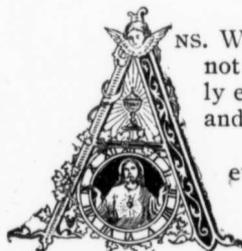
Oh, wound not, by neglect, the Friend
Divine.

JENNIE T. HILES.

TO CHRISTIANS PARENTS
PRETEXTS.

Communicating every week is quite sufficient.

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Q. Who is judge, the Church or you? Has not Christ's representative spoken clearly enough? Then your duty is to obey and to modify your former prejudices.

A. It seems to me you have not yet even grasped the real nature of the Sacrament of the Eucharist as nourishment of souls. You forget that daily communion is proposed to all in the world as well as in the cloister, and is not a privilege of caste, a pious passtime for people of leisure, or a luxury for feminine devotion.

I do not approve of excess, even in devotion. I want my children to be virtuous, even pious, but not to the extent of going to communion every day.

Ans. Daily communion is not an excess, but a normal rule. It partakes of the nature of corporal food, the eating of which every day is not absolutely indispensable to the preservation of life, but is undoubtedly the regular rule of the toiler and of all those who desire to be strong and healthy and free from morbid influences.

Pious in a measure, fear that soon your child be virtuous in a measure also? To be affable in manner, correct in demeanor, neither murderer nor robber, may suffice for the world's code; but that of the Gospel is more exacting and speaks of humility, of charity, of detachment from riches, of self-renunciation, of interior piety and above all of the divine life to preserve. This life and the virtues which are its emanation have for vital sustenance the eating of the Bread of Life! Careless yourself in God's service, you would calculate with Him and be satisfied so long as your children avoid grave disorders?

My child is too young to communicate so often.



**St. Stanislas Kostka.**

RECEIVING COMMUNION FROM AN ANGEL.

(Feast 13 of November.)

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Ans. In the eyes of the church age is no obstacle. Once she has allowed the child to make his first communion she reserves his place at the holy table and even invites him to occupy it every day. During many centuries the church gave communion right after baptism even to children ; and in many places the Eucharistic particles were consumed by the little children.

It is precisely because Jesus is still Master of those young hearts that you must assure the perpetuity of His reign ; that they must be impregnated with God's grace before passion asserts its empire, or exercises its evil influence.

Jesus loves with special affection those little ones. His sentiments towards them have not changed since that long ago when he said to His Apostles who wished to send them away : 'Suffer them to come unto Me' ; and by communion is realized the most perfect response to that request.

My child does not need frequent communion ! He is good pious, everything that could be desired without making so many communions.

Ans. You do not see the need ! Still it exists just the same. Do you question the Church's affirmation ? Your child is perfect so much the better ! May he always remain so ! But do you realize how much of that goodness is due to his surroundings : christian education, ideal home influences, religious instruction, good example, freedom from bad companions and dangerous occasions, all precious safeguards, but which your own common sense tells you cannot last always ; and howerer much, these qualities you boast of resemble virtue, they are so, only in the natural order, and do not increase sanctifying grace. In this young soul you must make life abound divine life and for that purpose there is but one means, the Eucharist.

Consequently be prudent and act wisely ! You do not wait till your house is destroyed by fire to insure it. Neither do you doubt but that it is preferable to guard what you have amassed than to laboriously rebuild ruins.

Beware of illusion ! How many parents see in their children only angels of innocence when already they are victims of passion or at least of its violent assaults. Less

mistrustful than this presumptuous confidence in fragile virtue, is the after avowal of many young penitents ; they render the most beautiful homage to the virtue of the Eucharist in acknowledging, at the priest's feet, their weakness away from it, their indomitable strength when they partake of it often.

Form the children's character, develop their energy that is what is most necessary and will produce better results then making them communicate so often.

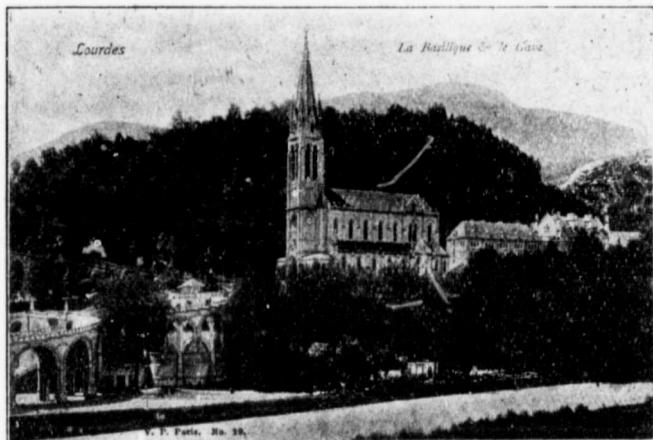
Ans. Once more, I repeat, the Church only values what is most necessary ; and that is to make your children communicate frequently. Your words would be blasphemous were not ignorance and confusion of ideas the most distinct their excuse. Let me explain.

How or in what does communion harm or enervate the character ? Do you not know that by it, according to Colonel Poquerow a Christian living in the world, " we incorporate the highest light and the strongest dose of energy". The communion that in the time of persecution was the strength of martyrs ; the Eucharistic Bread that rendered them superior to all tortures as well as to all seductions shall it lose any of its virtue in the daily life ? Shall Jesus-Christ fail to bring to those who now eat this Eucharistic Bread strength in their warfare, solace in their need ? Why that is the main object of His coming !

Has any power yet been discovered that will impart more energy than frequent communion ? To be moderate in legitimate satisfactions to renounce sin in any shape or form, to be unselfish and devoted, things painful to nature but which communion renders less difficult less irksome. And if those who receive communion are not all, and at all times heroes what would they be without it, and what are compared to them, those who do not receive it ?

After all you are Christian parents. You believe these words of Jesus-Christ : Without me you can do nothing." You understand : without entertaining without nourishing supernatural life it is impossible to produce the acts thereof which call for a courage and energy of the same kind, namely supernatural.

The most laudable efforts, apart from grace, leave us in the inferior region of the human and natural, whereas the least through grace or purity of intention elevates to the spiritual and divine.



Basilic - in the Valley

## A Protestant Doctor's Conversion.



SOME years ago a young American Doctor made his First communion, in the church of the Rosary, in Paris ; and was confirmed by the Bishop of Nimes I had the honor of being sponsor for this dear colleague, who later on was to become a faithful friend of mine. After that first meeting I never lost sight of him, I visited him every year in Paris and finally we became so intimate that I could follow step by step the work that was accomplished in his soul since his conversion, and be an admiring witness of his wonderful zeal for the salvation of his separated brethren.

I also saw by what merciful ways God had led him to the true faith. In the conversion of Protestants in general, we often find the same means employed : prayer, the reading of the Scriptures and controversial works, calm discussion. It is more by study and reflection we reach those scientific men so accustomed to reason out problems for themselves, and so averse to exterior emotion or per-

suation of any kind. In my opinion Dr. Bull's conversion admirably illustrates this point. His conversion had three distinct stages :

The reading of the Bible disclosed to him the divinity of Jesus Christ.

The sermons of Cardinal Newman taught him that faith is a gift of God.

Finally by prayer he learned that he should seek for the truth in the Catholic Church.

He passed three years in this way. Slowly, deliberately going from one conclusion to another according as light dawned and dispelled his prejudices. As a rule the American and English do not tamely submit to any foreign influence but resolutely reason out their own convictions. The method pursued by Dr. Bull may serve as a model to his compatriots. The hand of the Blessed Virgin is clearly seen in the shaping of the last events ; study was not sufficient it required the action of grace, and the Virgin of the Grotto was the dispenser.

"I was born," writes Dr. Bull, in Hamilton, Canada, of a loyal Protestant family. The male members of which were Orangemen and swore to have nothing to do with priests my grandfather edited in Dublin an Irish Journal called ; The Catholic Antidote.

I was the oldest of thirteen children seven of whom still survive. I studied medicine at Mc Gill, Montreal.

In 1873 while practising in Massachusetts I was attacked by the first symptoms of pulmonary trouble. After vainly combatting it for some years, I started in 1881, for the Rockies, Colorado.

Feeling somewhat better in 1883 I left there, and went to New York, where I devoted myself exclusively to the treatment of eye diseases. In New York I formed the acquaintance of a Jew, named Felix Alder ; the director of a sect whose principles reposed on morality alone, and for whom religion had no significance whatever. I even went so far as to become their secretary.

At that time I no longer believed in anything, I had abandoned Protestantism and joined a Masonic-Lodge without, however, taking much interest in it.

In 1886 I went to Paris for the first time ; my intention in going there was to follow the eye-clinics to buy books and instruments.

I was most cordially welcomed by professor Juval and invited to make my future home with him. At first I refused the thing seemed impossible but after thinking the matter over, I changed my mind and consented to remain.

At the outset I was confronted by difficulties of all kinds, I could not practise without a diploma, nor could I speak French fluently. Still I determined to overcome those obstacles and set about the task with characteristic American obstinacy. As a result I passed all my examinations, got a diploma as French doctor, won a prize at Sorbonne and began my professional career. Even yet, I cannot think without a shudder of all I had to undergo during that time. My precarious health was a constant source of anxiety ; my utter lack of faith a bar to spiritual sustenance of any kind ; I lived in absolute scepticism and found in the love of study and of my profession the only consolation able to help me in this dreariness of a bleak sunless life.

How did I become a Catholic ! I had always mixed with Protestants and Jews and in my youth had read bad books about Catholics, and in consequence was deeply prejudiced and on my guard against them and their church. However, I had devotedly attended poor Catholics who prayed fervently for me ; I respected all convictions and always saw that the priest reached the bedside of dying Catholics in good time ; I baptized several infants in danger of death ; and finally since my sojourn in France Our Lady of Victories was besieged by prayers on my behalf.

An American from Washington but strange to say, a Protestant also, was the instrument chosen by Providence to lead me to the true faith. This lady was advised by one of my friends to consult me regarding her health, and followed my treatment for several weeks and wound up by taking an interest in my case.

Although a Protestant she daily recited a prayer given to her by a Catholic priest : the *Veni Sante spiritus, Come Holy Ghost*. She asked me to say it every day, " No, " I answered, " I don't believe in prayer. I consider it meaningless to pray, to ask for things like a beggar."

Still when I read the prayer over, I liked it very much and from that day recited it night and morning. It had a marked influence on the course of my ideas, and seemed

to lift me above my habitual preoccupations. In December, 1889, scarcely a month after I had begun its recital I was invited to a Protestant reunion. I accepted thinking it must be some charitable affair as for some time previous I had ceased to take an active part in the practises of that creed. The minister read an Epistle of St. Paul's which struck me forcibly. In consequence I bought a Bible and took special pleasure in reading some of its chapters every day. They seemed to transform me and give me a thorough new view of things, and before long I began to believe in the divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ and, by a chain of reasoning was compelled to admit the existence of a church, that must be, universal, and unchangeable.

But where to find that church was the puzzle. The Protestants as I knew by experience were too divided among themselves; the Catholics, I was too deeply prejudiced against to even think of seeking for it among them; and so for two long years I remained in this predicament but recited my prayer every day.

About this time 1891, a Magistrate of New York, also a Protestant gave me Cardinal Newman's sermons written before his conversion. This reading advanced me a step. From it I learned that reason did not suffice to lead to faith, that faith was a gift of the Holy Ghost granted to those who humbly ask for it. In looking through Newman's works I found a hymn he had composed while still a Protestant to ask for light: "Lead kindly Light" I began to recite it with much fervor and undoubtedly followed the same route as the Cardinal to reach the true faith.

I disclosed the state of my soul to a friend who handed me a Westminster Catechism, I persued it with great interest and without finding anything to which I objected; at the same time Father Matthew an Irish Passionist put me through a course of controversial works written by converted Protestant ministers. I assisted at Mass for the first time in December 1891, but did not understand the ceremony; a lady then brought me to the Sisters chapel in Lubeck St; I was greatly struck by the piety and recollection of the assembly, never before had I seen prayer offered in like manner.

In the month of May 1892, I felt for the first time an attraction towards devotion to the Blessed Virgin, spontaneous devotion, gratuitous gift of grace, as nothing either in my readings, or in the other circumstances of my life, had led me to it, at least not at that time more than any other ; but from the day it took possession of me I made rapid strides towards conversion, I no longer guided myself, I simply followed the current that bore me on ; sickness put an end to my waverings and conducted me to Lourdes, where I was to find the double cure of soul and body.

In the month of July I became seriously ill, my fever was continuous and the old pain in my chest reasserted itself with double force. Rightly alarmed at my condition I asked for baptism. In my last interview with Father Matthew I listened without disputing or contradicting, my doubts and prejudices had all vanished and left me strangely tranquil and submissive.

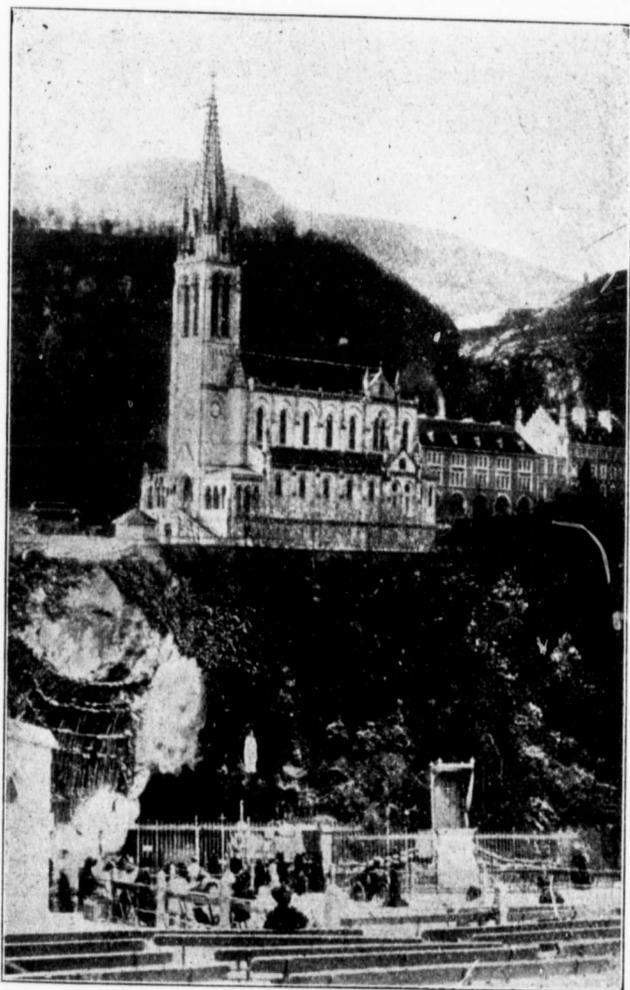
I made my abjuration and was baptized on the 25th of July. 1892, in the church of the Passionist's in the chapel of Our Lady.

Shortly afterwards I left for Arachon; my fever was still between 38 and 39 degrees. I remained there a month but did not improve much ; nevertheless baptism had changed me so completely that when I woke up during the night I consoled myself, saying : " I am a Catholic, and instantly everything grew bright !

Before renouncing Protestantism I had written to ask permission of my father and mother, the latter gave her consent, but my father took no notice of my letter though I learned afterwards that from the hour of its receipt he never again blasphemed the Catholic religion

I reached Lourdes about the end of August and on the first of September had the happiness of receiving my first Communion in the Church of the Rosary, from the hand of the R. F. Burose and this is, briefly outlined, the "story of my conversion."

I accompanied this dear friend to the altar as his sponsor, and still vividly remember the emotion of that day, and the lively faith of the new convert that won my warmest admiration. The Holy Ghost whom he had faithfully invoked for three years previous seemed to enlighten him



LOURDES — THE GROTTA AND BASILICA.

with supernatural light and give him full knowledge of Catholic truths. He was still sick consumed with fever, yet his confidence was absolute, he never doubted but that eventually he would be cured. Nor was he mistaken. He remained in Lourdes, some time with us and when he returned to Paris, at the end of September he was perfectly cured.

Since then his zeal for the conversion of his former separated brethren knows no bounds. "I suffered so much," he remarked to us quite recently, "by being deprived of the faith, I understand so well the danger one runs when deprived of it, that I am eager to procure for all the benefit I now enjoy."

He has already converted many Protestants and a few Jews. The English and Americans generally know how to gain their point. Their patience is inexhaustible and invariably courteous and carries them through long discussions and vital arguments with a gentle firmness that eventually slays every doubt and wins admiration even from their adversaries. Their principle is to make the light enter through the intellect aided by constant prayer. We, as a nation are more susceptible to exterior emotion and often it's our heart that brings back our reason.

The manner in which devotion to Our blessed Lady dawned on his reason is interesting. This unknown Virgin he had not found in his seekings came herself and took in hand the work of his conversion. By sickness she triumphed over his last doubts, that sickness that led him to Lourdes and caused him to return a well man and a perfect Christian well prepared to begin the Apostolate that henceforth is the aim of his life.

In this conversion of Dr. Bull's his fellow-practioners may find many a consoling lesson.

Who among us has not like him called the priest to the dying? Who among us has not baptized or at least caused to be baptized a child in danger of death? Who among us has not skilfully and devotedly taken care of the poor? Those acts of charity ranking among our first professional duties never go unrewarded. Consequently in those wonderful conversions, special graces and remarkable cures that have rendered the Grotto of Lourdes famous, no profession is more favored than ours, more richly endowed, or shows more loyalty.

DR. BOISSAIRE.



## Motives for Helping the Dead.

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1. What motives are there for succouring the souls in Purgatory?

There are five principal motives or reasons, namely : religion, justice, charity, gratitude and interest.

2. What motive from religion is there for succouring souls?

The virtue of religion urges us to procure and advance the glory of God.

Now Heaven is pre-eminently the seat of the glory of God. If then we succeed in delivering souls from purgatory, these will go the sooner to praise God and rejoice Heaven. It depends upon us to hasten this moment, happy both for God Himself and the souls.

3. Is it very pleasing to God for us to procure the deliverance of souls?

Doubtless : for the souls in purgatory are holy most worthy, and entirely consumed with the love of God. They belong to Jesus ; He has acquired them ; they are dear to Him ; He opens His arms to them and draws

them to Himself; but much as He loves them, yet He can do nothing for them; His justice prevents Him,—and that is why He confides them to us. He ardently desires that we should do for these souls, by way of suffrage,—what He cannot do directly by Himself.

4. What motive from Justice have we for helping souls?

Amongst the souls in purgatory there are some who suffer on our account; on account of the evil we have caused them to commit, by provoking them perhaps to anger or impatience. There are for example, the souls of our parents who may suffer for having loved us too much; for having been too weak in our regard; it may be also because we have neglected to fulfil their last wishes or to carry out their pious intentions. What an obligation for us.

5. How does charity urge us to solace the souls in purgatory?

These poor souls suffer intensely: and they are unable to help themselves; they are our neighbours and sisters in Jesus Christ; they call for our compassion, christian charity makes it a duty for us to succor them.

6. Against what commandment do those children sin who leave their dead parents without spiritual assistance?

Against the fourth commandment of God: which commands them to love their parents especially their parent's souls and to assist their parents generally.

7. And gratitude, does it also oblige us to go to the assistance of the poor souls?

Yes: gratitude does oblige us to do much under pain of being otherwise ingrates. For we owe our all to our Fathers and Mothers, for instance who have perhaps straitened themselves to nourish us and deprived themselves of the comforts of life that they might leave us an inheritance. At death they left us all, thinking not at all of themselves but only of us. It would be ingratitude to forget them. It would be cruelty to refuse them a prayer, an indulgence, a communion, or the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

8. What motives of interest have we to assist these souls?

There are numerous motives : for to begin with Christ has said " Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." By virtue of this divine promise we may rest assured that any service we may render the souls in purgatory,, will one day be returned to us. Secondly—These souls are holy ; they cannot be ungrateful, those whom we may aid or deliver from purgatory will be grateful to us in Heaven ; they will be so many advocates, who will intercede for us before the throne of God. Thirdly—Our Lord will magnificently recompense us, for He has said in His Go-pel. " As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren you did it to Me." These suffering souls belong to God ; and it is a point of faith that we can aid them by our suffrages.

9. Is it difficult to go to the aid of these souls ?

No, nothing is easier. Besides exercises of piety which may be done with a view to aid them, such as the rosary, holy communion, the way of the Cross, holy Mass, we can form the intention every morning of applying to them both the indulgences which we may be able to gain during the day, and the satisfactory portion of the good works to be done, such as the burden of work, acts of virtue and daily mortifications.

Example :

St. Gertrude every day of her life had made a present in favour of the suffering souls of all her meritorious actions of the day. Lying upon her death-bed, she was assailed with temptations from the demon who tried to persuade her that she had delivered so many souls from purgatory simply to go to occupy their place, and suffer more than they had. He represented to her the horrible punishments to which she would be subjected in expiation of the most trivial faults since she had reserved to herself nothing of her life's merits, having lavished them upon strangers quite unknown to her. Whilst she was a prey to these temptations, she saw Our Lord appear to her who addressed her in these words :

" What then, O Gertrude, is the cause of your unhappiness." She replied, ' Lord I am afflicted because I see

myself on the point of death without any capital of which to pay for the many faults I have committed'

Then Our Saviour, smiling sweetly upon her, consoles her :

" Gertrude, my daughter, that you may know how acceptable to me have been your charity and devotion towards these souls, I remit at this moment and without any exception, all the punishment that would otherwise have been reserved for you. Further I, who have promised a hundred fold to those who act for my love's sake, I will recompense you by increasing that degree. of glory which awaits you above. All the souls whom you have succoured shall come, by my order, to introduce you into the heavenly Jerusalem amidst their hymns of joy and praise."

The saint expired, some instants after filled with assurance and joy.

*The Franciscan Review.*

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## ST. CECILIA, V. M.

A. D. 230.

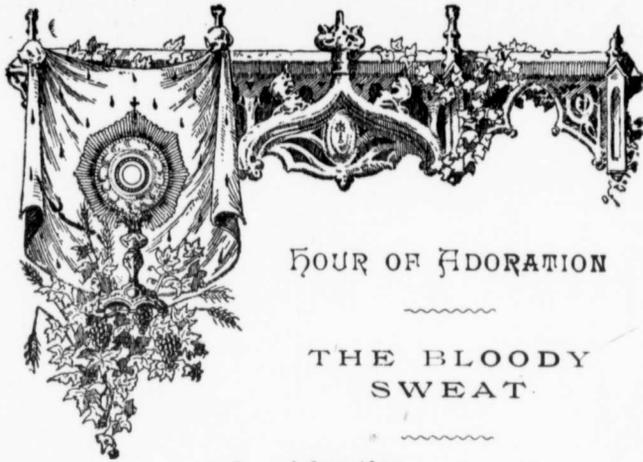
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THE name of St. Cecilia has always been most illustrious in the church, and ever since the primitive ages, is mentioned in the canon of the Mass. She was a native of Rome, of a good family and educated in the principles and perfect practice of the Christian Religion ; and from her assiduity in singing the divine praises is world renowned as the patroness of musicians.

In her youth she, by vow consecrated her virginity to God, yet was compelled by her parents to marry a nobleman named Valerian whom she converted and who was beheaded for the faith shortly before St Cecilia herself sacrificed her life for the same cause.

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(See frontispiece.)



## HOUR OF ADORATION

### THE BLOODY SWEAT

#### I. — Adoration.

When the Apostle Paul declares in his Epistle to the Hebrews that "without shedding of blood there is no remission" of sins, he is merely repeating the belief of all nations before him. All had made it in the shedding of blood a power of reparation; all had made it flow, but, instead of the blood of man and in his place, they shed that of the lower animals.

The reason for this is that life exists in the blood. To extract the blood from the veins and offer it to appease God's wrath is, by that very act, to offer a life to the Master of life, that is, to offer what man possess most precious in this world and, consequently, all that is most capable of touching God and of exhorting from Him pardon.

The blood that had been shed with so great abundance by all nations and in all places throughout the world, since the sin of Adam was, however, powerless to calm God's anger or to efface from a single soul the least sin. And why?

We must first recall that an offence is measured by the dignity of the one to whom it is offered. Now, sin, attacking the Divine Majesty, takes on a character of infinite malice, as says St. Thomas. Sin robs Him of infinite honor. To obtain pardon for it consequently, infinite honor, infinite glory, must in strict justice be offered to Him as atonement. But the blood of all goats and heifers, even the blood of all men, is insufficient to restore to God the least portion of the honor snatched from Him by sin, the greatness of honor springing from the dignity of him who atones.

Behold why the Son of God, smitten with tender compassion for men, clothed Himself with our humanity. He was then able

as man to render infinite honor to God, His Father. The least drop of blood shed for this end would, in strict justice, appease Him and obtain pardon for all sins, past and future. One drop of blood flowing from a person infinitely honorable, is of infinite price.

Kneel with the angel at the side of this august Pontiff offering Himself to God as a Victim for the salvation of souls. Unite in the perfect, the infinite adoration, worthy of God, which the Divine Victim, prostrate in the dust, bathed from head to foot in blood, presents in your name to Almighty God, for the expiation of your sins. At that mysterious moment the Infinite Being receives as much honor as could possibly be given to Him.

Kneel with the angel, and with him recognize in Jesus, so afflicted, the Saviour of the world, the Saviour of your own soul.

Adore every drop of the Blood that escapes from His pores. It is hypostatically united to the Person of the Word, and on that account it is divine, adorable. It possesses an infinite value. It can free the entire world and millions of other worlds from every crime.

Adore it mixed with the soil of the garden, and forming a clay that can efface the sins of the world.

And those drops of Blood the angels flocked to gather kneeling, in order to replace them in the veins of the Saviour at the Resurrection.

They are all there in the Sacred Host, which contains the Agonizing One of Gethsemanie. We drink them in Communion.

On your knees before this Host, before every chalice and ciborium in the whole world containing that Precious Blood, adore every one of those little drops, for they belong to a God.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

O my sweetest Jesus, what is the cause of the lamentable state in which Thou art at this moment? I see in this garden neither rods, nor thorns, nor nails, nor lance, to wound Thee. Whence comes it that Thou art all covered with Blood from head to foot? Thy eyes are no longer sufficient for Thee to weep, but Thou dost shed Blood from all Thy members. Why is Thy garment red? Why is Thy vesture like the robes of them that tread the wine-press?

The Holy Spirit gives us the true answer: "It is because He has loved us." He hath, therefore, "washed us in His Blood." During His whole life, the one great desire of the Heart of Jesus was to receive this Baptism, of blood: "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished?" He opens His veins and, of His own free will, pours forth His Blood and His life. It was, then, the throbbing of His love that sent forth the Precious Blood in streams. Jesus

placed His Heart under the press of His love, and there came forth the precious liquor of His Blood !

And this Blood that love presses out, the Divine Saviour offers to His Father for the remission of the sins of the world — of mine in particular. If the blood of Abel cried for vengeance, with what eloquence does that of Jesus cry for mercy !

This Precious Blood envelops the universe like a salutary deluge, to purify it from all uncleanness. When God cursed the earth, He condemned man to water it with the sweat of his brow. Jesus, to purify it, waters it with a sweat of Blood flowing from His Heart. It is, also, the sweat of His brow, but a bloody sweat, which gains for us all that is necessary for the supernatural life, specially the Bread of Communion. Every drop of that Precious Blood is a fruitful seed, which is to produce in the earth of souls the odoriferous flowers of all virtues. For a multitude of martyrs it will merit the grace of shedding their blood for the cause of Jesus. Apart from Mary and some privileged souls, where are they who comprehend all that souls, mine in particular, owe to this Blood of Jesus shed in the Garden of Olives ? Mary, help me to thank the Divine Agonizing One of Gethsemani !

Has the Blood of Jesus continued to flow since that touching scene of the Agony ? Its source is inexhaustible. It flowed again this very morning in thousands of chalices ! It flowed into the hearts of a multitudè of Christians, and it will not cease to do so till the end of the world, even to the last Mass said by the last priest on the last altar. And this Blood shed by Jesus flows always from the same source, His Sacred Heart. Divine wave ! It incessantly sweeps over, and in every sense, the world of souls. It causes in all those that it waters a splendid vegetation to spring up and flourish — a magnificent variety of sweet and brilliant flowers. In heaven alone your soul will be able to appreciate what it owes to the Precious Blood.

I thank Thee, O Jesus, for myself, for all the redeemed !

I thank thee, too, O Mary, to whom after Jesus I am indebted for this Precious Blood !

### III. — Reparation.

The sufferings, the sadness of Jesus' soul must have been very keen, the struggle He sustained very violent to reduce Him to such a state. He is there agonizing in mind and Heart, His body bathed and, so to speak, inundated in His own Blood, as a consecrated Victim expiating, effacing, destroying every sin by His Blood and sorrows. His sufferings are incomprehensible. As we see the grape, bruised and crushed under the wine-press, pouring out its juice, which trickles down on all sides, so was the Heart of

Jesus drained under the avenging hand of the Almighty. "He hath made a vintage of me in the day of His fierce anger."

Doubtless, the sight of His Blood trickling down upon the ground was for Jesus great joy. He rejoiced at the thought that this Blood would become a seed of life and resurrection for an immense number of sinners. But on the other hand, what intolerable anguish was it for Him to know that it would also become a cause of death and damnation for numbers of others! "What profit is there in my blood?"

Jesus expiated in advance all the crimes that men commit by profaning His Precious Blood, for this Blood, which He willed to bequeath to the earth, was the price of the greatest sacrifices.

How do I value the Precious Blood? Have I lively faith in its presence in the Most Blessed Sacrament? in its presence in the least particle of the tiniest Host? Do I comprehend in its entirety the benefit that Jesus willed to bestow on my soul by His bloody sweat in the Garden of Olives? Do I not for the slightest pretext neglect going to adore it when Jesus again sheds it every morning in the chalice of the sacrifice at Holy Mass? Am I truly happy to receive it often, every day, in that other still more precious chalice, my own heart? And if I receive it in Holy Communion, is it with all the love and attention that it deserves? Have I never had the misfortune to profane it, by receiving it into a heart sullied by mortal sin, thus rendering myself, according to St. Paul! "Guilty of the Blood of the Lord!"

Yes, Jesus would have suffered less had I sinned less! My faults alone, even without the executioners, could have procured His death. He saw the indifference, the profanations, the unworthy, the tepid, sacrilegious Communions of Christians of all times and places. He suffered for all, He expiated for all. His sorrow was further increased by the apathy of the three privileged ones who failed to understand the blessing of His bloody sweat. They did not kneel before it, they did not adore it. It was a being from His own heaven who was obliged to fulfil on our globe and in the name of humanity, the sweet rôle of consoler. Who is there that can restrain his tears on beholding those drops of our dear Saviour's blood trickling down upon the ground?

Look, O Christian Soul, look attentively at thy Divine Redeemer, the fountain of all sweetness! See His livid, bloodstained face. He is on His knees, His whole body trembling, His Heart transpierced with sorrow, and at His side and angel in prayer. Compassionate, groan, weep, give voice to thy grief. The tears of thy compassion greatly console this afflicted One.

Pardon, my Jesus, for all my faults against Thy Precious Blood! Pardon for the indifference of the Apostles! Pardon for the souls

in purgatory who have despised the efficacy of Thy Precious Blood! Pardon for all Christians that profane it in any manner whatsoever! Would that I could at this moment borrow the language of the angel to console Thee!

I desire for the rest of life to mingle my tears with the Blood Thou didst sweat for me in Gethsemani. Angel of heaven, lend me thy heart, thy tongue, thy tears! Grant me, O Jesus, by this effusion of Thy Precious Blood, true and heartfelt contrition!

#### IV. — Prayer.

From the moment that Jesus had this bloody sweat, "which flowed down upon the ground," His Blood belonged to the earth. According to the Prophet, "All the sinners of the earth shall drink."

O Heavenly Father, may the Blood of Thy Son, which purchased the world and restored it to Thee, — may this Blood of infinite price follow up its divine work of restoration over all Christian souls, over those of infidels, and over my own!

And do Thou, O Divine Saviour, make known its presence in the Blessed Sacrament! May all understand that this Blood no longer, like that of Abel, cries for vengeance, but for mercy! May all comprehend that it is Thy love, O Divine Redeemer, which sheds it anew on every altar throughout the world!

Do Thou make known its efficacy. There is no sin, no crime that it cannot cleanse. There are no moral diseases that it cannot cure, no vices that it cannot root out. It is for this end that Thou dost (Job xxxix, 30) present Thyself under the emblem of an eagle, in order that all may come to be nourished with Thy own Blood.

O Divine Saviour, inundate the world of souls with Thy redeeming Blood! May it cover them as it once covered the rocks and the dust of the grotto to purify them, to refresh, them, to inflame them with love for Thee!

Pour it over my soul to sanctify it, over my will to soften its obduracy, over my passions to regulate them, over my wounds to cure them, over my heart that it may love Thee! May I one day have the happiness of being able to render Thee blood for blood!

*Resolution*: Unite with Mary at every hour, and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Tell Him that you would rather die than profane His Blood by mortal sin.



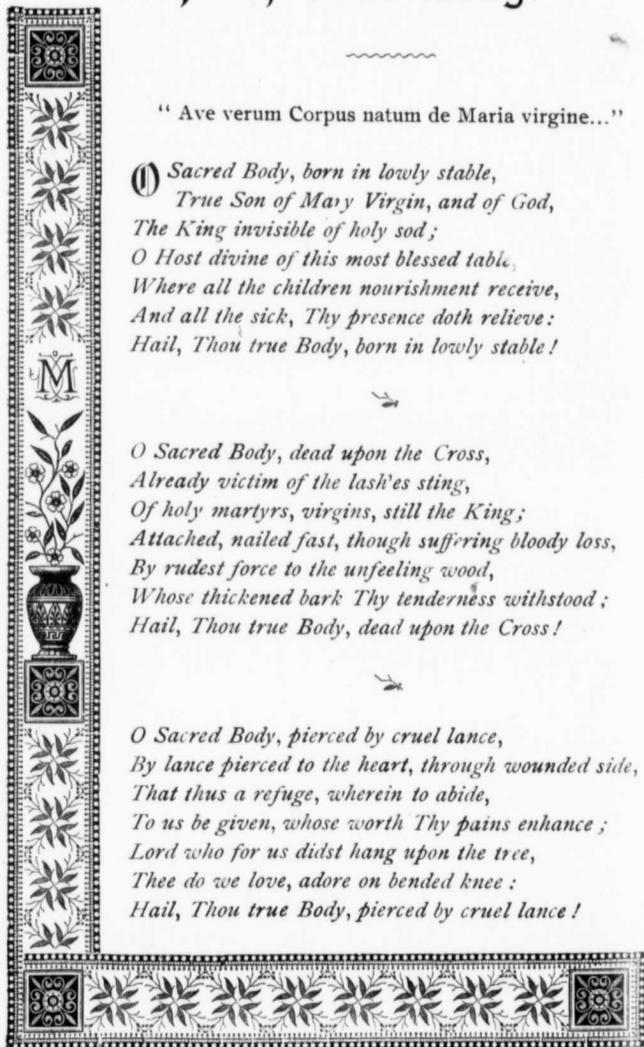
## Hail, True Body.

“ Ave verum Corpus natum de Maria virgine...”

**O** Sacred Body, born in lowly stable,  
 True Son of Mary Virgin, and of God,  
 The King invisible of holy sod;  
 O Host divine of this most blessed table,  
 Where all the children nourishment receive,  
 And all the sick, Thy presence doth relieve:  
 Hail, Thou true Body, born in lowly stable!

O Sacred Body, dead upon the Cross,  
 Already victim of the lash's sting,  
 Of holy martyrs, virgins, still the King;  
 Attached, nailed fast, though suffering bloody loss,  
 By rudest force to the unfeeling wood,  
 Whose thickened bark Thy tenderness withstood:  
 Hail, Thou true Body, dead upon the Cross!

O Sacred Body, pierced by cruel lance,  
 By lance pierced to the heart, through wounded side,  
 That thus a refuge, wherein to abide,  
 To us be given, whose worth Thy pains enhance;  
 Lord who for us didst hang upon the tree,  
 Thee do we love, adore on bended knee:  
 Hail, Thou true Body, pierced by cruel lance!



*O Precious Blood of Jesus, freely given,  
At such a fearful cost and seeming waste,  
That I might to the last drop freely taste,  
The Chalice of true happiness of Heaven;  
Thee doth my faith discern, with joy innate,  
My soul in Thee her longing satiate:  
O Precious Blood of Jesus, freely given!*

*And Thou O living Water, sparkling, pure,  
Clear fountain of all perfect charity,  
That washest soul from all iniquity;  
With Mary sorrowful, strong to endure,  
Long standing at the Cross and last to leave,  
In Thy baptism doth my soul believe:  
O living spring of Water, sparkling, pure!*

*In Thee do I believe, God truly present,  
In all our Tabernacles dwelling here,  
Thy oracles do I adore, revere;  
I who receive Thee now, in way most pleasant,  
Do trust in Thee, and humbly supplicate,  
That when, my last hour past, on Thee I wait,  
My heart Thy Tabernacle be, God present.*

*O Mercy, tender, boundless, infinite,  
Beneficence of God, e'er flowing free,  
In love ineffable, sweet Charity,  
Through Jesus, Son of Mary, make us fit;  
Sustain us with Thy strength in life and death,  
And waft us Heavenward on Spirits breath:  
O Mercy, tender, boundless, infinite!*

*Trans. from French by HONORA McDONOUGH.*





## Association of the Eucharistic Weeks.

### I. — Object of the Association.

**T**HE Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament admits the faithful to a share in all the merits and good works of its Religious by means of its affiliated Associations. Besides the works that propagate organized and perpetual Adoration of Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His love, they have instituted another which has been approved by the Holy Fathers Pius IX and Leo XIII and is enriched with many indulgences. This work which is called the "Eucharistic Weeks" has for its special object the honor of Our Lord, perpetually exposed upon the altar. Solemn and Perpetual Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament is the first end of the Congregation, and in all its chapels wherever they may be, exposition and adoration is continued day and night, attended by all the pomp and royal splendor that are due to the presence of the King of Heaven and Earth—Hundreds of waxen tapers burn upon the altar, and rare flowers at all seasons, exhale their perfume to honor the King of Kings. To keep up the impressive nature of this service and to constantly renew the lights and flowers, much expense is entailed and the Congregation invites the pious assistance and alms of those who love the beauty of the Lord's house, and rightly value the graces coming to them through His Real Presence upon our altars.

### II. — Organisation of the Work.

1. The Association is under the management of the Superior of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, presiding over a committee made up of the Lady Directors.

2. As a large sum of money is essential to establish a permanent fund any one contributing \$100.00 becomes a Benefactor and is made a member for ever.

3. Money should be sent to the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 490 Mount-Royal Av., Montreal.

4. Membership imposes no additional devotions, the only obligation is the enrollment of one's name (Christian and surname,) upon the register of the Association and an annual offering of not less than two dollars (\$2.00).

5. Membership is open to all, and deceased friends may share in the spiritual benefits. To obtain which the above conditions *and in addition have the name of the deceased* entered upon the register.

6. Members of the Association are divided into thirteen divisions or bands, to each of which is assigned, one particular week in each quarter, or a total of four weeks in each year.

7. While no special act of devotion is obligatory, nevertheless, members are urged to gain the Indulgences offered by complying with the usual conditions, and are recommended to show particular devotion to our divine Lord in the Holy Eucharist. This can be done by making once for all, at the beginning of each week, the general, intention, of offering to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament all our prayers, labours and sufferings, and adding the special intentions assigned to each week, which are different every quarter. These are, adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and prayer, corresponding with the adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and prayer offered for us by Christ to His Father in the Blessed Sacrament.

8. Every Thursday at 8¼ o'clock a. m., Mass is celebrated in the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, and Benediction is given in the afternoon at 4.45, for the members of the different weeks.

9. The last week of each quarter, which is devoted to the dead, the Mass celebrated every day at 8¼ o'clock a. m. in the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament is specially offered for the deceased members of the Association.



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### III. — Indulgences and Spiritual Favors.

I. By Brief dated 19th January 1875, His Holiness Pius IX, has made all the members of the Association of the Eucharistic Weeks, both living and dead, sharers in the following spiritual benefits :

1. In all spiritual good works effected by the grace of God in the Congregation of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament ; these are : masses, communions, adoration by day and night, choral services, benedictions and other pious works of religious life.

2. Each and all of the indulgences, either partial or plenary, with which the Congregation is at present, or shall be in the future endowed, may be obtained by complying with the usual conditions.

II. By Brief dated 26th February, 1875, His Holiness Pius IX, has also granted the members of the Association the following indulgences, which may all be applied to the Suffering Souls :

1. Plenary Indulgence on the day of their admission to membership, provided that besides the usual confession and communion, they visit on that day the church of the Congregation, or their own parish church, and there pray for some time for the intentions of His Holiness.

2. Plenary Indulgence on the first and last day of each service week (aggregating eight plenary indulgences per annum) on the conditions above mentioned.

3. A plenary Indulgence at the hour of death, subject to the fact of confession and communion, but, if this is not possible, the Holy name of Jesus is to be invoked sincerely by both heart and lips.

III. By Brief dated March 5th, 1875, His Holiness Pius IX, has also granted a plenary Indulgence to those belonging to the Association, who every three months (or four times in the years) will perform in favor of the suffering souls the works of the Eucharistic Weeks. This Indulgence, applicable to the holy Souls, can be obtained on any one day of the week at discretion, provided a church be visited on the day of communion.



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

FIRST DIFFICULTY : THE FEAR  
OF COMMUNICATING  
UNWORTHILY.

V.

(Continued.)

*What prevents my communicat-  
ing often and daily is the fear of  
always making a bad confession.*

How many good, but timid, souls are pursued by this  
fear, which keeps them away from Holy Commu-  
nion !

Tell me, Christian soul, what is necessary for making  
a good confession ? Two things only are *necessary* and  
*sufficient* : that the confession be *integral* and accompanied  
by the *required contrition* ; that is, that the penitent have  
real sorrow for all his mortal sins, or that by the grace  
of God being free from mortal sin, he repent of some ven-  
ial sin in order not to make his confession null. Remark,  
there is no question of *feeling* sorrow for sins, the *sentiment*

not being at all necessary ; there is question only of detesting them, of regretting having committed them.

That the confession should be *integral* means that the penitent must not through shame conceal some certain mortal sin that is present to his memory during his accusation. I say some *certain mortal* sin, because if shame made him omit venial sins, his confession would not be bad, and he would not commit a sacrilege. Why? Because if it is better to accuse one's self of them, since the Council of Trent teaches us "that it is useful to confess them," nevertheless, there is no obligation to do so, since the same council adds that "we can pass them over, without becoming guilty of the least fault."

But for many reasons, Christian soul (unless your confessor judges you scrupulous), I counsel you never to pass over in silence, especially through shame, *doubtful* sins, that is, those that raise a doubt in your mind as to whether they are mortal or venial. If however, you have omitted one through shame, the Doctor of the Church, St. Alphonsus, declares that even in this case, you have made a good confession and have not committed a sacrilege, "since the Council of Trent does not oblige penitents to more than the accusation of the mortal sins of which they are conscious." It does not say "as they are in their conscience," that is either as *certain* or *doubtful*, but it says : *of which they are conscious*, which necessarily implies the exact discernment of the sin."

And now answer me, Christian soul, you who so fear to offend the Lord : If you had the misfortune to commit a mortal sin, would you dare to confess without detesting it, without repenting of it? And being *certain* of having committed it, would you through shame or malice pass it over in silence?

Such a thought fills you with horror, does it not? To render yourself gravely culpable, your eyes open... to conceive no regret, no sorrow for it... Knowingly to conceal this mortal sin from your confessor, and thus to commit a horrible sacrilege!... Your whole being trembles at the thought!

You now understand, do you not, how *vain* is this *fear* that pursues you of making bad confessions! Despise these chimerical terrors. Communicate joyously and peacefully persuaded that your confessions are always good.



## The Angel and his charge.

**W**AXEN lights are faintly gleaming  
On the altar cold and bare,  
And their fitful rays are beaming  
On a child and spirit fair.

Spoke the child, so free from malice,  
And all guile, with hands o'erbold  
Stretched before him toward the chalice,  
Wonder in his face untold:

"Look, my angel! O what is it  
Sparkling in this golden cup?  
See! 'Tis red—you cannot miss it,  
And anon comes bubbling up!"

"Sweet my child," the star-crowned murmured,  
"Sweet my child," the angel said,  
'Tis the Blood of Him who suffered  
And rose glorious from the dead."

"Then, my angel, tell me one thing,  
Why It dances in such glee?  
It may be my wild imagining,  
But it seems to smile on me!"

"Nay, my child, 'tis not in seeming  
Glow Its ruby drops for thee,  
Thou art fruit of His redeeming  
Whom He loves eternally."

Still they gazed in awe low bending,  
Child and blessed spirit-guide;  
And the Sacred Blood kept sending  
Flashes from Its crimson tide.

ELPIS.

## The White Lady.

An Authentic Story: Facts Stranger than Fiction.

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THE night of 1st November in the year 1871 was wild and stormy. A little group of bright faced children were gathered round the fire in a large room in Ardnacree. This was an oldfashioned rambling house in Co. Tipperary, Ireland.

Through the pines and firs on the avenue the wind shrieked and moaned, now in a piteous wail, again in shrieks of despair. Truly it was a night when evil spirits might fitly walk the earth, but above all was it a night for ghost stories.

Among our group at the blazing log fire, Moira, a girl of ten, was the story-teller. Closer and closer together pressed the four children, and many a furtive glance was directed to the heavy red curtains that draped the windows as if they half expected to see the famed "White Fairy" behind their heavy folds.

At last, Annie, a laughing-eyed child of eight said. "It really is a shame that Father had, to go away to day. But where is Mother? It is too bad she is not here."

Nora, a tiny mite, said, "Muddie runned upstairs to de room in the dark."

And immediately the children determined to go up to their Mother, for, in truth they were a bit afraid of the storm without, and of ghosts within.

They passed up the wide staircase, then looked down a long dark passage.

No one cared to be the first to enter its gloom. Moira and Larry (a boy of seven) looked at Annie, who braver than the rest, declared she would go for Mother.

She knocked at a door at the far end, and getting no answer, went in. For a moment the child was startled as her glance fell on two wax candles lighted on each side of the altar in the little oratory. At that very moment the wind sobbed and moaned down the long corridor like a creature in pain. Seeing her mother kneeling in prayer, Annie went and knelt beside her, Immediately Mrs. O'Bryne spoke to the child, and told her she was keeping the vigil of all Souls, and praying for all those she had loved.

Annie said she too would like to pray. but her mother bade her first tell the other children to call their nurse to stay with them in the dining room till bed time.

Her message delivered, Annie returned, and began her rosary, but ere the fourth decade was finished the black curls lay on the chair against which she leaned and the lovely, blue eyes were closed in sleep.

In a short time the child awoke, looked round, and said. "Mother I had such a nice dream. A beautiful lady in white came to me, and asked me to help her. She told me she had no one to pray for her, and that she suffered much. I promised to pray for her every day. She smiled, put her hand on my head, and then I woke, Mother."

"That was indeed a nice dream, Annie," the mother answered. "Now dear, keep your promise and pray for the White Lady."

Years went by, and the child went through life loving and loved. She was eighteen, and on each day of those ten years, a prayer had been said for the 'White Lady.'

About this time she met a Captain Travers who was visiting a family in the neighbourhood. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, which soon became something more, and in a month they were engaged.

Everyone liked Harold Travers, but unfortunately he was not a Catholic. This was his one draw back. He made all the necessary promises and everything was arranged so that the marriage could take place before his regiment left for India. The 8th April came and passed quickly all too quickly Annie thought, for it was her last day at Ardnacree.

To-morrow would see her leave her old home, and her old friends. That night in her sleep, the White Lady came again. This time she thanked her for her prayers, and told her that God would henceforth allow her to watch over her little friend. She bade her have no fears for the future, for all would end well.

Strangely comforted, Annie left the dear old home she loved so well—left her mother's grave and the grey-haired father who stood watching his favorite child till a turn in the avenue bore her out of sight. Truly was she his Cushlamacree. Long and silently Annie gazed at the chain of the Keeper Mountains, many-tinted that beautiful April evening; Yet she smiled through her tears as she trustingly laid her hand in her husband's. Soon the railway station at Templemore was gained and train and boat bore them quickly to the India bound steamer.

Bombay was safely reached ; and then there was the long hot journey to the hill station north of the Punjaub where Captain Traver's regiment was stationed. There life went on as at all Indian stations, and Annie was surrounded by dangers many and serious. She had few opportunities of practising her religion—twice a year at most a priest visited this distant place. Yet she often wondered how she passed unscathed through so many perils ; and she felt convinced that her mother's prayers and the care of the ' White Lady ' had much to do with her preservation.

After two years the regiment was ordered down to M ——. This was in October, and Annie rejoiced. She would now be able to keep the vigil of all Souls in true Irish fashion.

This she did, and when praying after Holy Communion next morning, a picture in a side chapel attracted her attention and she went closer to get a better view. It was a painting of Purgatory. The Immaculate Mother was releasing many souls, but only one face in the pictured fire was seen by Annie. It was the ' White Lady.' She had never spoken of her dreams to her husband, but that morning at breakfast she felt impelled to relate them. The account of the face in the picture greatly interested him and he determined to see it next day.

That night he had a dream, his dead mother came to him and told him she had suffered in Purgatory for thirteen years, but that, thanks to the prayers of his wife she had been that day released. She bade him seek the one true Church into whose fold she had been received two years before her death.

Next morning he went to the Church and in that wonderful picture saw his mother's face. He asked a kind old priest to tell him the history of that painting. He was told that the Artist was haunted by that face night and day and never had peace till he introduced it into the fire, but neither painter nor priest knew the original. In a few words Captain Travers told what he had seen and heard the previous night and related what his wife had told him.

With much interest the old priest listened, and was not a little surprised when the Captain asked him to help him to seek the One True Faith. That day a course of instruction began, and on Christmas Day, the day when Angels first sang the grand Gloria, with its message of peace, Harold Travers was received into the Fold of Christ. Another soul won to God by his wife's devotion to the Holy Souls.