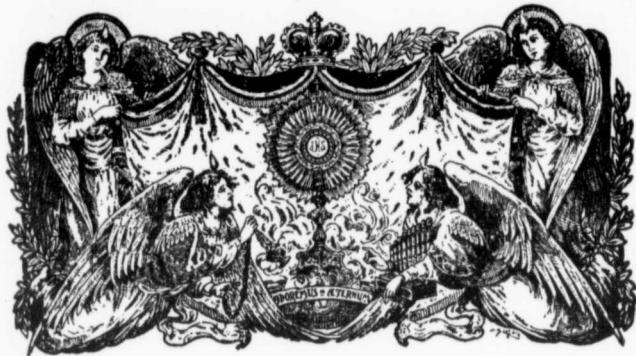


**The Sacred Heart of Jesus**



## WITH HIM.

THE silent Church, the empty pews, a sense  
 Of loneliness and solitude around —  
 I come and gaze upon the ruddy lamp  
 That shows our dear Redeemer's Presence there,  
 And as I kneel I feel His peace within  
 My Soul, and then I know that where He is  
 There also I may be. O, dearest words  
 Of consolation sweet ! O, promise here  
 In mystery fulfilled ! " I go that where  
 I am, there also ye may be," and then  
 With Pentecostal fire He came to dwell  
 Upon our Altars, evermore, till time  
 And things of time and sense shall pass away.  
 We come, as joys or cares, as hopes or fears  
 Assail our peace, we come, that where He is,  
 There also we may be, e'en now — with Him !

ANNA SARGENT TURNER.



## Particular Practice for the Month of June.

To Honor the Glorious Life of Our Lord in the Eucharist.



SINCE His triumphant Ascension, Our Lord lives a glorious life in heaven and in the Blessed Eucharist, not two distinct lives, one in heaven and the other in the Tabernacle. No, His life like His being is one, the same on the altar and in the sight of the Angels and of the elect, merely assuming two forms in consideration for our human frailty incapable of beholding the ineffable mystery of the future life with its beauties, its charms, its divine wonders.

Jesus in His heavenly and in His sacramental life continues His great and sublime mission of Mediator between God and man ; He is, so to speak, unceasingly occupied in making heaven come down on earth, in order to procure for its inhabitants the power of ascending thereto ; He by a continuous influence imparts to our souls, His own virtues, preparing us to become in the other life, in " the day when we shall see Him face to face " like unto Him. " Like unto Him." Christianity's greatest aim ! Like unto Him, the divine First-born ; like unto Him in His eternal glory ! Such is our destiny. Yes, but on the rigorous condition that this likeness begin to be impressed on us during this life either through the life of grace acting in our souls, or through sufferings and sacrifices, as the authentic likeness of Jesus here below is the image of the Crucified, and the disciple must follow in His Master's footsteps. Jesus, glorious in the Sacred Host, labours to produce this likeness in us, to stamp us with His divine lineaments. We might say He outlines the

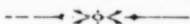
diagram by giving us from His Eucharistie treasury the faith and charity whereby we are enabled to know and love God, first, here below as we shall know and love Him, afterwards, in heaven, that is to say with that knowledge and that love with which He knows and loves Himself.

Jesus in the Sacred Host prepares us for our heavenly inheritance, for our future glorious life by imprinting in our heart the likeness of His love and of His virtues.

The God of purity first stamps in us purity of heart, that virtue absolutely necessary in order to enter heaven, for as the Apocalypse says — “ Nothing defiled shall enter into the heavenly Jerusalem.”

The annihilated Victim of the Sacred Host, the great teacher of humility, giving Himself to us in communion, repeats, perhaps, the most admirable word which could fall from the lips of a God : “ Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart,” and renews once more in our soul the sweet virtue of humility without which we can find no favor in the sight of the Sovereign Lord of all glory.

We can honor and imitate Jesus glorious in the Blessed Sacrament by coming to Him as He does to us, by uniting ourselves to Him through every available means, communion, sacramental and spiritual, visits and adorations. When we are alone with Jesus, in our communions and during our meditations in His Sacred Presence let us often think on our heavenly destiny, remembering that one of the principal ends for which the Blessed Eucharist was instituted as the Church sings, is “ to give us a pledge of future life.” Let us bravely practise in this sublime and gentle school the great virtues based on self-abnegation. The Passion must precede the Resurrection for such is the law applicable to us as to our crucified Master : “ Was it not meet that Christ should suffer and thus enter into His glory.” So, in loving, child-like confidence, despite suffering or sorrow, let us go our way bravely and resignedly, hymning the joyous song of hope, trusting the benign King of the Sacred Host, who is leading us unto our glorious life in His own blessed way, which though we may not always understand it, yet, in His inscrutable designs, He knows to be best for us.







## Corpus Christi.

### THE VEIL OF THE CIBORIUM.

*A sheen of satin and a gleam of gold,  
 A sacred chalice in a silken fold,  
 A white Host resting in seal'd silence there,  
 A light that flickers on the tranquil air,  
 White lilies shining through the tender gloom —  
 Like angels — bowing with their weight of bloom,  
 A lingering perfume of the incense faint  
 Where air was stirred by holy prayer of Saint.*

*Oh pulseless heart ! Oh clouded eyes of man !  
 The heavens are held within this little span ;  
 Kneel ! Kneel ! Adore Him ! Let thy Faith awake,  
 He hides His glory for thine humble sake !  
 While Seraph songs ring gladness through the sky,  
 His Love is list'ning for each human sigh !  
 While choirs of angels His white throne uphold, —  
 He seeks a chalice in a silken fold !*

Once, when the days were holy, — in the East,  
 When Mary's hands — hers only, — like a priest  
 Anointed by Love's chrism, — robed with delight  
 Her Infant Son, Our Saviour, all in white,  
 And kneeling, held Him to her tender heart  
 With rapturous worship that no words impart, —  
 All heaven adored with her the Gift foretold.  
 This sacred chalice in a silken fold !

Ere sun or seraph shone, the Host's sweet light  
 Within the Father's bosom rested white,  
 When lightnings flashed and moon and stars awoke  
 The rays of mercy through a white Host broke !  
 Oh, marvel of Eternity, what gloom  
 Would shroud the world without this lily bloom !  
 God's fairest works would seem all stern and cold  
 Without the White Host in a chalice gold !

For here is heaven ! Lord, at thy command,  
 In pale wraught awe thy holy angels stand  
 Around, anear they guard the sacred veil, —  
 We crush through wings to reach Thine altar rail !  
 They sing hosannas ! And our faltering words  
 All wet with tears are gathered in the chords !  
 They see Thy Glory and Thy Face behold, —  
 Ours is the chalice in the silken fold !

BELLELLE GUERIN.

May, 1905.





## BALD HEAD.

**I**t was a beautiful spring morning fragrant with the perfume of budding flowers, joyous with the song of twittering who from their leafy nests sent out glad welcome to the glorious feast of *Corpus Christi* for which the inhabitants of Sablonnière were busily making final preparations, especially for the procession that public demonstration of faith and love so dear to all, even to those who at other times appeared careless or indifferent, but who now threw off their languor and tried to help be it ever so little towards the triumphant success of the King's passage.

The decorations were carried out on a grand scale. The streets spanned by arches of verdure and bright tricolouring; banners, flags and religious emblems floated from the windows of houses artistically draped in shining white stuff redolent of lavender and studded with beautiful roses. Here and there were improvised repositories quaintly constructed by loving if unskilful hands.

On the stroke of twelve all was in readiness. The crowd gathers in front of the Church. Soon a hushed reverent silence falls upon that vast multitude. Simultaneously they line up on either side of the street leaving a wide

space in the middle wherein foliage, flowers and beautiful red rose are profusely scattered. The deep silence is broken by melodious voices singing the praises of the King who to-day as long centuries ago once more walks amidst His own... The golden Monstrance appears at the Church door as the procession leaves its hallowed precincts.

\*  
\* \*

It was the hour for which Clotaire Pitanchard, commercial hat traveller had waited so long ; the hour in which he intended to teach his deluded countrymen a lesson. After a prolonged stay at La Châtre and other Capitals, where he had freely imbibed the scepticism of the age, he returned to his native land. And great was his surprise to find its inhabitants still under the old sway of superstition and clerical jurisdiction. From that conviction to a plan for their regeneration and enfranchisement was according to his idea only a step, so he made up his mind to undertake it. Like a soldier who before going on the battlefield drinks a glass of powder, the commercial traveller, to fortify himself hastily drank in a passage or two of that agnostic paper, the Lantern, and leaving his unfinished absinthe to defray his expenses got up and went out to begin his wonderful reform. He was a tall lad, unusually so, which fact favored his scheme. In two strides he reached the middle of the place where the procession would pass, and stood there, in full view, a conspicuous figure.

As the Crucifix was borne past all uncovered and made the sign of the Cross. — All, expect the reformer who with head erect, arms folded, pale but determined stood immovable, he did not take off his hat nor bless himself.

He kept his hat on when the Catechism children passed, happy band wherein the first Communicants with their angelic faces and snowy robes and the little children scarcely able to walk in their pretty pink and white festal garments joyously waved golden white lilies and fancy little banners.

He kept his hat on as the children of Mary passed, virginal followers of that spotless Mother whose livery of blue and white they so nobly wore.

He kept his hat on as the different societies passed proudly bearing aloft their lovely banners each more beautiful than the other and prominently showing their prettily designed and brightly coloured insignia.

He kept his hat on as the Acolytes, Seminarians and Clergy passed.



He kept his hat on even as the Blessed Sacrament passed.

And when he gave up his combative position, happy as a worm of the earth who has succeeded in defying the sun, it was only because there was no one else to pass by, because even the spectators had dispersed.

Then, our hero, generally as serious as a judge, forgot his dignity, walked back to his café, with a merry swing-

ing gait, whistling a warlike tune carrying his hat high like a victorious trophy—went back to finish his absinthe.

There he sat absorbed.—But even more in the green liquor than in his thoughts.

He was greatly elated and puffed up with pride at what he had done.

Ah ! it was great... It was sublime... It was noble. He, Clotaire Pitanchard, had gone and posed before the inhabitants of Sablonnière, his native land, as the champion of human reason emancipated from the humiliating thraldom of dogmatists. He had thrown off the yoke of secular superstition by his noble and dignified conduct.

He had been the first to confront the terrible dark power and to defy it...

His action would surely cause a great sensation... It would win followers... and so his imagination grew more and more inflated until he saw himself founder of a new sect, source of a river, chief of a party...

And it was a vehement struggle with genial manœuvres... his name affectionately honored by the great voice of popularity... his deed approved and heralded broadcast by the press... finally a deputation waiting on him.

\* \* \*

"Here, my poor man."

At those words spoken close to his ear with the gentle singing intonation characteristic of the Berryites, Clotaire lifted his head, came back to reality and saw standing before him a middle aged woman looking very handsome in her quaint old fashioned bonnet and who repeated as she handed him a little white jar :

"Here my poor man."

"But — what is it?" asked Pitanchard cautiously taking and fingering the little jar.

"Eh... It's an excellent pomade."

"Pomade." — What for?"

"Why, for your hair, my poor man."

"For my... ah ! indeed... did your imagine for a moment."

"Oh yes ! interjected the woman " I saw you a little while ago... I saw you keep your hat on during the pro-

cession and I said to myself, poor fellow, he must be bald. I will take him some pomade to make his hair grow."

"But madam, I repeat, you are mistaken."

"There, there, don't get angry. I fully understand your reluctance in speaking about the matter... I know how badly I should feel were I in your place."

"I will take off my hat" shouted the exasperated man "and show you your error."



He had not time to suit the action to the word before his obnoxious visitor grasped the offending hat with both hands and held it firmly on his head pleading:

"Don't take it off... don't do that poor fellow you would only catch cold... and moreover a bald head is not a pleasant sight to look upon, so keep your hat on as much as you

can" and with this parting shot she left him.

Clotaire shrugging his shoulders quickly hid the little jar in his pocket, but unfortunately for him this scene less heroic than comic had been witnessed by several frequenters of the café, who enjoyed the joke immensely and repeated it with such gusto that all Sablonniere laughed till it cried on hearing it, and even now if you ever speak of Clotaire Pitanchard, each and every one within a radius of ten miles around Vatan will laughingly reply:—O yes! "*El Tigneux*," the famous bald head.





## THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

*Haec dies quam fecit Dominus.*

*This is the day that the Lord hath made. — Psalm cxvii, 24.*



ALL days are from God. His goodness maintains their admirable succession. God has, however, left to man six days for his labors, his needs. The seventh He has reserved for Himself. Sunday is more particularly the Day of the Lord, the Lord's Day. But among all days there is one which is *par excellence* God's day. It is called God's day, and that is, the Feast of Corpus Christi, the Feast of God. That is, indeed, the day that the Lord hath made for Himself, for His glory, and to manifest His love. The Feast of God! What a beautiful title! The Feast for God, and the Feast for us, also. Let us see in what way.

I.—Corpus Christi, which the Church calls the Feast of the Sacred Body of Christ: *Festum sacratissimi Corporis Christi*, is the only day that has been consecrated to honor solely His adorable Person, His living Presence among us. Other feasts celebrate some mystery of His past life. They are beautiful, they honor God, they are fruitful in graces for us. But, after all, they are only a memorial, an anniversary of something already far past, and which



is revived only by our piety. The Saviour Himself is no longer in those mysteries. He accomplished them once, and now His grace alone remains in them. But here it is an *actual* mystery. This Feast relates to the Person of Our Lord living and present among us For that reason it is celebrated in a special manner. Not relics, not emblems of the past are exposed for veneration, but the Object of the Feast Itself, which is living. In those countries in which God is free, see how all proclaim His Presence, see how all prostrate before Him! Even the impious tremble and incline. God is there! What glory for the presence of Our Lord is this Feast, where all acknowledge and adore Him!

Corpus Christi is, also, the most lovely of feasts. We have not been present at the mysteries of the Saviour's life and death that we celebrate in the course of the year, and we rejoice in them only because of the graces that come to us from them. But here we do really participate in the mystery. It is accomplished under our eyes, it is for us, it has

a vital relation between Jesus living in the Sacrament and ourselves living in the midst of the world. It bears a corporeal relation of body to body, and it is called not simply the Feast of Our Lord, but the Feast of the Body of our Lord. It is by that Body that we touch Him, that He becomes our nourishment, our Brother, our Guest.—Feast of the Body of Jesus Christ! O what love those words breathe, because they are lowly and suited to our misery! Our Lord desired this Feast in order to draw nearer to us, as a father is anxious that his son should celebrate his natal day, that he may show his own paternal love, and grant him some special favor.

May this Feast, then, be one of joy, on which we may expect multiplied favors. All the hymns and canticles of this solemnity express the thought that Our Lord will be more gracious to us on this day than ever. The Church might, it would seem, have celebrated Corpus Christi on Holy Thursday, since it was on that day that the Eucharist was instituted. But on that sor-



rowful day she could not have sufficiently shown her joy, because Holy Thursday inaugurates the Passion, and it would have been impossible to rejoice in the thought of death which dominates the great days of Holy Week. Corpus Christi was deferred till after the Ascension, which called for its own sad farewells, and which witnessed a sorrowful separation. It was deferred, also, till, Pentecost, in order that, filled with the grace and the joy of the Holy Ghost, we might celebrate with all possible magnificence the Feast of the Divine Spouse dwelling among us.

II.—Corpus Christi is the grandest feast of the Church. The Church is the Spouse of Our Lord glorified, of Our Lord resuscitated, not of Jesus in His birth or dying. When those mysteries were accomplished the Church did not yet exist. Doubtless, she would have followed her Divine Spouse to the Crib and in all His sufferings, but of those mysteries she has but the remembrance and the graces.

But Jesus Christ is with His Church living in the Sacrament. They who have never entered a church look upon her as widowed ; they regard her as a corpse, and consider her temples as places in which only death and suffering are mentioned. But, behold to-day, even they who do not attend her solemnities see her rich and beautiful—beautiful in her own natural loveliness to which God, her Spouse, has added His presence. What magnificent processions, the Faithful prostrate as they pass. She shows her Spouse in the radiant ostensorium to all her children. Ah ! who can call her a widow on this day ? Her friends adore, her enemies tremble ! Jesus manifests Himself to all, blessing the good, looking upon sinners with compassion, calling them and drawing them to Himself. The Council of Trent calls this Feast the triumph of Faith. It is so, indeed. It is, also, the triumph of the Church through her Divine Spouse !

PÈRE EYMARD.

The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday, June 22nd, at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.



## SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

An Hour of Adoration before the  
Blessed Sacrament

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## THE ASCENSION.

### I. — Adoration.

The Host of the Ascension is the Host of triumph. What the Resurrection established, the Ascension crowns. What is begun in the one is ended in the other. It is the full meridian of the glory of Jesus, the aurora of which arose above His tomb.

Adore Jesus at the hour of His glorious Ascension. Rising by His own power, after having blessed His disciples for the last time, He traverses the regions of the air, which He sanctifies by His presence. Angels in garments white and shining hover on either side of the aerial road, while myriads of the purest and most elevated of the blessed spirits form before and behind Him a splendid cortège. It is their King whom they are receiving, returning from a far-off and perilous expedition in which He has covered Himself with glory though at the cost of incredible hardships. Hark! they chant pœans of victory, of recompense, of triumph.

O Host annihilated, in which truly resides the august Head of heaven and earth, when I desire to adore in Thee His celestial royalty, in Thee the Living Memorial of all those mysteries, how beautiful Thou art, how resplendent, how glorious and triumphant! Thou dost contain in reality the Christ crowned and reigning. The words that consecrated Thee reached Him even upon His high throne, brought Him down upon the altar under the obscure veil of Thy accidents, and Thou hast become His throne of love here below.

With the four-and-twenty ancients who prostrate at the foot of the throne whence proceed lightnings and voices and thunders, before which shine the burning lamps and extends the sea of sparkling crystals, I cast, O King of Love, at the foot of Thy Eucharistic throne, whence come forth only goodness and sweetness and humility, which charm and attract, I cast my heart, my reason my will, my entire being, to adore Thee as the victorious Lamb, the Prince of the world to come, the immortal Living One of Ages !

## II. — Thanksgiving.

Thank God in the name of Jesus for the glory, the honors, the joys of His triumph. Rejoice that justice has been rendered Him, that bliss has taken the place of suffering, glory of humiliation.

Thank God in the name of the angels, who have found again their King, and whose glory and happiness receive so great an increase by the return of Jesus to His kingdom.

Thank God in your own name, for the glory of Jesus is the pledge, the price, the standard of ours. He has opened for us the door, prepared for us a place. The members shall enter where the Head has passed, the soldiers shall follow the triumph of their Chief. Thou didst say, O sweet Saviour, and I believe it : " It is expedient for you that I go, because I go to prepare a place for you."

But while waiting, O Saviour of our souls, while waiting our reunion with Thee in heaven, shall we remain orphans on earth ! Thou art preparing for me my heaven. But how far off and how uncertain it is when viewed in the light of my own weakness, on account of the length of the way and the enemies that incessantly traverse it !

Thou didst say to Thy Apostles : " You are full of sorrow, because I am going away. But I shall return, and your hearts will rejoice." — Thy Sacrament proves to me, dearest Lord, that Thou hast returned — returned to help me gain the place that Thou hast prepared for me in the heaven of Thy glory, returned to give me a foretaste of the good things with which Thou wilt there satiate me. Yes, Thy Sacrament is at once both the assured means and the foretaste of paradise. O love of the Saviour wonderfully, wise and as wonderfully good, be Thou blessed !

Thou hast indeed formally declared that the Eucharist is the Bread of heaven ; not only the Bread that came down from heaven with Thee O Word of the Father, but which leads thereto, which conducts thereto those that receive It, by giving them, along with the right to eternal life, the surest and the easiest means to arrive thereat.



In heaven Thou dost give Thyself in plenitude and in every way — by sight, by love, by possession, by entire communication and perfect penetration. And in the Blessed Sacrament, we receive Thee just as entire, and in how many admirable ways. To see Thee, to visit Thee, to pray to Thee — that is already to receive Thee. But we do still more, we eat Thee in very truth. Thou dost become one thing, with us, our heart, our will, our thought, our life ! And like heaven, all this is without end to-day, to-morrow, always.

### III. — Reparation.

The duty preached to us by the Saviour's Ascension is that of hope. If Jesus goes to prepare a place for us if He opens to us the gate of heaven, and if for that He had to undergo humiliations, sufferings, and death, it is evident that we, too, must of necessity tend to the same end — follow Him whither He has gone.

We must bear in mind that we cannot reach the victorious end that Jesus reached without following in His footsteps, and doing as He did. It is only through our personal efforts we can gain the recompense that He has acquired for us by His sufferings.

Alas ! sad to say, the duty of hope, or rather the multiplied duties that it imposes, are badly comprehended, and still more badly fulfilled ! How little are eternal goods esteemed, O Jesus, in comparison with the goods of this world ! We do not refuse the former, but we are unwilling to exert ourselves to acquire them. What do I say ? We actually expose ourselves for the most trifling gratifications to lose them forever. My God ! My God ! what an insulting response to Thy advances ! What ingratitude for Thy gifts ! Dost Thou not mistake in proposing heavenly and spiritual goods to hearts so gross as ours, to souls so buried in the flesh that they seem only flesh and corruption themselves ? And yet hope is for us an urgent precept. It is a heavenly seed, a precious talent, a gift entirely gratuitous. It is a virtue that must be cultivated, traded with, developed, under pain of seeing it turned against us for our eternal condemnation.

Being nothingness by our origin, it is not astonishing that we have an innate tendency to falter, to slip, to fall. We may say that weariness is the misfortune of every man here below. Life is so long, the task is so hard, difficulties are so numerous ! Obstacles multiply, contradictions arise on all sides. Satan, the flesh, the world enemies, the dearest friends, they whom we should have least expected — all



have united against us! "Ah! who will deliver me from this body of death?" — "Lord, take my life! I can stand it no longer."

Then, like Elias, like that prophet so strong, so courageous, that invincible champion of the rights of God, we fall discouraged, weary of life, our heart dead to every hope. Then we doubt everything, and still more God Himself, His power, His wisdom, and His goodness. O sad state, whose least evil is its absolute impotence for good! In it the soul is embittered, separated from God, open without resistance to all sorts of evil suggestions, and in it the demon hastens to seize upon a post no longer fortified by the rampart of hope.

#### IV. — Prayer.

Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!—Yes, O Christ, our King, reign here below! Be Thou obeyed, glorified, honored, and loved here on earth as in heaven! Such is the perfect prayer that Our Lord taught us to make in preference to every other. If it is always well to say it, never is it more opportune than when meditating on the Ascension of Jesus. Since we have beheld with what glory Thou wast received into heaven, O Thou Divine King, what empire Thou dost exercise there, what obedience, what honors are there rendered Thee, we begin to long with immense and ardent desire to see Thy empire accepted, Thy authority recognized here below as in heaven, Thy Sacred Humanity honored and glorified with the same glory that It receives in the triumphant Jerusalem. We long to behold the earth, lovingly docile to Thy will, accomplishing Thy orders in the perfection of obedience; and we earnestly desire that Thy glory, Thy reign, and the good pleasure of Thy will may become the only passion of the soul.

May Thy kingdom come, then, O Jesus by the spread of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament! May it be the triumphant response of the Church to rebellious society, which denies Thy rights and would wish to tear Thee—Thee, our only Lord and King—from the life, the mind, and the heart of the nations!

May this kingdom of Thy Eucharist come into souls, O Divine Head! Thy interior royalty then responding to Thy exterior empire Thou wilt truly be King over this earth as Thou art in heaven, and all justice will be accomplished: Thy Eucharistic Kingdom come.

## The Vain Servant.

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**H**AVE we ever seriously reflected on the dangers to which vanity exposes its victims or the many serious evils engendered by this most common of defects? The following fact which took place at Cambrai, in France, strongly confirms the assertion.

In order to gain sufficient money to gratify her taste for luxury and vanity, a young girl engaged as a servant in a wealthy family of heretics. Her parents and friends warned her of the imminent danger to which she exposed herself by living in such close contact with Infidels, but the headstrong girl, secure in her own strength, paid no attention to their words.

For the first few months, doubtless to prove her firmness, all went well, she seemed even more faithful than ever to her religious duties; but gradually constant association with those irreligious people together with their seductive proposals weakened her good resolutions and undermined her faith until, little by little, they prevailed on her to profess their most impious dogmas. Alas! after five months of this Satanic schooling, Angela had the hardihood to unite with her employers in maligning the priesthood, in ridiculing the practices of Catholic worship and especially in denying the real presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Her conduct verifies the remark of an eminent orator: "according as a man swerves from his religious allegiance, so also he grows hard and becomes insensible to what formerly filled his heart with enthusiasm and love." Likewise, Angela, once launched on her guilty course, had no longer eyes to see or heart to feel the beauty of her childhood's religion, while her lips uttered God's name only in satire or blasphemy. In spite of these sentiments, the hypocritical servant outwardly appeared to practise her religion and on certain festivals even carried her bravado so far as to approach the holy table, not to beg strength and grace to do better but to comply with the wish of her employers

and bring them the Host she received in communion, to be the object of her infamous desecrations, to be trampled under foot, cut with the scissors, or stabbed with a knife. Their sacrilegious hatred knew no bounds in the expression of its rage against the Sacred Host. For a long time

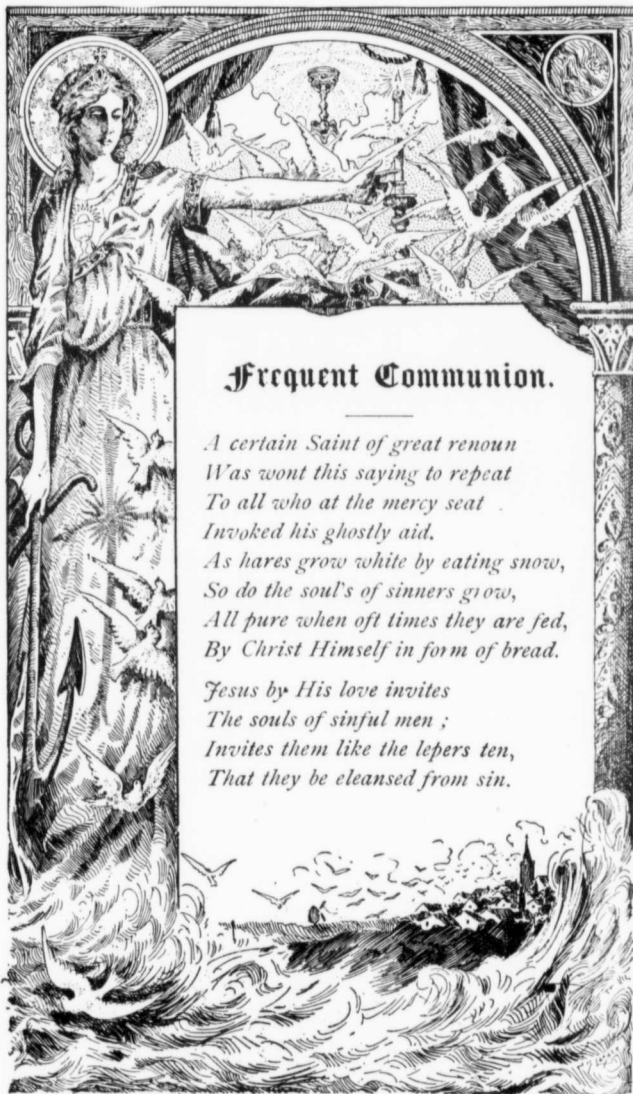


these abominations were carried on secretly, the divine Victim submitting uncomplainingly with merciful patience. Finally He resolved to show His power not through revenge but to convert the sinner and inspire her with a horror of her awful crime. The next time she approached the holy table a mysterious being, resembling a hideous dog, sprang towards her as if to bar her way.

She recoiled and gazed in consternation at the peculiar animal, but accustomed as she was to despise remorse of conscience, old habit prevailed, she overcame this first sensation of fear and completed her awful deed. It was adding one more crime to her already full measure, it was exposing herself to the implacable anger of the all-powerful God hidden under the sacramental species. Yet His infinite mercy pardoned her once more and vouchsafed to work another miracle for her conversion. As she left the Church to return home, a monster even more repulsive than the first, stood before her and threatened to choke her. Such fear took possession of her that never afterwards would she remain one moment alone, still her obdurate heart was not yet softened.

On the feast of Pentecost, 1616, the wicked girl again received communion and carried the Sacred Host to her Infidel home. Then, giving vent to her diabolic fury, she uttered the most violent blasphemies against Christ: "Behold Him," cried she, "this God of Christians. How silent He is! If He were really there would He submit to such treatment," and passing from words to deeds, she tore the Host in two, tramping on one half and sticking a nail through the other half. Then, the divine In-dweller unmistakably manifested Himself by the blood which flowed from the nail-pierced Host and which at the same time exerted its salutary and healing power on the unfortunate girl's heart. The sight of this miracle caused her such consternation that it threw her into a long and painful illness. When she recovered she was thoroughly converted and immediately left the cursed house the immediate cause of her downfall and sincerely endeavoured to expiate her wickedness by the practice of penance and by solid virtues. She had been over confident. Relying on her virtue and powers of resistance, she exposed herself to the danger wherein she fell. Let us not trust too much to ourselves, no matter what graces or virtues God may have given us, but avoid with great care all useless intercourse with Heretics, Infidels, whose words or actions might exercise a pernicious influence on our Christian life.






### Frequent Communion.

*A certain Saint of great renown  
Was wont this saying to repeat  
To all who at the mercy seat  
Invoked his ghostly aid.  
As hares grow white by eating snow,  
So do the soul's of sinners grow,  
All pure when oft times they are fed,  
By Christ Himself in form of bread.*

*Jesus by His love invites  
The souls of sinful men ;  
Invites them like the lepers ten,  
That they be cleansed from sin.*



*As hares grow white by eating snow,  
So do the souls most sinful grow  
By eating that blessed Bread.*

*Jesus by His love invites  
The souls of lukewarm men,  
That He those tepid souls may free  
From stains that mar their purity.  
As hares grow white by eating snow,  
So do the lukewarm fervent grow  
Partaking of God's gift.*

*Jesus by His love invites  
The souls of fervent men  
To make these stainless ones more bright,  
And shining in His spotless light.  
As hares grow white by eating snow,  
So do the souls most perfect grow  
Who taste this heavenly food.*

*To oft receive with fervent heart,  
The Christ, who doth His gifts impart,  
Is surely, then, the safest way  
To reach to perfect bliss one day :  
Since hares grow white by eating snow,  
And so the souls of all men grow.  
By feeding on that Food divine  
Of saving grace the surest sign.*

May, 1905.

ANNA T. SADLIER.





## His Lordship Mgr. Z. Racicot.

SELDOM has Montreal witnessed such a scene of unusual grandeur and magnificence as that which took place on the third of May, on the occasion of the Consecration of His Lordship, Mgr. Racicot, Bishop of Pogle and Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal.

In the Sanctuary were seventeen Bishops and a great number of priests from all parts of Canada, even some from the United States.

The elevation of Mgr. Racicot to the Episcopacy was gladly welcomed by all but especially by the inhabitants of Montreal, where for a number of years he has so nobly exercised his Ministry and where he has given constant proofs of his energy, his devotedness, his spirit of conciliation and of paternal kindness.

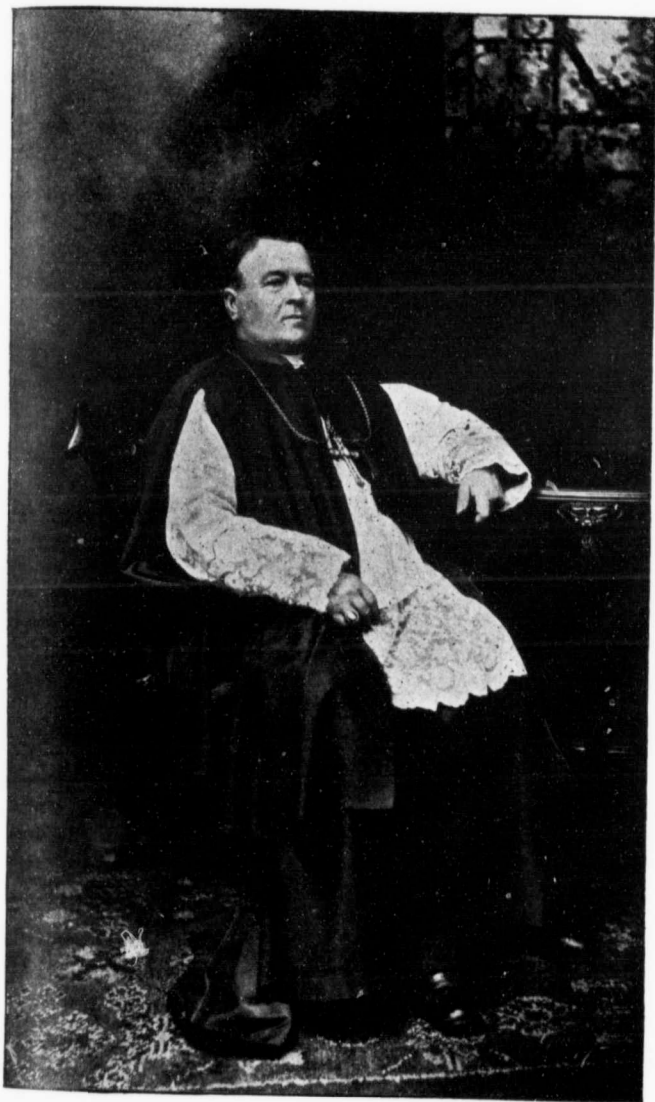
Unanimous thanksgiving is rendered to the Holy See for having given His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal an Auxiliary so worthy of sharing the responsibilities and duties of his pastoral charge; and to Canada a Bishop whose remarkable qualities of mind and heart so nobly fit him for the highest honors, the gravest responsibilities.

We note with great pleasure, that the new Bishop elect desiring to testify publicly his sentiments of devotion for the Blessed Eucharist, has on his coat of arms a chalice of gold surmounted by a silver host.

The "*Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*" cordially congratulates His Lordship Mgr. Racicot on his well deserved elevation and heartily tenders him manifold ardent wishes for his future happiness therein.

*Ad multos annos.*





HIS LORDSHIP MGR. J. Z. RACICOT,  
BISHOP OF POGLE.



Children's Hour.

Dancing  
before the Lord.



**N** the cathedral of Seville, alone of all churches in the world, can be seen the quaint but altogether beautiful and reverential dance of Los Seises, when the choir-boys, in quaint page costumes, sing and dance before the Lord exposed on the altar in the Sacrament of His Love. Let me describe the scene as I saw it eleven times, and, let me say, each time with greater pleasure.

It is the feast of La Purissima ; and it is a day within the octave of the Immaculate Conception. For this feast an enormous altar of massive silver has been set up in place of the simple high altar. It now presents the form of a huge silver monstrance with the altar proper as its base. Three life-size statues of La Purissima, and SS. Isidore and Leander are around the foot and are flashing in the numerous lights which burn from silver candlesticks. These reach in tiers up to the place where " His Divine and Sacramental Majesty " (so the Spaniards speak of the Blessed Sacrament) is exposed in the centre of a large sun and under an imperial crown. The effect against the red velvet drapery, which hides the glorious storied retablo, is very grand, and gives the idea that no

expense is spared by the Chapter in celebrating the feast.

It is about half past five on a winter's evening. The last rays of the setting sun have stolen in through a western window and have slowly crept up the retablo until they bathed in a glory of crimson and blue and gold the figure of Christ on the Cross which towers almost into the vault some hundred feet high. The canons from their coro are chanting the last verses of the Benedictus (they sing Matins and Lauds over night) and the beautiful silvery blue of the incense is still clinging round the altar, waving through the blinding tapers and curling upwards round the throne, bearing up to Him the prayers of His faithful. At this moment from the doors of the small sacristy behind the high altar troop down on either side Los Seises. They descend the twelve steps and take up their position by the draped benches on either side of the large free space just within the screen. There they stand facing one another. There are ten in number, five on either side. Their dress is very becoming. It dates from the time of Philip III. The tunic, of blue silk, shaded with gold, has long steamers from either shoulder; knee breeches of white satin, white stockings and shoes with blue and gold bows; old world frills, such as you see in Spanish pictures of the sixteenth century, are round their necks and from right to left a white silken scarf hangs like a deacon's stole. In their hands they carry three-cornered hats of blue and gold trimmed with white ostrich feathers and they hold in their hands small Spanish castanets. The boys stand waiting. Meanwhile a small orchestra



takes up its place just behind them on the Gospel side of the sanctuary and on the other side seats are arranged for the Archbishop and the Chapter.

The final words of the office have been sung ; and now a stream of black trained beneficiados pass along the gangway to their seats behind the screen ; they are followed by the purple trained canons and finally, preceded by the great golden double-barred patriarchal cross, comes the Archbishop himself in a wonderful robe of cherry-colored satin, which has an enormous train some twelve or fifteen yards in length. On the pageant passes to their allotted seats and, at once, the orchestra starts the prelude to a hymn which the boys sing sweetly and melodiously. There are three or four verses of it. After the last strophe *Los Seises*, genuflecting to the altar, put on their hats. The music changes to another rhythm. It is in triple time and has a well marked rhythm. It is somewhat of the bolero style. Then, singing the praises of the Lord, Who has made Mary Immaculate, the boys advance one row towards the other, keeping time with the music, one step to each bar. Then one row crosses the other ; they form squares, stars, circles, and various figures, all the while singing. Towards the end of each verse they so manage their steps that one by one, they return to their original positions by the benches and at the last note they mark the conclusion by a rapid twirl on one foot. Then, as the band plays the interlude, they advance again, row towards row, not singing now but playing their castanets while they dance. The effect is delicious. First a faint click which swells with the music, then dies away to the merest sound. I had no idea of the beautiful addition the Spanish castanets could be to such music. After the interlude the boys sing another verse and dance in the same way. The whole ceremony lasts about twenty-five minutes. The scene is very beautiful in the darkening church, for now all the light comes streaming from the silver altar and lights up the beautiful, happy, bright faces of the boys, and the deep, earnest look of the Spanish congregation who gaze on much moved at the touching spectacle. When the dance is over the Archbishop ascends the altar and kneels there while a motette is sung. His great train is spread out

down the flight of steps. The great bells of the cathedral ring out joyously from the Giraldo, the organ crashes, and the instruments play while the concluding verse of the *Tantum ergo* is sung. Then, after some prayers, the Blessed Sacrament is veiled from sight and the prelate gives his final benediction and all depart down the long vast aisles which are lit only by great waxen torches fixed in iron sockets to the vast columns.



A group of the dancing boys

What are we to think of this dancing ! First of all the word dancing is misleading. for there is no resemblance to any waltz or polka, minuet or gavotte. The motion is simply a stately movement, slow and dignified, keeping time to the music. The boys, as in all Spanish dances, never touch one another, but pass and repass. They keep upright and do not bend the bodies as other Spanish dancers do. At first the movement seems somewhat stilted, but the innate grace of the Spaniard asserts itself and

dignity corrects any stiffness. The boys are perfectly natural ; and this is one of the most beautiful aspects of the ceremony. They are quite at home before the altar and feel that they are in their Father's house. This, I think, gives the keynote to the whole performance. We, of Northern birth, are most ceremonious in church, and at home the least so. We seem as though we would rather keep God at a distance as a Power who has to be treated with a certain amount of reserve. The Spaniards are just the reverse. At home and with their fellows they preserve ceremony. In church they are natural, to our ideas sometimes too much so. There seems to be at the bottom the feeling that God reads the heart and that there is no use in trying to deceive Him by any show which may succeed with our fellow-men. There is something, surely, of that spirit in Murillo's pictures. His angel-boys are perfectly natural and are enjoying themselves in God's service. They gaze at the most ineffable mysteries and the far-set look of their dark eyes show how deep is their adoration of things divine ; but the next moment they are romping among the clouds and are bubbling over with life and youth. I think Murillo, Seville's great art-son, has caught more of the true spirit of religion than any other painter I know. He must have realized the beauty which the description of the early Christian poet, Prudentius, gives of the Holy Innocents playing with palms and crowns beneath the altar of heaven. It seems to me that it is in this spirit the Dance of Los Seises in Seville cathedral must be judged. No one whose mind is not attuned to the beautiful, the spiritual, the poetic, and the Catholic should witness it. But those who have such minds will be ravished with its simple charms and will see a sight as nearly heavenly as anything can be on earth. An Anglican clergyman and his wife, dear friends of mine, and by no means of the advanced school, were delighted and most impressed with the sight. But I had explained it to them beforehand, so they saw it with understanding eyes.

Los Seises properly means. "The Six." It will be seen from the illustration, which, by the by, is, I believe, the first ever published that, as a matter of fact, there are ten, four extras being added to the six. The Seises

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since the days of Eugenius IV have been an integral part of the Chapter and have the privilege of wearing copes when the Chapter, sixty in number, use copes for processions. But they date from an earlier period than their recognition by the Pope. In an illuminated manuscript of Alphonso the Wise, son of St. Ferdinand, they are represented as singing. The typical Spanish faces will be noticed and the beautiful faces of most. They are dear boys. I knew them all and they knew enough English to cluster round the English priests and clamor for "Penny."

As to the origin of the dance, it is lost in the ages. No one knows when it began. We know, of course, that religious dances are very ancient. Who is there who does not remember the scene when the Ark was being led in triumph? "And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod." We have traces in early Anglo Saxon days of religious dances and it is quite possible that the Seville dance of to-day is a remnant of the old Visigothic Church which was preserved even during the occupation of Seville by the Saracens, who allowed freedom of worship to their Catholic subjects, or it may be a memorial of the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent at the conquests. I am myself inclined towards this opinion; for the dance is evidently connected with the mystery of the Incarnation; as the two traditional periods during which the dance takes place are the feast and octave of the Immaculate Conception, the dawn of the Incarnation, and the feast and octave of *Corpus Christi*, the triumph of that same mystery. For the last two hundred years the dance has also taken place on the three days of carnival, the Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday before Ash Wednesday.

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### Pilgrimage to St. Ann de Beaupré.

The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament will conduct this year again the Aggragates and Ladies' pilgrimage to St. Ann de Beaupré. The day fixed for departure is Monday, June 26th at 4 o'clock, p. m. The "Beaupré" will stop at Cap de la Madeleine and at Quebec for several hours.

For full particulars kindly apply to the Rev. Director of the Pilgrimage, 490, Mount-Royal Avenue, Montreal.



## The Eucharistic Congress at Rome.

FROM the first to the sixth of June solemn Eucharistic Sessions will be held in Rome.

On that date the International Association of Eucharistic Works will celebrate the twenty fifth anniversary of its foundation.

No time seems more appropriate for the Congress to be held in the Eternal City than that on which this society finishes its first quarter of a century's existence.

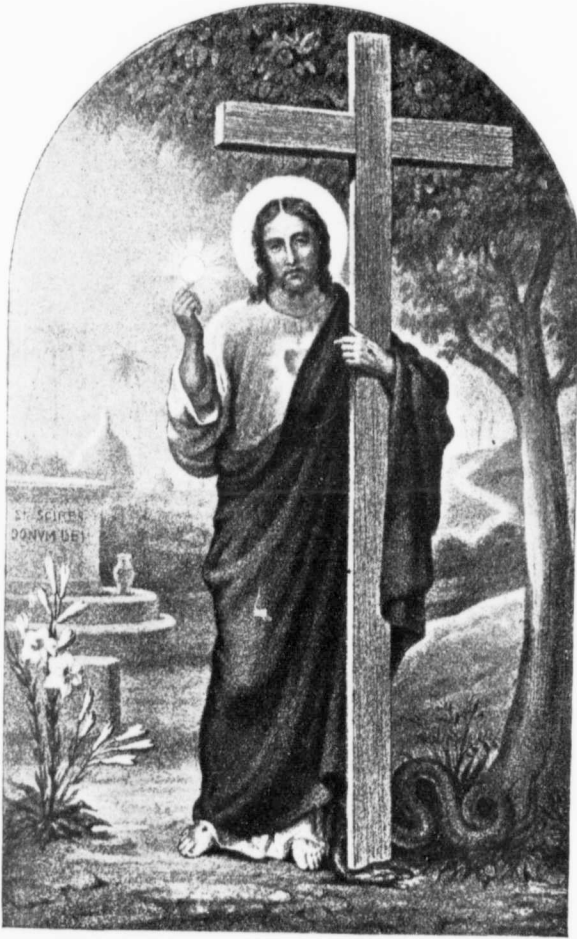
Moreover is it not through Mary we go to Jesus. And did not the recent great Marian exhibition prepare the way for and cordially invite this present Convention for the glory of that Virgin Mother's Son, abiding in our midst, a voluntary exile in the Sacred Host.

According to our idea another weighty reason induced the Convention to meet in Rome. Last year, as we know, Rome was the theatre of the most odious provocations against heaven. The International society of Free Thinkers met there and made it the scene of their licentious festivals ; hurling their blasphemies throughout the world under the very shadow of the Vatican.

Is it not just and proper that from the very same spot whence the scandal was scattered broadcast should arise the united voice of the chosen among the faithful in clear and forcible protest, in heartfelt reparation.

Yes! that just compensation should be and shall be offered to Jesus Christ and his Vicar. With this object in view the programme is carefully arranged and well adapted to attract souls and to lead them to reparation.

Apart from the sessions which promise to be most interesting there will be, Pontifical Mass, at St Peter's, on the feast of the Ascension ; on the following Sunday a procession of the Blessed Sacrament presided over by the Holy Father will take place in the Vatican gardens ; and on the closing day, Tuesday, a reception will be held at St. Peter's where an allocution will be delivered by His Holiness Pius the tenth, followed by the *Te Deum* and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by the Sovereign Pontiff himself.



THE GIFT OF GOD IN THE EUCHARIST.

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