



THE VIRGIN MOTHER  
From a painting by Hébert.



## OUR LADY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

THE month of Mary is the month of blessings and graces, for all graces come to us through Mary, as Saint Bernard and all the saints assure us. It is a feast of thirty days in honor of the Mother of God, and it will prepare us for the succeeding lovely month of the Blessed Sacrament.

I. — Because we make profession of especially honoring the Holy Eucharist, it does not follow that we should have less devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Far from it ! He would be guilty of blasphemy who would say : “ As for me, the Blessed Sacrament suffices. I have no need of Mary.” — Where shall we find Jesus on earth if not in Mary’s arms ? Did not she give us the Eucharist ? Was it not her consent to the incarnation of the Word in her pure womb that inaugurated the great mystery of reparation to God and union with us, which Jesus accomplished by His mortal life, and that He continues in the Eucharist ?

Without Mary, we shall not find Jesus, for she possesses Him in her heart. There He takes His delight, and they who wish to know His inmost virtues, His sacred and privileged love, must seek them in the heart of Mary. They who love that good Mother will find Jesus in her pure heart.

We must never separate Jesus from Mary. We can go to Him only through her. I even maintain that the more

we love the Eucharist, the more we ought to love Mary. We love all that our friend loves. Now, is there a creature better loved by God, a mother more tenderly thought of by her son, than was Mary by Jesus ?

Oh yes, Our Lord would be very much pained if we, the servants of His Eucharistic Life, did not greatly honor Mary, since she is His Mother. He owes everything to her in the order of His incarnation, His human nature. It is by the flesh that she gave Him that He has so glorified His Father, that He has saved us, and that He continues to nourish and save the world by the Blessed Sacrament.

He wishes us to honor her so much the more now as, during His mortal life, He seems to have neglected it Himself. He truly honored His Mother very much in private, but in public, He left her in the shade, since He had before all to assert and support His dignity as God.

But at the present day, Our Lord wishes us in some way to indemnify the Blessed Virgin for all that He did not do for her exteriorly ; and we are bound (there is here question of salvation) to honor her as the Mother of God and our own Mother.

II. — But since, as adorers, we are more especially devoted to the service of the Eucharist, it is in this quality that we owe particular devotedness to Mary. Religious of the Most Blessed Sacrament, servants of the Blessed Sacrament, associates of the Blessed Sacrament, we are by our state adorers of the Eucharist. This is our beautiful title blessed by Pius IX. Adorers — what does that mean ? It means that we are attached to the Adorable Person of Our Lord living in the Eucharist. — But if we belong to the Son, we belong to the Mother, also ; we adore the Son, we ought to honor the Mother, also ; and we are obliged, in order to persevere in the grace of our vocation and participate in it fully, to render to the Blessed Virgin very special honor under the title : **OUR LADY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.**

This devotion is not spread, nor is it explicitly defined as yet in the Church. Since devotion to Mary follows the worship of Jesus, it also follows the various phases and developments of the latter.

When we honor Our Lord on the cross, we pray to

Our Lady of Seven Dolors. When we honor His life submissive and retired at Nazareth, it is Our Lady of the Hidden Life that we take for model. The Blessed Virgin follows all the conditions of her Son.

We have never yet saluted Our Lady by this beautiful title : *Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament*. But the devotion to the Eucharist is spreading. Never was it greater or more general than in our time. It is taking new increase everywhere. It is the grace that the Immaculate Conception has brought to the world. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is not new, but there is, without doubt, a great and new manifestation of the Holy Eucharist. The hidden God comes forth from His tabernacle, He is everywhere exposed by day and by night. The Eucharist is to be the source of salvation for this opening century. The worship of the Eucharist will be the glory, the grandeur of this age.

Devotion to Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament will grow with the worship of the Eucharist. I have not found this devotion treated in any work. I have never heard it spoken of except in the revelations of Mother Mary of Jesus, where I read something of Mary's Communion, and in the Acts of the Apostles where we see Mary in the Cenacle,

III. — What did the Blessed Virgin do in the Cenacle ? She adored. She was the Mother and the Queen of adorers. She was, in a word, *Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament*. Our occupation during this month will be, to honor her under this beautiful title, to meditate on what she did, to inquire how Our Lord received her adoration. We shall discover the perfect union of those two hearts, that of Jesus and that of Mary, lost in one love, and one single life. Piety must raise the mysterious veil that hides the adoring life of Mary.

We are astonished that the Acts of the Apostles say nothing of it, but are satisfied with leaving Mary in the Cenacle. Ah ! it is because her whole life in the Cenacle was one of love and adoration.

Why speak again of love and adoration ? How shall we express that reign of God in the soul and that life of the soul in God ? It cannot be explained. Language has no words to express the delights of heaven, and it is the



same with the life of Mary in the Cenacle. Saint Luke tells us only that she lived and prayed there. Prayer and the love of study formed the essence of her life. Let us suppose all that is most powerful in love, all that is most holy and perfect in the virtues, and attribute it to Mary. But because Mary lived there in union with the Most Blessed Sacrament for more than twenty years, all her virtues took the Eucharistic character. They were nourished by Communion, adoration, and constant union with Our Eucharistic Jesus. Mary's virtues acquired in the Cenacle their highest perfection, almost limitless, surpassed only by that of the virtues of Jesus Christ.

Let us ask Our Lord to reveal to us what passed between Him and His Mother in the Cenacle. He will tell us some of those wonders, not all, for we could not bear them, but a few, and they will fill us with joy.

O how happy we should be, could we make a month of *Maria Adoratrix*! Mediation is necessary for that and much prayer. One must understand, also, the thanksgiving of Mary's love. I greatly desire this, but for such a work a longer preparation would be required. (1.)

IV. — All the mysteries of Mary's life live again in the Cenacle. If we meditate on the birth of her Son in Bethlehem, let us continue the Gospel and behold the Eucharistic birth of that same Son on the altar. Is our subject, "The Flight into Egypt?" Well, then, do we not see that Our Lord is still in the midst of strangers and barbarians in those cities and countries in which the churches are closed, and no one goes to visit Him? Think again on His hidden life at Nazareth. Do we not find Him even more hidden in His Eucharistic life? Consider all the other mysteries of Mary's life as connected with the Eucharist, and reflect on the part that she took therein.

The essential point is to seek out and practise one of Our Lady's virtues. Let us take them in order, the

(1) Père Eymard put his hand to the work, We have his meditations on the adoring life of Mary. He enters into the interior of the Blessed Virgin, he aims at showing us the sentiments of her heart, the extent of her love.

lowest, the smallest. We know them. We shall afterward rise by degrees to her interior virtues, even to her love.

Then let us daily offer up some sacrifice. Let us foresee something that will cost. There are some that we know in advance ; for instance, to do such a thing, to see such a person. Offer this sacrifice. The Blessed Virgin will be satisfied. It will be one more flower for the crown that she wishes to offer to her Son in our name on His day, the beautiful feast of Corpus Christi.

If we foresee no special sacrifices, let us maintain ourselves in generous dispositions to accept all that the good God will send us. Let us be watchful to catch on the wing that bird from heaven. It is a messenger from God, bringing us a grace and a crown of thorns. We must welcome them. A sacrifice foreseen makes us reason, and reasoning diminishes its value. But those that we make generously without premeditation and without deliberation, are of more value. The good God wants to surprise us. He says to us : " Hold thyself in readiness ! " — And the faithful soul is disposed for all that the good God wills. Love loves to surprise. Let us never lose these sacrifices, and for that it suffices to be generous. A generous soul — O how beautiful ! God is glorified by it, and He says of her as of Job, with sentiments of joy and admiration : " Hast thou seen My servant Job ? " ... The soul that loves, allows none of these sacrifices to pass. She has, so to say, her eye in the air. She feels that a cross is coming, and she prepares to receive it well.

Let us, then, honor the Blessed Virgin by a daily sacrifice. Let us go through her to Our Lord, take shelter behind her, hide under her mantle, cloth ourselves with her virtues, be, as it were, her shadow. Let us offer all her actions, all her merits, all her virtues to Our Lord. We have only to draw on Mary, and to say to Jesus : " I offer Thee the riches that my Mother has acquired for me, " — and Our Lord will be very much pleased with us.

*The Chaplain of our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament.*

We need a model, we need a patron, a guide in our devotion to Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament,

and it is Saint John the Evangelist that we shall choose for this. Jesus confided to him His Mother, and Saint John daily celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in her presence. It was he who, taking from the altar the Divine Bread, laid It on Mary's lips. "Mother, behold thy Son." — *Eccce Filius tuus!* — O God, what words, and what a moment! Saint John was witness of Mary's adoration, he was the confident of her love; and if he has spoken so divinely of the Eucharist, if he has sung the beautiful hymn of thanksgiving contained in his Gospel, it was only after, having received it from Jesus' lips, he heard it repeated by Mary. "The Saviour gave Saint John to Mary," says M. Olier, "not only that he should hold to her, in His own stead, the place of son, but still more that he should give her, by the Holy Mysteries that he would celebrate for her and for her intentions, the means of satisfying the ardent desires of her heart for the establishment of the Church. also to console her for His own absence by the happiness of communicating daily." (Life of M. Olier, II. part III. p. 207.)

O glorious Chaplain of the Cenacle, teach us to know the mysteries of the life of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament! Make us participate in her dispositions every time that we receive, or that we adore the God of the Eucharist.

PRACTICE. — Let us fulfil all our Eucharistic duties in union with Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

ASPIRATION. — Hail Mary, of whom was born our Eucharistic Jesus!



## SHRINES OF MARY

So wherever I look in the distance  
 And wherever I turn to the past,  
 There is a shrine of Mary  
 Each brighter than the last.

I will ask for one grace, O Mother !  
 And will leave the rest to thy will ;  
 From one shrine of thine to another  
 Let my life be a Pilgrimage still !

At each one, O Mary of Mercy !  
 Let still more of thy love be given  
 Till I kneel at the last and brightest,  
 The throne of the Queen of Heaven."

*A. Procter.*

Once more we hail the sweet month of Our Lady ! and our thoughts travel back to the lands where May is the "Fairest month of all the year ;" where earth is a carpet of verdure, besprinkled with flowers of every hue, and the air, laden with perfume resounds with the exstatic songs of birds ; the lakes reflect the varying beauties of the sky from rosy dawn to golden eve, and all nature rejoices in the new birth and promise of the spring.

To Mary who brought forth the Saviour of the world, we dedicate this month which brings forth so much that is beautiful.

With what devotion the pious children of the church surround the shrines of Mary ! What a chorus of praise and prayer assails the gates of Heaven ! Let us pause for a moment and consider how multitudinous are these shrines, and how many sad hearts are comforted, and sinful ones healed, at these fountains of grace.

In the city of Rome alone there are forty-four churches of Our Lady under the different titles. Each one's history is full of interest. Besides the churches erected in her honor, are many altars in other churches, especially dedicated to Mary, where she has been pleased to work miracles from time to time.

We will make a spiritual pilgrimage to one of these altars in the church of *St. Andrea delle Fratte* on one of the slopes of the Pincian Hill. It is a privileged altar, *Altare privilegiato della Madonna*, and all who are anxious to obtain the grace of conversion for themselves or friends come here with their petitions. One never sees this altar without suppliants, and the fervor of their prayer show the sincerity of their desires.

Some years ago, about the middle of the last century, on this spot, a miracle was wrought, witnessed by a numerous assemblage. Funeral services were being held over the earthly remains of the Count de la Ferronnays, (1) a man distinguished less for his noble birth, and lofty position, than for his eminent virtues and unswerving fidelity to the church in days when so many of his countrymen were falling into materialism and open infidelity.

The story of the miracle is widely known, but to refresh the memory of the forgetful, and as it redounds to the glory of our Blessed Lady, it shall be related again.

Among the crowd in the church attending the funeral was Alphonse Ratisbonne, a young jew belonging to one of the wealthiest families of Strassburg, one whose refinement, education, and amiable disposition made him welcome in the best circles. Suddenly while the requiem mass was being intoned, he beheld a vision of dazzling brightness where a minute before was a dark wall. Spell-bound for a moment he gazed, and then fell prostrate, instantly and miraculously converted! As his biographers relate: "he entered the church an unbelieving jew, he left it a fervent catholic!"

The vision, as he described it, has been represented in a painting which hangs over the altar.

It depicts Our Lady as a young slim girl, in a blue robe, her soft hair rippling over her shoulders, her hands outspread and rays of light streaming from them. The piety of the people has placed so many jewels on the picture that it has been found necessary to cover it with glass for protection. A gold crown set with pearls is on the head, a cincture of diamonds around the wrist, diamond bands encircle the small wrists, and several rows of gems depend from the neck. The gilt frame of the picture is

(1) Father of Mrs Augustus Craven,

adorned with small medallions composed of precious stones, and the wall back of the altar is covered with the richest marbles in artistic designs.

On the side wall of the chapel, to the right, is a picture of the scene of the apparition as it actually occurred, with the young jew falling in adoration before the radiant vision from whose outstretched hands light is flowing : on the opposite side is a picture of the Baptism of the convert.

Seven lamps burn perpetually before this altar, which is enriched with alabaster, lapis-lazuli, and gold, and is always decorated as though for a perpetual *feſta*. Only the finest laces are used for altar drapery, and the large arch of the chapel is hung with curtains of crimson silk and velvet, bordered with gold.

In proof of the numbers of favors which have been granted are hundred of votive offerings, filling up all the space in the chapel. Two mural tablets, in Latin, and in French, on either side record the miraculous conversion.

The medal known as the *Miraculous Medal* was struck in commemoration of this miracle, and on the twentieth of January there is an annual celebration with mass, sermon and benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament, followed by *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne, on this favored spot where the Queen of Heaven manifested her glory and power.



### St. Juliana of Cornillon and the Institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi.



ULIANA was born at Retine, a village about two leagues distant from Liège. Being left an orphan at the age of five years, she was placed with the Cistercian nuns of Cornillon, where she was brought up. Here was early developed her religious vocation, and she desired whilst yet a child to occupy herself with the arduous duties of the religious life. The prioress, seeing this, gave her in charge to a holy nun named Sapientia, whose duty it was, not only to educate, but also to watch over her vocation very narrowly. In a short time Juliana had learned all the Psalms by heart, showing herself besides most apt in everything that concerned the duties of religion, and growing daily in the fear of God and in the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. She had no taste whatever for childish recreations, but sought solitude and recollection. In memory of the crucified life of our Lord she desired to be occupied in the most menial work, and begged to be allowed to herd the cattle and to clean the stables. On receiving permission she undertook this laborious work, which she fulfilled with great patience and assiduity until her fourteenth years. Her one design was so to fulfil the duties of a religious that she might be found worthy to be admitted into the closter. This happiness was conferred upon her, notwithstanding her extreme youth, in the year 1207, at the age of fourteen.

From this moment her heart was entirely given to God. Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament grew with her growth. On the days when she communicated she withdrew from all intercourse with others, and spent her whole time in prayer and meditation. At the elevation she would fall prostrate, while her whole appearance indicated the interior love of her heart; and although she

strove the utmost to conceal the emotion she felt, it was impossible for others not to perceive it.

She had scarcely reached her sixteenth year, when her heavenly Bridegroom began to favour her with visions into the meaning of which she could not penetrate.

Being one day engaged in contemplation, she saw in spirit a vision of the moon at its full, a dark spot in which disfigured the clear shining thereof. At first Juliana gave no heed to this appearance ; but upon its reiteration she became uneasy, and acquainted Sister Sapientia with her secret. Sapientia, now Superior of the convent, took into counsel several pious and learned persons, who, being unable to give any explanation of it, treated the apparition as a simple dream. Juliana in her humility submitted her judgment, and believed as she was instructed ; she endeavoured to forget it, but in vain. Wherever she went, and whatever she did, the same vision presented itself to her eyes. She had therefore recourse to prayer, beseeching God to remove these distracting thoughts from her mind ; but her prayer was not granted. The time was not yet come when it should please God to give her any explanation of the mystery.

From this time, and by the wise foresight of her holy Superior, Juliana had means permitted her of more complete abstraction from the external world. An oratory was fitted up, in which she spent her time in solitude and prayer, scarcely allowing herself time for the sustenance of the body. At length the Blessed Sacrament became her principal bodily as well as spiritual aliment, and she would retire into her closet after receiving the divine food, remaining there for eight days in the strictest seclusion, silence, and solitude. The Sisters, fearing for her health besought her most affectionately to quit this lonely life ; but, with the greatest sweetness and humility, she entreated that, on the contrary, she might be permitted to remain in her solitude for a month without fearing for her health, since food was distasteful to her, and communion with God had become the only delight of her soul. Nevertheless in the midst of her meditations the thought of the vision she seen caused her no little uneasiness, and she ceased not with great earnestness to pray for the revelation of the mystery.



At length, after many days of excessive prayer, she fell asleep through exhaustion, and during this slumber her prayer was granted. In the depth of her soul a heavenly voice made itself understood, and she heard the following words: 'That which disturbs thee is that a feast is wanting to My Church militant, which I desire to establish. It is the feast of the Most High and Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. At present the celebration of this Mystery is only observed on Maundy Thursday; but on that day My sufferings and death are the principal objects of consideration; therefore I desire another day to be set apart in which it shall be celebrated by the whole of Christendom, and this for three reasons:

' I. That the faith in the divine mystery, which is beginning to be attacked, and will in future times be still further menaced, may be more confirmed and reassured.

' II. That the faithful who believe and seek the truth may be fully taught and convinced, and enabled to draw from this well of life the strength necessary to carry them on in the way of virtue.

' III. That reparation may be made for the irreverence and impiety shown towards the Divine Majesty in the Blessed Sacrament, by a sincere and profound adoration of the same. In fine, that thou, Juliana, art chosen to give the opportunity for the establishment of this feast.'

In spite of the joy with which this announcement inspired the heart of the pious girl, her humility drew her to entreat God that He would not place so great an undertaking into her hands. For twenty years her secret remained with herself, until at last the moment arrived when she felt she could no longer withstand the inspiration of God, and she resolved therefore to do His bidding.

After consulting with other discreet and holy women whom God inspired with great confidence in her words, Juliana, who had become prioress of her convent, resolved to intrust the command she had received into the hands of a canon of St. Martin's, John of Lausanne, afterwards prior, a very holy man, and one much sought after for his advice on difficult questions. Him she engaged to discuss the subject with other men of God, which he undertook to do with great readiness; consulting Hugh of St. Cher, Provincial of the Dominicans, James Pantaleon,

Archdeacon of Liège, the Bishop of Cambrai, and other learned persons.

After all had been well weighed, it was decided that the design was not contrary to the mind of the Church, and that the feast might be introduced as a thanksgiving to Almighty God for the institution of this ineffable mystery, and reawaken in Christendom the spirit of devotion, which day by day was fading away.

After much contradiction from spiritual as well as worldly persons, Juliana had at length the happiness of meeting with sympathy in the person of Robert, Bishop of Liège. This man of God visited her often, and, perceiving her to be guided by heavenly wisdom to a knowledge of the manifest will of God on the subject, he at length determined to introduce the feast into his own diocese. In the year 1264 he issued a command that every year, on the fourth day (Thursday) after the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, the feast of Corpus Christi should be celebrated in all the churches within the diocese of Liège.

After his death Hugh, the former Provincial of the Dominicans, who was already acquainted with the visions of Juliana, and had been created a cardinal and legate at Liège, found there the feast as it had been established by Robert; and, conceiving a great devotion for it, he not only preached in its favour, but commanded the celebration thereof in the entier district of his legation. The same course was continued by his successor, Peter Capoch.

When these legates were removed, there seemed a danger of the feast being forgotten. But God had not so ordained. In the year 1261 James Pantaleon, Archdeacon of Liège, one of the first whose voice had decided in favour of the heavenly vision, was raised to the pontifical throne under the name of Urban IV. Thus the new Pope was happy, a few years later, in being able by a Bull to establish the feast of Corpus Christi all over the world, to the entire fulfilment of the prediction made by our Lord to Juliana. His successor, Clement IV, renewed the Bull of Pope Urban; but it was not until the days of Pope John XXII, that the feast began to be celebrated with processions, a solemn octave being added to it.

Thus from century to century has this festival been

more and more highly exalted, until it is now become one of the most touching, the most lovely, and the most glorious feasts that adorn the Holy Catholic Church.

Although Juliana has not been formally canonised, she has received the title of Saint in Bulls of Popes Innocent XII, and Benedict XIII. A Mass for her feast is inserted in many Missals, and the present Pope has granted a plenary indulgence on her feast to the Cistercians of the congregation of La Trappe.

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### GENTLE WORDS

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**W**HEN the gentle word's so easy  
 And the kindly mood's so sweet,  
 Why not make the dull day brighter,  
 For the folk you chance to meet ?

Why not, e'en though troubles thicken  
 Face the trial, dare the worst,  
 With a look so brave and buoyant  
 That you rout it from the first ?

In the world through which we're passing  
 We may make the feeble strong,  
 We may cheer the lonesome pathway  
 With the gladness of a song.

We may vanquish fiends and goblins,  
 If the fight we deem worth while,  
 By the valiant front of patience,  
 And the magic of a smile.





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## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

FOR THE USE

### Of the Associates of the Congregation of the MOST HOLY SACRAMENT

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#### The Blessed Virgin and the Eucharist

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*Ave, verum Corpus, natum de Maria Virgine !*

My Jesus, we taste ineffable sweetness and true joy in the thought of what Mary was to Thee ! If all things, O Divine Word, were made for Thee, how incomparably more true it is of that master-piece of grace, of goodness, of beauty, and of love, Thy most Holy Mother ! *Maria, de qua natus est Jesus* — Mary, of whom was born Jesus ! — This one word contains all her praise, all her grandeur. How, then, can we better adore Thee, O Jesus, in the Sacrament in which Thou dost still remain the true Son of Mary, than by uniting with her who bore in her virginal and maternal heart love most ardent, praise more pure than that of all the angels and saints ever created ?



And again, didst Thou not make her, most sweet Jesus, the mother and the model of Eucharistic adorers, by leaving her to be consumed before Thy Sacrament, although Heaven was claiming her for its sovereign ?

For this reason, let Mary be doubly our Mother.

#### I.—ADORATION.

BEHOLD THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD ! — Mary's whole life may be summed up in one word, *adoration*, for adoration is the perfect service of God. It comprises all the duties of a creature toward the Creator.

But what words can express the intensity that her adoration drew from her humble *Ecce* and her burning *Fiat*, by which she gave herself up entirely to the Divine Will and its operations. Jesus was inclosed in her bosom, but no one knew it. Mary was the first



adorer of the Word Incarnate. Never was ciborium purer or more precious than the bosom of Mary !

Jesus was born at Bethlehem. Mary adored Him, and her maternal arms became, as it were, the first ostensorium in which He received the adoration of humanity. She continued to adore Him. She adored Him unceasingly up to the moment of sacrifice when, standing on Calvary, she offered as a Victim the Son of her love.

But Mary's adoration did not cease there. Jesus remained on earth in His Eucharist, and it was near the tabernacle that the Blessed Virgin was to consume her life. She could not live away from it, her whole being tended toward it as to her centre and end. The Host was for her her Jesus. He lived again in this mystery in which was comprised her whole life. She adored, she believed, she sacrificed, she devoted, she annihilated herself. She herself became a sacrifice with the Sacred Host. She offered herself entirely to the loving service of her Jesus in the Eucharist, for love lays down no conditions, knows no reserve. It thinks not of self, lives not for self. It is a stranger to itself, and lives but for the God whom it loves. In this state, Mary, forgetful of earth, concentrated herself, and rested in her one only treasure, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

O Mary, teach us the life of adoration ! Teach us to find as you did, all mysteries, all graces in the Eucharist, to fix on It our heart, to live of It and for It, and to repeat with thee that word of self-surrender, that word of self-annihilation : *Ecce ancilla Domini !*

## II.—THANKSGIVING.

MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD ! — Mary lived on gratitude. Every day, every instant of her life, was, as it were, a hymn of praise, praise to Jesus. She knew that all the Divine liberality to herself, all the effusions of grace and love, all the wonders wrought in her, were for Him whom she was to bring into the world. And when the Incarnation was accomplished, when, by Jesus, humanity had been instructed, transformed, purchased, Satan vanquished ; when God had received glory worthy of Him ; when Jesus, the glorious Conqueror, had ascended to heaven, it was before the Eucharist and of the Eucharist, which continues Jesus'

life on earth, that Mary was to constitute herself the victim of praise.

Mary knew the grandeur of the Eucharistic Gift, and her thanksgiving was perfect. She had intoned the strains of this new canticle at the hour of the Last Supper, when Jesus revealed to her the Eucharist. She then adored, in the outpouring of her gratitude, the love that had now reached its term. She had consented to defer the moment of her own heavenly reward, in order to remain on earth an adorer, commissioned to guard, to serve the Holy Eucharist, happy to die at the foot of the altar. Daily she renewed her thanksgiving, and offered to Jesus the flames of love that consumed her heart.

O with what complacency Jesus received these first homages of His holy Mother, the first offered to His Sacrament ! Let us unite in these thanksgivings of the Blessed Virgin, we who, like her, participate in the benefit, the ineffable love, in the adorable presence of the Eucharist.

### III.—PROPI TIATION.

A SWORD OF SORROW SHALL PIERCE THY SOUL, O MARY !

Love seeks for likeness ; consequently, Mary was in union with Jesus a true victim of propitiation. We may say of her as of Our Lord that she was created to suffer ; and as she was all for Jesus, it was His torments, His sufferings, His martyrdom that made of Mary the Mother of Sorrows.

But it was those very sorrows that enabled her to offer to the Victim sacrificed on the altar the homage of reparation that It claims, because only Mary measured, comprehended, and suffered in her soul the whole Passion of her Jesus. The altar, also, showed her, revealed to her in all its breadth and depth the Passion and Death of her Divine Son. It seemed to her that she still saw in the Holy Mass Jesus crucified, shedding His Blood in suffering and opprobrium, abandoned by men and even by His Father, and dying in the very exercise of supreme love.

Mary would then have wished to endure a thousand deaths to spare Jesus all the treason, abandonment, and profanation to which the Eucharist will be exposed till

the end of time. Who can enumerate Mary's acts of reparation and annihilation? — Let us offer them to Jesus, to console Him for the abandonment of men, for the loneliness of His tabernacles, for the contempt and injury to which He is subjected in the Blessed Sacrament. Let us take Mary's place before Him, and may he find in the compassion of our hearts an echo of that of His most holy and divine Mother.

#### IV.—SUPPLICATION

Mary's prayer was as perfect as her adoration, her thanksgiving, and her reparation. Her prayer was still her preparation for divine favors; and in all the works of Jesus, it seemed that the part of prayer was reserved for His Most Holy Mother. But it was in the Cenacle, at the foot of the altar, that the holy and sublime function of prayer was personified in Mary. There the Virgin constituted herself a suppliant for all the great interests of the rising Church. And who can doubt that her most ardent prayer was to beg that her Jesus should be known and loved in the Sacrament in which He remained; that the Eucharist should multiply the number of Its tabernacles, that priests, also, should be multiplied, and that in perfect holiness they should call down their God upon thousands of altars, in order to give Him to souls? Yes, from Mary's heart unceasingly escaped with an ardor that devoured and consumed her, the cry: "O my Son, let Thy Eucharistic kingdom come!"

O Mary, Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, give to our poor hearts that love for the Eucharist, that burning thirst for Its coming, for Its reign in the world, and in our own souls! O Mother, be thou our model, and our instructress in the worship, in the praise, and, above all, in the love that we owe to Jesus in the Sacrament! Give us to Jesus, and give Jesus to us. O blessed stem, of which Jesus is the flower, the fragrant and delicious flower, incline toward us, that we may admire its beauty and inhale its perfume, but still more, that we may pluck it and feed upon it. Yes, give us, O Mary, that Jesus of yours, who has willed to be ours, also and after this our exile, show Him to us in heaven!

## The Religion of Tears



HERE is in tears a kind of natural religion closely allied to the revealed religion of Him who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." They are intimately associated with the best traits of the soul, — those redeeming virtues which are the native channels of divine truth and love, and which supernatural grace neither reverses nor destroys, but only purifies and deepens.

Affectionate and humble suppliants, as they lock up to heaven, rinse every petition in their eyes before offering it, that it may be seen to be true. The vapor of suspicion and hate, the cloud of alarm and grief, brooding over the spirit, black and big with portents, bursts, discharges, and then floats away with the dazzling bow of promise on its back, leaving sunshine and serenity behind. Hurt feelings, revengeful animosities, rankling purposes, cruel doubts, dissolve in penitential tears; and purity, peace, trust and love come again. Surely, whatever thus lust-rates and helps to reconcile the soul with God has a religious office and efficacy. Do not regretful and supplicating tears from a believing and loving heart carry a sort of atonement? Verily, the Master Himself teaches so. "Behold, a woman that was in the city, a sinner, when she knew that he sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment. And standing behind at his feet, she began to wash his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. . . . And he said to her: 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.'" A poet, who has embalmed this story in exquisite verse, asks,—

"Were not the sinful Mary's tears  
An offering worthy heaven  
When o'er the faults of former years  
She wept and was forgiven?"



That is a beautiful thought which we find embodied in the tale of the fallen Peri, who was promised restoration to her forfeited abode on condition that she brought to the eternal gate the gift dearest to heaven. First she carried a drop of blood shed for liberty from the veins of a patriot hero. In vain. Then she carried a sigh of unsullied love breathed by an expiring maiden. Again in vain. Finally she carried a tear of true penitence, caught from the cheek of a sorrowing sinner.

“Joy, joy forever! her task is done;  
The gates are passed, and heaven is won.”

Tears are religious because, like everything else that is most deeply human, they are connected with the unknown, are embedded in mystery, and lead our thoughts to the Infinite. The most absorbing prayer and worship in our poor humanity are never far removed from weeping.

“The gift of tears” is one of the prominent attributes of nearly all the great saints. Their sensibility is so deep and intense, and the blissful touches of the Holy Spirit are so overpowering in their surprised and thrilled experience, that they are constantly found bathed in tears.

On fit occasions the noblest style of man, the richest genius, is quickest to weep. There are tears of power which are to be admired, because they refresh and strengthen us. The holiest memories and desires lie at the bottom of the heart, where tears steal down to keep them fresh so that they shall not grow arid and crumble to nothing.

Peter, hearing the cock crow, recalled the prophecy, incredible to him then, that ere this signal sounded, he should have thrice denied his Lord. “And when he thought thereon he wept.” How many things there are which would make people weep when they thought thereon, if they but thought deeply enough! It is the frivolity of the world that keeps the bitter fountains sealed. Lost friends, neglected opportunities, squandered treasures, upbraiding faces of those we have injured and who are in their graves, and hopes that never will return, —when these rise in consciousness, if, thinking thereon, we weep freely, it will be a credit to us, and may do us

good. And yet we must be careful to make such seasons of feeling fruitful ; for they are too apt to pass off as idly as showers from rocks.

When Jesus said to the widow of Nain, " Weep not," he restored to her the son for whom she wept. The religion He has left, the Sacrament of His love, continues to console and strengthen by the assurance of a benignant Providence, by the promise of the deep beatitude, " Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." O would that these words were graven on the walls of the world and stamped on the doors of the sky, where every weeping mortal might read them as he wanders here in weary penance preparatory to his admission among the happy immortals who have passed through the cleansing fires of purgatory, and are enjoying the happiness of the blessed, for God has wiped away all tears from their eyes. " Weeping endured for a night, but joy has come with the morning !"



### A WORD IN SEASON.

**T**o-day is yours ; use it ; draw from it with a miser's eagerness, every little of its riches : grasp its garlands of success ; raise to your brow its crown of victory. To-day is yours ; make it yield to you all that is possible of joy, of glad triumph, of unfading glory. It is one better worth having than much of the exaggerated laudation which attends the departure from this world of public men, was that paid to a loving pastor by a little child of his flock. He had been great friend with a little girl, the daughter of one of his parish, and the child has always hailed him with joy when they met. When he died, her mother went to the nursery and said to her tearfully : " Our good pastor is gone to heaven, my dear." " Oh, mamma," said the little one, " how happy the angels will be !"



## Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament

(FROM THE FRENCH)



Mother Mary! when to heaven away  
Your Jesus mounted on Ascension Day,  
(Leaving you exiled in a land of woe,)  
Ah! whither did your lonely spirit turn?  
Despising earth did it, ecstatic, yearn  
To Paradise with your Belov'd to go?

When white-wing'd angels came to Olivet,  
Say, did they find you with wide eyes and wet,  
Up-looking with His chosen ones to heaven?  
No! No! a wondrous mystery was here,  
To fix your heart upon this lower sphere,  
Where other children to your love were given!

The Church (new founded) the small Christian band  
Needed protection from your mighty hand,  
Stretched forth most tenderly to its defense.  
When from our sight our Father had withdrawn,  
It was the duty of our Mother lone  
(His living image) comfort to dispense.

Radiant with glory tho' in heaven He reigns,  
Our Jesus still upon the earth remains:  
He lives, good Mother, 'neath the altar veil.  
Ah! then rejoice, your weary exile bless,  
Your life can have no void, no bitterness,  
While here your treasure in the Host you hail!

The Child whom once your virgin womb enclosed,  
The God who once upon your knee reposed,  
Here in the Tabernacle dwells apart!  
Vainly the elements would, cloud-like, hide  
The Presence of the Bridegroom from His Bride—  
Salutes she here the pole-star of her heart!

Near Him, dear Queen, you taste the tender joys  
Of other days. You speak—you hear His voice—

The union of your spirits naught can rend.  
Soul of your life, He lives within your breast,  
(As once within your womb He loved to rest)

Your Child, your Spouse, your Father and your Friend !

What doth in matter then if grief, distress,  
Life's cup o'erflow with floods of bitterness ?

Your Paradise is Jesus' blest retreat !  
From all earth's chalices you drink, sweet Dove,  
Inebriating draughts of light and love,  
Delights which heaven alone can make complete !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

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## THE TATTTLER.


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HE most unbearable fellow that we know, and we confess that sometimes we meet him, is the tattler. Tattling and pharisaism generally go together, unctiously linked with an outward affectation of piety and a love to parade a neighbor's faults. The tattler ought to have no place within the pale of decent society. No man's character is safe in his hands. His very profession makes him a construer of the most innocent action. Woe to the unfortunate whose private affairs become known to this pest ; he surely will parade them with many an addition. The tattler is a hundred eyed deceiver who sits in your unsuspecting circle, treasuring your words and spying your weaknesses. He poisons the faith of man in man. We should make no terms with the tattler if we want to keep out of trouble. For were it not for him there would be no tattling. It takes an ear and tongue to make a scandal. It is a shame, and a most unchristian act, yea sinful, to give a willing ear to ill of your neighbor. A true heart, and true honor rejoice in kindly things. If it is mean to listen to evil reports of your enemy, how much more if he is your friend.

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## THE DELINQUENT



PICTURESQUE line of cottages, a great belt of woodland; the gable, or chimneystack of a country house through the trees; the sound of water along the shore, as the blue, dancing waves of Lake Ontario flung themselves against the yellow sands below the hill. Afar off, beyond the Point, the wild waters of the bay sporting, and pelting its foam, like gigantic snow-balls, at the pretty islands; a brilliant sunset, glorious cloud effects; the glinting little church above the bay, and you have the setting of the following episode:

He had come among them, the young Rector, with high hopes and grand aspirations; a good solid churchman, neither High-Church nor Low-Church, but a happy medium of sound, regular, orthodox Protestantism; and *Protest*, with a very large P, he did against anything that savoured of Rome or Popery.

Of Catholics he knew nothing except from hearsay, and that was bad enough! He was primed with all the spicy anecdotes against the Church, that are always new and never old. He knew them all by heart, and righteous indignation would now and then spring up in his soul at the remembrance of them. The few Catholics in the village, and scattered through his mission along the Lake, were harmless enough; poor Irish folk, simple and unlettered, whom he longed to get at and win over from their superstition. To be sure, his attempts up to this had been unsuccessful; a keen thrust or pointed sally with their jovial native wit, and the young apostle thought it better to retire with an unwilling smile. He would like to know these men, even through curiosity; but they did not want him, and made no secret of it. "The Father came once a year thank God! and whenever he could, and they would rather wait till he came again," was their invariable answer to his invitation to church-going.

He thought of them this Sunday morning, as he stood

in the pulpit and looked down on his congregation, with the June sun glinting through the narrow windows on the rows of earnest faces. They were very aristocratic, this little flock, by the by, clever, and cultured ; but the Rector loved the poor, and the poor knew him not. His sermons were like himself, polished and fervid, his pure young face and dark eyes shining as he spoke with the ardent soul within. He was shy, fearfully shy, and at first repelled his people, who did not understand his apparently cold, reserved ways ; but now they had learned to love him, as they knew him better.

He was speaking to them to-day of their love one for another ; of their duties to those depending on them ; of those in need, in trial, or temptation ; and as he dwelt on the spirit of Jesus towards the least of the brethren, his eyes unconsciously fell on a face near him — a woman's face, sweet and beautiful, the face of a saint and a mother ; gracious, loving, gentle, with such an atmosphere of peace that only a soul living for, and in God, could win. He loved to look at her while she prayed, and often drew inspiration from those clear grey eyes, that always seemed to him to look straight at God.

Why did she haunt him so to-day ? Why did his whole sympathies go out to her ? Why did wrath swell up within him ? To think that a child of hers, with such a living example of the virtuous teaching of the Church, could fall away, could renounce the Faith of her youth, could — strange depravity ! — become a Catholic ? He could never forgive her — he never would ! The mother had asked him to see this wayward girl, just come back from New H—, where she had been received into the Church of Rome. How could he ? He would not promise. He came out of the little church when service was over full of his thoughts. The sparkling bay down below flung back the sunlight, the peace of the rural Sabbath fell on his troubled spirit, and he tried to be patient, and pray for the erring one. It took a whole week for Rector to make up his mind to pay that undesired visit. It was hard work, but a stern sense of duty at length brought him to the point.

Down the village street he strode one afternoon, severe and dignified, his lips tight set ; but boyish and lovable

with all his apostolic indignation. Through an open gate, to a short drive, and up steep steps leading to a large handsome house, he marched onwards; he stood a moment to quiet his emotions, rang nervously, the door was flung back, and as he stepped forward never did a more expressive back disappear within that old hall!

Seating himself in an angle of the quaint, pleasant drawing-room, with its restful air of refinement and comfort, the subdued light of the hot June sun falling softly on picture and statuary, and showing the exquisite taste and charming personality of the mistress, who was his ideal of perfect womanhood, he had not long to wait. A soft step came towards him; the well-known smile, the gracious manner, the sweet motherly greeting, soothed him at once, and in spite of himself, his old cordiality reappeared. They chatted of the village incidents: an accident on the bay yesterday; a desolate widow whom she had visited; the latest joke of one of the Irish boatmen, whose wit was proverbial along the coast.

The Rector had almost forgotten his injuries when the door opened and a tall, striking-looking girl entered gaily. She came forward, her grey eyes twinkling with mischief. As she looked at her mother no one could mistake them — the same features and expression, the same elegant graciousness; a world of love shone in that glance between mother and daughter, and as the Rector saw it all his dormant indignation returned, for who but such a mother could retain affection for such a child! He went icily through the introduction, but the Delinquent saw none of it; on the contrary she talked of everything under the sun, and laughed with all the gladness of a child! Once or twice his Reverence almost relaxed into a smile, so contagious was that musical ripple, but he drew himself up all the more after his almost imperceptible unbending, and he nearly fell off his chair when she spoke of her baptism as a Catholic. The stiffer he grew the more confidential she became, the more merrily her eyes twinkled, and once she laughed so archly that an angry feeling took possession of him that she was actually teasing him. How he longed to crush her! but his respect for her mother and his innate politeness restrained him. Another sally was too much for him, and, with all the



dignity his indignation would allow, he stood up and bowed himself out of her presence, never, if he could help it, to find himself there again.

No sooner had he gone than gay laughter rang through the old house. "O mother!" cried the Delinquent, "what fun to see his outraged dignity! I did so want to tease him and see if I could make him angry."

Her mother could not resist an involuntary smile as she answered: "You must not; he feels your desertion keenly on my account as well, and he is so good, so ardent, so sincere, one cannot know him without deep admiration."

"I know, mother, but he is so injured; he will never come even to see you while I am in the bosom of my family."

And she was right. The Rector got back to his room as furious as a man of his gentle nature could be; he was hurt, nay outraged, but it was a just indignation. How he had been treated — he, a priest of the Anglican Church! — laughed at, teased, derided like a schoolboy; if he was young it was not his fault. If it had been one of her own priests, what respect, nay, reverence she would have shown him; and he — well, it was beyond forgiveness! Up and down the room he paced, the memory of her words and looks stinging freshly at every turn, the echo of her laughter ringing mockingly in his ears. How like her mother, and oh! how unlike: and yet he could not deny her wit, her vivacity, and — yes, her undoubted cleverness. How did she ever embrace the superstition of Rome? It was well enough for those ignorant men down there — looking with pity and contempt at some Irishmen pulling out from the shore, as the lusty notes of "Garryowen" came cheerily up to his window. She, he mused, with a brilliant father, and such a mother, reared in so cultured an atmosphere, steeped to the very lips in Anglicanism — she, a Catholic! Well, the whole thing seemed marvellous, and beyond him, and he would try to put it out of his mind, and pray for light for her to see the error of her ways.

Months went by swiftly, happily; Sunday after Sunday he prayed and preached — in the village in the morning, and in the afternoon in some distant mission along



the Lake, or round the Point, journeying through bold romantic scenes, solitary and beautiful, dear to his pœtic soul, that carried his thoughts to the God whom he tried so earnestly to love and serve.

Late one afternoon in September he was returning from the bedside of a dying man, well pleased with the result of his daily visits, rejoicing in the hopeful spirit in which the soul was preparing for the last great struggle. Pondering on the vanities of all earthly dreams and ambitions, he was aroused from his thoughts by the deep pleasant tones of a voice above him, and looking up, his eyes rested on the stately, handsome figure of a gentleman on horseback. The Rector's face lighted with pleasure as he entered into animated conversation. Mr. L. talked better than any other man he had ever known—his *bons mots*, his stories and language were classic; few there were whom he admitted to his friendship, and, to every one's surprise, he had, from the very first, taken a strange fancy to the young Rector. The frank simplicity and earnestness of the clergyman, appealed to the lofty nature of the man of the world, who lived in his books, and scorned all sham and pretence.

“What has become of your Reverence! I have missed you, and now have so many things to talk over. I have received a treasure which I want you to see—a rare copy I have been hunting for ever since I can remember.”

The Rector pleaded hard work, absence from home, and other matters, all of which were true, but ignored the real reason. Something told Mr. L.—what was passing in the young man's mind, for he said laughingly: “You are not afraid of our convert, are you? I should not be; she is harmless. When she has perverted her mother and me, then you had better beware; but till then”—and he waved his hand playfully as he touched up his horse and rode off, calling back, “I shall expect you to-morrow.”

The Rector walked homewards more belligerent than ever. What misfortune brought about this interview! His pace quickened with his fiery thoughts; his stick waved in the air, swishing the unfortunate weeds and brambles that dared to lift up their heads by the wayside. The fresh wind from the bay played on his ruffled brow

without in the least cooling the ardour of his feelings. He reached home tired and peckish ; standing by the window he looked down on the water, flushed with the sun setting behind the woods, falling in golden bars across the bay. The peace and beauty of the dying day soothed him, as nature always did when those outbursts surged within him.

( *To be continued.* )

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### A True Word About Kindness

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HAVE we thought that more hearts pine away in secret anguish for the want of kindness than from any other cause in life? Kind words and a pleasant voice are worth a great deal more than money, and yet they are things which all can give, and give liberally, if they will. And when a few words will make a man happy he must, indeed, be a sour character who will not give them. If kindly courtesy were the rule, at home and in social life, there would be much more happiness. Kindness is like lighting another's candle at our own. That which the other gains does not take away any of the brilliancy of our own light. Kindness is like a calm and peaceful stream that reflects every object in its just proportions. Kindness finds its way into the hidden recesses of the heart, and brings forth treasures that would otherwise always lie hid. Harshness, on the contrary, seals them up forever. Opportunities of doing kind acts, if sought for, are forever starting up ; and it is by words, by tones, by little acts of kindness, recurring daily and hourly, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects to do these trifles, yet boasts that when a great sacrifice is necessary, he will be ready to make the sacrifice, if he does it at all, will do so more for his own sake than for that of his neighbor. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts ; therefore do not breathe a sentiment or say a word that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain to his bosom. But speak promptly when you feel kindly. Many lose the opportunity of saying a kind word by waiting too long.

## Our Holy Father's Crown.



THE fitting titles which some prominent writers and thinkers of our day have given to our Holy Father Leo XIII, form a crown for him more venerable and more enduring than the most costly tiara. Here are a few of them which will no doubt strike the reader as being most expressive as well as true in their significance :

WHITE SHEPHERD OF CHRISTENDOM.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

PONTIFF OF LIGHT.

WATCHMAN ON THE VATICAN HILL.

PONTIFF OF PRAYER.

OUR GLORIOUS HIGH PRIEST.

GUARDIAN OF THE HOME AND FAMILY.

FATHER OF THE POOR AND LOWLY.

To these titles, might be appropriately added the words of Holy Writ, which the Rev. Father Pardow used, as the text of a sermon he recently preached in St. Patrick's cathedral, upon the life and work of the Sovereign Pontiff. These words form a true description of the life and personality of Leo XIII.

“The High Priest who in his life propped up the house, and in his days fortified the temple. He took care of his nation, and delivered it from destruction. He prevailed to enlarge the city, and obtained in conversation with the people : and enlarged the entrance of the house and the court. He shone in his days as the morning star, in the midst of a cloud and as the moon at the full. And as the sun when it shineth so did he shine in the temple of God. When he put on the robe of glory and was clothed with the perfection of power. When he went up to the altar he honored the vesture of holiness.”



## A SINGLE ANGRY WORD

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**A**NGRY words are lightly spoken  
 In a rash and thoughtless hour ;  
 Brightest links of life are broken  
 By their deep insidious power.  
 Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,  
 Ne'er before by anger stirred,  
 Oft are rent past human feeling  
 By a single angry word.  
  
 Poison drops of care and sorrow,  
 Bitter poison drops are they ;  
 Wearing for the coming morrow  
 Saddest memories of the day.  
 Angry words, O let them never  
 From the tongue unbridled slip ;  
 May the heart's best impulse ever  
 Check them ere they reach the lip.  
  
 Love is much too pure and holy,  
 Friendship is much too sacred far  
 For a moment's reckless folly  
 Thus to desolate and mar.  
 Angry words are lightly spoken,  
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred ;  
 Brightest links of life are broken  
 By a single angry word.

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## THE LAST SOLEMN HOUR

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"O, but they say the tongues of dying men  
 Enforce attention like peep harmony."

**I**F the thoughts of those about to pass into eternity  
 could be recorded, what an interesting volume it would  
 make ! Here, with every energy enlisted in the service of  
 the world, and at the exclusion betimes of all that is best  
 and highest, the hereafter troubles us but little ; but when

the heart is beating out into stillness, the shams and conceits obscuring our mental vision fade away and we see things as they really are. We then understand why those heroic figures who long since peopled the deserts, walked hand in hand with Mortification. Many of them had erred. Many also could claim the goodly possession of unsullied souls, but all were intent in preparing themselves for the greatest act of human life. The last hour was ever present to their minds, and when it came was hailed with joy. It was not merely the decomposition of a worn-out machine—it was a change of life—a passing into the realms of light and love. Death had for them a beautiful side, and many could say, with St. Ambrose, that they had so lived that they had no sorrow for having lived, and that they did not fear death, knowing that they were in the hands of a good Master.

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### St. Anthony's Shrine for the Deaf

BALTIMORE, Md.

**I**n the little chapel of St. Francis Xavier's School for white Deaf Mutes, located at 903 McCulloh Street, three Public Novenas are made every month by the little Deaf and Dumb inmates, on the *first, tenth and twentieth*, for the intentions of all who have contributed to the support of this School which has never received any aid except that which has been given by friends.

A Mass is offered every Tuesday for the same intention.

There is also a Shrine in honor of the Infant Jesus. Two Novenas a month are made for the intentions of Benefactors in this little Shrine, on the *fifth and fifteenth*.

The School is in need of many things to render it more efficient and so to advance the cause of Catholic Education amongst the Deaf. The School has twenty-seven inmates, seven boys and twenty girls, ages from three years up, and was founded in 1898, with the Approbation of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

*Address* : Mother M. Joseph,

903 McCulloh Street,

St. Francis Xavier's School for the Deaf.

N. B. — The Mother-House and Novitiate where applications for Admission to the Order are received is located at 416 W. Biddle St, Baltimore, Md. In the Sacred Heart Chapel there is Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament day and night.

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THE AGONIZING CHRIST

From a painting by E. Haber.

As it will be reproduced in the Grotto of the Agency, at the Pilgrimage to Pointe-aux-Trembles.