



JESUS' TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE IN JERUSALEM.



The Eucharist and the Rosary.

The Joyful Mysteries.

Second Mystery.—The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.

The Eucharistic Visit.

LOOKING away down the centuries, back to the days when the verdant earth was fresh from the hand of God, we see Him beautifying a little corner of it and making it a home for the creations of His love. And there God visited our first father in that garden of delights which was destined to be the Motherland of a blessed, holy race. But we all know the sad story, the disappointment that hurt God's Heart so keenly. And yet, after that first sin God did not retire into the depths of His beautiful heaven, but in His mercy He came to this desolate earth of ours from time to time. He visited Abraham under the oak in the valley ; He visited Isaac in his tent ; Jacob in his sleep ; Moses in the summit of Sinai. He came to the prophets in a thousand luminous, terrible and sublime apparitions. He came to His people to censure them for their sins, to warn them against impending dangers, to threaten them when He perceived that they were growing flabby under the surrounding temptations to idolatry ; to console them in their sorrows, and to make covenants with them all these

comings were the visits of a God-Friend, but each one veiled under some figure.

Centuries passed. The veil was rent, and from behind the mysterious curtain was heard the God-like message : " Ecce Venio." And there He was, our Dear Jesus on a visit to His people.

Poor blind humanity ! Awake and realize that your God is with you ! Enjoy His presence for His call will be short, it will be but a passing visit. And Scripture tells the story,—how He passed to the house of Zachary, how he passed on to Bethlehem, to Egypt fleeing to His seven years' term of exile. Thence He passed on to Nazareth, through the cities and the suburbs of Judea, to Jerusalem, and all the while He seemed anxious to get Home—" Again a little while and you shall see Me, and again a little while and you shall not see Me.

John, XVI, 16.

And so He kept going and coming for thirty-three years ! Just about one-half the length of an ordinary life. And is that to be all of Jesus' visit to needful earth ? No ? love is prolific in its inventions. Jesus, love itself, finds a means of returning to His Father and yet of staying in the midst of us all.

Beloved Captive ! Upon Thy arms, Thy feet, about Thy neck and upon every member of Thine, Thou bearest the chains which are linked about Thee each morning by the words of a priest. And oh ! the mystery of it all Jesus is willing to be captured and held. There is in Him no longing to escape.

He is our very own. The Eucharist in His perpetual visit to sinful humanity. Dear Lord, may we tell Thee in all simplicity that this is just what we expect of Thee ? Thou art Love—no other explanation is necessary.

Hadst Thou kept Thy human form, we miserable sinners, would find it hard to come to Thee, to look up into Thy dear Face, and the troubled conscience would eventually seek relief in flight. Thou seest us, but we have not to meet the fire of Thine eye. This is another of Thy mercies, dear Lord, this saving us from the terrors that paralyzed the hearts of Thy people under the olden Law.

If Jesus had reserved His visits for the most deserving and devoted of His servants, we imperfect as we are,

might feel hurt even at the just preference and our poor lives would be more deeply dishonored by shabby sentiments of jealousy. But Christ chose to come as a king. When a king leaves his metropolis to visit his subjects in distant provinces, he stops at the City Hall, the palace which every man may call his own, and thus every citizen is honored by the visit of the sovereign. So hast Thou done, dear King of our hearts. Thou comest to us in the palace we call Church, and there Thou dost lovingly receive all Thy subjects, rich and poor.

Yes, Jesus is there in our parish church ! Have we ever sincerely brought the reality home to our minds ? May it not be said of us : " He came to His own and His own knew Him not." Of course, we cannot say that we stay away altogether, but our presence in the Holy Place is not the outcome of a delicate, intelligent love which ardently responds to the divine " Venite ad Me." Our visits lack that spontaneous, generous impulse which should cast us at the feet of our dearest Friend. And yet, how much might be gained by one of those visits ! Our visits to our fellowmen may be classed as business calls, curiosity calls, friendly calls, all quite legitimate in themselves but which often prove baneful to the soul. At Jesus' feet all is gain to us. Who better than He can give advice concerning the " one thing necessary ? " Did He not chide Martha for fretting about the things of earth ? Who sooner than He can quench that insatiable thirst for knowledge by which we are tortured ? He reveals Himself unceasingly to our soul without exhausting the abyss of His infinite perfections. Is there a friend of ours who deserves our sympathy more than He ? Is there a friend as powerful as He in dealing with our pleadings and our hopes ? Can any one better than He console us for the sorrows that come to us ?

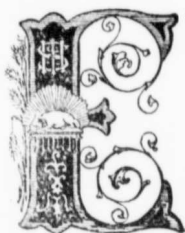
Christians, do hearken to the tender voice which calls from the narrow little Tabernacle. Go to Him with a trustful, loving heart. Let your delight be to visit Him as His delight is to be with us through the long tedious hours of our exile.

" *Delicæ meæ cum filiis hominum.*"

Proverbs VIII, 31.

The Portion of the Poor.

An Epiphany Story.



VEN the early twilight of mid-winter brings darkness to the *Rue St-Mathieu*, shut in as it is on both sides by the lofty walls of stately mansions. Grated windows and low doorways alone open into it. But massive porches and wrought iron balconies embellish the façades of those same houses, which look out upon the drowsy river. Here and there, the darkness of the narrow street is occasionally broken by a distant gleam of light which, while rendering some parts less obscure, only intensifies that of others.

This evening, in spite of the fast-falling snow and the fierce winds that rushed whistling through the street, figures of grotesque appearance and anxious mien jostled one another in their efforts to reach the entrance of the dwelling. They came and went, plunging through the snow not yet trodden down, and presenting at the doorways a ragged, and uncouth gathering.

It was the eve of the Feast of the Epiphany, and the unfortunates were looking for the *portion of the poor*.

In these old mansions of the *Rue Saint-Mathieu*, the traditions of Kings' Day were still faithfully observed. Solemnly, in presence of the children gathered around the grandfather, the beautifully decorated cake, in which was hidden the bean, was cut at the evening meal. If well understood, the old customs and pastimes handed down from generation to generation, are worthy of veneration. The "King" chooses his "Queen" and, until the end of the repast, the two sovereigns of an hour, restrained by the tyranny of custom, cannot slake their thirst until a chorus of infantine voices clamorously cry out: "*The King drinks! The Queen drinks!*"

After that, one of the children, either the best or the youngest, enveloped in wraps and carrying a fine quarter of the cake, opens the street door, gives to each mend-

icant his share of the royal cake and, with childlike and touching politeness, invites him to come warm himself at the great kitchen hearth, where these homeless ones will find, for a few moments at least, a cordial fireside at which to swallow a bowl of hot soup and a slice of white bread.

The wanderers of the *Rue Saint-Mathieu* are awaiting this godesend.

Toward eight o'clock that evening, a vagabond who had been roaming the streets since daybreak, turned, as if by chance, into the black walls of the alley. Lost in his own reflections, he kept straight ahead, as if seeing nothing. One would have shuddered on encountering this wandering dreamer alone by night on the windings of a deserted road or in the open fields. Under a felt hat, soaked and wrinkled by the rains, its frayed rim drooping, as if in forced resignation to its fate, was framed in a mop of tangled reddish hair a face both pitiable and terrible to look upon. The forehead wrinkled, the eyes deep-set and sparkling, the nose pinched, the cheeks emaciated and so extended over the cheek-bones that the latter appeared ready to protrude through the skin, the lips compressed into a sardonic grin, the pallid complexion varied here by the purple spots of frost bites—the whole face bespoke misery, and despair.

One might easily divine from a glance at this man that his soul was a prey to some bitter, deep-seated grief, and his entrails devoured by insatiable hunger. The hardest heart would have been moved at sight of such a sufferer and the hand, long closed by avarice, would have extended an alms to such destitution. And yet the bravest apostle of charity would, perhaps, have recoiled before this thing of tatters, gloomy and silent, who asked for no alms, and whose very glance was full of implacable hatred, of murderous intent.

His appearance did not deceive. The vagabond was Romain Gailloux, the revolutionist.

At the age of nine Romain Gailloux, the son of a drunken mother and of a father who had ended his days in a penitentiary, stole two sous from the little wooden bowl of a blind beggar. Caught in the act, arrested, taken before the judge, he had spent his youth in a house

of correction. Here he had been taught two things: first, the trade of a printer; and secondly, that the life of a man aiming at happiness on earth should be virtuous and law-abiding. From his companions, on the contrary, he had learned, and with far greater success, that virtue, besides being very constraining in itself, was very badly rewarded in this world and that, in consequence, to enjoy life the surest means is to indulge one's self as best one can, just as much as one can, whether with his own money or that of others, taking care meanwhile to elude the clutches of the law.

With such an education, the young man began his military service in the First Riflemen, at Versailles, and ended it seven years later, including a month's imprisonment, in the battalions of Africa. At twenty-eight, having forgotten the trade he had never known too well, a rebel to self-exertion and discipline, enchained by vicious instincts, Romain Gailloux, after trying for some months, but without perseverance or energy, to stem the current that was bearing him away, abandoned himself to vice and its consequent misery. A bold robbery cut short his wanderings, and he was condemned to two years' imprisonment.

Under lock and key, he began to reflect. Too cowardly and too proud at that the precise period to blame himself, he concluded that the world was all wrong and that the social order was quite contrary to justice. This hell on earth had to be destroyed as soon as possible, and on its ruins a paradise built up in which every one might enjoy life to inebriation before falling back into his original nothingness. When he left Mazas, he was a thorough revolutionist.

Romain Gailloux was not without intelligence. He wielded with facility not wanting in force the low parlance of the rabble, at times so terrible, so disconcerting on Parisian lips. Wasted already by vice and want, his face wan and furrowed, his very appearance lent a tragic force to his harangues. He soon became famous. He was acclaimed by the insane mob, and tracked by the police. At the close of a public meeting during a strike, he was arrested and again condemned. Again two years of imprisonment! But this time his restoration to liberty was to deal him a terrible blow.

In the life of this miserable man, there was one drop of sweetness, one gleam of sunshine, one little streak of innocence. In that heart sullied and gnawed by hate, a tiny flower of love had taken root. Romain Gailloux had a son, and whatever spark of human sentiment still remained smouldering in his soul was centered in his love for his little Pierre. It was on leaving the regiment that the future anarchist, then a *quasi* honest man, had espoused the wife who gave him this child, which was only eighteen months old when Romain Gailloux underwent his first imprisonment. During that time, the mother abandoned and in despair, died of grief and want. Thanks to the devotedness of a neighbor, little Pierre was provided with a home.

Some time after, the housebreaker, having finished out his time in prison, again assumed the care of his child. By a very human contradiction, he determined that his boy should be an honest man. Unconsciously, he felt that, had he himself been better reared, he would have been happier and, without knowing precisely what, he marked out for his child an ideal of happiness far other than the gross pleasures in which he himself had revelled, but always with insatiable desire. The implacable anarchist to all outside, in his own home he was the tender and careful father.

And now followed a second term of imprisonment. Pierre, then six years old, was confided to the safe-keeping of some good peasants. But when Romain Gailloux was once more at liberty and wished to see his son, they told him bluntly that the child had disappeared. Had he fallen into the river? Was he carried away by the gypsies? No one could say! Tardy researches, carelessly conducted and soon discontinued—for no one took much interest in the scion of an anarchist—led to no result.

From that day, Roman Gailloux was mad with hate. He swore war to the death against that society which had stolen his child. In the unequal struggle he was soon worsted. Without shelter, food, or resources of any kind ragged, desperate at not being able to recover his little Pierre, he found himself one cold winter morning, driven to extremity. He was in a crucial dilemma, either to commit some crime, to perish in some out-of-the-way corner,

or to die by suicide. Disgusted with life, he decided on the last as the way out of his earthly sufferings. but before putting an end to himself he would avenge himself on humanity.

Avenge himself? The word was soon said, but how should he go about it? The miserable wretch, enraged at his own weakness and devoured by hate, paused to ponder upon some terrible vengeance, whose execution would be possible. Just then, a child's cry struck on his ear and roused him from his demoniac thoughts. A little boy sliding on the snow had fallen, and his father with anxious tenderness was in the act of raising him. Thanks God, the little one was unhurt! For one instant, Romain Gailloux's eyes brightened, as following up his new idea, he gazed fixedly off into the distance, and then an atrocious expression of joy lit up his face. He had found the way to vengeance. Society had stolen his child; he, the anarchist, the revolutionist, would take the life of one of its children in return. He would gleefully plunge the dagger into the heart of a weak and innocent child. He would joyfully cast one father and one mother into the depths of grief.

That evening, Romain Gailloux succeeded in stealing a knife from a butcher's stall and, having heard of the "portion of the poor" and the oldmansions of *Rue St-Mathieu*, he posted himself in the dark alley.

FRANÇOIS VEUILLOT.

(to be continued)

How much we ought to love the Good God.

They asked a little child: "How much do you love mamma?"

"Much as all the houses!" answered the little one.

"And papa?"

"Much as all the mountains!"

"How much, then, do you love God? Now, tell me."

The child, perplexed and silent, reflected a moment and then, raising his fair head, he answered:

"God! I love Him *much as He is!*"

DIRECTORY FOR THANKSGIVING AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

PÈRE EYMARD.



THE most solemn moment of life is that of thanksgiving. You then have at your disposal the King of heaven and earth, your Saviour and your Judge, to grant you whatever you ask of Him.

Consecrate, if you can, one-half hour to thanksgiving, or, at least, at very least, one quarter of an hour. It would be better, if necessity required it, to shorten the time of preparation, so that the thanksgiving might be lengthened; for could you find a moment more holy, more salutary than that in which you possess Jesus in Body and Soul?

To abridge one's thanksgiving is an ordinary temptation. The demon knows the value of it, and self-love, nature, fear its effects. Fix, then, the time of your thanksgiving, and never retrench one moment of it without a pressing reason.

Thanksgiving is absolutely necessary if we would not have Communion, that action so holy, degenerate into a simple pious practice. You have not at heart, you do not appreciate what you do in communicating, if, after having received Our Lord, you experience nothing, and you have no thanks to offer Him.

But, you say, I am not contemplative, I am incapable of conversing interiorly.—Understand! The interior conversation after Communion does not call for a very elevated state of the spiritual life. Have you a good will? Jesus will speak to you and you will understand His language.

I

Now, when you have received Jesus into your breast, on the throne of your heart, remain quiet a moment without vocal prayer. Adore in silence. Like Zaccheus, like Magdalen, with the Blessed Virgin, prostrate at the

feet of Jesus. Look at Him in wonder at His love. Proclaim Him King of your heart, Spouse of your soul, and listen to Him. Say to Him : " Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Place your heart at the feet of the Divine King. Offer your will to execute His orders. Consecrate all your senses to His Divine service.

Chain your mind to His throne that He may not wander ; or rather, put it under His feet that He may press it down and expel from it pride and levity. So long as you feel your soul recollected, or in the calm of Our Lord's Presence, allow it to remain there. That is the sweet sleep of the soul on the bosom of Jesus. It draws much greater profit from that grace, which nourishes it, which so sweetly unites it to its Well-Beloved, than from any other exercise.

II

That first state over, you must pass on to acts of thanksgiving. You may, with fruit, make use of the four ends of the Holy Sacrifice :

Adore Jesus on the throne of your heart. Respectfully kiss His divine feet, His august hands, and rest your head upon His Heart burning with love. Magnify His power; offer Him as a homage of adoration and absolute submission, the key of your dwelling. Proclaim Him your Master, and yourself His happy slave ready for whatever may please Him.

Thank Him for having loved and honored you so much for having given you so much in the Communion. Praise His goodness, His love for you, so poor, so imperfect, so unfaithful. Invite the angels, the saints, His Divine Mother, to praise, to bless, to thank Jesus for you. Thank the good Saviour with the loving and perfect thanksgivings of the Most Blessed Virgin.

Weep again over your sins, like Magdalen at His feet. Penitent love must always weep, for it thinks it can never discharge its debt of gratitude. Assure Him of your fidelity, your love, and make to Him the sacrifice of your disorderly affections, your tepidity, your sloth in undertaking things that cost you something. Ask for



grace never again to offend Him, and protest that you would rather die a hundred times than ever sin again.

Petition for whatever you want, for now is the time for favors. Jesus is ready to give you even His kingdom. You give Him pleasure by affording Him the opportunity to bestow His benefits. Ask for the reign of holiness in yourself and in your brethren. Ask that His love may dwell in all hearts.

Pray for your daily needs, for your friends, for your pastors, for the Holy Father, for the whole Church. Ask for the triumph of the Faith, the exaltation of the Holy Roman Church, for peace on earth, for holy priests, for the people, for fervent religious in the Church, for good adorers of our Eucharistic Lord.

Ask for the extension of the Eucharistic reign of Jesus. Pray for the conversion of sinners, and especially for those that more urgently call on your charity and for all who have commended themselves to your prayers. Lastly, ask that Jesus may be known, loved, and served by all men.

Before retiring, offer a bouquet of love, that is, some sacrifice that you will make during the day. Then say some prayers for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff to gain the Indulgences of the day, which exact Communion as a condition. Apply those Indulgences generously to the souls in purgatory, especially to those whom Jesus loves most.

During the day, be like a vase that has been filled with some precious perfume, like a saint who has spent an hour in heaven. Do not forget the royal visit of Jesus.

III

Mary, receiving the Word in her bosom, is the best model of thanksgiving. To adore Jesus present in our heart by uniting with Mary, is the best means of giving Him a reception agreeable to Him, and good and rich in graces for ourselves.

Mary's adoration at that solemn moment began, doubtless, by an act of humility, by the annihilation of her whole being before the Sovereign Majesty of the Word, at the sight of the choice He had willed to make of His

humble servant, and under the weight of so much goodness and love for her and for all mankind.

Such ought to be the first act, the first sentiment of my adoration after Holy Communion. Such was Elizabeth's sentiment on receiving the Mother of God, who bore to her the Saviour concealed in her womb. *Unde hoc mihi ?* Whence to me this happiness which I so little deserve ?

Mary's second act must have been one of joyous gratitude for Jesus' ineffable and infinite goodness toward man, an act of humble gratitude for His having chosen His unworthy, though too happy, handmaiden for that signal grace. Mary's gratitude was exhaled in acts of love, praise, and benediction. It exalted the divine bounty, for gratitude is all that. It is expansion, great, loving expansion, in the person benefited. Gratitude is the heart of love.

The third act of the Blessed Virgin must have been an act of oblation, the offering, the gift of self, of her whole life to the service of God. *Ecce ancilla Domini*. It must have been an act of regret for being so little, for having so little, for being able to do so little to serve Him in a manner worthy of Him.

She offered herself to serve Him entirely as He wished, by all the sacrifices He might be pleased to exact. She was too happy to please Him at that price, and thus to correspond to His love for man in His Incarnation.

Mary's last act was, no doubt, an act of compassion for poor sinners, for whose salvation the Word had become Incarnate. She knew how to interest His infinite mercy in their behalf. She offered herself to repair in their stead, to do penance for them, in order to obtain their pardon, their return to God.

Oh, that I could adore the Lord as this good Mother adored Him ! Like her, I, too, possess Him in Communion. O my God, give me this good adorer for my Mother ! Grant me a share in her grace, a share in her uninterrupted state of adoration before the God whom she had received in her pure womb, a true heaven of virtue and love !

I wish to spend my day in union with Mary and, like her, to live only for Jesus present in my heart.

The first Victim for Christ

(A DIALOGUE ON PURIFICATION DAY)

" *Tell me, my little friend, my wise Honore,
(And be this tender kiss thy sweet reward)
What favor'd creature in the days of yore
Its sinless blood for Jesus first outpour'd ?* "

*The earnest eyes were lifted, blue and bright,
Full of an eager, wistful wonderment ;
A wild-rose blush, like rich auroral light
To velvet cheeks its soft suffusion lent.*

" *The first fair Innocent by Herod slain ?* "
" *Nay, nay, my love.*" (*The little face waxed grave.*)
" *Perchance the holy Baptist ?* " " *Nay, ma reine.* "
" *Saint Stephen, then, the Proto-Martyr brave !* "

" *Wrong ? Then I'll guess no more !* "—and on my knee
" *Her elbow rested, dimpled, debonnaire ;
The clear eyes scann'd my face. Dear heart, I see
Thou hast forgot the doves (I said), the pair*

" *Of white-plum'd birds with gentle Joseph bore
Into the Temple on this blessed day.* "
" *The first glad Candlemas ?* " " *Yea, sweet Honore,
When Christ a Babe on Virgin's bosom lay.*

" *Two doves — and not the lamb prescribed of old
For first-born sons. Why should they bring that morn
Another lamb ? 'T was Mary's to uphold
The Lamb of God for man's redemption born.*

*" And so, two turtle-doves they brought ; the one
Consumed the holocaustal flames within ;
The other ?—Speak its doom, grave Simeon ! "*
" ' My child, ' twas slain a sacrifice for sin,

*" ' And as the life-drops from its guileless breast
Crimson'd the altar stone, its glazing eyes
Turned on the Babe Divine : a victim blest,
Whose death prefigured His grand Sacrifice ! ' "*

*" O little dreamer ! dewy-eyed Honore !
The puzzeling mystery is solved at last ;
Today, within the Temple, view once more
Christ's father'd victim bleeding, dying fast.*

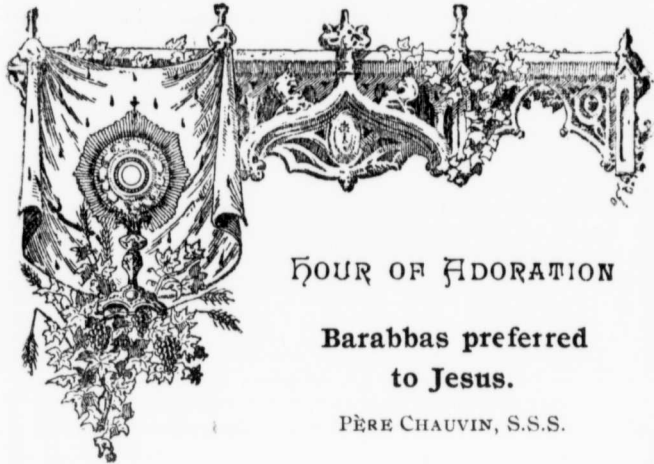
*" Around the mystic shrine, with yearning love,
(Ere Death its gentle spirit overtake)
We well may kneel, and envy that dear dove
A primal martyrdom for Christ's sweet sake.*

*" Its snowy plumes in sanguine streams immers'd—
The meek eyes closing 'neath their scarlet pall,
' How blest ' (it seems to say) ' to be the first
To bleed for Him who bleeds and dies for all ! "*

*" How blest, indeed ! That wistful smile of thine
Bespeaks, Honore thy heartfelt sympathy ;
The crystal tears that in soft eyes shine
Reveal thy soul's celestial jealousy.*

*" Ah ? would thou to thyself, dear child, secure
A rarer joy than thrilled this bird of love,
Be thy young heart a victim meek and pure
Offered to God with Mary's sinless Dove ! "*

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



HOUR OF ADORATION

Barabbas preferred to Jesus.

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Not Jesus, but Barabbas! " Pilate was hoping that the multitude would choose Jesus. Was He not their great Benefactor? Behold why the Procurator called out to the people, asking: "*Which will you that I deliver unto you. Barabbas or Jesus, who is called the Christ?*" Barabbas was a notorious criminal, and the people could not have the shadow of hesitation in the choice between the two prisoners. Had they forgotten what Jesus had done for them? To condemn Him to death in support of a vile malefactor, would be impossible. The names which the judge uttered together, eloquently expressed the contrast between the two that bore them.

While Pilate was attending to the messengers sent by his wife, the Sanhedrites busied themselves in every conceivable way to pervert the multitude. They exerted themselves so well that they succeeded in persuading the Jews, says the Gospel, to demand the deliverance of Barabbas and the death of Jesus. What arguments did they use for this? Did they speak of liberty, representing Barabbas as a hero of Jewish independence? Did they scatter profusely among the people that foul silver with which they had already paid the false witnesses and recompensed Judas?

Promises, flattery, threats—all were employed to accomplish their end. So, when Pilate, wishing to find out the

decision of the crowd, asked : *Will you that I deliver unto you the King of the Jews ?* " with one voice, they cried out : "*Away with this Man, and release unto us Barabbas !* " It was a vote by acclamation in favor of the murderer, against the Saviour, the Author of life, the Friend and Benefactor of the people !

This reprobation of Jesus had been prefigured in Leviticus. On the day of the feast of expiation, the whole multitude of the children of Israel presented to the High Priest two buck-goats for the sacrifice of sin expiation. At the door of the tabernacle, the High Priest cast lots to know which of the two was to be sacrificed, and which set at liberty. Who were prefigured by these two goats, if not Jesus, the Redeemer of the world, and Barabbas, a murderer and the author of a sedition ? Jesus, on account of His innocence, was truly the Lamb of God, but on account of our iniquities which, according to the prophet, He had assumed in the eyes of God, He was no longer a lamb, but a goat. Adore Him, the Divine Saviour of our soul.

He is there in the Sacred Host to accomplish His office of Saviour. It would be a gross injury to tell Him that He is of greater value than Barabbas, that the Jews were egregiously deceived in placing Him second to that criminal. Tell Him, rather, that there by the side of that wretch, you acknowledge Him to be the God and Saviour of the world, consequently, infinitely superior to a man, an angel, a cherub, a seraph, or to the holiest and most perfect of all creatures. Adore Him with the heavenly court and with all who are at this moment prostrate at the foot of His altars.

Grant, O Jesus, that soon the Jewish people, who should have adored Thee at that solemn moment of Thy life, may unite with all the nations of the earth prostrate before Thee present and living in the Eucharist ! May they come to offer Thee their homage of adoration ? May they vote by acclamation that Barabbas is a malefactor, and that Thou, *Thou* art the only Son of God, the true Messiah promised to the patriarchs and announced to the prophets !

II. — Thanksgiving.

"*Not this Man, but Barabbas !* " This deicide cry determined the salvation of the world. If the Innocent One is set at liberty, the sinner remains in chains ; if the heavenly

Adam dies not, the earthly Adam remains forever sunk in death. If, on the contrary, Jesus is put to death, Barabbas is pardoned, and Barabbas is the old Adam with all his posterity.

At the moment when the guilty Barabbas was liberated, all mankind recovered their liberty. I myself am a criminal set free by Jesus. I have recovered my right to the resurrection of body and soul. "In truth," as a certain author says very well, "Jesus Christ delivered two men during His passion: Barabbas from the death of the body, and the thief from that of the soul. By this He wished to show us that, by His Blood, He delivered us from the death of the soul and of the body." By accepting that humiliating comparison with a criminal, a murderer, and a seditious man, as well as the abominable preference of the Jews, Jesus wished us to understand that His Blood was to be shed especially for sinners.

I thank Thee, O Divine Father, for having so generously sacrificed Thy Son, in order to bestow upon us the life of grace and glory. I thank Thee, O Jesus, for having in spite of the repugnance of nature, loved this humiliation which was to free me from eternal damnation! I see plainly that it was owing much more to the fervor of Thy prayer than to the malice of men that Barabbas was delivered and Thou wert condemned. Mayst Thou be forever glorified!

Thou hast done still more, O Divine Heart of Jesus! For love of me and my salvation, Thou didst create the sacramental state. Thou didst will to remain constantly on earth in order to apply by Communion the fruits of Thy generous acceptance of death. To attain this end, Thou didst choose this humiliating mode of existence, which places Thee lower than in the prætorium, lower than Barabbas, lower than the last of men, since in this state Thou dost descend so far as to lose even the appearance of a man. And Thou didst willingly accept this obscure life of the Host in order to procure me the life of the body and the soul, in order to obtain for me the resplendent life of eternal glory.

I thank Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I thank Thee for Thy truly divine bounty to me! I thank Thee for myself and in the name of all the redeemed!

III. — Reparation.

"*Not this Man, but Barabbas!*" The demon had sought every means to destroy Jesus. He had ranged all his armies

in battle against Him, he had inspired Judas and the soldiers to seize the Master, he had determined the Princes of the priests, the Scribes, and the great ones of the Jewish nation to procure with the greatest fury the death of the Divine Saviour. Here we behold the Sanhedrites again their docile instruments. Pilate comes forth to appeal once more to the crowd before the prætorium for the release of Jesus whom they call the Christ. At once, the members of the Grand Council scatter through the crowd, persuading them by all kinds of reasons and at any price to condemn Jesus and deliver Barabbas. So, when Pilate demanded the final decision of the populace, they responded in one prolonged cry: "*Not this Man, but Barabbas! Away with Him, and deliver to us Barabbas!*" This was, indeed, as said the Prophet Jeremias, "The roaring of the lion in the forest." These people, who had so frequently experienced the great liberality of Jesus; these people, who had so often hung on His lips under the charm of His words; these people, who knew, at least vaguely, His Divinity, having been so frequently witness of His miracles—these people are about to commit the double crime of demanding the deliverance of a murderer and the death of Jesus, who is innocence and goodness personified. "*Not this Man, but Barabbas! Away with Him! Away with Him!*" The Prophet Jeremias foretelling in prophetic accent this sovereign injury offered to the Messiah, cries out: "Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this and ye gathes thereof, be very desolate, said the Lord, For My people have done two evils. They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living water, and have digged to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no waters." Jesus is the fountain of life. If He passes away, the divine graces with which He longs to enrich His people will disappear at the same time.

How this unjust preference must have torn and wounded the tender Heart of Jesus! In the presence of all and by all, He is put below Barabbas! All, both high and low, treat Him as the "reproach of men and the outcast of the people!" And in the midst of this universal conspiracy of a whole nation, not one voice in favor of His innocence! Where, then, are Thy friends, O Jesus? Where are they to whom Thou didst restore health, or whom Thou didst otherwise benefit by Thy miracles? Has no one the courage to oppose the fury of the Princes of Thy people? No, not one! Just as Thy Apostles

had taken flight in fear at the moment of Thy arrest, so now Thy disciples are hidden under the influence of their cowardice or, if they are present, they are among the vanquished.

This scene, so desolating for the Heart of a God, is renewed at every instant upon the theatre of this world even in the midst of Christian nations. The habitual cry of all impious governments is: "*Not this Man, but Barabbas!*" We see even those that possess authority to defend Christ, hiring in every branch of their administration crowds of employers whose mission is to destroy among the masses confidence in Christ, in His doctrine and name. They close Catholic schools, chapels, and churches. They thereby destroy the worship of the Holy Eucharist, dragging King Jesus down from His thrones of Exposition. It is, indeed, the *tolle* of the Jews, the satanic cry: "*No, not this Man, but Barabbas!*"

Pardon, O Sacred Heart of my Jesus! Pardon for that odious and iniquitous preference of the Jews! Pardon for all those governments that unjustly deprive Thee of Thy rights and prerogative! Pardon for all who attack Thee even in the Sacrament of Thy love! Pardon for the souls in purgatory now expiating the preference they once gave to the creature over the Creator!

Pardon for my own sins, which I now hate with all my soul! I promise Thee to come often to weep over them at Thy sacred feet. Grant me the grace to regard Thee henceforth as my All and my only Well-Beloved!

IV. — Prayer.

"*Not this Man, but Barabbas!*" That the world should esteem Barabbas above Jesus, is not astonishing, for the world loves what belongs to it. If Jesus had been of the world, the world would have loved and appreciated Him; but because He was not of the world, the world would not recognize Him, the world hated Him. It is because Jesus is from heaven, and not of the earth. He is from God, and not of the world.

Alas! what the Jews have done I am capable of doing. Jesus and Barabbas, the low and perverse sentiments of my heart always prefer the latter. I feel, the necessity of Thy succor, O Jesus, that I may give Thee the first place always and in every thing, the first rank in my esteem, the first in

my will, the first in my heart, the first in all my life! May the sole happiness of my heart be to receive Thee in Holy Communion as often as possible, to pass before Thy Sacrament of love long and holy vigils, to live always in my inmost soul closely united to Thy Divine Heart!

Erect in every city and town, O Jesus, thrones of adoration! May all men come to know, appreciate, and prefer Thee to all the Barabbases on earth! Then wilt Thou take Thy true place in the world and become the King of every understanding, will, and heart. This is the greatest desire of my soul. Deign, O Mary, my divine Mother, to present it to the Heart of Thy well-beloved Son, and obtain its speedy and perfect realization!

Can it be possible, O my Saviour, that any one could find it difficult to consent to being forgotten and outraged, when Thou, my Lord and my God, didst will to see the vilest of men preferred to Thyself? I humbly acknowledge that I, on account of my sins, even were they only venial, have deserved to be put below all mankind. I confess it with confusion, and yet I am puffed up with pride. I have, then, need that Thou shouldst make me understand more and more the necessity of abasing myself before the greatness of Thy infinite Being.

I beg of Thee this grace through the merit of that signal example of humility Thou didst give me at Pilate's prætorium. I desire to be henceforth the true disciple of Thy Sacred Heart, wishing to keep myself always and everywhere in my rank, namely, the very last. The disciple ought not to go before his Master, but to follow Him. This grace I shall ask of Thee in fervent and frequent Communions. There, in that Sacrament of humility *par excellence*, shall I find the strength to follow Thee without fainting along the road of humiliation.

"Do Thou reign, O Lord Jesus! May I, by my self-annihilation, become the footstool of Thy Eucharistic Throne!"

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth, and communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask for the grace of humility, and make some acts of that virtue during the day.



Mary "performed all things according to the Law of the Lord."



MARY made her offerings, and "performed all things according to the law of the Lord." For the spirit of Jesus was a spirit of obedience; and although the brightness of angelic innocence was dull beside the whiteness of her purity, she obeyed the law of God in the ceremony of her purification, the more readily as it was in fact a concealment of her graces. But she bore also in her arms her true turtle-dove, to do for Him likewise "according to the custom of the law." She placed Him in the arms of the aged priest, Simeon, as she has done since in vision to so many of the saints: and the full light broke on Simeon's soul. Weak with age, he threw his arms around his God. He bore the whole weight of his Creator, and yet stood upright. The sight of that Infant Face was nothing less than the glory of heaven. The Holy Ghost had kept His promise. Simeon had seen, nay was at that moment handling, "the Lord's Christ." O blessed priest! worn down with age, wearied with thy long years of waiting for the consolation of Israel," kept alive in days which were out of harmony with thy spirit, even as St. John the Evangelist was after thee, surely He who made thee, He who is so soon to judge thee, He whom thou art folding so fondly in thy arms, must have sent the strength of His omnipotence into thy heart, else thou wouldst never have been able to bear the flood of strong gladness which at that moment broke in upon thy spirit! Look at Him again. See those red lips so soon to speak thy sentence of eternal life. Light thy heart at the fire of those little eyes. It is the Christ! Oh, how much pro-

phesy is fulfilled ! The history of the world is finding its accomplishment. The crown is being put upon creation.



The long, secular yearnings of patriarchs, and kings, and prophets—they were all after the beauty of that Infant Face. Thou hast seen the Christ. Everything is

in that word. The sight was heaven. Earth has nothing more to do with thee. It had best roll itself away from under thy feet as quickly as possible and let thee drop into the infinite Bosom of thy Father, the beauty of whose Son may kill thee by the gentlest and most beautiful of deaths.

It is hard for him to part with that sweet burden from his arms. In that extreme old age the vents of song have been opened in his soul, and in the silence of the temple he sings his *Nunc Dimittis*, even as Zachary sang his *Benedictus*, and Mary her *Magnificat*. Age after age shall take up the strain. All the poetry of Christian weariness is in it. It gives a voice to the heavenly detachment and unworldliness of countless saints. It is the heart's evening light, after the working hour of the day, to millions and millions of believers. The very last compline that the Church shall sing, before the midnight when the doom begins and the Lord breaks out upon the darkness from the refulgent east, shall overflow with the melodious sweetness of Simeon's pathetic song. Joseph was wrapt even then in an ecstasy of holy admiration. Even Mary "wondered" at the words, so deep, so beautiful, so true, for she knew, as no other knew, how marvelously her Babe was of a truth the light of the world. And when in her humility she knelt for the blessing of the aged priest, had he Jesus in his arms still when he blessed her, and did he wave the Child above her in the sign of the cross, like a Christian Benediction, or had she Jesus in her arms, holding Him at His own creature's feet, to get a blessing? Either way, how wonderful the mystery! But what a strange blessing for thee, happy, sinless mother! There is other poetry in Simeon than those strains of light which flashed from him but a while ago. There is other music for Mary's ear, the terrible music of dark prophecy which the Holy Ghost utters from His sanctuary in the old priest's heart; and we would fain think that Simeon held Jesus in his arms when he uttered it, by the very way in which he begins. "Behold this Child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

Simeon was silent. But over Mary's soul there came an inexplicable change. Perhaps she learned now what she had not known before. But more probably it only came to her then in another way. Yet it was a change, an operation of grace, a new sanctification, an immense work of God. A clear and detailed vision of all her sorrows, especially of the whole Passion, was with its minutest circumstance instantaneously impressed upon her soul ; and her immaculate heart was deluged with a sea of sorrow, which was supernatural both in its kind and its intensity. It seemed as if the vision came from the very face of Jesus, as if He looked it into her and engraved it there. She saw His own Heart all unveiled, with all its inward dispositions. It was as if the Incarnation had come upon her again, and in a different way. She was raised to fresh heights of holiness. She entered upon another vast region of her appanage as the Mother of God. She was the same Mary and yet a different one, who but awhile ago had entered the temple. But there was no surprise with this portentous change. No starting, no weak tremor, no fluttering of the spirit. Her unshaken peace grew more peaceful because of the world of bitterness that had gawn down into it. The light of the Word had flashed up on high in Simeon's arms, in Simeon's song, and there followed darkness, deeper, thicker, more palpable than that of Egypt. Suddenly, out of the sunshine of Bethlehem, she found herself in the heart of the eclipse on Calvary ; and she was calm as before, with unastonished dignity, with the tranquility of unutterable love, with the strength of divinest union, and with the sword right through her broken heart, which should remain there for eight-and-forty years, and then when Jesus should draw it out of the wound, she would bleed to death with love.

She heard Anna come into the temple, and acknowledge Jesus as her God. She heard the words the aged prophetess spoke about Him to those there who "looked for the redemption of Israel." She was careful that the least things which the law ordained should be obediently fulfilled ; and then, with Joseph and the Child she wended her way back to the green hollow of Galilee, to the steep sloping streets of the sequestered Nazareth,

with the sword, that sharp sword of the Holy Ghost, within her heart. Since she left her home in December, how much has passed? But the sunset looks on Nazareth, gilding its white cottages, as though all things had gone on the same from the beginning. Oh, how cruel unchanging nature looks to a heart that has been changed in its own despite!

FABER.

A Procession
of the **BLESSED SACRAMENT**
in **England.**

AN open air procession of the Blessed Sacrament is a notable event in England, for it can take place only where there is not only a strong body of Catholics, but also the assurance that the non-Catholics will be friendly and respectful. There was a very remarkable procession on November 16, at Isleworth, a country suburb of London. It came at the close of a very successful mission given by Father M. Power, S. J. Processions in the open air, which are still rare events, usually take place in fine summer weather. This was a torchlight procession in the darkness of a cold, rainy November evening. The rain ceased just before the procession issued from the church. The flaring torches made a great blaze of light around the canopy, which was preceded by the men and followed by the women of the congregation. The procession passed along the main road amid silent, respectful crowds. The procession then went through the grounds of a neighboring convent and returned by the high road to the church. After Benediction Father Power preached outside the church to the crowds attracted by the procession on the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. It was the first procession of the kind in Isleworth for more than three centuries.

Hosanna !

(See frontispiece.)

THE day after the Sabbath Jesus set out for Jerusalem. The great multitude assembled there for the Feast, hearing of His coming went as far as the mount of Olivet to meet Him. Some spread their garments for Him to walk on, others out boughs from the trees and strewed them in His way, many waved palm-branches, and the disciples transported with joy made the air ring with glad Hosannas ! " Blessed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord, the King of Israel ! Blessed be the reign of David our Father about to begin ! Hosanna to the Son of David. Peace and glory in the highest heaven ! " And the multitude that went before and that followed took up the glorious refrain.

Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet saying : " Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh to thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of her that is used to the yoke. "

This triumphant march of the King of Kings, so enthusiastically greeted by His subjects, is renewed in those loyal homages rendered to the God of the Host on *Corpus Christi*. But this year, on the eleventh of September another and even greater will be witnessed : our Divine King, borne by the Papal Legate shall pass among His subjects gathered from all parts of the globe to greet, acclaim, honor and praise Him, in that final public demonstration of our future Congress—the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Ah then shall mighty peans enthusiastic Hosannas resound : Blessed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord ! Blessed be the reign of Jesus Sacred Host about to be more solidly confirmed in all ! Hosanna to the God of the Sacrament ! Peace and glory to those who love Him, who surround Him with their love, and live of Him by Communion.

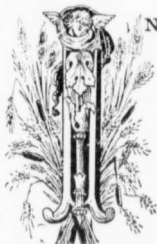
Let us pray for our beloved deceased.

Morristown, N. J. : William Norton.—*Montreal* : Miss Catherine Agnes Rafter.

THE ADORATION OF JESUS

IS MOST

MERITORIOUS FOR A TWOFOLD REASON.



IN the Blessed Sacrament we adore that which we do not see, and even adore the contrary of what we see. The angels and saints who have attained the bliss of heaven adore Jesus, Yes, as St John writes in the Apocalypse, they cry unceasingly with loud voices : " The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity, and wisdom and honor and glory, and benediction." But this is not strange, for they cannot do otherwise when they look upon Him in His splendor, and in far greater radiance than was this when He was transfigured before the apostles on Mt. Thabor. It is more remarkable that the three kings from the East, in spite of the stable and the poverty of the crib, prostrated themselves before the Saviour, and by the mysterious gifts they offered Him, recognized Him as their King and adored Him as their God. Yet even they had His blessed humanity before their eyes, and could detect, as St. Jerome remarks, something superhuman, something divine revealed on His features. But to fall down and adore where we see nothing divine, where we no longer perceive even humanity, that is to perform a sublime and meritorious act, particularly where one not even desires to see anything of that nature. Who does this ? We ourselves do this great, this incredible thing when we adore the Most Holy Sacrament ; we adore without seeing, without even wishing to see. I do not say we adore without knowing, for doing which Our Lord reproached the Samaritains : oh, no, we know full well what we adore. We know full well that Jesus Our Lord and God is present here, no more subject to death and suffering, but risen from death to life ; no longer capable of suffering,

but immortal. We know it, we are convinced of it, we believe it, but we see it not, we have no proof of it; our senses have no means of perceiving it. What we do is this: We rely upon the clear and infallible words of the Lord, who said: "This is My body"; we fall down, with folded hands, and are reverently silent; we pour out our hearts before Him, and adore Him. Think you not Our Lord will acknowledge this faith, be profoundly touched thereby? To Thomas who would see Him in order to believe He said: "Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe", and He will also say to us: "Blessed are ye who have not seen, and yet adored".

And what is still more, we actually adore the contrary of what we see. For what is it that we see? We see all the exterior appearance of bread, and nothing more. When our senses proclaim this so loudly, we say to them: The words of Our Lord are more potent with our hearts, and He says: "This is My body".

We have the strongest conviction that this is not bread and wine; it is the Lord God of Sabaoth, whom the heavens adore and whom we must adore, and falling down we adore Him. O that is a glory to us, for this adoration is a victory, and we are a spectacle for angels and men, for we not only adore what we do not see, but we adore the contrary of what we see. And do you not think this is great in the eyes of God? Abraham was praised by Our Lord and God because he hoped even when he had every reason to hope no longer; then surely it is great in His eyes and will be reckoned meritorious in us, if we adore the Most Holy Sacrament; for were the object which we adore here perceptible to our senses, the merit of faith would not be ours.

Pray without ceasing: "Blessed be the Most Holy Sacrament!" raise your voice to praise God with cherubim and seraphim for this "Bread of angels"; sing with full and inspired hearts "*Ave Jesu!*" This prayer and song of praise rises up to the throne of glory of the Son of God, reaches even to His ear, and sounds sweeter to Him than the "Holy" of His angels, for you sing "*Ave Jesus*", and pray: Blessed be the Most Holy Sacrament" here where you see Him not, here where only the veil of the form of bread appears. Ah, this

praise fills your dear Saviour with joy and admiration, and He will reward you for it, reward you richly. He will say to you: "Blessed be thou who hast not seen, and yet believed", and when you have closed your faithful eyes to earth, your Saviour will open them upon the eternity into which He has called you, and you will see Jesus in all His glory.

WHY IS HE WEeping.



CATECHISM was over, the little ones were pouring out of the village church, and the roads resounded with joyous young voices and the merry flick-flack of their sabots. Down a path which the sun was sprinkling with gold dust, Jack and Pierrot were going together. They were two very good friends, although so unlike in appearance. Jacques was fair with large innocent eyes, while Master Pierrot could boast of an abundance of brown hair.

The two children confidentially imparted to each other their little "affairs."

"Pierrot, if we want a luncheon, see here is the water!"

And quick as lightning, the satchels are deposited on the grass. Jacques has already spread out on his knees two good-sized slices of bread and butter. Pierrot, his hand in his bag, a mischievous expression dancing in his black eyes, and a smile so large as to disclose all his little teeth, cried out: "Jacques, you don't know! I have a fine luncheon to-day! Guess!"

"I don't know! What is it?"

"Well, then look!"

And Pierrot triumphantly brandished before the admiring eyes of Jacques an apple, but what an apple! bright, enormous. Oh, the white pulp, swollen with sweet juice, under its red skin!

"Madame Milot gave it to me," cried Pierrot, because I went on an errand for her!"

Pierrot gazed on his apple, which the sun was now gilding with glistening points, and which looked to Jacques more and more beautiful. Involuntarily, his little red tongue licked his greedy lips.

"Say!" he implores. "Is it not too much for you? Won't you give me a bite?... just a tiny morsel? I'll give you my bread and butter."

"Jacques!" said Pierrot solemnly and magnanimously, "you are my friend, you always take my part against Emile and Popol when they pull my hair. You shall have a whole *half* of my apple."

Oh, if you could have seen Jacques' air of supreme happiness! Oh, the dimples in his cheeks!

"Gourmand!" cried Pierrot laughing,

And now the feast began. The larks and the grass and the little brook, all are gay, and the blackbirds up in the branches are craning their necks the better to see. The apple, kept for dessert, lies shining and rosy on the green grass. But see, a shadow falls on the bright waters of the brook. The children look up. There, right before them, stands a tall old man gazing at them. He is in rags, his worn-out shoes full of dust, and the hand that grasps the stick on which he leans is tremulous.

The banqueters are somewhat intimidated, yes, even frightened. But the old man's smile is very sweet. His beautiful white head, now crowned with a sunny aureole, and his venerable beard revive confidence, and Pierrot was inspired to say:

"Good day, Sir!"

"He is a beggar," said Jacques in a whisper.

The poor old man sat himself down attracted by the clear water. He smiled at the children, drew from his canvas bag a piece of bread, and began his frugal repast. Pierrot felt his heart smiting him.

"Look at his bread! It is hard and black. And not even a little butter! Poor man! He is very old, and he is all alone. It is sad..."

It appeared to Jacques that the old man cast a longing look on the fruit that was scenting the air, and the child lowered his eyes in deep thought. The divine teachings of the Catechism were rising up in his mind and stirring his heart. "A cup of cold water given in My name will

not be without its reward"... "Love, console, help your neighbor"... "You are young, but can you not prove to God your love?"... "A small sacrifice rejoices so much the Heart of the Master, and so well prepares our souls for the Eucharist!"...

Hark! a low voice at his side:

"Jacques! I say, Jacques! Don't you think it would be well to give an apple to the poor old man! We are soon going to make our First Communion, so we must offer some *sacrifices*. Is not an apple something more than a glass of water? *He* will be very glad and the good God also. Say, Jacques!"

Jacques, with sparkling eyes, replied:

"Pierrot, that is just what I was thinking of. You want me to give it with you. You said that I should have half. Yes, indeed I do want to make a *sacrifice*."

And the little boys stepped toward the old man.

"We have been thinking that you like apples," they said. "Your bread is very hard. We have butter on ours. The good God says that we must love one another. Now, we love you very much, and... we want you to eat our apple," concluded Pierrot.

The poor man listened in surprise, for, alas! such marks of sympathy were rarely extended to him. He did indeed, often meet compassionate souls, but to behold these children coming toward him to hear their childish voices saying to him: "We love you!"... he to whom pity was sometimes accorded, but so little affection!

"Oh," said he in a low voice and trembling, "may God bless you, children! This act will bring you happiness."

And while the children with joyous hearts looked at him as he turned away clasping the fruit, as if it were a treasure, little Jacques asked in a low voice:

"Say, Pierrot, why is he crying?"...

(U. N., *Echo de la Trinité*.)