

J. Albert.

The Mission of the Apostles.

J. Albert.

The Mission of the Apostles.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

Vol. XVI, No 10,

Montreal,

October 1913.

The Last Communion Day

Will you go to the door, alanna,
And watch if the priest is near?
It's weary the hours are dragging
Till the time he'll be coming here.

Sure, I never have slept the night long
But just to lie here and pray,
To think that the Lord is coming
To my humble home this day,

I've counted the years, alanna,
From my first Communion morn,
When I was a bit of a coleen
In the land where I was born.

That's seventy years this summer,
And often my heart was sore,
But the monthly Duty blessed me,
And soothed the grief I bore.

Thank God for that faith, alanna!
What mattered the work and strife,
When there at the altar-railing
I could eat of the Bread of Life?

These seventy years, alanna,
I went to Him faithfully,
Seventy years, alanna,
And at last He's coming to me.

Look out of the window, daughter;
He's coming at last, you say?
Long life to the darling soggarth,
That brings me my God this day!

Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, in the Sacred Heart Review.



“DOMINUS EST !”

❖ [“IT IS THE LORD”] ❖

(A TRUE STORY)

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

THE white-capped nurses of the great hospital in the city's suburbs had assembled in their auditorium for the evening lecture, which was always given by some noted specialist. Among them was a slender girl, who had put on the neat uniform of the probationer that very day. She was tall, with clear, fair complexion, abundant auburn hair, and earnest dark blue eyes. She had moved about all day like one in a dream, silently performed, with all her soul, the various tasks assigned her, and one could see that her heart was in her work.

In the afternoon the good Nun who had charge of the Training School placed some text-books before her, gave her an allotment of study, and asked her how she liked her work. The answer was enthusiastic.

“Why, Madame, I love it !”

“I am very glad,” said the Nun, “but you must not call me ‘Madame,’ you must say, ‘Sister !’”

The girl flushed ; “I beg your pardon,” she said : “I never met religious ladies before, and I did not know how to address them. ‘Sister’ is a beautiful word, if it is not too familiar. ”

“We are sisters to the whole world,” returned the Nun, “and our work in the hospital brings us very

close to the world ; that is, the greater part of the world, for there is more suffering in it than pleasure ! ”

“ It was this part of the work that attracted me,” said the girl ; “ I do want to become useful to suffering people, and I mean to leave nothing undone to qualify myself thoroughly for the noble profession of a trained nurse. ”

“ That sounds well, ” said the Nun, “ keep to that ideal, follow instructions, and you will attain your wish, ”

“ I would like to ask a question, ” the girl faltered.

“ And I will be glad to answer it, ” said the Nun.

“ Well, you know I am not a Roman Catholic ; will I be permitted to worship God as I have been taught at home ? ”

“ We never discuss religion in the Training School, ” said the Nun. “ You are here to study medicine,— the human body and its ills. Only, in case of a patient requesting a nurse to bring a minister of religion, she reports to the head of the department, and then leaves the matter in her hands. The head of your department is myself, and I always shall be glad and ready to assist you in any doubtful matter. You are free to practice your own idea of religion without remark or intrusion. And now, Miss Golden, here is the text of to-night’s lecture. You will find it well to be prepared for Dr. G—.”

Smiling, the Nun pointed out the books, and left the girl to her studies. Stella bent her head over her book, and applied herself assiduously to her task. At the time of the lecture that first evening we find her seated with her class, listening with rapt attention to the learned physician, who was one of the most eminent specialists of the day.

Two busy years passed by. Miss Golden saw many things in that Catholic Hospital which opened new vistas of thought to her mind. Naturally reverent, she looked with admiration on the unselfish work of the Sisters who conducted the vast work of the institution, envied their skill, and modelled herself on their self-



hos-
bled
ure,
oted
ader
n of
with
ear-
like
oul,
hat

of
ier,
she

not

d ;
not
rd,

he
ry

control, and calm readiness for emergencies. There was no change in her religious attitude, and she rather prided herself on that fact. She seldom attended any services in the hospital chapel. Her love of beauty, however, impelled her occasionally to come to Benediction. She loved the flower-decked altar, the singing of the Nuns, the reverent attitude of those who prayed, and she bowed with them when the little silver bell announced the Benediction. A sweet, restful peace stole over her soul at these moments, and she found herself saying: "I wish I could believe God was there!"

In the discharge of her duties nurse Golden saw how weak were human supports when pain or sickness racked the frame. How sad the deaths of those who had no hope beyond the grave, How terrifying the last moments of those who had placed themselves beyond spiritual assistance.

No one ever hinted at anything belonging to religious subjects, but she observed everything. The girl had a heart that yearned for a living faith—for a peace of soul that should abide with her and help her, when her time came, to die like some of the poor Catholic patients she saw, who looked with the all seeing eyes of the spirit into the great Beyond, and saw there everlasting joy, and the beauty of God and His saints. She was faithful to her work—to the duties of her elected profession, and already began to look forward to the future that would open to her after her graduation. And according to her light she prayed.

One day a Catholic patient who was under her care received the Holy Viaticum. Nurse Golden had arranged, as she was taught, the white pillows and counterpane, the little table with its Crucifix, candles, holy water, etc., by the bedside. She left the room while a priest, attended by a nun, administered the holy Sacrament, and when he passed back again to the chapel, she returned to the bedside to extinguish the candles, and remove the table. The patient's eyes were closed, and the face was full of devotion. Nurse Golden looked at her, deeply impressed. In moving lightly around the bed she disarranged the counterpane, and from one of

the heavy folds there fell Something, snow-white and round, that fluttered to the polished floor beneath the bed. A strange tremor seized the nurse. She gazed on the little Object. She drew near, and scarce knowing what



she was doing, she fell on her knees and gently picked up the Sacred Host with her fingers.

Hardly had she laid It in the palm of her hand when a marvellous thrill passed through her soul, and with it — *Faith*. It was the Lord! She knew it. Nothing

now could change that belief. *She knew it.* Then instantly came a fear ; " I should never have touched It ! " Hastily she arose, opened a chest of drawers in the room, and laid the Sacred Host on a pile of clean snow-white linen.

Hurriedly and with strange thrills of feeling, she glanced at the patient who had not moved, and then went swiftly to a Catholic nurse who stood at the medicine press out side.

" I have touched the Lord ! " she whispered, her face tense and her eyes glowing ; " He is in there still ! "

The Catholic nurse stared at her. Was nurse Golden out of her mind ? What on earth was wrong ? Sometimes the poor nurses were over excited and exhausted in their strenuous life, and became feverish. Was nurse Golden delirious ?

Quickly nurse Golden explained — the words rushing from her eager lips. The Catholic girl drew back in terror.

" Why, Miss Golden ! " she said in awed tones, " you should not have dared to touch the Blessed Sacrament ! Let me go at once for Sister. "

Nurse Golden stood in the door-way, her eyes fixed on the dresser, her heart throbbing wildly.

In a very few moments the Chaplain came hurriedly down the corridor, and accosted her excitedly !

" What is this I hear, Miss Golden ? You lifted the Blessed Sacrament from the floor ?—and you a Protestant ? You, who do not believe in the Blessed Sacrament ? "

" I believe now Father ! I know I have touched the Lord ! " she said.

She fell on her knees, and pointed to the dresser. The priest opened the drawer—there lay the Sacred Particle. His face flushed, he took the stole from his pocket, placed it round his neck, lifted the linen towel on which the Particle reposed, and silently and reverently carried It with downcast eyes to the Chapel.

There was subdued excitement among the nurses and Sister when Miss Golden explained her act, and what followed it in her soul. And there was more excitement

when the Chaplain declared he had placed only one Host in the small Pyx, and that he was positively sure of the matter. Again and again he reiterated this assertion, and held to it in spite of the ventured suggestions of others, that there might have been two Particles adhering together.

"Impossible," he said, "in this case!—I had only one communicant, and I brought only one Host. I am positively certain of this fact. Nothing could convince me to the contrary."

"Where did the other Host come from?"

No answer came to this oft-repeated question, except this — Miss Golden asked to be instructed in the Catholic faith, was baptized, and in time made her First Holy Communion. Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was intense. She could hardly speak of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist without tears. The miraculous answer to the question was her conversion — the only member of her entire family a Catholic. She continued her course in the Training School, graduated with honor, saw that a successful future was awaiting her, and with the good wishes of all, she left the Hospital.

*
**

Five years passed away. It was Easter Monday morning. Sunlight filtered through the stained glass windows of a well known Convent chapel, and lay in glory on the tall lilies that bent towards the Holy of Holies. Mass was going on, and the sweet voices of the nun-choir trembled on the fragrant air. How beautiful now are the words :

Regnum mundi et omnen ornatum sæculi contempsi ! contempsi ! ("The Kingdom of the world and its pleasures, I have despised—, I have despised," for the sake of our Lord.)

A single voice was singing now—

Quem vidi, quem amavi—(*Whom I have seen, whom I have loved.*) And from the centre of the marble nave a veiled figure rose from her knees, and advanced to the foot of the altar.

A group of vested clergy surrounded the crimson robed celebrant as he turned to her, and holding up the

white Host that once thrilled her being, paused. In the breathless hush came the clear sweet voice :

“In the name of Our Lord and Saviour, I, Sister Estelle of the Blessed Sacrament, vow and promise to God, Poverty, Chastity, Obedience, Perseverance.”

Could one mistake the voice ? Could one mistake the slender figure ? the pale spiritualized face ? There was rapture in the tone — a note of triumph in the sweet words of immolation.

*
**

Oh, happy Nurse Golden ! What sweeter Lover could have enthralled you ? What more precious chains than the vows could have fettered you ? What safer home than “*the cleft of the rock, the hollow places of the wall*” figuratively spoken in the Scriptures of the Cloister, where the white dove of the chosen soul may fold its wings, close to the Tabernacle forever ?

Aye, forever ? He shall fold you in His arms, until the day declines and the shadows fall, and then there will meet you the virgin band, who follow the Lamb through all eternity.

→ The Mission of the Apostles. ←

(Frontispiece.)

The eleven apostles went up to Mount Thabor where Jesus had told them to assemble. Prostrating themselves, they adored Him, and then the Master approached, saying : “all power has been given to Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore throughout the whole world. Preach the Gospel to every creature ; instruct all nations ; baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded unto you, and behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world !”

“The Priesthood,” exclaims Venerable Father Eymard, “is the greatest dignity on earth. The priest is Jesus Christ in action for he continues the Savior’s mission on earth. At the Altar he continues and completes the sacrifice of Calvary and applies to souls the divin fruits of salvation. In the Confessional he purifies souls in the Blood of Jesus Christ and brings them forth to the holiness of His love. In the pulpit he preaches His Truth, His Gospel. Before the Tabernacle, the priest adores His God there hidden through love, as the angels adore Him in His glory”

What a beautiful mission is that of the Priest !”

*** FAVORS ***
THROUGH
VENERABLE PÈRE EYMARD

St-Boniface de Shawigan: Last Spring when enduring much suffering and great discomfort, the result of a fall I promised to wear the picture of Père Eymard and to publish the favor if I were cured. With deep gratitude, I acknowledge my cure.

About the same time, one of my married daughters, Mrs. J. S. was given up as a result of complications following fever. I advised her to wear a picture of Père Eymard and to the surprise of the Doctor she recovered.

Please surprise the following favors obtained through the intercession of Venerable Père Eymard, whom we must heartily thank for his protection in those two special cases as well as in many others.

We trust the publication will inspire others to have recourse to this wonderful Servant of God in their difficulties so that, seeing the many favors he deigns to grant his canonization may be hastened. Mrs. L.

Mount Carmel: My son suffered with cancer of the mouth during four years. The Dr. wanted to operate, but, as we were too poor to defray the expense, I applied Père Eymard's picture and made a Novena to him, and to our great joy my son was cured. *A Subscriber.*

Hull, Que.: I come to fulfil my promise and ask you to publish my husband's cure. He was the victim of an intestinal disease that baffled medical skill. We prayed with great confidence to Père Eymard, then applied his picture. Instantly the sufferer felt relief and since then has been free from the dread disease. Mrs. J. B. B.

My husband suffered from most painful rheumatism in his limbs and was unable to walk from Thursday to Sunday. I applied P. Eymard picture and the next day he was able to walk and resume his work. Mrs. A. B.

✦ *Before the Golden Door* ✦

When the weary day is over and the sun sinks in the West,
When twilight shades are falling and the tired seek their rest,
It is then I love to visit God upon his altar-throne,
For when others all have left Him, I feel that He is my own.

Then to the quiet chapel, I wend my evening way,
And there at Jesus' nail-pierced feet my daily cross I lay.
I linger not on the threshold for someone to answer my call ;
The little red light burns brightly a welcome to one and all.

I enter the Master's dwelling and kneel before His shrine,
How I envy the little golden door, so near to God divine !
How I envy the Silken curtain that veils His sacred Face !
And the dainty, drooping rosebud, as it bends with royal grace !

I kneel quite close to the altar, that when His Hand He lifts,
I shall receive from the Giver, His richest and choicest gifts :
Just as the tiny sparrows to the great St. Francis flew,
Those nearest, partook of the sweetest crumbs that from his
[hands he threw.

I recount my wayward actions, and new resolutions make ;
I beg of Him forgiveness and promise for His sake
To do better on the morrow and avoid the slightest sin,
To conquer my evil passions, His burning love to win.

How we pity Bethlehem's Infant, yet when the cold winds blew
His feeble cry brought Mary and near His side she drew ;
But here as the Prisoner lowly, His voice is hush'd and still'd,
Tho' by our bitter insults, His Heart with pain is filled.

I offer my reparation to the humble, silent King
And promise tomorrow evening, a purer heart to bring.
I bow my head for His blessing, all doubts and worries cease,
Tho' He speaks not, I hear a whisper, " Depart, my child
[in peace."

M. C.

➤ Greater Love ➤



WISH you would not go out to-night, my son. You have been coughing all day. "

"But I must go, mother. I told the boys I would be there sure, and I hate to disappoint them. "

"You can telephone. Tell them you have a cold, please don't go. "

"Don't worry, mother dear. I'm not a baby any more. It's only a short half-mile, and I'll be inside all the rest of the time. I'll be all right. Bye-bye! "

A kiss, a wave of the hand, a look of pain on your mother's face, and you are gone. Well, boys will be boys, and some mother's hearts are made to be bruised. But well for you had you heeded her warning. The weather is raw and damp. An angry cough disturbs your rest that night and drives sleep far from your mother's eyes. In the morning fever appears. The doctor is called, skakes his head, and tells you to be careful. The day passes and you grow worse. Typhoid pneumonia sets in, and as you lie there in bed, tossing, feverish and afraid, your mother never leaves your side. Whenever you can take your mind off your own pain, the thought that haunts you is: "I have offended mother. I refused her request last night and, God knows, it may be the last favor I'll have a chance to do her. "

Your fever is rising. The faces of loved ones grow more and more anxious as they tiptoe about the room. Their looks give the lie to their words of cheer. At last you sink into unconsciousness. You lie there in bed for days and days, not knowing that your life is hanging by a thread, but all the time you have a vague notion that some holy presence is near at hand, moistening your parched lips and soothing your fevered brow.

Then, one day, you are yourself again, but oh, so weak and tired that you scarcely have time to smile up into your angel-mother's face before you sink back into a deep, natural slumber. When you wake your first glance is for your mother. You will thank her now and

tell her you will never offend her again. But she is not there now ; your sister or a nurse is in her place. Mother is resting, you are told. She has hardly slept during your illness, and she is resting now. You wait all day. How long she rests ! And to-morrow you wait, and to-morrow ; but she does not come. Can it be serious ?

"Oh, no !" they tell you. "Her nerves are a little overstrained. The doctor thinks she had better remain in bed a day or two. She sends you a kiss and wishes you to be careful.

You are almost well now ; a little weak, perhaps, but strong enough to bear the news your father brings :

"You may go to her, my son, but she is very, very sick. In fact,"—there is a sob in the good man's voice when he tells you this—"the doctors say there is no hope, and she has asked to see you before she dies. Brace up, son, and try to bear it for her sake."

You go so her—your brain in a whirl—and when you see her pale, thin face and sunken eyes you fall upon your knees and sob as you used to do when you ran to her for comfort in your little trials. Her hand is on your head, and she tells you not to weep any more ; you were forgiven long ago. They take you away, but in a few days you see her again. The eyes that so often smiled upon you are closed in death ; those hands, folded so peacefully upon her breast, will never comfort you again ; the lips that used to kiss away your childish tears will never kiss you more. You beg her to speak to you, but her dear, sweet voice is silent forever. You weep as though your heart would break, but she cannot dry your tears now—she is dead. For days and days the mere mention of her name, the mere thought of her will bring the scalding tears to your eyes. All through your youth and when your hair is gray there is a little shrine in your heart where the memory of your mother is worshipped, and you never tire of telling your friends and your children and your children's children what a dear, sweet little mother she was, and how she gave her life to win you back to health.

This is more than an idle tale or play of fancy. Take a crucifix in your hand. Lo ! Here is One who has loved us more than mother. For we were sick unto

death, and He has won us back to health with stripes and wounds and deeds of infinite loving kindness. To give us life He suffered the bite of the cruel scourge and His head was circled round with thorns. For three long hours He hung in agony upon the cross. Look at Him there upon the sacred rood. Listen : "Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb ? And if she should forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee in My hands." These pierced hands have blessed us many times. These loving eyes have smiled on us in frequent benediction. Often-times these bruised lips have given us the kiss of peace. In a thousand tabernacles is His daily banquet spread, where we may grow strong by eating of His Flesh and drinking His precious Blood. What is there that mother has done and Christ has not done it with greater love ? Only half the truth is held in that blessed saying : "He died that we might live."

If mother had died instead of Christ, all our remaining years would be hallowed by the memory of her. Is there a shrine in our heart of hearts where His dear memory is cherished ? Ah ! Christ is a wondrous Lover. The meagre love that would break a mother's heart is acceptable to Him. But because He is so prodigal of love, because He has loved us unto folly, is this an excuse for a cold return of love ? He has loved us without stint or thought of self. Christ has given all to us : let us at least try to give all back to Christ. Christ in sorrow, Christ in joy ; Christ in hardship and in ease ; Christ in laughter and in tears ; Christ by our side when the way is smooth, and our hand in His when pitfalls encompass us ; Christ our last thought when we lie down to rest, and first in our minds when the dawn awakens us ; Christ in our hearts, Christ in our homes, Christ on our lips when the little ones are on our knees ! Let Christ bend over the cradle with us, and dry our tears when our heart is breaking over the loss of a loved one. Labor for Christ ! Life for Christ, and death in Christ ! Christ to-day ! To-morrow, Christ ! Christ crucified, our Love forever !

JAMES R. O'NEILL, S. J.



HOUR OF ADORATION

“I THIRST!”

REV. PERE GHAUVIN, S. S. S.

“*Postea sciens Jesus quia omnia consummata sunt, ut consummaretur Scriptura, dixit: ‘Sitis’.*”

Afterwards, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, said: “I thirst.”

(*Mark XV, 36.*)

I. — Adoration.



“I THIRST!” Our Lord, knowing that all things were accomplished, in order to fulfill the Scripture, utters this word: “*I thirst.*” To the agony of soul experienced from the Father’s abandonment, is now added torture of sense. The loss of blood that Jesus underwent in the Garden of Olives, at the flagellation, the crowning with thorns, the Crucifixion,—the want of nourishment, all the sufferings that He endured since the preceding evening,—have completely exhausted Him. Still more, since the consecrated Chalice of the Last Supper, nothing has moistened the Saviour’s lips. It is not surprising, then, that those sacred lips should be parched, that His tongue, His palate, and His throat should be on fire,—in a word, that He should be consumed by burning thirst.

Jesus willed to endure this new suffering. The Evangelist tells us that He Himself testified that all the prophecies relative to His Passion had not been accomplished. Had not David predicted that the Saviour would have thirst, and that in His thirst He should be drenched with vinegar and gall? Therefore, it was that when dying Jesus cried from the height of the Cross: “*I thirst!*” Yes, He who is at this moment agonizing on a Cross, is indeed a Man, but He is more than a Man.—He is a Man, for He experiences in His sufferings the same needs as all other men.—He is more than a man, for all that happens to Him has been foreseen, willed, and determined by Himself.

Adore Jesus, fastened to the Cross. He is the Master of time and events. Recalling to mind, and with the most perfect serenity, all the foregoing centuries, running through the Scriptures, reviewing all the prophecies concerning His Passion, and seeing that they were all accomplished, *excepting one*, He pronounces the

word foretold, and presides over the fulfilment of that last prophecy. Could there be in the world anything greater or more sublime? Is this not to suffer and die as a God?

Nevertheless, it is permitted to ask why Jesus who, up to this moment had not opened His mouth to complain, even in the midst of His greatest torments, made known the sufferings of thirst that He experienced on the Cross. Can we think that the Divine Saviour upon the point of expiring, wished only to express a simple request for some relief in His cruel suffering?

No. Although nature might have desired some relief from that agony, the real reason for His uttering that cry was His love of souls. His thirst is more than a desire, an ardent desire. The souls of all sinners pass before His eyes, and He longs to restore them to that life which He is meriting by His sufferings, which He is dying to save. It is His Father's glory that is in question, the good of those millions of creatures for which He thirsts. Oh, His Heart can not longer restrain Its immense desire, therefore, He cries to Heaven and earth: "*I thirst!*"

Yes, this Man who appears to be dying of thirst is God. Only a God can know the price of souls—only a God can love them with such love, can long for them with such ardor, because He alone has created them to His own image and predestined them for His eternal happiness.

That those souls may attain eternal salvation, they must acknowledge and love their Saviour. It is this knowledge and love that He ardently desires, and that He publicly makes known by these words: "*I thirst!*"

For any other crucified man the desire to be recognized as a Saviour and, above all, to be loved after death, would be folly, a chimera. For Jesus, it is the most evident demonstration of His almighty power and Divinity.

Let us study the meaning of that word pronounced on the Cross, how that prayer of the agonizing Saviour will be realized.

Has Jesus been recognized according to His desire? It is sufficient for one to look around in order to be convinced of it. Jesus presented Himself to mankind as the Saviour, His means of conquest being a Cross, a new doctrine, incomprehensible mysteries. And when He expressed to the world His desire to be known, the little and the great, the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the most cultivated intellects, peoples and kings, responded to the "*Sitio*" of Calvary by submitting their intelligence to the authority of His word. They have believed in His Divinity, in His mission as Saviour. They have adored Him as their God and their Redeemer.

They have adored Him on the Cross and in heaven. They have adored Him in the Eucharist, in spite of all appearances, where reason meets only difficulties and apparent absurdities. It is His word, as the sole guarantee of truth, which has brought them down upon their knees before the tiny Host of the tabernacle, which has led them to the Holy Table to eat It—trembling and loving.

Yes, Jesus agonizing, beholding the marvellous accomplishment of the "*Sitio*" of Calvary, I recognize Thee for my God, and I humbly adore Thee! The "*Sitio*" of the dying calls again for the love of mankind.

Has Jesus been loved according to His desire? It would have been a victory for the Redeemer to be recognized as such and respected by the human race. But would that have been sufficient? No, Jesus desires above all to be loved not only by His subjects in heaven, but still more by those on earth. And as He knows that presence is a necessary condition for the support of love, He fixed His abode permanently not only in heaven, but also on earth, by instituting the Divine Eucharist on the eve of His death. Doubtless, to establish this new mode of presence here below, He has consented to new and very great sacrifices. And, indeed, has He not by His sufferings won the right of reigning henceforth—and everywhere—in all the majesty of His celestial glory? He knows, nevertheless, that such externals will arouse in man fear rather than love; so He will tread under foot all His rights and invent the Eucharist, in which He will invest Himself with a mantle of tenderness. But these sacrifices accomplished, and His Presence assured, He will draw all hearts to Himself. Yes, Jesus is loved. Vainly have the years come, the ages flown by. Time, which destroys all the affections, has but increased and strengthened that which a portion of mankind has vowed to Him.

Again, He has been loved with a sovereign love, with that triumphant love which urges the soul to every sacrifice, with that love before which all other loves pale. Kings have come down from their throne to pass their life at the foot of the holy altars. Children have torn themselves away from parental tenderness in order to serve Him who desires to be served more than father or mother. Maidens have forsaken all the joys and pleasures of youth in order to clothe themselves in coarse robes and hide behind impenetrable walls. The daughters of kings have joyously despoiled themselves of their jewels in order to shut themselves up with their Well-Beloved. And when asked the reason for their choice, they replied: "For love of me, Jesus has enclosed Himself in a tabernacle. For love of Him, I will shut myself up in a monastery. Is it not the Host which produces the victim?"

Again, we have seen fathers and mothers joyfully consenting to a lasting separation from cherished children who are no longer permitted to love anything but Jesus. Still more, have we not heard mothers saying to their child when impressing a maternal kiss on its brow: "I would rather see you dead than to see you betray by a mortal sin the Jesus of your First Communion." And what they say they mean. We have seen them accompanying them to torments in order to encourage them to die. We have seen Felicitas, Symphorosa, dreading lest their children should be overcome by fear, casting themselves on their knees, saying: "My child, remember that I nourished you with my milk. Take pity on your mother, and do not betray the Divine Saviour Jesus. Is not the "*Sitio*" of Calvary a cry of victory rather than a cry of distress?"

And since Calvary, the Crucified really present and living in the Host, beholds all the generations of men, women, and young maidens, passionately in love with Him, enthusiasts of love, never ceasing to repeat their avowal of fidelity: "Who shall separate us from the love we have for Thee? Shall it be hunger, thirst, persecution? No, no, nothing shall ever snatch Thy love from our heart!"

O Divine Agonizing One, beholding the marvellous accomplishment of the "*Sitio*" of Calvary, I recognize in Thee my God, my Saviour, and I adore Thee! Become now and forever the only Well-Beloved of my heart!

Thanksgiving.

"I thirst!" Nailed to the Cross, the Man-God dies of love. From His adorable lips, falls one word, which reveals His whole Heart: "*Sitio, I thirst!*" No, it can not be simply the cool and limpid waters of the fountain that Jesus calls for to quench the burning fever that is devouring all His members. His desire is far more elevated. His thirst is before all else a thirst of love.

Jesus loves us. He desires at any price to save our souls. It is for love of them that He, the Son of God, came down from heaven, lived in poverty, labor, and contempt, that for three years He preached His doctrine and performed innumerable miracles. It was to expiate our sins and every kind of sin that He suffered so much. Behold why He imposed upon all His senses, the organs of our guilty pleasures, the expiation of pain. The Man, made "sin," ought to be, above all, the Man of Sorrow. Up to this moment, His blessed tongue, His throat, His palate are the only parts of His body free from special suffering. But they must be subjected to their particular torment. By this thirst, in the language of the prophet, His tongue must cleave to His palate, His strength be dried up like a potsherd. By this Jesus expiated all our intemperance and merits pardon for us.

By this suffering, the Saviour obtains for us the great benefit of being delivered from that eternal thirst which tortures the damned. Thirst is, in fact, one of the torments of hell. Our Lord represented to us the rich man buried in that abyss, begging Abraham to send Lazarus to help him, to dip his finger into water and put one refreshing drop of it on his lips scorched by the flames. Jesus, as His last word shows us, did in some sort endure the pain of the damned in beholding Himself abandoned by His Father. Now He endures the torture of burning thirst, a thirst endured by the reprobate along with the privation of God. Thus is the justice of God satisfied. Sinful humanity discharged all its accounts toward God by the beneficent hands of its Liberator.

This desire of saving souls went on increasing as the Redeemer approached the term of His divine mission. At this last moment of His life, He saw that among the innumerable multitude of souls for whom He was shedding His Blood, a great number

would remain insensible to His love. These poor souls He wanted to save, to snatch at any price from hell of which they were to become the prey. This ardent desire He expressed to His Father; "Father, *I thirst*, I have an immense thirst of souls. Give Me souls. I do not want to die before knowing that they will all be saved! Yes, all for souls. For souls, my humiliation; for souls, the injuries with which I have been drenched; for souls, the strips that have furrowed My flesh; for souls, the thorns that pierce My brow; for souls, the nails that fasten My hands and feet; for souls, all My Blood; for souls, My life; for souls, all My annihilations in the Eucharist; for souls, all the outrages I shall receive in It until the end of time! Father, I thirst for souls. My Heart loves them to excess. Father, give Me souls!"

"Father, *I thirst*, give Me souls! And if it be pleasing to Thee that for their salvation, I should suffer more, Father I wish to suffer more. I am willing to begin My Passion all over again, to endure a new agony, a new flagellation, to wear again the crown of thorns, again to mount the hill of Calvary, and again be nailed to the Cross. Still more, I consent to remain till the end of time on this Cross, provided that not one of my children be snatched from Me, not one perish for all eternity."

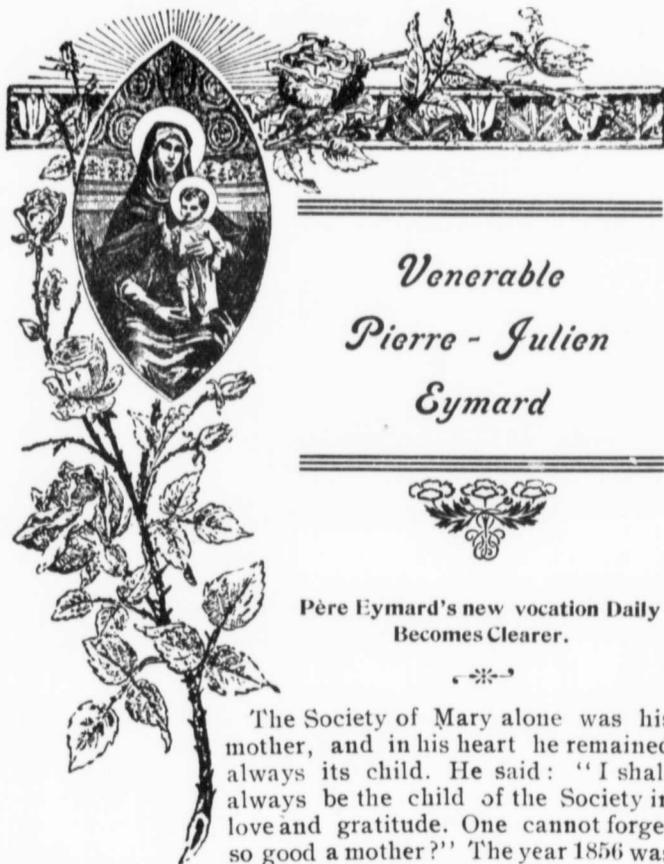
At this moment, my own soul is under the gaze of Jesus. He saw it. He noted its weakness, its evil inclinations, the dangers it would run of being lost. And the loving Heart of Jesus cried to God: "Father, *I thirst* for this soul, I love it. Father, give it to Me!"

"*Sitio!*" This is the ever blessed word of my Well-Beloved in His agony, which has won for me the grace of being able to know and love Him. It is this "*Sitio!*" of Calvary uttered in my behalf that has drawn me to the feet of Jesus to adore and serve Him. It is this prayer of Calvary that has attracted me so often to the Holy Table that Jesus may apply to me the merits of His sufferings. It is this prayer that will draw me, if I be faithful, to the Heart of Jesus in my true fatherland.

How shall I thank Thee, O Divine Redeemer, for so ardently loving me on the Cross, and for still continuing Thy favors in spite of all my indifference, all my faults? I thank Thee, O Jesus, for so much love! I wish in my turn to thirst for Thee—to thirst for Thy glory, seeking to make Thee known and honored in Thy Divine Sacrament—to thirst for Thy love, seeking but one thing from now till the end of my life, namely, to love and please Thee, to make Thee the only subject of my thoughts, my affections, my labors and my life! I thank Thee, O my Divine Saviour. I thank Thee!

I thank Thee, O well-beloved Disciple, for having related this word which throws new light on the indescribable tenderness of the Heart of Jesus. I thank you, all ye saints of heaven, who, down through the ages, have responded to the Saviour's cry by endeavoring to quench His thirst!

(To be continued.)



Venerable
Pierre - Julien
Eymard

Père Eymard's new vocation Daily
Becomes Clearer.



The Society of Mary alone was his mother, and in his heart he remained always its child. He said: "I shall always be the child of the Society in love and gratitude. One cannot forget so good a mother?" The year 1856 was to behold the end of his terrible mental sufferings. The struggle had at length become so violent that he could no longer endure it. In spite of the inspiration from God to devote himself to religious obedience and to submit to the advice of Superiors, he was still struggling against himself. "What ought I to do?" he asks in one of his meditations on the Blessed Sacrament. "Abandon myself entirely to God, act as if I had no plan, consider myself unworthy of being chosen by God, and in my prayers forget self."

He went still further, and feared himself the victim of delusion. "I am deceived," he said. "The serpent has deceived me, *serpens deceptit*. Lord, send him whom Thou hast chosen. I am not worthy." This was the moment for which Almighty God was waiting. He changed the decision of Père Eymard's Superior, who now ordered him to Paris, there to make a Retreat under the direction of a worthy ecclesiastic. And so he started for Paris, and on May 1st took up his stay with a Community of priests of whom he knew nothing, not even their name. On that same day he wrote: "I know neither the name nor the object of this Congregation. It appears to me to be a Trappist convent. But there is a tabernacle, and that is enough for me." He tells us himself of the state of his soul and the object he had in view in making the Retreat ;

"I want to come to some definite decision about an idea which has preoccupied me for several years giving me anxiety and mental suffering. As it is not only an attraction of the heart but something that touches my conscience as well, I want to be enlightened by consulting a stranger. I am resolved to submit to his decision, whatever it may be. I shall pray and regain my peace of soul before consulting any one. I shall put aside all my own ideas and desires, all that might otherwise influence a decision in accordance with my plans. If God, in His infinite goodness, says to me, 'Go on, mount this flaming Calvary,' by His grace and my own ardent desire to love Him I shall be ready to make the sacrifice. If, on the contrary, on account of my unworthiness, the good God commands me to return to Lyons. I shall do so at once, with no other regret than that of not being found sufficiently holy to serve more perfectly and more directly the great King of Love, our good Jesus.

The trial lasted till the 13th of May, and it appeared as if it were likely to become the tomb of his hopes. But Our Lord soon brought about their resurrection. He did not allow his servant to remain there forever.

Let us hear Père Eymard himself recounting that unexpected resurrection : "After twelve days of prayer,

tears, and complete abandonment of self, the trial is over.

“Three Bishops were judges of the question: the Bishop of Tripoli, and the Bishop of Carcassone, Mgr de la Bouillerie, were to examine it from a religious and personal point of view; and Mgr., the Archbishop of Paris, gave the final decision.” Père Eymard exposed his reasons humbly and sincerely. . . . Everything appeared to be opposed to this desire of his heart, and he had already made the sacrifice of it. . . . when, to his intense surprise, he heard from the lips of the three venerable prelates these thrice-blessed words:

“The will of God for the foundation of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar has been most clearly revealed. Our Lord has Himself solved the difficulty. Henceforth, unhesitatingly give yourself to this work alone.” Mgr de Sibour, of happy memory, cordially blessed the first two members, and said to them: “From this day you shall be my children.”

This was the hour chosen by God. Père Eymard and his companion left the archiepiscopal palace filled with joy and gratitude, and hurried to Saint Sulpice. There, by the hands of the Blessed Virgin, Queen of the Cenacle they consecrated themselves wholly to the service of Jesus in His Sacrament of Love.

Duc in altum! Launch out into the deep! Our Lord Himself had pronounced these words by the lips of authority. And so, Père Eymard went on in the strength of God, deterred by no obstacle. And sacrifices? He felt himself powerfully attracted to them. “Were I a saint, I would ask God to annihilate me entirely, that His glory alone should shine forth, His grace alone be magnified.”

Self-annihilation—henceforth this will be the end of his prayers and uninterrupted efforts.

If we would follow him up to understand his life and teaching, this is the cue that will guide us. It was under the influence of his own nothingness that he acted while establishing the mighty kingdom of Jesus Christ, for he

said: "Nothingness is everything." Divine Providence took care of His children, who were but two in number, Peter and John, and the Cenacle was established. The Archbishop, in his benevolent thoughtfulness for their welfare, made over to them a fine property, occupied until then by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whose school had not succeeded. This place, the scene of trial for its former occupants, now became that of Père Eymard's first success.

The first thing to do was to enlarge the little sanctuary, an undertaking that lasted the rest of that year. Then they transformed a hall into a chapel, and raised a wooden altar covered with white muslin. Jesus saw that little white tabernacle, almost as poor as His Crib at Bethlehem, and hastened to take possession of it, June 1st, 1856.

On that same day, at the Church of Saint Thomas of Aquin, Mgr. Sibour announced to the members of the Nocturnal Adoration Society the work that had just begun for the glory of the Most Blessed Sacrament. "The news was received with great joy," as we are told. The illustrious Père Félix, the preacher of the Conferences at Notre Dame, with his usual eloquence and authority, embodied the principles of the new Society in these few words: "To save society, the spirit of sacrifice must be revived; and this can be done only by drawing it from its source, the Most Blessed Sacrament."

When the Bishop of Tripoli announced the same news, that a Society of men especially and entirely consecrated to the Blessed Sacrament had been instituted, the hearts of all Christians were filled with confidence and joy.

In the beginning of January, 1857, Père Eymard was able to expose the Blessed Sacrament and fulfil the principal duties of his new vocation.

On the Feast of the Epiphany, sometimes called the Three Kings, the day on which the Magi laid their crowns at the feet of the Master of the universe, the Lord mounted His Eucharistic Throne. Most of the great religious families were represented on this joyous solemnity, each desirous to greet affectionately the birth of their young sister. The members of the Nocturnal

Adoration were also present in large numbers. Père Eymard delivered the sermon. He began with these words :

“One day Saint John the Baptist received a deputation from the High Priests of the Jews, who said to him : ‘*Tu quis es ?* Who are thou ? It seems to me, gentlemen, that your presence here to-day proposes to me the same question. ‘Who are you ? What is this new work ?’

“To the first I answer, ‘*Nothing.*’ And may we ever be *nothing* in the hands of God ! We have nothing that contributes to the glory, the success, the power of a work. Were we great by birth, or by the protection of the high-born and influential, we should fear that God was not with us.” . . . “We began with the benediction of Holy Church. . . .” “But what is this new work ? It is the Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The title of our religious is Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. The end of our Institute is to render glory and honor to Jesus by the perpetual Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and to discharge all other ministrations in connection with its noble end.”

From that day the Blessed Sacrament was exposed three times a week. Vocations were rare. Many tried, but few persevered. Père Eymard accepted this new trial with his usual faith. “We are not capable of giving vocation,” he used to say, “but the seed is sown. We have only to let it rot in the earth that it may germinate in God’s good time.”

Another trial overtook the work hardly begun. They had to leave their little Bethlehem so dear to them, and for over a year search through Paris for some place suitable for their new project ; but none could be found Very often they thought they had at last what they wanted, but their hope proved vain.

One day a chapel admirably adapted to their purpose was offered them, but with no house near by for the Fathers. “How consoling !” exclaimed the Founder, “we shall begin by lodging our dear Lord, the King, before His servants are housed. That is just as it should be. But He is so good, He will find us a dwelling later.”

This scheme, however, fell through, like so many before it.

Père Eymard had other subjects also to distress his heart, and his anxiety at times amounted to agony. We may judge of this by the suppliant cries that he sent up to Our Lord at such moments: "*Bone Jesu, salva nos, perimus! Hoc solum habemus residui ut oculos nostros dirigamus ad te!*" — O good Jesus, save us, we perish! This alone remains to us that we lift up our eyes to Thee!"

"*O bone Magister, ubi, quando, quomodo tu volueris!*— O good Master, where, when, how Thou dost will!"

"*Loquere, Domine, et ne derelinquas nos!* Speak, Lord, do not forsake us!"

"*Domine, vim patior, responde pro me!* — Lord, I suffer violence. Answer for me!"

Domine Jesu, tristis est anima mea usque ad desolationem et fletum — Lord Jesus, my soul is sad even to desolation and tears!"

"*Da mihi victoriam, O Rex crucifixus amore! Vincam charitate!* — Grant me victory, O King crucified by love! May I conquer by charity!"

"*Salva nos, Domine Jesu, vince, regna, impera solus!*— Save us, O Lord Jesus, make me hope against hope!"
"Lord, I give myself entirely to Thee! Thou wilt do all, for all human support fails me, and I am in the most profound darkness!"

These trials increased his strength of soul. He was willing to drink the chalice of bitterness to the very dregs that the holy will of God might triumph. "*Fiat voluntas tua!* For Thy love I will courageously drink this chalice of suffering!" Jesus was with him, he would never let Him go, and with Jesus hell is a paradise. "*Mane nobiscum, Domine, et sufficit nobis! et humiliatio et solitudo erunt paradisus voluptatis* Remain with us, O Lord, and it is enough! Humiliation and solitude will be a paradise of delight." His love triumphing, Our Lord at last pointed out to him the tabernacle of His choice.



—❖ The Friend Divine ❖—



FAITHFUL friend is a strong defense," observes the Son of Sirach, "and he that hath found him hath found a treasure." However richly dowered we may be with friends of this description, however much their worth may make us admire and love them, who has not been forced to deplore, even in the most generous and amiable of friends, the lack of some gift or virtue a perfect friend should have? At such times, perhaps, we picture to ourselves what qualities of mind and heart would belong to an ideal friend. In our mind's eye we would then see a man possessed of every grace and virtue. He would be one of such holiness that we could always take his conduct as a model for our own. The charm of his personality would lead our hearts captive. His sympathy, too, would be deep and intelligent, because based on a perfect knowledge of our character, and tender and winning from his having had trials and experiences similar to ours. His judgment, moreover, would be so sound that we could always safely follow his counsel, and if, in addition to all these engaging qualities, he were willing and able to soothe our sorrows, repair our losses and right our wrongs, who would not feel that in such a one he had a friend indeed?

But we should here, perhaps, be rudely awakened from our daydream by the reflection that such a friend as this is an impossibility. Who could unite in himself so many excellencies? Why, our share in Adam's heritage is so large that even our virtues are often unattractive. We are so often vanquished in the daily battle with our own selfishness that constant generosity is rare. Perfect sympathy is quite as scarce, for who can enter so fully into another's varying moods and difficulties as to thoroughly understand all and so pardon all? Passion and prejudice so often warp the judgment, even of the wisest, that we cannot always follow their counsel. Then, how powerless, as a rule, are our dearest friends to lessen our griefs and lighten our burdens! Are we not generally forced to be content with their expressed desire to do so, and to take the will for the deed?

Nevertheless, there is one perfect Friend. There is really living in the world to day one whose character is a full harmony of all the qualities we would give our ideal friend. His holiness, for instance, is so peerless that no stain of sin ever touched His soul. He is so amiable and winning that He draws to Himself all men; so generous that to gain and keep His friends He has made most costly sacrifices; so wise that the heart of man and all things else are perfectly known to Him. From this deep knowledge is born a sympathy that can feel for every human care and sorrow, for He Himself has experienced them all; but, more wonderful still, He is always able and always willing to meet every need of the soul and to satisfy the vaguest longings of our hearts.

Surely, all have now guessed who this perfect Friend must be; it is Jesus our Saviour, true God of true God, indeed, yet no less truly the gracious Son of Mary "But centuries have passed," you may say, "since Jesus walked the earth in the guise of man. Had I been living then in Judea I might have had Him for a friend. How hard I would have striven to gain His Friendship! Would that He were living now!" Take comfort, for He is living now, and you can easily become His friend.

Christ took our nature and lived our life, not merely to win and sanctify and save that little band of disciples who dwelt with Him long ago in Palestine. Looking down the ages, He saw the countless generations yet unborn who would need a friend like Him. Divine love then suggested and Divine power then effected the means to meet this need: Jesus gave us the Holy Eucharist. It is the blessed privilege of Catholics to know that He who once journeyed through Galilee instructing the ignorant, curing the sick and comforting the sorrowful, never really left the world, but is with us now, all human still, yet all divine, too, and that He might continue to-day the same holy work He wrought of old, our Lord has wonderfully hid Himself beneath the sacramental veils. The Holy Eucharist, is a world, is Jesus' love and sympathy forever incarnate for us.

Would a man with an eye to his own interests, on learning that a person like Jesus were living among us to-day, allow much time to pass before he sought out such a one and, having found Him, would he not use every means to win and keep His friendship? By studying the character of Christ, by observing what kind of men were His dearest friends, and by marking their manner of dealing with our Lord, an earnest man would soon learn how to be on such terms of friendship with Him as to profit to the full by His counsel and sympathy.

It is not hard to find where Jesus lives. In every church at any hour, but particularly during daily Mass, our Lord is ready to meet His friends. Nor is it hard to learn how to study His character. In the Gospel story there is presented the many-sided personality of Christ in all its attractiveness. By observing there the different phases of His character, His ways, His habits, His likes and His dislikes, who were His closest friends, and how they became such, we, too, may learn the art of endearing ourselves to Him.

Nothing in the Gospels is perhaps more striking than the numerous instances they contain of the human love, the human pity of Jesus and His own longing for the love and sympathy of men. "He had compassion on the

multitude," we read of Him, and well they knew where to go for help and sympathy. The sick, the grief-stricken and the sinful came instinctively to Mary's Son for relief, comfort or forgiveness, and were never disappointed.

Our Blessed Lord, moreover, while loving all mankind, also had His more intimate friends, with whom He liked most to be, to whom He looked with confidence for that comfort and sympathy His human nature needed. Such, for example, was the Baptist, such were Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus, and, even among the Apostles, Peter and James above their fellows, but, most of all, St. John the Evangelist, who does not fear to speak of himself as the "disciple whom Jesus loved."

If these are some of the traits of our Saviour's character as we find it portrayed in the New Testament, they are His traits still. He has not changed. In the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar Jesus is as winning, powerful and sympathetic as when He walked among men. Nay, more so. The sacrifices He makes in abiding always with us indicate a tenderer attachment and a warmer love. He seems readier now than ever to strengthen the weak and comfort the sorrowful. He seems to long more now for human companionship than formerly. For He constantly remains in countless tabernacles expressly to be near us, and submits to all kinds of humiliations in order to meet at the altar-rail, as often as He can, His chosen friends.

This longing for our Blessed Lord, after all, is but an artifice of love, so to speak, to win our hearts; the most generous souls in the Church, the salt of the earth, are already His; moreover, the self-sufficient God has need of nothing. It is we, rather, who stand in vital need of His friendship. No matter how many faithful friends we may call our own, there are times when a merely human friendship is quite inadequate to meet the wants of our souls. How imperfectly, for instance, do even our nearest and dearest understand us! How often, too is our soul ruffled on the surface or stirred to the depths by emotions which we cannot express or others comprehend? We can seldom tell even our most intimate

friend the entire truth about ourselves. We cannot disclose to him all the unworthy thoughts, all the petty meannesses that throng our souls. Neither can we confess to our friends our want of confidence in them or our selfish lack of sympathy with their joys and sorrows; for friends that are merely human easily take offense at



excessive reticence, yet cannot endure from us perfect unreserve; consequently we all use words largely to conceal our thoughts.

But there is one Friend to whom we can always tell the whole truth. Jesus alone, of all our friends, can bear the sight of a "naked human heart," because His is the only perfect sympathy. He knows thoroughly every detail of our lives, He sees clearly the least circumstances of every grief and temptation that befalls us, He bears with

ourselves, and His hand can bring to pass whatever His heart suggests.

If we have now in a measure brought home to ourselves how desirable it is to be numbered among our Blessed Lord's intimate friends, perhaps we are ready to make use of the most effective means of becoming such. What can these be? Why, frequent Communion, unquestionably. If two friends are wont to strengthen and sweeten their friendship by seeking, every day, if possible, each other's society, in order to pass some time together pleasantly and profitably in discussing matters of mutual interest, sharing confidences, gaining from each other counsel and sympathy, or giving and receiving those marks, little and great, of kindness, consideration and self-sacrifice that are the flower and the fruit of true friendship, why should we not act in a like manner toward our Divine Friend?

Friendship desires union. Can there be a union closer than that which is formed between Christ and the worthy communicant? Our Lord has said, "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me and I in him." Friendship, too, seeks by frequent intercourse to keep this union close and strong. Is not receiving Him, then, every day the best means of maintaining a warm friendship with Jesus?

If it be true that the chief advantages of friendship, as a philosopher has observed, are peace in the affections, support in the judgment, and aid in all our undertakings, how much nearer the truth must this be of a friendship that is divine? Moreover, since we require daily this peace, support and aid, there is surely no better and easier way of securing them than by daily Communion. By sharing, then, our joys with our Divine Friend we shall double them, and by confiding to Him our sorrows we shall make them less; by seeking His advice just after receiving we can avail ourselves of the very wisdom of God, and through the sacramental strength daily Communion gives to the soul, we have at our command Divine power itself.

The wise man of the ancients wished to be always in the company of one better than himself. But it would

seem that the daily communicant can have that happiness; there never lived a person more perfect than our Lord, and yet no one has a surer guarantee of always enjoying the abiding presence of God's grace in the soul than he who receives Communion worthily every day.

Perhaps it has been our experience that the mere recollection of an earthly friend we trust and reverence has often been a source of strength to us in the hour of temptation, and the more spiritual the friendship the prompter we were to reject even a thought that would make us less worthy of that friend's love. A vivid realization of the sorrow he would feel at our weakness has enabled us to stand firm in trial. Then, should not the remembrance that we are actually to meet each morrow in the closest of unions a Friend whose nobility and faithfulness are beyond all praise be a strong incentive for keeping our hands and hearts pure and holy?

Those who have witnessed the ordination ceremony may recall that one of the most beautiful portions of the rite is that following the Communion of the newly-made priests, when the bishop repeats the words our Lord used just after the Apostles' Communion: "I will not now call you servants, but friends." For friends, unlike master and servants, desire to be equal, to have all things in common, to keep no secret from one another. Now the daily communicant draws as near as a layman can to the lofty dignity of the priesthood. Though he cannot consecrate daily the Host, nevertheless every day like the priest, he can receive It, and thus become by this sacramental union a closer friend of Christ's, a fuller sharer in His confidences, a richer recipient of His bounty. After the sacred priesthood, nothing surely will make a man a warmer friend of Jesus than daily Communion.

"Go often to the house of your friend," runs an Eastern proverb, "for weeds soon choke up the unused path." Misunderstandings, coolness and estrangement between friends are often the result, as we know, of infrequent visits, meagre communication or long absence. The health and vigor of friendship with our Lord de-

pend, no less than does a human friendship, upon meeting or corresponding often. The weeds of sin are so often trodden down by the foot of the daily communicant that they can make little headway, whereas nothing is more common than to see estrangement from our Divine Friend follow the neglect of frequent Communion. Success in friendship, as in all things else, depends upon attention to detail, and it is the little sacrifices, the little acts of appreciation shown on their part by the daily communicants that make our Blessed Lord in turn so lavish toward them of His manifestations of friendship.

That longing, finally, in the human heart for a friendship stronger and more enduring than any possible among men, a friendship that moods cannot imperil, change destroy or death terminate, can find its legitimate solace only in the love of this Divine Friend, who grows more faithful and true when other friends fail us, and whose friendship will endure forever, "Love Him and keep Him for thy Friend who, when all go away, will not forsake thee, nor suffer thee to perish at the last." But to retain forever the strong defense of Jesus' faithful friendship there is surely no better means than going to communion every day.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.



- CONTENTS -



The Last Communion Day (*poem*). — "Dominus Est!" (*It is the Lord*). — Favors through the Ven. Père Eymard. — Before the Golden Door, (*poem*). — Greater Love. — Hour of Adoration: I Thirst! — Venerable Pierre-Julien Eymard. — The Friend Divine.