

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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Hymn to the Blessed Sacrament.



Sweet Sacrament! Sweet Sacrament!

All hail to Thee! All hail!

'Tis faith reveals to loving hearts

Christ Jesus 'neath the veil.

In love and adoration

We bow before Thy face,

To plead for help and pardon

And Thy redeeming grace.

Emanuel! Emanuel!

Thy love is fathomless;

"God with us" in the Eucharist,

To solace nourish bless.

O Sacred Host! O Bread of Life!

O Sovereign Lord and King!

With cherubim and seraphim

Thy praises loud we sing.

Melanie A. SCHUTE.

Jesus in the Tabernacle, Our Consolation.

Pilgrims to the Holy Land love to tarry in the blessed places where every pathway bears traces of the feet of Jesus, where every stone has a tale to tell of Him. We long to have dwelt in Nazareth, to have seen Him, spoken with Him, watched Him, followed Him, and to have kissed the print of His feet in the Galilean soil. We say: "I should indeed have been happy to have sat at His feet on the mountain, or in the olive-grove, or by the seaside, or away in the loneliness of the desert where He went to pray. Not a wish of my heart but I should have told Him, not a sorrow but I should have laid before Him. And surely He who fed the hungry and gave sight to the blind and forgave the most abominable crimes, and even raised the dead and gave them once more to the arms of the mothers that mourned them—surely He would have given me all that I stood in need of; and how holy and happy I should have been! As we thus muse and long a voice seems to come reproachfully, from the tabernacle, and to murmur in our ear: "Am I not always with you—the same Jesus who dwelt at Nazareth in Galilee?" Jesus is near us still. In the solitude of the lonely church, where the lamp burns softly, and all is still around, is the same Jesus Who was on the mountain and in the olive-grove and by the seaside and in the lone desert; and He has the self-same loving heart to offer us consolation, and the self-same divine power to aid us in all our necessities. You do not see Him, it is true, but neither did the blind people whom He cured; they only knew that He was there and they followed Him. What does it matter if He is hidden from our view? We know, we believe that He is there. And He is always ready to impart comfort to us in adversity. Too often, however, we do not listen to Jesus in the tabernacle as we should. Too often we enter the presence of Jesus to pour forth our own trouble and requirements only, and after perhaps a few hurried

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acts of adoration in which there is little love or devotion, we take leave of Him, and go away from Him, without giving Him an opportunity to speak to our hearts. If we will but tarry a moment longer and, after telling Him our needs and showing Him our poverty, or confiding to Him our doubts and fears, pause a while, gently and calmly, words will take shape in our hearts, as plainly as though they were spoken by mortal lips, and we shall find that the doubts which troubled us are suddenly cleared away, that the sorrow is lightened which pressed so heavily, that a new impulse is given to our failing energy, and our soul filled with so bright a light that we feel as if a sudden ray of heavenly sunshine had burst upon us, illuminating every dark corner and changing the very features of our lives. Such lights as these, however, lights of grace, consolation, hope, love and union with Jesus,—need quiet—the quiet of the house of Nazareth, the calm of an interior spirit. Solitude and recollection are required to quicken our hearing and to awaken our perception of spiritual things. As we kneel before the tabernacle, pouring out our woes, our heart-aches, our loneliness—telling our dear Lord that our trials weigh sorely upon us and that they seem almost more than we can bear—do we not feel that comfort comes forth from the tabernacle, that an indescribable consolation sinks gradually and gently into our hearts, that a fresh proof of the love of Jesus has come to fill the void left by that earthly love—that worldly wealth and honor, the loss of which we are mourning so bitterly? O Jesus, Thou Thyself hast taught me how to bear sufferings with submission to the will of the heavenly Father. Grant, my dear Lord, grant me the grace no more to lose, in idle complaints regrets and murmurings against Thy will, a portion of the time that Thou hast given me to suffer for Thy love.

LASANCE.



HUMILITY.

How sweetly beneath the shadow of this overwhelming mystery may the soul grow in the grace of humility! It is a humbling thing to feel how much we might have done for God that we have not done, how many opportunities have been wasted, how many graces not corresponded to, how poor and languid and ungenerous has all been that we have actually had the heart to do. It is humbling also to feel how little we have done for God in return for the greatness of what He has done for us, and how little we can do for Him at the best, even if we were saints, considering His Majesty and our nothingness; and it is painfully humbling to think how much we have positively done against Him by deliberate preference of ourselves to Him. But it seems to me that humility grows far more rapidly and blossoms more abundantly in the mere thought of the immensity of God's love for us, and the unintelligible prodigality of His Fatherly affection for us, where there is no thought of self at all, even in the way of merited self-reproach. Humility is never more intense than when it is simply overwhelmed by love; and never can our souls be more completely overwhelmed by love than when they rest, silent and wonder-stricken beneath the shadow of the Blessed Sacrament.

Faber.

O dearest Lord! I wish to rest
As dear St. John upon Thy breast,
And looking up into Thine eyes,
Just tell Thee all the love that lies
Whitin my heart, not great like Thine,
Yet all for Thee, my King Divine,
Jesus, Sweet Saviour mine.



Leading the way.

Communion given by a Child

During the month of May 1871, the National Guards, entered the presbytery and forcibly expelled the priests. A youth, fifteen years of age, his aunt, and two little cousins happened to be in the church of St. James of Haut-Pas, situated quite close to the presbytery and heard what had just occurred. Like lightning flashed across the boy's mind the thought that the Blessed Sacrament would very soon be exposed to desecration by those same Guards. He hurriedly opened the Tabernacle grasped the Ciborium and pyx, confiding the former to the care of his pious aunt, reverently guarding the latter himself, but fear lest they should be captured coming out of the church with their precious treasures caused the boy to take an extreme resolution. He opened the ciborium, communicated himself and gave holy communion to his aunt and little cousins. Then, running into the garden adjoining the church, dug a hole and hid the sacred vases. To disarm suspicion, he remained near the spot where he had concealed them and began playing with his little cousins under the very eyes of the National Guards, who, foiled in their attempt in the church, came to search the garden.

Had it not been for the presence of mind, so full of piety and courage of this young boy, the Sacred Species would, undoubtedly, have been desecrated by those robbers posing as National Guards.

Lord Jesus, come and tarry not!
The deep'ning shades around me fall,
And dreary is my exiled lot,
While I await Thy looked-for call.

Every creature its praise sings in trioute
To Thee, the great God above!
To Thy power, and goodness, and beauty,
But most of all to Thy love.

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Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Divine Dweller in the Tabernacle has always been the object of adoration in the Church, the centre of all our ceremonies and the witness of all our external worship. Doubly veiled from view by the tabernacle and ciborium as also by the sacred species, the faithful are still so sure of His Presence and so familiar with the blessings to be obtained from Him there, that they frequent the church for no other purpose but to take part in the sacred rites of His court. They value highly their privilege of entering within the walls of His palace and of gazing in quiet, prayerful thought on the sacred enclosure of His sanctuary, and of resting their eyes on the very door so ready to open to their needs or desires, and let Him come forth to make their souls more truly His abode than the very sacred vessels.

The moments of His appearance veiled under the sacred species only, as at the Consecration during Mass, or in the Holy Communion of the faithful, were always moments of more special outward manifestations of reverence and devotion. The thought of lengthening those holy moments seems not to have occurred to worshippers at the altar before our own modern days. Perhaps the necessity of doing so was not felt in days when the priest said Mass oftener than once daily, and when the faithful let no day pass without assisting him at the Holy Sacrifice, and, as far as possible, sharing with him in Holy Communion. At any rate the Feast of Corpus Christi instituted early in the fourteenth century seems to have aroused in the faithful a special and widespread desire for the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in solemn processions or in the simple rite of enthroning Jesus publicly on His Altar, from which our ceremony of Benediction gradually developed.

From that time, the custom of unveiling the Sacred Host for public veneration became more and more common. During the sixteenth century any public distress, or any of the painful sacrileges committed in those days of waning faith and evil reform, were considered proper

occasions to gather the faithful together in devout supplication or in reparation before the Sacred Presence exposed to public adoration. Early in that century Father Joseph a Capuchin of Milan, had the time of these Expositions lengthened to forty hours in memory of the time Christ had spent in the sepulchre. In 1560 Pius IV. approved of this devotion and gave it in charge of the Confraternity of Prayer, and of Death, organized in honor of Our Lady. This was for the city of Rome. Meanwhile the Jesuits of Macerata had established a similar practice, which St. Charles Borromeo also adopted in his diocese particularly for the time of Carnival. In 1592 Clement VIII. established the Perpetual Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament, by arranging to have the several churches of Rome observe this Forty Hours' Exposition, in continual succession according to the Ordinary's appointment.

The practice and special rite of this Forty Hours' Devotion have since then been extended along with the Indulgences throughout the Church. In our own country, although it was first performed at Natchez by a devout French priest, it did not become a universal practice until the saintly Redemptorist Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia established it in his diocese.

The Exposition of the Sacred Host for the entire day, or for some hours at a time, is becoming very common if not so universal as the Devotion of the Forty Hours. By permission of the Bishops of several dioceses, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed in many churches the entire First Friday of the month. It is singularly fitting that the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which claims that day as its own, should find its best expression in this public adoration of the Sacred Presence of Christ Himself. It needs but little effort on the part of the pastors, who thus enable their flocks to come closer to the Pastor of pastors, to secure an attendance of worshippers sufficiently numerous to justify, not only the trouble and expense undertaken by themselves, but the pious boldness, if we may so call it, by which they presume that the Lord of the Tabernacle must be pleased by this special form of worship. Nor is there any danger that the practice will

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result in too great familiarity and consequent neglect of this Most Holy Sacrament. On the contrary, the parishes which are so fortunate as to be permitted this holy custom have none but happy results to record from it, in an increased spirit of faith, and of prayer, of love for approaching the Holy Table, and of co-operating more zealously in every undertaking of the pastor and of the parish societies. Familiarity is never harmful when it exists between parties One of whom deserves nothing but reverence, whilst the other has good will enough to pay that reverence and bring others to show it likewise.

Some of our Local Directors have made doubly sure of a becoming attendance at this holy exercise and of its manifold fruits by appointing bands of Promoters or Associates to watch before the Altar of Exposition during the successive half-hours of the day. To make these visit most fruitful those who practice the Holy Hour, or the exercises of recollection followed by members of the Guard of Honor, will find ample sources of meditation and devotion, besides reaping all the Indulgences attached to their piety and all the blessings of Heaven as well.

Like all devotions which owe their origin to a spirit of genuine Catholic devotion, this custom of adoring the Blessed Sacrament publicly exposed has been most fruitful in suggesting to pious souls a number of ways of increasing the honor of our Lord in the Tabernacle. Not to mention the outlay of time and money and decorative skill in erecting and adorning fitting repositories for the Exposition of our Lord on His Altar, we cannot pass over the many pious communities which have either sprung into existence for this purpose alone, or which already established, have adopted perpetual adoration of Christ exposed in the Blessed Eucharist as their chief practice. Then we have the very deserving Tabernacle Society, or the Association of the Perpetual Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament and The Work for Poor Churches, which enjoys this privilege once every month for some hours at least of the day. Devout souls who cannot frequent churches where our Lord is thus specially honored would do well to join in spirit with those who are more favored.

The Welcome of a Friend.

BEFORE COMMUNION.

Saul was on his way to Damascus to bring bound to Jerusalem the disciples of Christ when "suddenly a light from heaven shined round him". And falling on the ground he heard a voice saying to him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

What a contrast between "Saul breathing out threatening and slaughter against the Disciples of the Lord", and Paul who counted as nothing "perils of waters, perils of robbers, stripes, stoning, hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness", death itself for Jesus sake; between the neophyte crying out in ignorance: "Who art Thou Lord?" and the Apostle exclaiming: "I know whom I have believed".

What had brought about this marvellous change? One thing, St. Paul had come to know our Lord, to know Him intimately, as one friend knows another. And because he knew Him, he had come to love Him with so vehement an affection that he could say: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or danger, or the sword? I am sure that neither nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

If we want to love our Lord fervently to make Him some return for all His love to us, we must try to know Him by making ourselves familiar with His life. We must notice His ways—His gentleness and compassion; His tenderness with sinners, with the sick, the sorrowing, the little children; His faithfulness to His friends, His patience, His lovableness. We must try to bring home to ourselves, like St. Paul, that however poor and unimportant we may be in the eyes of others, however undeserving and sinful, we are each of us, one by one, dear and precious

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to the Heart of our Blessed Lord beyond what we are able to conceive. That for love of us, He taught, and toiled, and suffered. That had we been the only soul He came to save, He would have done for us singly what He has done for all. Each one of us however lowly and unworthy, can say with the great Apostle; "He loved me, and delivered Himself for me". When we come to realise this our hearts will begin to warm. We shall find we have found, what we all long to find—a true and faithful friend, a Friend who will never tire of us, who will put up with our shortcomings and our selfishness, and be always ready to listen to us and to help us. We shall begin to trust Him. We shall love to be with Him. We shall invite Him to come to us oftner, and prepare our hearts better to receive Him. And His visits will be more fruitful.

And why should we not do all we can to make Him welcome for His own sake as well as for what He brings. He is our best of friends! We must ponder and try to make real to ourselves, now one, now another of His miracles of mercy; to enter into the feelings of thankfulness of those He healed, and to remember we have the very same tender Lord with us in Holy Communion, who wants us to treat with Him and to trust Him as if we had known and loved Him whilst He was on earth.

I believe, O my Saviour, I believe firmly that Thou who art coming to visit me art the true Son of God who didst come to Mary, lie in a manger, travel to and fro through the towns of Judea and by the seashore of Galilee. The very same Lord who for me didst sweat blood beneath the olive trees and hang upon the cross. All this I believe. How is it I can believe so much yet love so little. Oh that I could love and trust Thee like those who knew Thee during Thy life on earth, whose hearts beat quickly at the thought of seeing Thy face, of hearing Thee calling them by their name.

But to love Thee devotedly it is not necessary to have seen Thee. "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are those who have not seen and have believed." Let this blessing be mine dear Lord. Come to me that I may know Thee better. Come and teach me how to speak to Thee, to unburden my heart

to Thee, to trust to Thee its miseries, its weaknesses, its desire of better things.

I am sorry for all the sins which have dulled my mind to the divine truths I believe by faith. I am sorry for having often hardened my heart when I heard Thy voice speaking within me. Forgive me, O forgiving Lord, and come to me now to help me to a more fervent life in Thy service.

AFTER COMMUNION.

Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, the throne of His glory in heaven, the throne here on earth of my poor heart.

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all for ever.

O ye servants of the Lord, bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all for ever.

Give praise to our God, all ye His servants, and you that fear Him little and great.

O give thanks to the Lord because He is good, because His mercy endureth forever.

Who art Thou, Lord? I know; I adore. Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God. I bow myself down before Thee. I adore Thy Sacred Body that suffered hunger and thirst, and cold, and weariness, and a cruel death for me. I adore Thy precious Blood that was poured out for me. I adore Thy blessed Soul once sorrowful for me even unto death.

How can I thank Thee, my God, for giving me Thyself. Who will help me to bless and praise Thee? My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name. With the thanksgiving of Thy Holy Mother, with the joyful praise of all Thy Angels and Saints, I thank, and bless, and praise Thee. O grant that I may praise Thee for ever.

Thou hast done great things for me, my God, and Thou hast come to do great things. Not till I get to Heaven and look back on my Communion days shall I understand

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all Thou hast done for me, silently, unknown even to myself, during these precious quarters of an hour of thanksgiving. Cold though I be, and wandering in attention, Thy loving work for me goes on.

"My child give me thy heart. Give it to Me, for by the right of creation it is Mine. Give it to Me, for I have given the blood of My Heart to save it from misery and to purchase for it eternal joy. Give it to Me, who alone can make it happy. Give it to Me, that it may not be spoilt by self-seeking. Give it to Me, that it may not be disappointed in the end, that I may satisfy all its desires, all its craving for affection and happiness, and be Myself its reward exceeding great.

Take, O Lord, and receive. I give Thee my heart. Who but Thou wouldst care for it. Who, knowing it as Thou dost, would not despise it. O God who possessing the hearts of all saints dost ask for mine, I offer it to Thee with humble thankfulness for the love that makes Thee ask it. I give it to Thee that Thou mayst keep it safe, and that all its love may be thine. And with it I give Thee all whom I love, to be kept in Thy service or to be brought back thereto. Guide us all through the perils of this short life and make us worthy to possess and enjoy Thee for ever in the life to come. Amen."

Mother Mary Loyola.

... I had a lump in my throat which was growing rapidly. But through the invocation of Rev. Père Eymard and the application of his picture and a promise to renew my subscription for the Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament, I am completely cured.

Would you kindly publish my cure in The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

A. Lépine.

"Jesus, Mary"

... Through you I have the happiness of frequently having recourse to God, this true happiness whose secret you disclosed to me, and for which I am so thankful, and try so hard to spread around me here. Since I joined this regiment I have succeeded in getting several of my mates, who certainly do not hail from the most religious places, to go to Communion.

You want to know how the extraordinary fact happened: "that though I was nearly killed I am still alive". Well I attribute it to the reason that during all the time I was fighting, during the terrible rain of shot and shell, I kept murmuring, all the time, and you may depend with all my heart too, "Jesus, Mary," and though missiles fell by thousands all round me I escaped unhurt. However I must admit, that, in my last fight, a fierce bayonet charge, I got so terribly excited, I forgot my talisman. "Jesus, Mary," and I was wounded, yet thank God not mortally, owing to the miraculous medal you gave me and the prayers I said daily.

This war has wonderfully changed the character of former irreligious men; as an instance in point, I saw some of them wearing their rosary round their neck, or twined round their wrists, and some others displaying a miraculous medal in a most conspicuous place on their doublet. Not a few have adopted my practise and keep murmuring "Jesus, Mary," with a supplicating glance towards heaven.

I will not tell you about our sufferings here, that will keep until I see you, but I will tell you that I never failed to follow your advice, and offer them up to our Lord in penance for my sins . . .

Oh! ask our merciful Lord to stop the flow of blood that bears grief and desolation to so many homes, plead with Him incessantly to avert from us His just wrath, and tell Him we will show by our frequent and fervent Communions we are not as bad as we appear . . .

The Tabernacle Door.

They tell me of grand, seraphic prayer,
They speak of the light that is gathered there,
They say that to mountain heights above
Fly up the eagles of holy love;
I hear them, but never ask to soar
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.

I open a book of inspired thought,
Treasures that saints may have dearly bought
At another time, in another place,
It might be a fount of richest grace,
But I close the volume, and read no more
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.

It is not praise, it is scarcely prayer,
I only think of Him, dwelling there—
The Heart that is never strange or cold,
The love that is always new and old,
Till cares and sorrows can vex no more
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.

I bring before Him the crowded day;
I try to hear what His voice would say
If others are right, and if I am wrong,
Am I the weak, and they are the strong?
I pass my thoughts and feelings o'er
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.

He so calm and untroubled still,
We so tossed by our wayward will,
So often sinking, so prone to fall,
He watcheth, He heareth, He knoweth all;
Give me, O Lord, of Thy wisdom's store
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.

I only ask for one word to show
The way Thou wouldst have my footsteps go;
One little beam of Thy truthful light,
For the path grows dark, it will soon be night,
And the hour is coming when never more
Shall I gaze on the little Golden Door.

SUBJECT OF ADORATION
The Holy Angels

ADORATION.

Uniting with the holy Angels that surround the Tabernacle let us adore in deepest humility and awe Our Divine Saviour, the Bread of Angels. Let us imitate as best we can the sublime worship of those mighty spirits; the burning love of the Seraphim, the rapturous ecstasy of the Cherubim. When God the Father introduced His Divine Son into the world He issued the everlasting command "Let all His angels adore Him." A few haughty spirits, at the instigation of the proud rebel Satan refused to bend their knee in adoration before Him. Their futile boast "We will not serve" rang through Heaven but once; in an instant they were hurled down into the eternal abyss. From that memorable day the faithful angels have never ceased adoring the Son of God. On the night of His birth they filled the wintry skies with the blaze of their brightness and the sound of their anthems of joy and praise. They called the shepherds to share in their adoration at the feet of their new born King. During His mortal life they were always near to Him ministering to His wants.

They were the first to hail with worship and love His glorious Body risen from the dead on Easter morning.

And now these holy spirits surround the altars with assiduous reverence and adoration. Scarce more then us can they pierce the thick veils of the Sacrament but their deep faith puts to shame our inactive belief. Let us call upon them to help us to adore our King in a becoming manner.

Let us borrow from them and make our own that sublime boast that vanquished Hell, "Who is like God?" Yes, who is like our Lord present in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar?

THANKSGIVING.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honor and power, because Thou hast created all things and for Thy will they were and have been created."

Such is the great cry of praise and thanksgiving that resounded through the heavenly courts when the seer of Patmos was rapt up in vision to behold the glories of the New Jerusalem. The holy angels never cease to sing the praises of their Maker and to thank Him for the gifts of His love.

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He has bestowed upon them great gifts, a mighty intelligence to know Him, a strong will to love Him with unwavering devotion, marvelous faculties that surpass our imagination. Yet can it be truthfully said that they have received more than we, to whom the Almighty has given Himself as a daily food and nourishment? Why then are we so cold, so heartless, so thankless? When a man neglects to thank an earthly benefactor we style him a "wretch;" what should we call ourselves who refuse thanks to Him who has given us all that we have and are?

REPARATION.

With the holy Angels of the Tabernacle let us deplore most heartily the neglect, the scorn and the shameful treatment we are daily inflicting upon our divine King. How those loving spirits must be grieved at the sight of our coldness and indifference. How they must marvel as much at the depth of our base ingratitude and neglect as at the abyss of God's infinite patience and love. For us men and for our salvation the God of Heaven came down from His throne, clothed the majesty of His Godhead in the lowliness and covered the brightness of His face with the dull sacramental species.

How do we pay Him for such unsepeakable love? When we do not profit by His lowly appearance to mock and insult Him with impunity, we at least take advantage of His silence and absence of reproach to abandon Him and neglect Him. Do we know how much we sadden the holy Angels by such unworthy conduct. How like the attitude of the proud rebellious fiends, how unlike that of the worshipful legions of Micheal!

Let us make reparation for all our own sins of negelet and irreverence, for all the crimes and sacrileges committed against the adorable sacrament all over the world especially on the bloody fields of Europe where churches are violated, tabernacles flung open, and their sacred contents cast to the winds.

Let us make reparation for those who refuse Jesus in His Holy Sacrament due honor and worship, who imitate the followers of Lucifer in their foolish pride saying "We will not adore this Man." Let us make amends for them, lest the awful punishment of Lucifer overtake them.

PRAYER.

Let us mingle our prayers and supplications with those of the adoring Angels, and we may be sure they will be heard. These holy Spirits have received the mission of bearing up to God our demands

and bringing down to us His graces and blessing. Let us especially call upon our Guardian Angel Who is ever ready and willing to help us in our needs.

Let us pray Jesus to give us the qualities of the holy Angels, the choice virtues that make them such perfect adorers, humility, self-denial, gratitude and love.

Pray the Angels of the altar to intercede for us before the Prince of Peace that He bestow upon poor humanity the much needed boon of calm and peace. O Jesus present on our altars and surrounded by hosts of adoring spirits give me a share in their deep faith, let my heart glow with the white flames of their love that I may be worthy, after adoring Thee on earth, to behold Thee unveiled to my sight and contemplate Thee with the Angels throughout an eternity of unending bliss.

A DELICATE HOMAGE

A bright Sunday morning in protestant Hamburg. — People are thronging to the wharf to enjoy a pleasant trip across the river, on the pretty, gaily decorated steamboats.

A band of musicians treat the passengers to their enlivening strains.

On one of these steamboats a gentleman in black has just stepped aboard. He is a priest, and a priest evidently engrossed in serious thought, for he appears heedless to everything around him. During a pause of the music a young cornettist recognizing his Pastor, walks joyfully up to him. He immediately notices the far off, absorbed air of the priest, and, as if abashed, withdraws instantly after a most respectful salute. The young Catholic has quickly guessed the meaning of the priest's gravity. He hastily rejoins his comrades, Catholics like him, and they whisper together.

Shortly after, the music struck up again, and tears of joy came to the priest's eyes as his ear caught the beautiful notes of the "*Lauda Sion*".

These young Catholics had decided that the Blessed Sacrament, though unknown, yet should not pass unheeded amidst the crowd of poor blind heretics, and they were literally obeying the pious summons of St. Thomas: "*Quantum potes, tantum aude*".

In this case it was but a hymn, a musical flower at the dear Lord's feet.

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Reasons for the Frequent Communion of Children.

The first reason of all is that youth forms the Church's reserve. If the faithful are to be brought back to the practice of daily Communion, it goes without saying that the schools are the best ground wherein to begin the movement. It is in the schools, indeed, that the fewest obstacles are to be encountered. In the schools we find souls animated with the generous ardor of youth, ready to face and overcome all difficulties. Furthermore, on the schools must largely depend the extension and future stability of the movement in favour of frequent and daily Communion. The children gathered together therein from various places, when they leave school, spread abroad in their homes and in their parishes the teaching they have received and the habits they have contracted at school. A certain number of those who have acquired in early youth the practice of daily Communion will remain faithful to it, whilst all will have been imbued with true principles regarding it. For a time at least the majority of these young children will have enjoyed the fruits of multiplied Communions, and they will gladly resume the holy practice when grace invites, or when they are urged to it by the pressure of serious troubles, either of soul or body.

The very special needs of the spiritual life in early youth furnish another reason. The child is assailed by temptations from within and without, whilst as yet his body, his reason, his will, his experience are utterly weak and untried. "In the present day", wrote Lec XIII., "all men are consumed by an insatiable desire of pleasure; from earliest youth they are victims of contagion. But the Blessed Eucharist affords us an excellent remedy against this frightful evil—"

How many parents are frightened, and justly so, at their powerlessness to avert from their children the influences that lead to their spiritual ruin. They can, indeed, guard them from a godless education, but "how can they prevent their seeing and hearing what is placarded on all sides, what is made public and scattered broadcast in all the streets of our large towns"?

THE DIVINE HEALER IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

FATHER X. . . , an old and saintly priest, was in the habit of saying to each one of his penitents, after they had made their confession: "For your penance make a visit to the Most Blessed Sacrament". The visit, of course, was to be longer or shorter, according to the age, needs or occupation of the penitent. Some were to make it only once, others several times, but in each case and always, the penance was ever a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. This practice of the good Father became so well known a fact that his parishioners upon meeting at the church door when there was no service, would say one to the other, "You are here to perform your penance, are you not?" Numerous were the penitents of this fervent priest, and it came to pass before long that at no hour of the day could one enter the church over which he was pastor, without finding there a goodly assemblage of persons in deep adoration before the Tabernacle. In the fulfilment of their penance many had contracted the holy habit of never passing the church without entering for, at least, a short visit to their Eucharistic Lord. Now, rightly supposing that there was an aim in this method, and desirous to learn what its purpose could be, one of his flock resolved to apply to Father X. . . himself for a solution of the secret. Calling upon him, with all due respect, he inquired of him why it was that while other confessors imposed for a penance a prayer or some act of devotion, he, both in season and out, gave but the one thing, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Far from being offended by the question, the saintly man thanked his visitor heartily for asking it, and with an expression of joy upon his aged face, gave him the following interesting explanation: "In the days of my youth, my good friend, there was contained in my parental home a collection of valuable paintings, among them large engravings designed and cut by old artists of Europe. They were mostly scenes from the Gospel, and of them, one above all attracted my childish attention, representing as it did Our Divine Lord healing the sick. On a very wide thoroughfare through which He was passing, there could be seen a throng of infirm of all kinds and ages. The blind with eyes closed

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and sunken, paralytics prostrate on couches, the lame and crippled supporting themselves on crutches, pallid infants carried in the arms of their mothers, even expiring men, whose ghastly countenances showed them to be in the pangs of death, and all of those poor afflicted ones so crowded around the good Lord that He could not move ahead. From the roofs of the adjoining dwellings other sick were being lowered so as to be able to see Him, and each and every one of them was holding forth his hands towards Jesus.

I assure you, my good friend, that had you seen that beautiful picture it would certainly have made upon you the same impression that it did upon me. On the one side, faith and hope without limit, on the other God's power and infinite mercy. When I grew older," continued Father X. . . , "as I was one day looking for the passages in the Gospel which might have inspired the artist of that engraving, I happened to fall on the following words of St. Mark, 'And running through the whole country (of Genesareth) the disciples began to carry in beds those that were sick, where they heard He (Jesus) was. And whithersoever He entered, into towns or into villages or into cities, they laid the sick in the streets and besought Him that they might touch but the hem of His garment and as many as touched Him were made whole.'" It was from a Bible that the Father was reading these lines; and then turning a few pages, he read also the beautiful words of St. Luke, " 'Virtue went out from Him and healed all.' And now, my dear friend," added the holy man, regarding his interlocutor with a most earnest expression, "when I became a priest, and the Bishop laid upon my conscience the responsibility of so many souls, I realized all at once that there are other infirmities than those of the body, and to all of those who were placing before me their spiritual failings, I have said: 'Go to the Divine Healer, make a visit to the Most Blessed Sacrament, a virtue goes out from Him as it did at Genesareth. Keep yourself near to Him and you shall be healed.' That is all my secret," and with a smile on his saintly face the good Father added, "now since you have caused me to make my confession to you, let us go and make together a visit to the Most Blessed Sacrament."

Assistance at Mass.

Christians who are careless about assisting at the holy sacrifice of the Mass offer many plausible reasons in extenuation, whereas the true reason is that they are completely absorbed by their worldly affairs, full of solicitude and eagerness to advance those miserable interests for which all labor is light, no difficulty too great. How quickly all this changes when there is question of assisting at Mass! Those same Christians then grow careless and indifferent and allege frivolous excuses such as their numberless occupations, their feeble health, the care of their family, the lack of time, the excess of work. To be brief, if holy mother Church did not oblige them under pain of grievous sin to hear Mass at least on Sundays and holydays, God only knows whether they would ever enter a church, or bow before an altar.

O shame! O crying evil of our day! How far are we from the fervor of the primitive Christians who, assisted daily at the holy sacrifice and received thereat the "Bread of Angels". Nevertheless, they also had their cares and occupations and families; but with their spirit of faith they sought in the Mass itself a powerful help to aid them in properly managing their affairs, to guard their temporal and spiritual interests. Poor blind mortals! when shall we open our eyes and see the error of our way? Oh! Let us rouse ourselves! Let our first and principal devotion be daily assistance at Mass and frequent reception of Holy Communion.

To reach this desirable end I find no more powerful incentive than example. There is a proverb which says: we live by example, meaning that what we see others doing becomes easy for us to do also. St. Augustine asks: could you not likewise do what this or that one does? The example of eminent personages generally makes more impression than even the most extraordinary piety of ordinary Christians bearing out the well known axiom: "the earth conforms to the king's example". So to spur us on to emulate them, I might cite a long list of kings who assisted daily at Mass, but space permits me to mention only one or two. Constantine the Great

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not only heard Mass every day but whenever he set out on any expedition even in case of war, he always carried a portable altar on which Mass was offered every day and through its efficacy Constantine and his army often gained renowned victories. The Emperor Lothaire also observed the same practice. In times of peace as well as in times of war, he invariably heard three Masses every day. Henry III, king of England was the edification of his court by the fervor and devotion with which he heard three Masses every day. His piety was rewarded even in this world by a prosperous reign of fifty-six years.

A PICTURE OF JESUS

The Hidden Life of Jesus in the holy house of Nazareth seems to our natural views the most wonderful of all. It is so unlike our own impatience. It rebukes all our standards, sets at naught our worldly prudence, and puts aside with lofty disdain all our means of compassing success. It is a very mine of supernatural principles. If He is in the world, and for the world's sake, and if His sojourn is to be for so short a period, why spend so large a portion of that small period in the inactivity of Nazareth? Yet as the Creator of the world was then, so is He now. What more secret and hidden than the Blessed Sacrament? What less attractive to the world than His present Nazareth? They who live as it were next door to Him know Him not. Strangers do not suspect Him any more than they did in the narrow street of little Nazareth. His own Josephs, His priests, comprehend not all His glory. And if it be true, as some theologians have said, that He instituted the Blessed Sacrament more for the sake of Mary than for all the rest of the world put together, the parallel will be still greater, with that life of eighteen years for Mary and three for His ministry and Passion.

How beautiful also is the Blessed Sacrament as a picture of His Life of Ministry! What silent words, what works of mercy, what miracles of grace, are issuing from Him all day long in the darkness of the tabernacle. And if He does not tell us parables, is it not partly that it is given to us, as to the apostles, to know all things openly and without parable, and partly is not He Himself the

while the sweetest and deepest of all parables? The Blessed Sacrament is avowedly and intentionally a picture of His Suffering Life. It recalls His Passion. It is a state of mystical death. It is being continually visited with outrage, both intellectual and moral; and the sacrifice in which it is both consecrated and consumed is a renewal of the very Sacrifice of Calvary itself. As He was adorned in His Risen Life with the gifts of His glorified Body, so is He in the Blessed Sacrament; and as the occupations of His Risen Life were teaching and instructing His apostles in the things pertaining to the Church, so is He in the Blessed Sacrament eminently the fountain of all the ecclesiastical sciences, while the worship of Him in it is the true source of the ecclesiastical spirit, which is the health and vigour of the Church; and as the lesson on which He dwelt during His risen life as nearest and dearest to His Sacred Heart, was the thrice-repeated commission to Peter by the shore of His favorite inland sea, "Feed My sheep, Feed My lambs", so also is this His own very work in the Blessed Sacrament. He is there that He may become our food. It is the stupendous way whereby God made Man renders Himself capable of being eaten by His creatures.

His Life of Glory is the very life which He is living now. He has ascended. The Holy Ghost has come; and Jesus Himself has returned, according to His promise, that He might not leave us orphans. As He is in heaven at the moments of the consecration, so is He in the adorable Host only veiled, and without dimensions. As He is in the exaltation of His Ascension, so is He in the abasement of the Blessed Sacrament. His Life above is one and the same Life as that which He leads below. The Ascension, as the Angelic Doctor teaches us, brought no change over Him. It only elevated His Human Nature to a more befitting place. It is rest and joy and love to think that as He left the earth on sunny Olivet that Thursday afternoon, so heaven keeps Him as earth saw Him last, familiar and unchanged; and that when He comes in His glory to judge the world, He shall come as He went, "in like manner", as the angels told the men of Galilee, so that all shall know that it is He, and His disciples shall weep for joy.

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Jessie's Offering

Jessie had not been very recollected during the first weeks of preparation for First Communion, and Sister Margaret had once gone so far as to say that perhaps she would better wait another year. This had the effect of making the child more thoughtful, although by nature she was very lively, and not much given to piety. Sister Margaret, seeing this, had kept her after the others, in order to encourage her good disposition by pious conversation and stories of the saints. Jessie fully appreciated all that was being done in her behalf and surprised her teacher by numerous questions and thoughtful remarks, which gave her a better insight into the character of the child than all the previous years of acquaintance and guidance had accomplished.

One day she said to her, "Jessie, my child, what is your favorite devotion?"

The child smiled shyly as she answered, "I like to pray to the souls in Purgatory."

"To them or for them?"

"To them," said Jessie. "Of course I always pray for them—I think 'Out of the Depths' is the loveliest prayer. But when I want anything very badly I just say, 'Please get me so and so, dear holy souls,' and they nearly always do."

Sister Margaret smiled. "Now I never thought you were such a pious little thing," she said. "Indeed, I fancied"—

"Oh, but I am not pious at all," interrupted Jessie, hurriedly. "If I had been, you would not have had almost to put me away from my First Communion. But I do love the holy souls, and, Sister"—she hesitated, blushed and again smiled in her peculiar shy little way.

"Do not be timid about saying any of your thoughts to old Sister Margaret," said the gentle religious, observing her confusion.

"I was only going to say, Sister," she continued, "that I wondered if it would be nice to offer up my First Communion for the release of a suffering soul?"

"Nice?" echoed the Sister. "Nothing could be more lovely. Is there some relative, perhaps, for whom you should wish to make the offering?"

"No, Sister, Papa and mamma are always praying and having Masses said for the grandpapa and grandmamma who are dead. And I don't know of any other friends".

"Well, then, what would be your wish?"

"I thought it might be a good thing to offer it for some neglected soul."

"Indeed it would," said Sister Margaret, much edified.

"Then I will do that," said Jessie, simply, and the matter was spoken of no more.

On the morning of First Communion day the children marched in procession from the convent to the church, with that look upon their young faces which no human being ever wears except on that memorable occasion. Jessie and her companion were the last to run the gauntlet of admiring criticism from the crowds that lined the sidewalks and surged up to the steps. A lady richly attired was passing in a carriage driven by a liveried coachman. The horses began to kick, and Jessie swerved aside with her companion, for the first time raising her eyes, which had been bent upon the ground. They met those of the lady, large, dark and sorrowful, with a haughty expression that repelled the child even in that brief moment. But something in that innocent gaze caught the attention of the occupant of the carriage. She hesitated, leaned forward, and ordering her coachman to stop, alighted from her vehicle and slowly entered the church into which the crowd had already disappeared. Once inside she edged her way forward, and soon found herself, in the pew just behind Jessie, who was seated in the last row of first Communicants.

The Mass proceeded, and the lady sat during the greater part of it, half kneeling at the Elevation. Her face was pale and outwardly calm, but the occasional twitching of her lips betrayed the existence of strong hidden emotion. After a few words from the officiating priest before the Communion, the children advanced to the rail. As Jessie once more reentered the pew, her hands clasped together, her young face radiant and glorified by the sublime act she had just performed, the lady bent forward in a vain

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effort to catch her eye. But the child had no thought for anything but the holy tenderness that filled her soul, knew only that she had received her Lord within her heart, in which He was still reposing. Dropping her head in her hands she remained wrapped in an ecstasy of prayer and thanksgiving. The lady also knelt, tears falling from her eyes. After a time she touched Jessie on the shoulder. The child turned round.

"My child," said the lady. "Will you pray for me?"

"Yes, ma'am, I will," replied the little girl.

"And for a soul in purgatory who is very dear to me?"

The child again answered in the affirmative, and returned to her devotions.

Early that afternoon Sister Margaret came to the priest's parlor to confer with him about something relative to the Confirmation of the children, which was to take place at 4 o'clock. He was talking to a lady, to whom he excused himself while he left the room to fetch what Sister Margaret wanted. As the Sister stood looking into the yard where the children were already assembled, the lady came forward and addressed her:

"There was a little girl this morning, Sister," she said, "if I see her I will point her out. I should like to know her name. She was so very sweet and innocent, with such a wrapt look in her eyes that she impressed me very much. Indeed, it may seem a very strange thing, but it really drew me into the church, where I had no thought of going, for I had not been in a Catholic Church for many years."

Sister Margaret glanced at her quickly, and then withdrew her gaze. It was a face that bore traces of suffering, a proud face, with lines of care and unhappiness upon the forehead, and there were traces of recent weeping.

"Do you know where she sat in the church?" asked the Sister.

"In the last row, I was just behind her. A little thing, with great, dark, pleading eyes. A future nun I should say, if appearances are not deceitful."

"It must have been Jessie," was the reply.

"Ah, there she is," said the lady, as a child ran across the walk toward the school room.

"Yes, that is Jessie," replied Sister Margaret, and moved by an impulse for which she could not account, she added:

"She is a dear good child. Would you believe it, madame, she offered her first holy communion this morning for some neglected soul in purgatory."

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed the lady clasping her hands, "it is like a miracle. Oh! Sister, I must see you again when you have leisure. I must tell you the story of my life. I have just been asking the priest when I might come to Confession. When can I see you?"

"To-morrow we will have a holiday on account of the First Communicants," was the reply. "Will you come to the convent at three?"

The next afternoon, Sister Margaret found herself listening to the following story:

"I was born in New Orleans," said Mrs. Malot, "of mixed French and Irish descent. My father, once a Catholic, had become an infidel; my mother was a pious Catholic Christian. But from the first I was careless in religious matters, and when I married, after the death of my mother, I gave up my faith entirely. My husband was a Protestant, and did not know that I had ever been a Catholic. In earlier days it was a mark of odium in some portions of this country to attend the Catholic Church, and when we removed to the West we settled in a new town composed almost entirely of Methodists. Nothing could be farther from my inclinations than the Methodist religion, but I joined the church for the sake of society, and it was only after I had really identified myself with that form of worship that I began to realize my perfidy, and have regrets for my own, which I endeavored to stifle.

"Some missionaries came to the town; my husband went to hear them through curiosity, with the result that he obtained works on Catholicity, and was received into the Church. He not only lost prestige, but clients and money by it, and while I did not reproach him for what he had done, I made no sign. Our only child died, after having been baptized by the priest, and I felt it to be a judgment of God. My husband solicited me to join the Catholic Church, where I would find true comfort and

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consolation; but I had now gone so far that I was ashamed to tell him I was already a Catholic, fearing his displeasure and lasting contempt, for he was an upright man. He wished to remove to some town where there was a Catholic Church; the priest coming to C — but once a month, his congregation consisting of laborers on the railroad, miners and servant girls. I protested against this, and we remained in C —.

“My husband entered into politics, neglected his business, lost the nomination for judge, and took to drinking. His health was not robust, and in a couple of years dissipation reduced him to a dying condition. He did not ask for a priest and I did not inquire whether he wished to see one, fearing to alarm him. The end came suddenly. His last words were: “Oh! Mary, pray for me and have prayers said for me when I shall be in purgatory. His mind was wandering, but it betrayed his most cherished wish. At the moment I meant to do as he requested, but later neglected it. My heart seemed to have become hardened. God permitted it, no doubt, to punish me. I lost all desire to reconcile myself with Him. Some Western mines in which my husband had been interested proved valuable. I came East, joined the Episcopal Church as being the most fashionable, and I was on my way to early service when I encountered the first Communicants on their way to Mass. Something in the eyes of that little girl seemed to summon me. After I went in, and found her kneeling in front of me I tried to pray. It was only after she had returned to the pew from the Communion table that I felt a flood of shame and repentance sweeping through my soul. I wanted her dear prayers for myself and for him, for whom I had wept and mourned through all these years, but whom I had left to suffer in the fires of purgatory.

“For I firmly believe that his was the soul whom God had chosen her to deliver, or at least assist by her pure, sweet offering. It is more than a coincidence, it is a special Providence, a miracle. I needed one to bring me back to the fold.

“Yesterday I was tempted to despair; I felt that I could never face my God, never meet my poor husband whose last prayer I had permitted to go unheeded. But

last night I went to Confession, and to-day I begin to experience what it is to be Catholic, even though a most unworthy penitent."

Society was aghast when the rich and fashionable Mrs. Malot returned to the Catholic Church, of which she took pains to inform her friends she had once been a member. Jessie wondered at the affection she ever afterward showed towards her, and why she seemed so pleased to meet her on the way to and from Mass, their roads lying in the same direction. But she did not know the secret of it; wiser heads than hers believing it better not to endanger the simplicity of her pure young heart, by telling her how it seemed that her beautiful offering had been pleasing to God and accepted by Him.

Nor does she know it yet, though one of the holiest and happiest among the Helpers of the Holy Souls.

Outside of the Gate.

Open to me the low, low gates of sweet humility,
 That I may steal through the shadows late, and walk alone with Thee,
 Up and down through the narrow paths, close to Thy side to keep,
 Learning the secrets of Thy Heart, that silent heart and deep:
 In and out of the thorny ways, that I may know Thy law,
 Looking into Thy tender eyes with love and sweetest awe;
 The dazzling rays from Thy virgin face are pure, celestial darts,
 To cleave a way through the coldest clay, and melt the hardest hearts.
 I smell the smell of the violets breathing over the wall,
 The dewy, delicate violets that blow inside the wall;
 I smell the smell of the lilies white the lilies white and sweet,
 And a breath from the roses, red as blood, that cluster round Thy feet.
 They seem to sigh with their longing lips: "Draw us and we will run
 After the scent of Thy loveliness from rise to set of sun";
 Oh! to be as a violet within Thy garden fair,
 Full of the odors of Thy grace, wet with the dews of prayer!
 Oh! to be as a lily white, unspotted flower and bud—
 Or to lie at Thy feet like a scarlet rose, red with Thy precious Blood!
 Lord of the meek and lowly souls that lose themselves in Thee,
 Give me to love Thy glory more than all earth's vanity!
 Weary am I of pomp and pride, weary of self and sin,
 Open the gate, O Crucified! And let me enter in.

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Work for the training of Priests

on behalf of

The Juniorate of the Most Blessed Sacrament

Terrebonne, Qué.

For sometime past we have noticed a gradual falling off in the zeal of our Associates of the Work for the training of priests; it is a pity, not only for the work itself that suffers thereby, but for, the Associates also who deprive themselves of precious graces as well as of a powerful means to glorify our Lord. Allow me then to earnestly urge all those inscribed in the good work not only to meet their slight obligations, but moreover to become zealous promoters of the work among their relations, friends and acquaintances.

Who could not spare 10 cts a year to help educate a young levite? Doubtless this offering is very small, yet if all the lovers of the Eucharist gave it, it would suffice, if not to make up the large amount we expend yearly to maintain our Seminary at least to considerably lighten our heavy expenditure.

Our juniorate costs us annually from 8,000 to 10,000, the parents of the children pay yearly, at the most, between 1,500 and 2,000. Now we must find the balance and on account of the slenderness of our revenue it is a difficult problem indeed.

Were we to reflect, ever so little, on the greatness of the priesthood, the good it does in the world, the glory it gives to God, the graces it assures the earth, we would be proud and happy to be able to contribute towards producing this marvel of God's love here below — the Priest.

St-Luke tells us our Lord said: "the harvest is abundant but the laborers few. Pray then, the master of the harvest that He send reapers to garner it." On account of this scarcity of laborers there are always in the immense field of the Church, vast unproductive stretches sad to

behold. Dear Readers, our Lord asks you through me, to increase the number of evangelic workers by a small alms. Do not refuse Him! It might happen that the little offering you make to educate a priest, would win for you at the last day, assistance from the very person you had helped to the threshold of the sanctuary. In any case, those few cents you deprive yourself of for love of God, will amass precious merits for the future, and draw down on you abundant graces and choice blessings.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

I. Every Sunday, in the juniorate chapel a Mass is offered for all Associates living or deceased.

II. At this Mass many Communion are offered for the same intention.

III. The Associates share every week, in the merit of an hour spent by the Community, in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

IV. In special daily prayers said after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

NOTICE

Any one giving 5.00 or 50 subscriptions of 10 cts each, is called a Benefactor and shares in perpetuity all the suffrages offered for the Associates living or deceased.

Each Associate receives a ticket of admission bearing a certificate of her contribution, and has her name inscribed in the Register of "The Work for the training of Priests."

The Mass is the holiest act of religion. You can do nothing that glorifies God more, that is more beneficial to your soul than often to assist at it devoutly. It is the privileged devotion of the saints.

Ven. Père Eymard.