

Magdalen at the feet of Jesus.

Luti Benedetto

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

Vol. XV, No. 7

Montreal, July 1912

INNOCENT CHILDHOOD



Written for the Sentinel.

Fragrant lilies on the banks of life
Kissed by the pearly dew.
With souls so white, and undefiled
Though hidden from earthly view.

Pure as the Angels that in Heaven dwell
As dear to the Heart Divine;
Bright little beams from Heaven sent,
On this dreary world to shine.

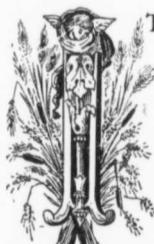
O! that those hearts so pure but frail,
Might ever sinless be
Living thrones for the God who said
Suffer the little ones to come to Me.

CARMEL.

The Hills Stained

WITH THE

Precious Blood



T was the Feast of the Precious Blood in July. The light flickering through the sanctuary lamp gave a reddish tinge to the dimly lighted chapel, reminding one that the Master in the Tabernacle loved the crimson hue for He had shed His red Blood to win our hearts. Our Master's home is poor, but He will not mind; it is our best, and our best, no matter how poor and lowly, is always grateful to Him. Our chapel is richer than His cave-stable in the hills of Juda, yet how He loved it, His first home.

The roses on the altar are blushing in His Presence. They know full well, even with all their beauty and perfume, they are not worthy to die for Him, so near His Tabernacle. The petals are dropping like silent tears on the altar-cloth where He will be born tomorrow at the dawn. One by one the red leaves fall and the roses die, but in their death there is no blood-shedding, while when He died for us, the Blood ran down even unto the last red drop from the five big crimson wounds.

The altar cover, too, in our little chapel is red with beautiful flowers embroidered on its border by loving hands. What deft fingers, made skillful by warm love, wrought them, I know not, but He knows who dwells behind the Tabernacle door and knows all things. Does the red cover remind Him of the seamless robe which, when put on after the scourging, blushed blood, red at the sufferings and shame of its Master. When Mary made that robe so long ago in quiet Nazareth in hilly Galilee, it

was white; they say it grew with His growth. Now it is red, not from the costly dyes of the distant East, but red, for it has been dyed with blood, when, with bruised feet and aching heart, He trod the wine-press.

How often He shed that blood before the sad, but for us happy, day, when it trickled in red drops out from the big wound in His Sacred Heart.

Just after His first birthday, when hardly warm, for the bleak winds blew cold over the Judean hills, through the chinks in the wall of His stable home, the night He was born--His Mother had Him circumcised. As yet He had no name. By what sweet title did Mary call her Child? He was only eight days old, yet He was born endless ages and everlasting years ago; He was in the Father's bosom before the angelic hosts fought that awful fight on the battlements of heaven; now He is only a short week and a day old, and He is to receive a name marked with His blood, Jesus is the name. It has been brought from Heaven and means Saviour; but a Saviour He can only be when the blood flows from the five wounds, pledges of His love.

All those years Mary saw that blood on His lips, lips that were later on to speak such words of melting love to all who would come to Him and listen. Those same lips speak to us from out the Tabernacle, not in words audible to human ear, but in words that our hearts cannot fail to catch. His Mother saw the blood in His bright red cheek, that cheek which the mailed hand of the rough soldier was to strike. Perhaps that hand was tinged with the Blood of Mary's child. Do we ever make His cheeks red by an indelicacy or a rudeness towards Him or towards those He loves, and who is it He does not love?

In the Cenacle His Blood has flowed for the first time into the chalice. Who can count the times it has flowed since? At the foot of Mt. Olivet His Sacred Heart forces the red Blood through the pores of His Body till it trickles to the ground. How impatient that Heart has become! In a few hours every drop shall have been poured out.

The moon is full and round and clear in the sky to-night; it is the Passover moon. Its rays steal through the branches and the leaves of the olive trees and oh! the horror of the sight! He is covered with blood. It is on His face, on His robe, on His hands; it has flowed down on the ground and red ruby drops glint in the silver light.

"Enough of blood-letting, dear Jesus. Let the world stand redeemed and man's sins pardoned. What need to shed it on the morrow? Why dye the leathern lashes red? No need to mingle the red drops with the dust of Jerusalem's streets. Your ears must not be offended by that awful cry which will strike the hills of Olivet and be re-echoed back through the temple porches and marble colonnades: "His Blood, be upon us and upon our children." With blood-stained hands uplifted, He whispers: "O Father, let My Heart be drained to the last drop to win the souls of men and show them My Love."

"I gave it all," He whispers from His Tabernacle Home. Do we give Him all? Let us not be ungenerous in our service and stingy in our gifts to Him who gave us so lavishly His Blood His Life. At the dawn of tomorrow He will pour it again into the holy cup with loving eagerness. Oh! the joy to Him, if we would come and drink. If we drink that Blood we shall never die, though He died in the shedding.

J. H. O'ROURKE, S. J.

JULY THOUGHTS.



Most Precious Blood of life eternal, price and ransom of the world, whose saving streams nourish and cleanse our souls, ever pleading our cause before the Throne of heavenly mercy!

O, boundless Love, which gave to us this saving balm beyond all price, welling from the fount of immeasurable love! Give to all hearts, to all tongues, power to praise, hymns to thank Thee, now and forever!

The Mother and the Son



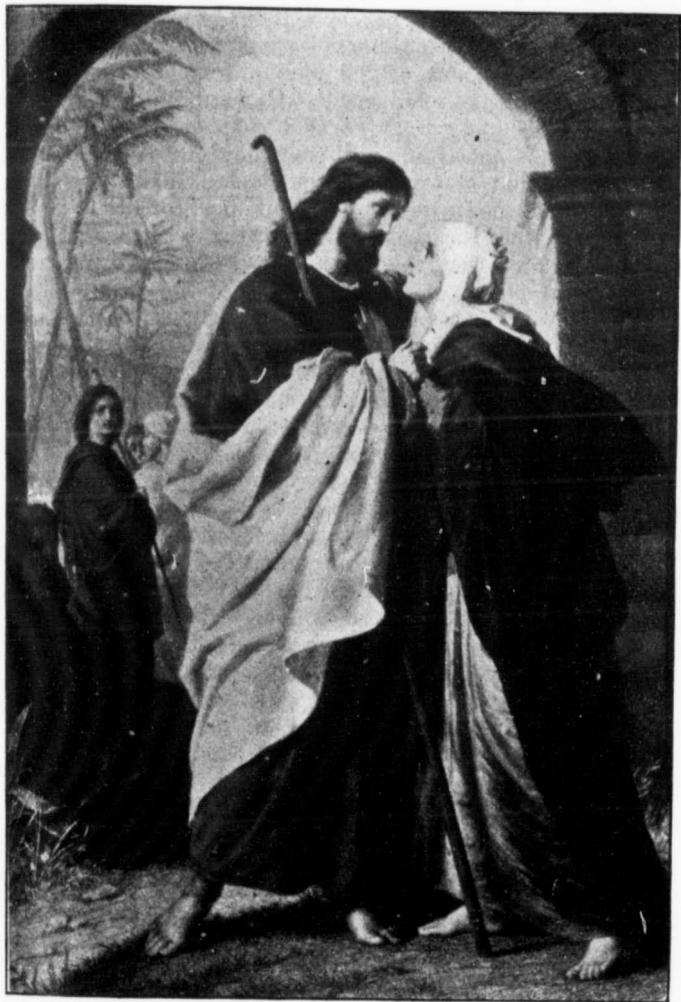
(Concluded.)

But to return from this digression, if digression it really be. All that is Mary's seems to tell us more of Jesus than it does of her; and His mysteries again throw more light on her than they do on Him. Who shall sunder what God has so marvellously joined? This is my excuse. I have asked you to look at the four fountains of devotion to our Lady, which preceded the Sacred Infancy, and to see how they owe their light and glory to it. Now let us look at the four fountains of her glory which are subsequent to the Sacred Infancy. Never was mere creature exalted to such a position of power and empire as was Mary made mother of mankind at the foot of the Cross, when her woes were consummated and her heart broken, and yet she miraculously lived. Yet here again the light of the Sacred Infancy is on her. It is because she bore Him that she had a right to share with Him what He bore for us. Again, when at Pentecost she, who was all light already, was inconceivably illuminated and gifted by the Holy Ghost, it was as the Mother of the Word that she became queen of the apostles of the Word. The glory of her death of love was also the earthly crown of the Annunciation; and the mystery of the Assumption involved the heavenly crown whereby our Lord paid her for the delightful ministries of her maternal love. Of course all these four mysteries have a beauty and a glory and a significance of their own; yet they are what they are, their full beauty and dignity belongs to them, because of the mysteries of the Sacred Infancy.

Our Lady's life may be divided into four mysteries preceding the Incarnation, the Immaculate Conception, the Nativity, the Presentation, and the Espousal, then into the four great mysteries of the Sacred Infancy, the

Annunciation, Visitation, Nativity, and Presentation, and then into four mysteries subsequent, her Compassion, Pentecost, her Death, and her Assumption. These are her twelve stars. Between the Sacred Infancy and the Cross there intervene four mysteries of shadow, and of deepest import, full of glory, but a hidden glory, or rather a seeming shame. These I call the Eclipse of Mary, wherein she is most especially likened to her Son, and drinks deepest of the similitudes of the Incarnation. They are the Finding in the Temple, the Marriage at Cana, Jesus leaving Nazareth to begin His Ministry, and His words when He was told that she was at the door. Full as they are of doctrine and devotion, these four mysteries do not concern us now. What I wish to point out here is that the fountains of her honor are in the four great mysteries of the Sacred Infancy, the Annunciation whereby she became the Mother of God, the Visitation which implies His life in the Womb, the Nativity when He put Himself into her hands, and the Presentation when He enabled her to offer to God an offering as immense as God Himself: and that these four mysteries cast a light on the four that precede the Sacred Infancy, and the four that follow it: and the four mysteries of her Eclipse would be no mysteries at all but for her Divine Maternity. Then I argue thus: The devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is the same as the devotion to the Sacred Infancy. But devotion to the Sacred Infancy is in fact devotion to our Blessed Lady. Therefore devotion to our Blessed Lady is devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Judge whether I prove this sufficiently.

Those whose spirit leads them to look at everything as it comes from Jesus, as His doing, or permitting, on the will of her Son; and while they by no means or willing, base their devotion to our Blessed Lady simply think lightly of the decrees of God, the intrinsic rights of the Divine Maternity, or the theological conveniences which we learn in the schools, nevertheless, they repose the devotion to our Blessed Lady on these three axioms or facts: 1. Jesus did not come without her. 2. When He came, He made the access to Him lie through her.



3. When He went He left her to be to the Church what she had been to Him, and in fact always works in the Church by her and never without her. Now, look at the first fact, Jesus did not come without her. She was an integral part of the plan of redemption, not a mere ornament, as some speak. Can anything be merely ornamental in any work of God? It may be doubted whether it is consistent with reverence to say so. The first thing that meets us in the Sacred Infancy is that He will not be incarnate without her consent. That there was the Incarnation was owing to her consent, and therefore, that there was the Blessed Sacrament, which is a daily and hourly renewal of the Incarnation, is owing to her consent. What is present in the Blessed Sacrament by the force of consecration is just what He took from Mary, and only that, His Flesh and Blood. All else is present by concomitance. Some theologians say deep things of the preservation of the original matter of His Body, and its not being liable to the usual changes. St. Ignatius had a mysterious vision in which Mary showed him what was in some sense hers in the Adorable Host. But these thoughts led once through an untheological exaggeration, to an irregular devotion, mentioned by Benedict XIV.; and so for the present I pass on. I have said enough for my present purpose. Let us come to the second fact. When He came, He made the access to Him lie through her. When St. John the Baptist was to be sanctified, it was through her that the grace came. She was as it were deputed to confer on him the insignia of original justice. But I have already shown the parallel which there is between the Blessed Sacrament and our Lord's life in the Womb. When the simple shepherds come to worship the newborn king in Bethlehem, our Lady stands guardian by the manger side. When the learned kings of the East knelt to make their mystic offerings to the Omnipotent Child, it was on Mary's lap they found Him. Her knees were the seat of wisdom. And if they kissed the Saviour's feet, it was she who interpreted His will, and permitted the familiarity and the grace. So too in the Blessed Sacrament, the light of her dignity shines

upon the priests of her Son, and what was once her singular prerogative has become the office and the right of multitudes. For what is Benediction, but repeating what was done to the shepherds and the kings? Only in this, as in all things else, the Blessed Sacrament multiplies and enriches the first privileges of the Incarnation; and whereas this happened once to the shepherds and once to the kings, it now happens many times a day all the world over, and freely to mixed multitudes of good and bad. Turn to the third fact. He always works in the Church by her, and never without her. In dogma, it has passed almost into a proverb that the doctrine about Mary shields the doctrine about Jesus, and contains it as she once contained Himself. In ritual they are never separated. In devotion they have grown together: and in great ecclesiastical epochs, her action has been manifested to the Church in countless ways, both natural and miraculous. As M. Olier and his school have long since been prominent in teaching, just as St. Bernard taught in his doctrine about the mystical neck of the Church, our Lord never seems to act in any notable way in the Church without our tracing the instrumental hand and power of Mary. So it was in the Sacred Infancy; the world was governed through and from her: as the world is governed at this hour through and from the species of the Blessed Sacrament. So that if you examine it reverently and minutely, the Sacred Infancy is itself a picture of the Blessed Sacrament and of Mary in the Church: the Blessed Sacrament images the Sacred Infancy and Mary in the Church; and Mary in the Church is best seen, best explained, and best commented upon, by the Blessed Sacrament and the Sacred Infancy. And how far does experience bear out what has been said? Why, to so great an extent, that in the devout life it is almost the same thing to say of a man, that he has a great devotion to our Blessed Lady, or that he has a great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.....

FABER.





LORD, IN OUR SOULS !

(Written for the Sentinel)

Lord, in our souls, the pure white flame,
Of adoration light,
And keep it burning, in Thy Name,
To praise Thee day and night !

Let in our souls, the pure white flower,
Of adoration bloom !
To Thee ascend, in holy hour,
Its delicate perfume !

Let in our souls, the pure white gem,
Of adoration glow.
Make it to touch Thy garments' hem,
And opalescent grow !

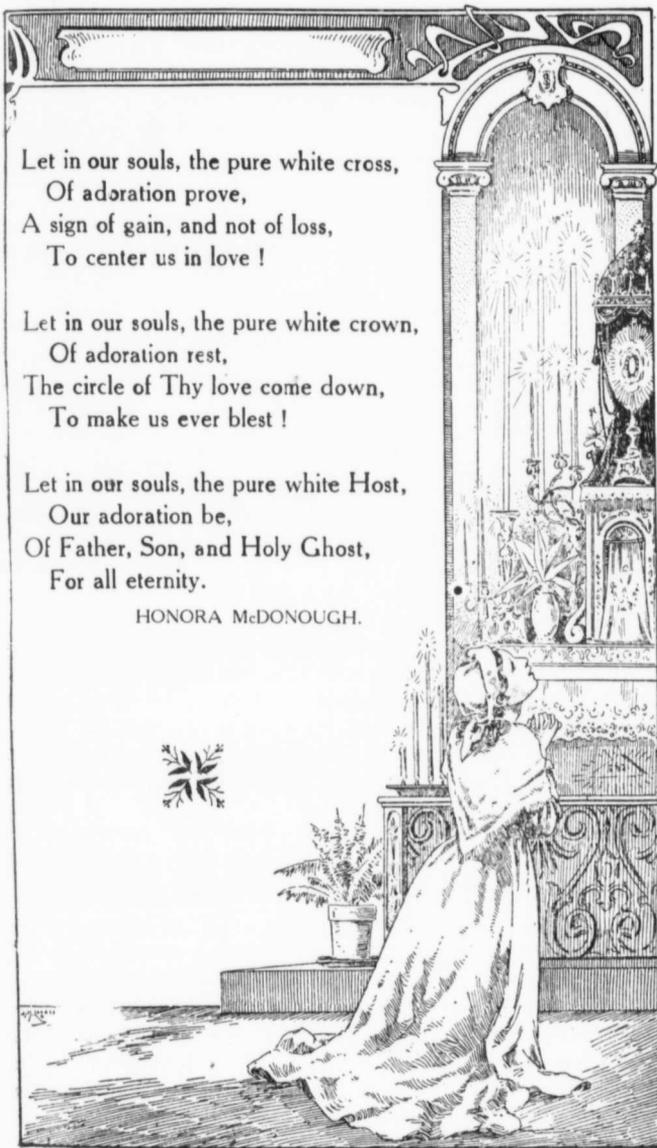


Let in our souls, the pure white cross,
Of adoration prove,
A sign of gain, and not of loss,
To center us in love !

Let in our souls, the pure white crown,
Of adoration rest,
The circle of Thy love come down,
To make us ever blest !

Let in our souls, the pure white Host,
Our adoration be,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For all eternity.

HONORA McDONOUGH.





" St Mary Magdalen "

(See frontispiece)

Before Communion



CONTEMPLATE to-day how lovingly the Lord accepts the invitation of a leper, and thereby heals a sinner. He is not attracted by the delicacies offered by Simon, but thirsting for the bitter tears of Magda'len. He is the invited one, and Magdalen is His guest, who, the instant she knew the Lord, also knew herself, His grandeur and her lowliness,

His love and her coldness. She compared Divine goodness with her human ingratitude, and she who so sought to be loved no sooner became conscious of His Infinite Love than she gave herself up to It, and learning where the Divine loadstone of her soul was, not caring what men might think, but only what God would say, she despoiled herself of every profane ornament to clothe herself in penance, the livery of Heaven, which is the immortal stole. In this manner pierced with love and wounded with sorrow, she flies, seeking her beloved.

Reflect how well this novice in discipleship prepared herself, and what great dispositions she had for inviting herself, not to the delights of the feast, but to the sighs of her heart. Contemplate thyself, my soul, covered with sins, despoiled of grace. How then shouldst thou dispose thyself to enter into the feast, no longer of the leprous Simon, but of the delectable Jesus in the

Holy Sacrament. Make, then, a brave resolution of renouncing the world and all its pomps, and in garments of penitence cast thyself at the feet of that Lord Who so mercifully awaits thee in this banquet.

* * *

Christ sat at table when that sinner, hungering for Him, weary of the poison of her sins, came in to offer to the Lord her tears. She entered without knocking, called by the impulse of grace, and though any time or instant is proper for approaching God, she judged the moments of a feast more opportune for obtaining mercies in the midst of delights. She dares not meet Him face to face, for she feels that she deeply offended His countenance, and her own is covered with shame and with sin ; so she comes behind His back, that back which she has so torn with the stripes of her iniquities, and falls at the feet of the Divine Hunter of souls, wounded by the dart of love.

Soul, follow this Magdalen, for thou hast no lack of sins. Go full of repentance ; go with her in tears, for thou hast exceeded her in offences. Thrust thyself into this banquet of the Altar, far more abundant and delicious than was that of the Pharisee, and where thou wilt not be slighted, but be gladly received and welcomed, not sweeping the floors, but treading on Heaven. Ask Magdalen to spare thee one of Christ's Feet, that thou mayest bathe it whilst she washes the other with her tears. Learn from this disciple of the Lord lessons of penitence, joining now thy sorrow with hers, that she may accompany thee in thy consolation hereafter.

After Communion

Magdalen shed a sea of tears to free herself from the abyss of her sins, watering the feet of Christ with her bitter tears, wiping them with her hair, and saluting them as many times as she had sinned, giving herself up completely to her Beloved. She who had denied Him everything now gives up to Him all her powers and senses, and, more than all, her heart. She bathed His Feet in the two fountains of her eyes, pressing them to her lips, holding them in both her lovely hands, and

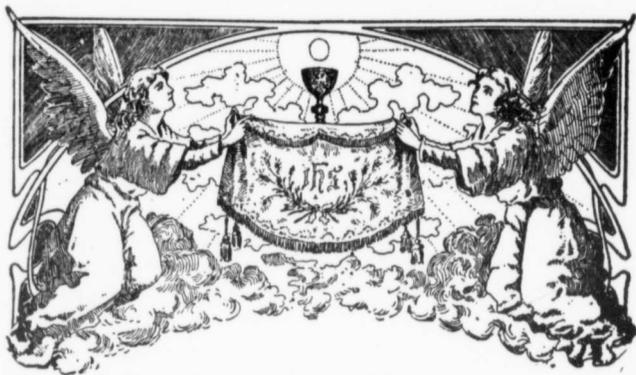
with her fair locks wiping them, consecrating to God all that she had formerly in every way so profaned.

Reflect, O you who have communicated, on your greater happiness and your lesser merits, for if Magdalen held the Feet of Christ, you receive Him whole and entire. Not only do you, like her, hold Him in your hands, but heart to heart ; she offered Him her tears, the Lord invites you to His Blood : she wiped His Feet with her hair, you entwine Him within your heart. Employ, then your soul and all your powers to serve Him the day you receive Him, adoring Him the livelong day.

* * *

The Pharisee censured Magdalen for what she was doing, not for what she had done, the world ever being a censurer of virtue and an advocate of vice. But with far different eyes from those of the world did the Lord look upon her, for He began to relate to the guests the services of Magdalen, and to make them conscious of Simon's omissions. 'Thou,' He said, 'gavest Me no kiss, and she all this time has not ceased to kiss My Feet ; thou gavest Me no water for My Feet, and she with her eyes has served Me ; thou didst not spend even a drop of oil on My Head, and she has poured on My Feet most precious balsam ; thou gavest Me no towel with which to wipe My Hands and she has wiped My Feet with the beauteous tresses of her golden hair.'

Listen, soul ! For that same Lord is telling thee the same to-day, when thou hast received Him, not only into thy house, but into thy breast. Soul ! thou gavest Me not the kiss of peace, after so many of treachery and of sinful hostilities ; thou hast shed no tear of tenderness, whilst I am washing thee in My very blood. What little fragrance of virtues hast thou yielded, and how cold, deficient and gross hast thou been ! Exchange your shortcomings into gratefulness, for you have exceeded Magdalen in receiving greater favours ; endeavour, then to equal her in her love. Hear what Christ is telling you : 'Go in peace, for thou art in My grace, thou whom I had hitherto considered as lost,' and do thou answer Him thus : 'My God and my Lord, sooner would I lose a thousand lives than offend Thee again.'



HOUR of ADORATION

Jesus is blasphemed

Continued from April Sentinel.

Rev. PÈRE CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

Thanksgiving.

If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross and we will believe in Thee." — In a human point of view everything should incline Jesus to yield to this temptation. If He came down from the Cross the Jews who had just crucified Him would restore Him to liberty. Still more, they promised to become His disciples, His friends, His adorers. They would acclaim Him as their Messiah, their King ! That would truly be the foundation of the Kingdom of Israel. And for that He would have only to come down from the Cross !

Jesus, with His divine perspicacity, was not to be so caught. This was a snare laid for Him by Satan. It was the same mouth which, three years before, had uttered the same challenge, and almost in the same words : "*If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down.*" Filled

with rage and terror, Satan wanted by any means to arrest this sacrifice. In a despairing effort, subjecting Jesus to a last and supreme temptation, he cried to Him by the mouth of the priests: "*If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross, and we will believe in Thee!*"

What is the Divine Crucified going to do? If Jesus comes down, mankind will be forever lost. Bourdaloue says: "This miracle would have destroyed all the others and arrested the great work He had undertaken and to which all His other miracles referred as to their end, namely, the work of the Redemption of the world, which had to be consummated up the Cross."

Only in the councils of Divine Wisdom could we learn what would have become of the world had Jesus hearkened to the desire of His enemies.

No, my God; no, do not come down! Remain, ah! remain to accomplish the prophecies and to save the world.

If Thou shouldst come down from the Cross, the earth will become but one vast necropolis. All souls will remain under Satan's dominion, plunged in an abyss of sin and vice. Not a flower of virtue could henceforth spring from our accursed earth.

It is Thy death on the Cross which is to procure for us, also, the testamentary gift of Thy Body and Blood. Shouldst Thou come down, we shall have no altar, no sacrifice, no Communions, no tabernacles, no priests, no sacraments, no possible absolutions!

Shouldst Thou descend from the Cross, the souls of the just of the Old Law would lose all hope of ever being admitted to eternal happiness.

Shouldst Thou descend from the Cross, heaven would be closed, and those millions of thrones left vacant by the rebel angels remain forever unoccupied.

Shouldst Thou come down from the Cross, the portals of hell would fly open to admit all the generations of earth, one after the other, to torture them in hatred and suffering with the demons for all eternity.

And Jesus, with His knowledge as Son of God, seeing the frightful consequences that would follow His own deliverance, *did not come down from the Cross.*

He remained on the Cross, accepting anew for love of us all the outrages that they for whom He was offering His life were making Him endure.

How can we thank Thee for such love, O Divine Saviour of mankind? With Mary, who was listening to these wicked desires of the Jews, but who well knew that Thou wouldst never consent to them - with her I give Thee thanks for having at the cost of so many sacrifices remained those long hours upon the Cross and died on it for our salvation.

I thank Thee, O my Saviour, for all the graces merited for Me by that new act of acquiescence to the divine will which Thou didst make on hearing the proposals of the Jews. Thou hast acquired every right to my service and my love. Grant that I may give myself to Thee without reserve, that I employ every moment of my life in loving and blessing Thee!

Petition.

How painful to the loving Heart of Jesus were those insults of a people upon whom He had lavished so many benefits, and for the love of whom He was actually suffering so many torments!

What is Jesus going to do in the midst of such outrages? What is He going to reply to such blasphemies?

Jesus, who might in one instant have crushed those impious men and precipitated them into hell, uttered not one word in reply to their blasphemies. Neither torments nor opprobrium drew from Him a word of complaint. He is finishing the work of our salvation. He is draining the chalice even to the dregs. He is enduring all with gentleness and patience truly divine.

And that patience has not diminished since the Crucifixion down to our own day. In the Sacred Host He is ever a mark for all kinds of insults and contradictions. And Jesus is silent! Upon the Altar, as on the Cross, He is always the meek lamb, never complaining, the tender Victim who knows not how to murmur, the good Saviour who never avenges Himself. He is content to hide in His Heart the sadness all those outrages and raileries cause Him.

What a lesson of patience for me ! How, with such an example before me, dare I murmur against Providence ? How shall I ever again yield to anger when wounded, and give vent to my wrath in bitter words and violent recriminations ? Should I not, in imitation of my Divine Model, *patiently suffer* all the injuries, all the adversities of life, receiving them *willingly*, and even *with pleasure* ? Could I still harbor rancor in my heart ; still wish evil to those that have persecuted me ? Ought I not, on the contrary, to pray generously for my enemies and do them all the good I can ?

O Divine Patient One, I desire to labor with ardor at the acquisition of this sublime virtue which Thou dost teach me from the Cross, and which Thou dost constantly practise with no less perfection in the Eucharist.

But as by nature I am irascible, vindictive, and wanting in love for my brethren, I need Thy grace which Thou didst merit for me by Thy patience in supporting the insults of Thy enemies. All my trust is in Thee, as all Thine was in God, Thy Father. And since Thou dost will that I should not descend from the cross before my death, come often by Communion to enkindle in my heart the love of my enemies, that, with Thee, by Thee, and for Thee I may become meek and patient toward all who make me share in the precious gift of Thy cross and humiliations.

Mary, my tender Mother, teach me to suffer like Jesus to be patient like Jesus, to love like Jesus, to sacrifice myself for my enemies like Jesus.



Take Thou my *all*, since for so long
Thy Providence hast sought me ;
Make me Thine own, since at such cost
Thy Precious Blood has bought me.

“ Lord, the chalice of Thy Passion is bitter, but the Blood of the Eucharist is sweet ! Let me drink often from the chalice of the Eucharist, that I may have courage to drink also the chalice of Thy Passion ! ”

A wonderful Occurrence.

Account given by the Rev. Father Mariscal. C.S.S.A.



AZANEDA, in the Spanish Province of Crense, and in the diocese of Astorga, was at the time we (the Missionaries) went there to preach the Mission, in the most lamentable state. Such a serious dispute existed between the parishioners and the parish priest, that the priest could no longer live in his own parish. The people had even thrown stones at his head and at other priests, and, consequently, he was obliged to live in a small place in the neighbourhood, San Martin, which he had to serve as well. Who was to blame for this state of things is known to God alone; but, in any case, the people forgot the respect due to the priest. By the command of the Bishop of Astorga we went there to give the mission, and by this means to try to reconcile the parishioners with their clergy.

On arrival we were not received with the customary ceremony, as is the custom; the people had made up their minds not to come to hear our sermons. However, we opened the mission and conducted all the exercises outside the town, in the church of San Martin. The children and many adults of the adjoining small villages, as well as the children of the parish of Manzaneda, were zealous in their attendance; but it was not until the fifth day that some men and women from Manzaneda came and then more out of curiosity than for pious intentions. I had just preached on the particular judgment. Everything went on as usual when, suddenly, as I was on the point of mentioning the sentence which God will pronounce upon the sinners who deliberately persevere in

their sins, an old woman in the midst of the people shouted, "Fire! Fire!" I said from the pulpit, "She is mistaken, there is no fire. Take the women out of the church." But again she shouted, "Go out, go out. Save yourselves." All the people rushed out, and from the tower the fire-bell tolled the alarm incessantly, so that I was obliged to give up preaching, for all the people had left the church. I myself went out and saw at a distance a column of fire, so large that it looked as if all the farms of the neighbouring villages of Simadvilla were ablaze.

After half an hour the people returned to the church. The great fire was only a phenomenon. There had been no fire at all. Most likely the devil made use of this means to destroy any good effect of my sermon. Nobody knew the old woman and she was not seen again.

That very same day I wrote to my Father Rector, and asked to be allowed to return home, because I considered the continuation of the mission so much timelost. But the next day Almighty God, in the short space of twenty minutes, effected the work for which we had labored in vain a whole week.

It was the 20th April, the feast of the patron of the diocese, St. Foribius, Bishop of Astorga. After an extraordinary devout preparation the children had made that morning their solemn general Communion. I had exhorted them earnestly to pray for the conversion of their parents and friends, and indeed the Divine Friend of children heard their prayers. Towards evening, the solemn reparation to the Blessed Sacrament was to take place. I had completely lost my voice, and felt unable to preach the sermon on the Blessed Sacrament, which, indeed, requires much effort. Therefore, I asked my confrere, Father Romero, to preach in my place. He, however, excused himself, because he had never preached the sermon for this solemnity, and was not prepared to do so in the present difficult circumstances. Therefore I made him preach one of the eternal truths that evening. The people, far from profiting by the sermon, were laughing and joking and only remained in the church to see the beautiful and tasteful illumination of the altar.

When Father Romero had finished his sermon, I went into the pulpit to recite the act of Reparation. Meanwhile, the candles were lighted. After the Blessed Sacrament was exposed I began the prayer, but my voice was so weak that I could scarcely be heard.

Suddenly, so great a brightness filled the church, that it obscured the light of nearly 200 wax candles. All the people rose and stood looking up at the altar to see the miracle which was taking place. A little girl of six years exclaimed: "I see the little child." I commanded all to kneel and the child to be silent. Immediately they all obeyed; they looked quietly, as if in ecstasy. What, then, had happened? In the pulpit I did not recite the words I had preached: my introduction to the Act of Reparation was totally different. I heard a voice whisper to me and dictate a development of the text of Isaias: "I have spread forth my hands all the day to an unbelieving people who walk in a way that is not good after their own thoughts." (Rom. x, 21.) "All the day long have I spread my hands in a people that believeth not and contradicteth me." My voice, up to then, so feeble, became so strong that in all my life I never preached with so much force. My former hoarseness altogether disappeared. No wonder for it was as if, not I, but another spoke through my mouth. Afterwards, wishing to write down what I had said in these moments, I could not. Whilst I quoted and commented on these words of Isaias the face of a little child with fair hair was seen in the Sacred Host exposed in the monstrance. At first it seemed only as big as the Sacred Host; then appeared also the little arms, and at last the whole body. It was as if the little Child came out of the Sacred Host. Then it remained standing in front of the monstrance, having both little arms outstretched, and in a position as if willing to embrace the little children who were kneeling at the foot of the altar. The little Child was radiant with heavenly splendour, but had the impression of the wounds in His hands and feet, out of which blood dropped down. His garment was beautifully white, but interwoven with purple flowers. All the time I was speaking from the pulpit to the people (20 minutes) the apparition remained

visible. I asked the parish priest in my address to beg the little Jesus to pardon himself and his parish. Up to then the priest had not seen the miraculous little Child. He turned first to the parishioners, asking their pardon for all in which he might have offended them. Then he also saw his God standing as a little child in front of the monstrance. He threw himself on the ground before the altar steps, trembling all over. Then I told the children to ask Jesus pardon for their parents. They had all stood up, stretched out their little arms, but could not repeat what I said. They seemed to be in ecstasy. The others however, as one man, repeated everything I said. With solemn earnestness they renewed the bond of faithfulness with their God. Then I asked the parish priest to give the blessing with the Blessed Sacrament. At the same moment the apparition disappeared. Trembling and weeping he did it, but, wishing to put the Sacred Host into the ciborium, his hands shook so much that he could not take the Sacred Host out of the monstrance. Then it was seen that the Sacred Host rose by itself slowly and descended into the ciborium. The parish Priest having closed it and replaced it in the tabernacle, went into the sacristy filled with awe and amazement. The people would not leave the church; they did so only after my formal command. But the altar attracted them so much that they went out keeping their faces turned to it.

Late in the evening the bells were rung as on the preceding night, to admonish those living in enmity soon to make peace with their neighbours; and, behold all the people of the town of Manzaneda went in a body to San Martin, asked to see the parish priest, and, falling on their knees, they implored pardon for the offences given to him, and asked him at the same time to come back and live again in their town.

The next morning at the usual hour, I went to say Holy Mass, but, had the greatest difficulty in approaching the altar, the children having crowded around it.

A youth of 19 stood crying bitterly, he had the day before, as well as the others, seen the Divine Child; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, he had not succeeded in seeing its lovely face. All the parishioners without a

single exception came to confession and took part in the general Communion on the closing day. Even many from outside were anxious to receive Holy Communion at the miraculous altar of St. Martin. On the last day I had a solemn Te Deum sung in thanksgiving for the conversion of the parish. At the moment I intoned the Te Deum before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, suddenly the Child Jesus appeared again in the Sacred Host—as eight days before—under the appearance of a little boy of six years. The only difference was this: He no longer had the marks of the wounds in His hands and feet, nor the purple flowers in His garment. His look indicated joy. When the last verse of the Te Deum was sung the apparition ceased.

In a perpetual remembrance of this marvellous event the Child Jesus was represented on the Mission Cross, in the same position as He had shown Himself on the altar.

The Proof of the Wonder.

The Bishop of Astorga sent the Archpriest, Don Antonio Fato, and the Episcopal Notary, Thomas de Barrio, to Manzaneda to examine witnesses on both, and the consequence of the examination was that there remained not the slightest doubt about the reality of the apparition and its circumstances. Eudoxia Vegar deserves to be mentioned. She had cried out in the church: "I see the little child." To make the enquiry the two-named above went with the parish priest to the house of the child's parents. Don Antonio Fato asked: "Tell me, Eudoxia, what did you see that evening?" The little one answered: "I saw a little child on the altar." "How did the child look like"? and, pointing to her little brother, he asked: "Was the child as ugly as he", "My brother," she replied, "is not ugly, but the child I have seen was very much more beautiful." And Eudoxia, only six years old, began to extol the beauty of the Divine Child in the sublime words used by the Spouse of the Canticle to describe the beauty of her Bridegroom. Suddenly the Notary interrupted her, asking: "Tell me now, whom do you think that little boy was"? Eudoxia answered with

great firmness: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, true God and true Man." "But," he continued, "you have seen the child in that little glass case"? "Yes, sir." But how is it possible that such a big child as your little brother can be therein." "That I do not understand." replied Eudoxia, "but neither can you, gentlemen."

Now the two doctors of theology began to question her about the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, to see if she would not betray herself into some heresy. But, on the contrary, they found that the little girl, who had not yet gone to school or catechism, had since the moment of the apparition received a supernaturally infused science about the Holy Eucharist.

A last trial Eudoxia had still to stand. Her parents were poor people. The Archpriest took out his purse, produced ten pesas (about 30s.), and asked: "Eudoxia, have you ever seen so much money together?" "No, sir." "Now, that will be all yours if you saw nothing, if you say that all that is told about the apparition of that little child is untrue." But Eudoxia answered: "I do not sell the truth for money. Keep that money to yourself, for I shall not tell a lie against the truth of God."

The Archpriest, Antonia Fato, who began his task with the greatest prejudice, after hearing all the witnesses, was so fully convinced that he could not stop weeping, hearing the children speak about the wonders of God in so sublime a manner.

The men of Manzaneda started at once a Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, to adore in turns, day and night, Jesus hidden in the Tabernacle.

To the Bishop of Astorga the greatest proof of the reality of the apparition was that the entire parish, formerly animated with hatred against religion and priests, was suddenly changed into a pious people full of enthusiasm for the Catholic Faith.

To say all in few words in conclusion:—

Without the wonderful intervention of God the Mission would have been a complete failure, for we could not have found ourselves in worse circumstances. We may safely conclude that God had in view the following ends:—

To bring back the esteem for priests which people ought to have for them ;

To reward the faith and love of children who pray so fervently for the conversion of their parents.

To show the missionaries how pleasing their obedience was in going to preach a mission in a parish so hostile to the clergy, without any human hope of success, solely on the command of the Bishop.

MAKING THE STATIONS



IN Father Matthew Russell's helpful book, "At home with God," we find the following words about making the stations, or the Way of the Cross as this devotion is also called. But, where he says that it would be an excellent Good Friday resolution if we were then to determine to make the Stations as often as we can, it would seem, just now, an excellent thing for us to make this resolution in these summer hours, this vacation time, so that we may amidst all our comforts and pleasures entertain some grateful thoughts of that sacred Passion and Death by which we were redeemed. Father Russell says :

"This is a most solid, most Christian devotion, easy to follow, and by the succession of pictures and changes of posture providing against monotony, weariness and distractions. No sincere enlightened Christian could possibly object to the Stations of the Cross if he really understood the devotion and how we practise it. Was not she a sincere and enlightened Christian, the poor old woman who said to me many years ago these precise words : "I'm not able to read, your Reverence, but when I look up at the Stations and think what my sweet Lord suffered, my heart does be breakin' and I'm ready to be lifted up in a faint, to think He done all that for me!" How close this poor woman came to the words of St. Paul : "Christ

hath loved me, and delivered Himself for me !'. . . Each of us has a right to say the same : Jesus died for love of me individually and by name, with as direct and personal a love as if there were no other sinner but only my poor self to die for."

People find fault with the thoughtlessness, extravagance, love of pleasure, love of finery that seem to characterize our modern days. Would there not be less of all this if our men and women, our boys and girls remembered Jesus Christ, and lovingly followed His bleeding footsteps along the Way of the Cross, at least once a week during their vacation time? What a slight thing in itself to do, and how great the reward!

But there is a touching and beautiful reflection which we should join to these remarks. There are people who are making this Way of the Cross, often and steadily during the summer hours. Before Mass or after Mass, in the early morning; or at night when the evening shadows close around the quiet church, there are those who follow Jesus on his Way of Sorrows, as He bears the sins of us all upon His shoulders up Calvary and on the Cross. He is not left entirely alone. The world is not wholly given over to amusements and frivolities. May these words lead even one heart to do likewise; to turn aside once a week at least, and go prayerfully from station to station, remembering Jesus. It is so simple a devotion. At each station no long prayers are needed, only let them be loving prayers, for He loved us with a love beyond the power of any tongue to tell. He never forgets us; not for one moment does He cease to watch over us. How shall we ever cease to love Him in return? The making of the Stations, or Way of the Cross is one method of keeping aflame in our hearts loyal and grateful love for Jesus Christ.—Sacred Heart Review.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS

Deceased Members

Montreal : Mr. John Brown, Mrs. Mary Milloy, Mrs. Rebbecca Scanlan, Miss Mary Stapleton. — *Newport*,
Ont. : Mr. Jordan.

The Good Shepherd

AND HIS

Very little Lambs

(Concluded)



WHEN Auntie and the four children paid a visit to the flock upon the hill, something very sweet happened. Rose's little lamb, with the blue ribbon around its neck, ran lovingly toward her to be petted.

"See, Auntie!" Rose cried. "I told you it knew me! Oh, you dear, darling little lamb! Don't be cross, mother-sheep! I won't hurt your baby!"

For the mother-sheep had hurried after her baby and, with soft sounds and tender pushes of her nose, was anxiously coaxing it away from Rose. You see the mother-sheep was jealous.

"Would you know your lamb from the others?" Philip asked.

"N-no," said Rose, who hated to admit that she could not have picked out her pet except for the blue ribbon, "if anyone took off the ribbon I'd have to wait till the lamb ran to me."

John was caressing every sheep within reach. He was so very gentle that dumb animals never feared him.

"Well," said he, "Auntie, that's the difference about Our Lord. He knows His sheep as well as they know Him. Because He is God, and knows everything."

The next morning the group gathered again under the trees.

"Is this a Catechism Class?" Philip suddenly asked.

"No, dear. You have that in Church, don't you?"

Auntie answered. "This is just a little while we spend talking about the great day that is coming: First Communion. We know our Catechism pretty well, don't we?"

Not the big one, of course, but our own simple one made entirely for the littlest lambs. I feel we are away up in that. But we might learn it all the way through beautifully, and at the end find ourselves still very stiff and clumsy about loving Our Lord. When He comes to us we don't want to welcome Him into our souls only with answers out of the Catechism, do we?"

Rose burst out laughing.

"No, Auntie. That would be like our company manners wouldn't it?"

"Very much. And Jesus is Our Saviour, Our Best Friend, the Good Shepherd of our soul. We must greet Him by fairly running to Him as the little lamb ran to Rose this morning—'Here I am, dear Shepherd, Loving Jesus! Because I studied my Catechism, I know You are God, and that You became Man for me. And I love You very much, and am glad to receive You into my soul!' We can tell Him about our talks here in the garden, which we had simply in order to learn to love Him more before He came to us. We can ask Him anything. There is nothing He cannot do."

"And He knows all our names," said John thoughtfully.

"Anna Marie Madeline," said Anna promptly. "That's mine."

"Yes, He shall call His own by their names, our names given in Holy Baptism, the first Sacrament we receive."

"Baptism makes our souls all shining and white," said Rose. "Mother said so when baby brother was baptised."

"The Catechism says so, too," said Philip.

"But mother explained," Rose persisted, "original sin is like a horrid spot, and Baptism washes it off, every bit."

"Nice and clean," Anna added, blinking at a bluebird that blinked back at her from a bough near Auntie's head.

"That's lovely," said Auntie. "And how does Baptism make our souls white and spotless?"

"Through the Precious Blood of Jesus," John answered.

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nice

"I thought it was through the water," said Rose uncertainly.

Philip giggled, but Auntie gave him a very decided frown.



"The water is what is used in giving the Sacrament. It's the outward sign, the thing we can see," said Auntie. "The grace, which is the washing out of the stain upon our souls because Adam and Eve sinned, comes only through the Precious Blood of Jesus."

"I think," said Rose in a very hurt tone, "it's not nice for Philip to laugh at me."

"It's not a bit nice," Auntie agreed; "and Philip means never to do it again. He forgot, that's all. If you children tease one another, our whole time will be wasted, because each one will be afraid to speak out, for fear the others will laugh. Rose did the honest, and the sensible thing, in telling what she thought."

"I'll not laugh any more, Auntie," said Philip, his cheeks very red.

"Thank you, laddie. Baptism makes us children of God, and heirs of heaven, and it also does something of which the blue ribbon around the neck of Rose's lamb made me think."

"What?" asked Philip and Rose eagerly

"Baptism leaves a mark upon our souls, a mark nothing can ever rub out. So when the Good Shepherd looks upon us, He sees the mark that sets us apart as His property. Rose saw the blue ribbon and she thought, 'My lamb, the one I love best! No matter in what miserable condition Rose found her lamb, no matter how far from the others, she would say, 'That is my pet lamb, for it wears the blue ribbon I tied about its neck.' So it is with the mark of baptism. Do as we will, go where we please, our soul shows always that we belong to Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, who shed His precious Blood that His sheep might be saved.'"

"But if we are very, very wicked afterward, Auntie!" John asked.

Still there would be the mark of Baptism in our soul. We might be so wicked that people around us would say, 'They can't be Christians. Christians could not be so evil.' And yet Our Lord, looking sorrowfully at us would know. 'They are the sheep of My Fold, they belong to Me.' In their soul they carry the mark of Holy Baptism, the mark that is the promise of their salvation unless they wilfully choose to be lost."

"We don't choose to be lost," said Philip decidedly.

"I'm going to heaven," declared Anna; "some day."

"If you're good" Rose corrected.

"Of course," said Anna comfortably. "When I get big, I'll never be naughty."

"If you try hard, and keep Jesus in your soul," said

Auntie, "you never need be naughty. The question is, how hard will Anna try?"

Anna stared doubtfully at Auntie. Anna loved comfort and petting and doing as she pleased.

"I don't know yet," said Anna at last. "But I'll talk to Jesus about it, when my First Communion comes."

With that Anna threw herself back into Auntie's arms and contentedly watched her friend the blue-bird amusing himself looking for insects among the leaves. Auntie kissed Anna's plump, dimpled cheek. All four children were different, and the Good Shepherd would lead each one the way He knew to be the best.

"Nobody could do anything better," said Auntie. "The Good Shepherd will take the best of care of the lambs who always listen for His voice. It's the way of little lambs to follow foolish things, to enter paths not safe for creatures so small and untrained. Then the Good Shepherd calls, 'Come back, stay near Me! I know where you will be safe, and if you listen for My voice, you shall never be alone.' Best of all He tells us, 'I am going to feed you. I intend giving you the Bread of Angels, which is My Body and Blood. Little lambs, prepare your hearts by loving Me as much as you can. Don't be afraid to laugh and play and be very happy. I want you to come to My Feast full of joy.' The Good Shepherd wants a happy flock about Him."

"We're very happy," said John; "it must be terrible not to know about the Good Shepherd."

"Like the heathen," said Philip.

John gazed far, far off, beyond where the fluffy clouds seemed to touch the tops of the hills.

"Some little boys," said he softly, "are priests when they grow up; and God lets them go to the heathen and tell them about the Good Shepherd."

"And," said Rose solemnly, "if the heathens kill the priests, they're martyrs. Aren't they, Auntie?"

"Yes, dear. To die for the Faith Our Lord taught, is to be a martyr. And, do you know, martyrdom is sometimes called the 'Baptism of Blood.'"

"Yes," said Philip. "I studied about it. If anybody who hasn't been baptised with water, should be killed

because he believed in Christ, he would be baptized by blood."

"That's splendid. I wonder if any little lamb here could tell Auntie about the third kind of Baptism?"

Rose and John eagerly began together, but in different words, so Auntie put her hands over her ears, crying.

"Oh please, please wait! Rose, you begin, dear."

"It's Baptism of Desire," said Rose. "If you want something terribly, you desire it. And sometimes people have known about Jesus, and never have been baptized.

"Then send for the priest." Philip advised.

"Yes," Rose went on, "if there is a priest."

"And if there's no priest, any other person might baptize," Auntie hinted.

Rose's cheeks grew redder in her zeal to explain what Baptism of Desire meant.

"I know, Auntie. But suppose nobody knew how, or nobody would, or the poor thing was dying all alone—then a wish to be baptized would do. Isn't that it?"

"Yes, darling. The heartfelt wish to receive the Sacrament would take the place of the Baptism of Water, and in such a case we say the person received the Baptism of Desire. Do all the little lambs understand?"

To Auntie's surprise, it was Anna who inquired.

"Would that person with the desire, belong to the Good Shepherd, like us?"

"Yes, dear. That person would be as you are through Baptism, the child of God, and heir of heaven, one of the lambs of the Fold of Christ, Our Good Shepherd."

MRS. H. BOSCH.

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Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal