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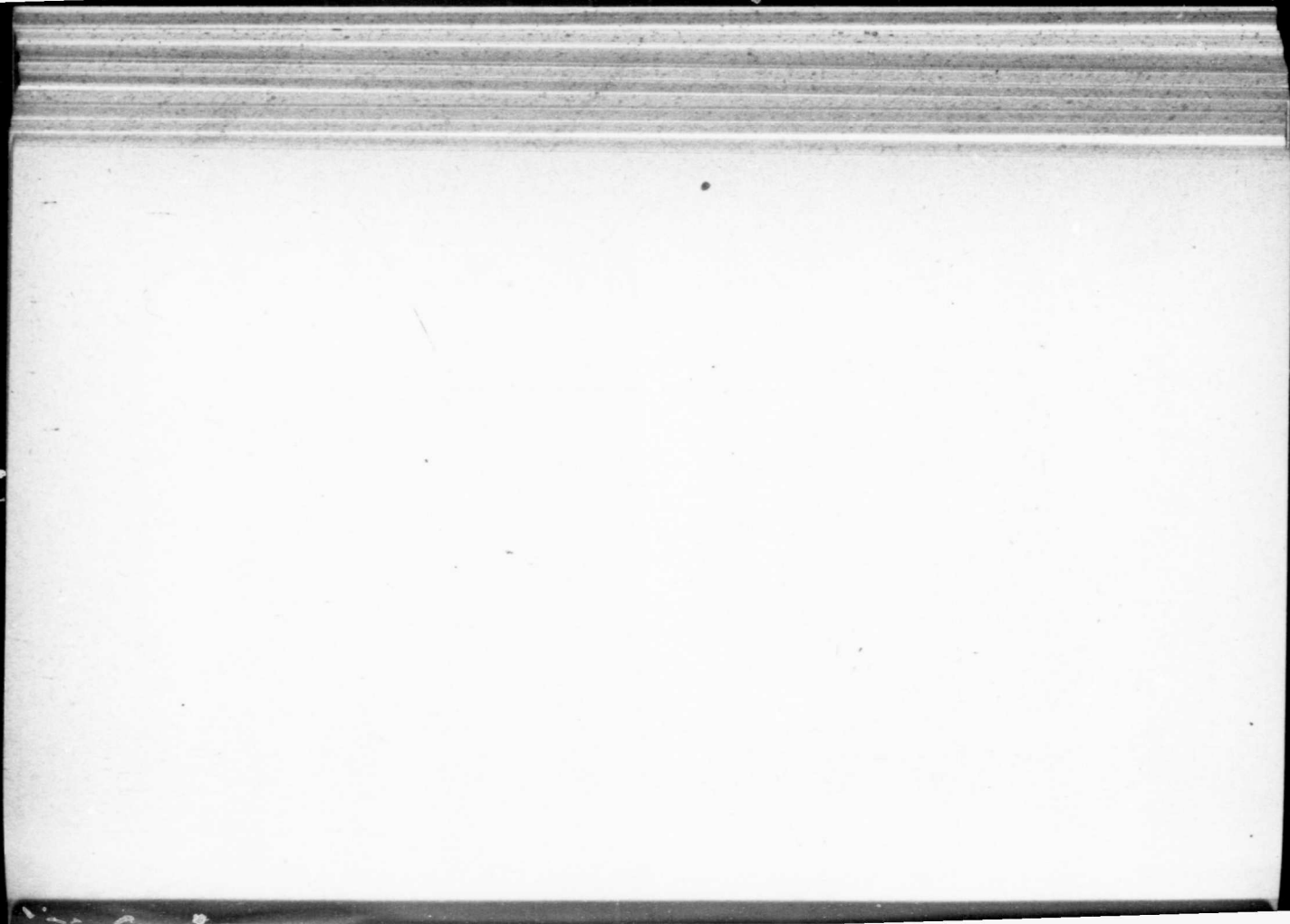
SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Offered to the Subscribers of The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament

1. They contribute by their offering to the maintenance of the Perpetual Exposition which is kept up, day and night, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.
 2. They are entitled to share in the benefits of one Mass celebrated *monthly* in this Sanctuary for their special intentions, and participate in all the prayers and good works of the Community of the most Blessed Sacrament.
 3. They are entitled to share after their death in a solemn service celebrated every year during November in perpetuity, for all benefactors of the Congregation.
 4. By enrolling themselves in the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament they may gain a large number of precious Indulgences.
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The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament,

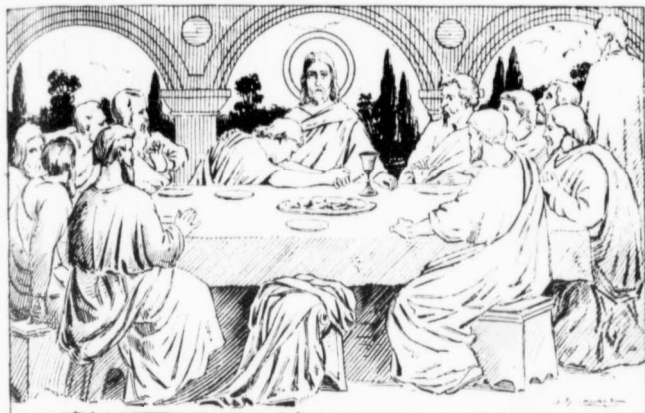
320, MOUNT-ROYAL AVE., MONTREAL.



Priere. — O Dieu qui par votre fils unique
vainqueur de la mort, nous avez conduit le chemin
du ciel; secourés par votre secours le jour que vous
nous inspirés en nous prévenant par votre gracie.
Par le même Jésus-Christ, votre Seigneur.

SUREN. . . Sicut dicit. Matth. XXVIII. 6





AT BENEDICTION

A mist of fragrant incense fills the air,
 And veils the lights upon the altar throne
 A low hymn rises in a reverent tone
 Like the tranced sound of an angel's prayer
 And silent glory lingers everywhere
 The trusting eyes of faith look up and own
 Their God ; He comes triumphant, not alone
 For angels bend in adoration there !
 Our earth-bound souls, exulting, try to trace
 The beauty of Man-God's wondrous face
 Our lips grow mute, — our hearts alone can tell
 The thrills of love, the pleading prayers that swell.
 Oh ! rapturous moments when to earth is given
 This one faint glimpse of God, — this gleam of
 [Heaven.

LOUISE MURPHY.



Particular Practice for the month of April:

Gratitude for the Gift of the Eucharist.



HERE is a thought which should fill us with joyousness to be the source of a perpetual "Deo Gratias," and to inundate our hearts with continual waves of thanksgiving: the thought of what we possess in the Blessed Eucharist, of what God bestows on us by the "Gift of Love" surpassing all love. Are we not justified in saying that a Catholic who understands the Blessed Eucharist should live absorbed in gratitude, that in her heart and on her lips should be an incessant *Magnificat* of love vying with happiness?

Are we afraid to contemplate this Gift, to abandon ourselves to Its study, to let Its warmth and light permeate us, that we are usually so cold and indifferent in Its regard?

Do we fear it will dazzle or blind us? Else more likely, we fear it will demand love for love, heart for heart, a generous response before which our human weakness recoils.

Nevertheless, why should we fear? Its light is as gentle as it is powerful, Its warmth as benevolent as irresistible and while asking of us unlimited gratitude, it, at the same time, deposes and develops the germ in our hearts.

What art Thou, O Eucharist? What riches dost Thou bring us? O Yes! I crave to understand Thee, to have a knowledge of Thee equal to what Thou art.

"Listen, then," answers the Sacred Host: I am the supreme good, that to which all hearts aspire. I am more than gold, than glory, than pleasure, than science, than love itself, more than all that attracts and captivates man: I am the Divinity! I am the End, I am the Centre,

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I am the Beginning. I am the essential happiness from which every created happiness flows. I am all, for in Me all is summed up, or rather in Me all extends and rises infinitely. Ah! if you could know, realize, understand what you possess in possessing God! Ask the elect who see Him face to face; ask the reprobate deprived of the beatific vision, ask the holy souls awaiting His coming with sighs and tears. They will tell you what God is; but no, for how can they tell what no words can express? Know then, only that I am the sovereign good, and that in this attribute is comprised all eminence, all perfections."

"Listen still further: I am Jesus, the Saviour. Jesus come down from heaven for love of you; Jesus, the sweet little child who charms you from His Mother's arms; Jesus, the model teaching you how to be humble and industrious; Jesus, the Doctor who instructs you in the Temple, on the banks of Genesareth; Jesus, the Friend who consoles your sorrows, who heals your diseases, who resurrects you in the person of Magdalen or of Lazarus; Jesus, the victim whom you immolate and who immolates Himself for you on the cross; Jesus the glorious conqueror who calls you and guides you to His Kingdom.

I am not a shadow, a reflection, a photograph, a sign, or a figure of Jesus: I am Jesus in body and soul, Jesus in His actual life, Jesus in His incessant action, and in a love surpassing all loves. Do you clearly understand that I am Jesus and that each Host is at one and the same time Bethlehem, Calvary, and Paradise?

Being Jesus, I am grace, that is to say, all that enlightens, warms, rejoices, strengthens, fortifies, pacifies; grace under all its forms, in all its lavishness; grace in its source nourishing all the streams through which it flows. I am the grace of your Baptism, of your Confirmation, of your forgiveness, the grace of all the good inspirations which move you, of the ardent desires which inflame you, of the safe-guards which protect you, of the merciful succour which lifts you up. For all your necessities, for all your desires, for all your weaknesses, I am the grace. For your sorrows and sufferings also, because the Blood which flows in my Chalice is the same which

the nails and thorns cruelly drew from my veins, and of it I have made an elixir to soothe suffering into resignation beguiling it with heavenly visions.

And I have given myself to you—oh! with what profusion and plenitude, even unto being the thing which you possess, and which you can use or abuse at your will; unto being the food you eat and assimilate to your substance. Is there any other gift of which you are so sure as the Host of your communion and which is so entirely, so freely given, so absolutely yours?

O Heart enlightened by faith understand your riches! In acknowledgment of its immensity, repeat with the great St. Augustine: Omnipotent as He is, God could not invent; All powerful as He is, God could not accomplish; Munificent as He is, God could not give us anything greater than the Blessed Eucharist. Then, do not be ungrateful, acknowledge, love, admire, exalt, magnify, praise and bless Jesus in this Sacrament! Live under the pressure of this love, by giving yourself unreservedly to Him who has given Himself to you, by rendering honor for honor, gift for gift, holocaust for holocaust: ask incessantly. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His gifts unto me? Never think, no matter how much you do, that you have acquitted or even decreased your indebtedness. It remains infinite, it must always remain so, as your works and merits are only as a small speck in the ocean of divine gifts."

Lord Jesus, during this month, I will live in the habitual thought of Thy Eucharistic gift. I will meditate on Its sublimities, Its ravishing sweetness. I will let my heart expand with love and ardent gratitude, while each of my actions shall render to Thee never-ending thanksgiving, love and praise.



The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday April 21 at 6 o'clock, in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.

An Easter Mass.

On Easter Sunday of the year 1171, in the Church of Saint Mary-of-the Way then served by Premonstratensian Canons, the glorious feast of our Saviour's triumphant resurrection was being celebrated with glad Alleluias, amidst great religious ceremonial. The prior, Peter of Verona, a man of devout life and exemplary morals, sang the solemn High Mass, at the main altar, then situated where to-day is venerated a very antique miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin, said to have been executed by St. Luke.

In the Sanctuary were three other priests, several ecclesiastics and acolytes, whilst an unusually large congregation had gathered to take part in the joys of the paschal festival. Among that vast crowd, could there be lurking any of the infidels, who, at that period, terrorized and scandalized the devout Catholics of Ferrara? Or was there some defection secretly maturing in the Master's flock? We cannot say; but whatever the reason, the risen King, in His inscrutable designs, vouchsafed on this day to show with great splendour that He is still buried in the Blessed Sacrament as He was in the tomb; and that it is necessary only for Him to emerge from the sepulchre, where love detains Him, to manifest anew His divine beauty and the life forever inamissible which His precious Blood retook long centuries ago on the morning of His glorious resurrection. After the Consecration, when the celebrant uplifted the Sacred Host, the body of our Lord Jesus Christ appeared visibly to the eyes of all present under the form of a lovely little child, full of life, whose height did not exceed the dimensions of the Sacred Host, the hosts in Italy at that time, according to the remark of Scalabrini, being substantial, and not so small and light as they are to-day; the assistants could all behold this Host which no longer presented the appearance of bread, having been miraculously changed into human form, into the form of the Child Jesus.

The Holy Sacrifice continued amidst the most profound emotion, the most fervent prayer. But, lo, at the moment when the priest divides the Sacred Host, the scene suddenly changes, and cries of terror arise from all parts of the sacred edifice. Streams of blood flow between the priest's hands, filling the chalice, drenching the corporal, the altar, the sacred vestments, finally a last stream bursts out with such force as to reach the ceiling of the sanctuary spattering it in several places with numerous stains.

The terror and anguish of the congregation may be better imagined than described on seeing the Saviour's body change from the sweet and gentle childish form to a spectacle of blood and death. The apostate Jews of Ferrara thus received the most peremptory response to their odious denials, and were compelled to acknowledge that He whose real presence in the Blessed Sacrament they blasphemed is truly the same God who shed His Blood on Calvary.

A thousand tongues repeated the miraculous occurrence throughout the city and crowds flocked from the surrounding country to the scene of the miracle.

The Bishop of Ferrara, Mgr. Amat, hastened to the church, and there saw with his own eyes the truth of this wonderful prodigy and proclaimed before the assembled multitude "the great and marvelous works of God."

Gerard, Archbishop of Ravenna, renowned for his great sanctity, was deeply moved by the report, and immediately set out for Ferrara, to adore the Eucharistic Blood. He granted numerous precious indulgences to stimulate the piety of the faithful in this hallowed spot. On his return home, he did not hesitate to announce publicly, to his diocesans "the great things which the Lord had accomplished in the Sanctuary of St. Mary of-the-Way."

Useless to argue the authenticity of the miracle: the historical documents which have transmitted it to us, the authority of past centuries that have firmly believed it are unexceptionable....

In 1835 when the church was reopened for public worship, after having been restored and remodeled, an

orator, in speaking of the prodigy which formed the glory of that farfamed Sanctuary, justly exclaimed : "O miracle of ineffable love ! Miracle so firmly attested by innumerable eye-witnesses, so well preserved by constant tradition, that it would be temerity on the part of human criticism to deny or doubt it ! Permanent and lasting miracle ! The inexorable power of time which obliterates all is powerless to efface or destroy the precious vestiges of the divine Blood."

After eight centuries those miraculous Blood-stains are still plainly seen attesting the infinite power, the real, living presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Allelulia, Rabboni ! Master, gloriously risen Saviour, we believe, Allelulia ! Allelulia !

THE TWO GRUMBLERS,

And Jeannette's First Communion.

YOU ask me : " Is it an interesting story ? " I assure you it is. When I heard it, I did not know whether to laugh or to cry ; in fact, to be perfectly candid, I did both. Let me tell it to you, and, then, you will form your own opinion.

Colonel Vignolle and General Berliere were staunch friends as well as inseparable companions. Their mess-mates frequently compared them to Nisus and Euryalus, to Achilles and Patroclus, but a truce to mythology, or I shall hear you say, " I do not like your story."

For thirty years they had lived as comrades in the same regiment, undergoing the same hardships, at times freezing under the chilling blasts of Sebastopol, at others roasting under the broiling sun on the plains of Mexico ; running the same dangers, under the fire of the same enemy. Finally having had a surfeit of the hardships of the military career, together they resigned from active service ; and as they were almost as much accustomed to each other, as to the smoke of their pipes, they naturally took up their abode in the same city even in the same house.

Each day they could be seen in their closely buttoned great-coats promenading on the boulevard with military precision, where, even in that cosmopolitan crowd, they invariably attracted attention, the inevitable consequence of their thirty years' service.

Every evening, punctually at eight o'clock, the Colonel and General met at the cafe of Three Swords, smoked their pipes and animatedly rehearsed their former victories and defeats, not without some slight exaggeration, especially where the victories were concerned.

They were naturally grumblers, but to their credit it must be admitted, that, it was the only bad habit they indulged.

Colonel Vignolle's son, who had died a year previously in Military service in Tonkin, had bequeathed to his father, as his dearest legacy, his only daughter Jeannette. The Colonel and of course the General accepted the sacred charge with great joy. How could they do otherwise than receive with open arms, this ray of sunshine, this sweet, winsome child? Moreover, it needed her pure innocent heart, her innate gentleness and refinement, her delicate beauty to soften those old veterans, who for years gone by had known no companions, no associates save rough warriors. Daily, hourly contact with Jeannette soon brought their real nature to the surface, and it would be difficult to say which of that odd trio was the happiest.

However, I am forced to admit there was a dark spot in the lives of those soldiers. They were upright and honourable, — oh yes, scrupulously so! — but, human respect cast its baneful shadow over an otherwise irreproachable character. Never was a word of religion spoken between them. They systematically avoided all questions by this process of reasoning: Colonel Vignolle who had never heard his companion, General Berlière, utter a pious word, took him to be an irreligious man and said to himself: "poor Berlière, what a pity such a brave fellow should be a free — thinker." Berlière on his side reasoned in the same way about the Colonel and each being convinced of the other's shortcomings, day by day dissembled the more their true religious sentiments.

Things were at this stage when Jeannette was preparing for her First Communion. The Colonel's dearest wish was to accompany his idolized grand-daughter to the holy table, on the happiest day of her happy life ; the General was equally determined to add to Jeannette's happiness by approaching the holy table. But -- and the question was very serious, how could they do it, they who until now had pretended to make no religious profession ?

On a beautiful evening in the month of April, the Colonel was seated before a bright wood fire, "savagely roasting his Prussians," as he disdainfully called an acute attack of rheumatism, relieving his pain in words more forcible than elegant. The door opened and his little Jeannette with her "good-night, grand-pa" entered, making him quickly swallow the unfinished ugly word. Instantly he forgot his Prussians and much of his pain, as he answered : "Good-night, my wee darling."

Light as a bird she ran to him, and throwing her arms around his neck gave him a resounding good-night kiss. That good-night was to him ample compensation and all-sufficient reward for the devoted love and untiring care he lavished on the orphan child. He might well be fond and proud of his dear little grand-child, with her clear blue eyes, curly golden hair and lovable disposition.

A few minutes after she had left the room, General Berlière entered, and for the first time in the history of their long friendship, a peculiar constraint made itself felt, an unaccustomed awkwardness arose between them. They were unusually quiet this night no talk of victory or defeat, and—more wonderful still—no grumbling.

"You will pardon me, General, I cannot be an agreeable companion to night : my Prussians are out in full force, especially in my left knee. Oh ! how it aches !"

"Colonel, I was just going to make the same remark on account of my infernal gout."

Feet on the andiron, they smoked in silence ; surely this unusual conduct presaged something wonderful. Two or three times they furtively glanced one at the other, coughed, and hemmed... but you see the subject on their mind was difficult, very difficult to clothe in speech...

At length, the Colonel opened fire : " You are aware, General, that next Sunday Jeannette will make her First Communion?"

" Hem ! Hem ! Yes, Colonel !"

Silence followed, broken only by the vigorous puffing of the pipes.

" You know, General, hem ! hem ! I must be catching Cold ! I wish to give you a friendly counsel. You must not think of going... to the ceremony on Sunday... for your gout... you understand... the morning dampness... hem ! hem !"

" Yes ! Yes ! I fully understand, but neither must you go, Colonel, on account of your rheumatism."

" Oh ! You know... I cannot dream going."

" Then neither shall I."

Another prolonged pause during which the grumblers were enjoying their diplomatic success." He will not go ! Then, I shall," thought each with jubilation. If they had only know...

The great day dawned at last ! A day to be long remembered, to touch the most skeptical, to appeal to all hearts. The altar was beautiful with lilies and lights that sparkled like stars amid the flowers ; the fragrant clouds of incense wafted upwards as the prayer of the pure children, who with radiant faces and holiday attire were as sweet and fair as the lilies themselves ; living tabernacles awaiting the fond Lover of children ; the organ sang its hymn of glad desire unto the very throne of Love itself whose festive hour it was.

The young communicants slowly approached the holy table, in single file, the purity and love of their hearts shining in their transfigured countenances. A few parents followed with hearts full to overflowing. Among them, radiant as the sun, a scarcely dried tear glistening on his cheek was Colonel Vignoble and, O wonder of wonders ! whom does he see kneeling beside him ?... General Berlière !!!

They gaze at each other for a brief moment ; then they understand... An unspeakable joy fills them, and when the pure white Host has taken possession of them they bow in fervent prayer, in glad thanksgiving, happier than even on the day of their greatest military victory at Solferino...

When they met after mass was over, tears were still in their eyes, their hearts too full for word :

“ General ! ”

“ Colonel ! ”

That was all, but the words contained a whole poem.

Then, they clasped hands, better and truer friends with no dark shadow of human respect marring their lives.

Those veterans have gone to enjoy their well-earned reward. Their mortal remains rest side by side, and if you should visit the cemetery of the City of Mans, you can find their resting places by the marble crosses which designate them. If your visit is made on Sunday, you will most probably see, kneeling at this grave, a sweet girlish figure, whom you can easily recognize as Jeanette. She comes every Sunday to pray for the two old grumblers still so dear to her.



A True Story.



LITTLE child lay sick ; an angel o'er her bent —

They said his name was Death : she smiled in sweet content.

God's tender messenger ! to this white flower of spring,
His Lord had bid him cull, what terrors could he bring ?

A little playmate came “ to say good bye to Grace.”
No shade of fear was there, though grave the baby face.
On some fond thought intent, she gently climbed the bed,
And close beside her friend she laid her little head.

“ Oh, tell me, Gracie dear,” she said in whisper low,
“ If it is quite, quite true that you to Heaven must go ? ”
The dying child's meek gaze turned to the sunset fair,
As soft the answer came : “ Soon, soon I shall be there.”

“ Then,” whispered tiny May, with eager face aglow,
“ You'll see our little Lord ; He lives in Heaven, you know.”
The fluttering spirit paused in its glad flight above,
Just for May's message sweet : “ Give Jesus my best love ! ”

ENGLISH MESSENGER, 1886.

DAILY MASS.

First on the list of exercises of piety, we place daily assistance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is an epitome of them all. It is the pivot on which all religion turns, and the sun, whence rays of light shine forth on all the actions of the Christian. It places us face to face with God in those true relations which our other works of piety should confirm, and of which our whole life should be the expression. All religion is included in the Mass: all its most excellent acts are contained in this one act, and in it are raised to their highest power. We are certain by its practice to answer the appeal of Him who is the way, the truth and the life. In our age of culture, what has become of this practice formerly so universally and faithfully observed? In country places on days not of obligation, few assist at Mass, it not infrequently happens that the celebrant is alone with his acolyte. In large cities where the facilities are far greater where we can choose from among the numerous masses the early or late hour most convenient, it is always the same limited number that attend,—the men, noticeably in the minority.

Many Christian women scrupulously exact in the observance of essential duties completely ignore assistance at daily mass, nevertheless, with a little good-will, how easily they might take part in this inappreciable act of piety. They intend when rising in the morning to devote a special time to prayer and meditation. Why not spend this time before the Blessed Sacrament, participating in the august sacrifice?

An old proverb says: "Alms-giving deos not impoverish: Mass does not retard." The busiest man takes time for his meals, logically reasoning that his brain would not stand the stain of business if he pursued it with a body weakened by a lack of regular nourishment. Strange he does not realize that his soul even more than his body requires to be frequently nourished with the Source of

Life! He will increase the value of his time a hundred-fold by consecrating half an hour every morning to hearing Mass. Persons who have contracted the habit find in it such abundant consolation and happiness that any day deprived of this ray of sunshine seems dark and weary, and all work not blessed by its help unendurable. On Sundays, mass of obligation, with perhaps the exception of a few great festivals is abandoned by a great number of men,—men who have been baptised, made their first Communion, and who would not wish to die without receiving the last sacraments. Such neglect, such carelessness should cause deep sorrow to the few remaining faithful to this duty; by assistance at daily mass, they could offer an act of reparation most pleasing and acceptable for this wide-spread ignorance of the divine command.

In those degenerate days of ours, it is not necessary to be a theologian to assert that our paramount duty is daily participation in the Holy Sacrifice.

It is impossible to assist at Mass daily without being drawn to a more practical devotion towards the Blessed Eucharist. Sacramental Communion gradually increasing in fervor and frequency and daily spiritual Communion are always the reward of the humble guest, who chooses the last place at the banquet, and who is addressed by the Master in the gracious invitation, "My friend, come and take a seat higher up."

The morning union with our Lord Jesus Christ sheds its benign influence over all our day, making us feel and realize it is Jesus that lives in us, Jesus that prays, that labours, that enjoys, that converses, that listens, that eats, that reposes, and with that conviction, we are brave to bear with equal courage, pain or gladness, joy or sorrow.

It is not the priest alone that mystically immolates the Lamb without spot, but the whole congregation, of whom he is but the representative. Then what a crying shame our carelessness in absenting ourselves is. Millions of Angels surround the altar deploring our indifference.

Let us then take the firm resolution to assist at Mass daily, let us make it convenient for our children and servants to do likewise. Blessed is the father, the master

who values God's service above his own, and who realizes that for himself, his family, his dependants, prayer is the chief duty of their state. "He has sought first, the kingdom of God and His justice and the surplus shall be given him."

We all know that there is not a single instant of the day or night in which the Divine Victim is not offered in some part of the world; and we can easily and fruitfully unite ourselves day and night to those millions of masses and receive with each beating of our heart, a drop of the precious Blood, shed on Calvary for our redemption. How infinitely touching is this thought! If we understood our interests, we should never lose sight of it: we should think of it during the day, in the midst of our trying and laborious occupations, and turn to it as a sweet refreshment for our wearied souls; we should think of it during the night in our sleepless moments and by it sanctify our rest; we should think of it in the midst of our pleasures and find in it an antidote against the poison contained therein: above all, we should think of it in our sorrows, in our sufferings, in our temptations and find the courage and strength of which we stand so much in need.

Let us go to Mass as the hart parched with thirst runs to the fountain, with the eagerness of a child throwing herself into her mother's arms. By this sublime oblation we all can rise to heaven and give joy to its blessed inhabitants by an increase of glory; we can descend into Purgatory and open the gates to its captives; we can go over the whole earth, pour the Divine Blood upon souls lying in darkness and corruption and give to them light and life; we can convert sinners, sanctify the just, strengthen the defenders of God's cause, and cast more weight into the balance of the world's destiny to incline it towards the side of salvation.





SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

Christian Virtues – The Love of our Neighbour
The Eucharist, model of love of our Neighbour



I. — Adoration.

From out the Tabernacle, I hear a voice vibrating in my soul gently and sweetly re-echoing the precept so often reiterated by Thee, O Jesus, divine In-dweller of the Tabernacle, during Thy earthly sojourn among us: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." "My little children, I bequeath to you a new commandment as a sacred legacy: "that you love one another as I have loved you."

What sublime words: "As I have loved you!" Having given His disciples the precept of fraternal love, Jesus indicates the perfect model thereof by adding, "As I have loved you." The words were spoken at the last supper after the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, that infinite outburst of overflowing love which St. John explains by those beautiful words: "He loved us to the end."

To the end! From the highest of human dignities to the lowest level, there is no rational being, no member of Jesus Christ, to whom He does not extend this invitation, "Behold my Flesh, behold my Blood; take ye and eat!"

To the end! Having surmounted all difficulties, overcome all obstacles, the tenderness of Jesus will continue and spread across the years and centuries which rise up like giant mountains or extend as boundless seas. This incendiary of divine love is to the firmament of our souls as a sun always at its zenith colouring all with its golden rays. To the end! until love itself is exhausted. After giving all gifts, Jesus gives Himself. His measure of love is to love without measure and since Jesus has loved



us, must we not also, according to St. John, love one another?

I acknowledge and adore Thee, O Jesus, in the Blessed Eucharist as the perfect model of fraternal love, as the Eucharistic Sovereign counseling, entreating commanding, exhorting: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart."



II. — Thanksgiving.

Divine Saviour, we offer Thee thanksgiving that in the Blessed Eucharist Thou not only givest us an example of love of your neighbour, but that also according to St. Paul Thou dost clothe Thyself with qualities rendering it more agreeable in our eyes: Generosity, humility and patience.

Generosity: "Charity seeketh not her own interest" (St. Paul) Truly, Jesus treats us with unbounded generosity in the Blessed Eucharist. He gives us all graces. He gives us Himself. He deos not seek in any way His personal advantage. What doth it profit Jesus Christ to humble Himself, to annihilate Himself, to embrace such great sacrifices? What can He gain by making Himself like unto us, poor, weak, miserable creatures? He forgets Himself, He forgets His glory, He forgets the honor which is His due, He forgets His interests in His infinite love for us. And in return what does He gain from us?

Humility: "Charity is not puffed up." What humility must there not be in the Son of God inducing Him the Divine Word, equal in power and majesty to His Father, inducing Him, Christ glorified and exalted in the highest heavens since His Ascension, inducing Him to remain with creatures so unworthy and sinful, inducing Him to shower His benefits upon us! What humility leading Him to embrace this annihilated state under the Eucharistic species state which is not only beneath His infinite majesty, but even repugnant to His human dignity. Thus He despises all earthly dignities and loves with a special predilection the poor and the humble.

Patience: "Charity is patient and long-suffering:" Cruel are the outrages inflicted on Jesus in the Sacred Host! Awful the sacrileges and profanations to which He is subjected by wicked and ungrateful men; nevertheless, He does not withdraw the Eucharistic veil to



destroy those miserable sinners ; He does not break the Eucharistic silence to condemn them. When His long-suffering patience has conquered their hearts, when they return contrite to Him, He not only grants them full and entire forgiveness, but also fills them with graces and blessings.

III. — Reparation.

When we compare our conduct with that of our Saviour towards humanity, His brothers, perhaps instead of a resemblance, we find only a painful and striking contrast.

Let us examine and see how we sin against fraternal love.



1. By hatred. Natural antipathy caused by dissimilarity of character in those with whom we live or associate ; by envy, on account of their success or wealth ; by rancour, desire of revenge against those who have offended us.

2. By rash judgment : wickedly interpreting the words and actions of our neighbour. Does our dear Lord disclose the guilt of the unworthy communicant ? He who knows all, sees all, understands all. Let us follow His example and carefully hide under the mantle of charity, the sins, even the failings of our brethren. Let us not usurp the functions of the supreme judge, ever bearing in mind His words : " Judge not, that you may not be judged."

3. By calumny : which injures our neighbour's reputation, depriving him of his most valuable possession. We would not think of stealing from him, much less would we wound him with a sword ; nevertheless, we do not scruple to invent or circulate false reports about him ; we thoughtlessly destroy a reputation he would guard with his life, we wound him with words far more cruel than any sword-thrust.

4. By detraction : It is always a fault and one which may easily become a mortal sin, to disclose the faults, the hidden defects of our neighbour.

5. We also sin against charity by quarrelling, by using harsh, unkind language to our inferiors. Even if they are in the wrong, we should try to win them by patient forbearance, stimulating our courage by remembering : " As you do unto others so shall it be done unto



you." What would have become of us had our dear Lord treated us with the severity we justly deserve?

6. Finally, we sin against charity by scandal: especially the scandal of parents to their children. In extenuation, parents plead, that their children are wicked, disobedient, vicious, without piety or respect and that they are so notwithstanding the most careful training, the most urgent recommendations. The explanation is easily found: children invariably imitate the good or bad qualities of their parents.

IV. — Prayer.

God of Charity! Source of Charity Lover of Charity! Give us, we implore Thee, true and solid charity in our relations with our neighbour, which will manifest itself.

1. By esteem and respect: on account of the virtues and good qualities which we must always suppose to exist in them: but more especially because God lives in them by His grace, because by Baptism and Confirmation they were consecrated temples of the Holy Ghost, because Holy Communion has made of them living ciborium wherein Jesus Christ has reposed.

2. By sincere and supernatural love. I say supernatural, as purely natural love might be hurtful, whereas love based solely on the natural qualities and virtues of our neighbour would be incapable of attaining the height exacted by our Lord. Our principal motive must be because God loves him and He has given us the precept.

3. By devotedness and kind services in his necessities: by treating all with respect and Christian courtesy: by giving, when it lies in our power, good and useful counsel, by praying for those dear to us or who may have a special need of God's graces and mercies.



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An Apostle of the Eucharist,

Reverend Peter Julian Eymard.

(Continued.)

His interior sufferings and anguish continued until the thirteenth of May. His state was like the darkness and desolation of the tomb ; but this victim was living and undergoing torments of which we wordlings can have no conception, and from him as from His master the cry escapes : " Lord, Thou wilt not permit that Thy servant should suffer thus forever ! And the Master in his tender pity opened wide the flood-gates of mercy... but let us listen to Father Eymard's version of this glad transformation : " After twelve days of fervent prayer, copious tears, and complete abandonment, my trial is over : Jesus has triumphed and now His Eucharistic service is entrusted to poor, weak mortals like us. Three Bishops judged the question. His Lordship the Bishop of Tripoli, and Monseigneur de la Bouillane, Bishop of Carcassonne, examined the personal religious question. His grace the Archbishop of Paris reserved for himself the right of definitely pronouncing sentence. Before those Bishops, I explained my project with simplicity and clearness, giving my reasons for and against it. Nevertheless, everything seemed conspiring against my cherished desire, so much so that I concluded my case hopeless and bravely sacrificed it. My glad surprise may better be imagined than described when I heard the unexpected sentence pronounced by the venerable prelates : " The will of God is clearly manifested in favor of the Eucharistic work. He Himself has overcome all the apparent difficulties. You must consecrate yourself without hesitation to this noble work."

His Lordship Bishop Libour of venerable memory, blessed the two first members saying affectionately: "From this hour, you are my dear children, in whom I shall always take a special interest."

God's hour had struck, His blessed will had triumphed and His humble instruments, Father Eymard and his companion left the Archbishopric filled with gratitude at the unexpected decision, full of enthusiasm for their great mission,—to be the incendiaries of divine love, to spread the fire of His love everywhere Sublime glorious apostleship, than which none can be greater in heaven or on earth. "The world is frozen," cries Father Eymard, "I will bind it fast in a network of fire!" He longed to see the divine Sun of the Eucharist shining upon and warming the frozen hearts of all mankind. "Adorers, men, priests of fire!" was his constant prayer. Could we say one more beautiful? He began his career by offering himself unreservedly to the service of Jesus through the pure, spotless hands of Mary, Mother and Queen of Adorer's.

Providence watched with loving solicitude over the members of the new community. They numbered but two, Father Eymard and a companion named John. With kind consideration, His grace the Archbishop, gave them as a temporary home the house and grounds until then occupied by the Religious of the Sacred Heart, whose work according to human views, had not materialized. We may not judge the wherefore, "God's ways are not our ways." Thus the scene of trial for one became the theatre of triumph for the other.

Their first step was to enlarge the humble little chapel. In the meantime, they erected a temporary one in which the unpretentious altar was built of rough boards covered with cheap print. Jesus did not disdain a small Tabernacle made of pure white wood and almost as poor as the stable of Bethlehem. He took possession of it on the first of June 1856.

In the beginning of the following January, Father Eymard was in a position more befittingly to enthrone the Blessed Sacrament in solemn exposition and to fulfil the principal obligations of his new vocation. On the feast of the Epiphany, which saw the Eastern Kings

deposing their crowns, their homage, their loyalty at the feet of the Master of Empires laid in a manger, Jesus mounted His Eucharistic Throne to receive forevermore the homage and adoration of Kings and nations. The ceremony was beautifully solemn and impressive, conducted with all the pomp and splendour due the Royal Guest. The greater number of the religious communities were represented by delegates, to honor the Eucharistic King and also to surround with their affection and prayers the birth of this young sister, so gladly welcomed by the universal Church. Owing to the scarcity of vocations the Blessed Sacrament could be exposed only three times a week. Father Eymard accepted this trial with his usual faith; "We cannot make vocations," he remarked, "now that the seed is sown, we must wait in patience, until the Master sends workers to His vineyard."

A severe trial of another kind befell the young community; they were obliged to leave their cherished Bethlehem, their humble little chapel, and for nearly a year vainly searched Paris for another. Finally a friend deeded them a small oratory for the Blessed Sacrament, but no house for the religious brethren. With great joy and thanks giving, "says Father Eymard," we began by enthroning our Eucharistic King. It is very just, the King before His servants. He will not fail to provide a house for us afterwards. He is so good!"

Vanquished by such generous love and filial confidence, our Lord finally indicated the Tabernacle of His permanent abode, the little suburban chapel of St James; but before the Fathers succeeded in securing it, during the last negotiations, the devil worked to frustrate their design and he seemed about to triumph when Father Eymard, in his impotence, turned directly to our Lord and appealed to Him. "All seems lost, O Jesus! Must the devil win on account of our poverty, our inability, our weakness? We trust Thee, and we humbly say it is absolutely necessary for Thy glory to exalt our nothingness." Invincible manner of gaining the Heart of Jesus! He listened, His servants now and on Easter Sunday of the year 1858, the Eucharistic King took possession of His new Home where He remained for nine years dis-

pensing His graces and blessings with such liberality that Father Eymard called this sanctuary "the chapel of Miracles."

In after years, when expropriation had banished Christ from this "Holy of Holies, Father Eymard, on revisiting the spot hallowed by so many sacred memories, seeing the chapel fallen into ruin, the broken windows, the partially demolished walls tears falling like rain said to his companions. "Oh! let us mingle our tears with the Angels weeping over those blessed ruins."

In the month of December, Father Eymard deposed at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, the abundant results of the first words of encouragement spoken by him three years previously. He also presented the commendatory letters of several venerable bishops.

Pius IX then solemnly blessed the work and its founder, granted the Community the most precious indulgences, and signed with his own hand a laudatory brief replete with expressions of fatherly kindness.

The blessing and commendation of Pius IX were productive of much good, and the following year the little Community of the Most Holy Sacrament was invited and received with great respect and affection by His Lordship Mgr. de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles of venerable memory. The clergy and laity of this Catholic city surrounded the inauguration of the Eucharistic Sanctuary with wonderful enthusiasm and devotion, which time far from diminishing daily increased, so much so that, in the year 1862, Father Eymard had sufficient subjects to enable him to begin a regular novitiate.

(to be continued.)



A LEGEND

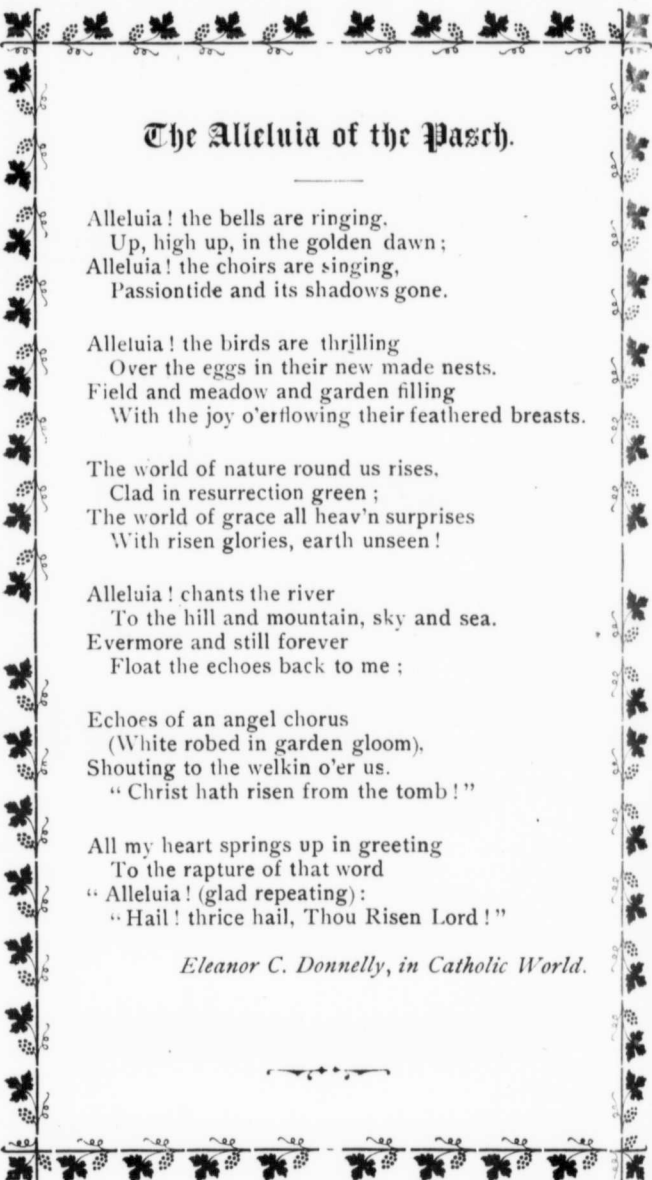
There is a beautiful legend telling that one morning a poor old woman was visited by an angel, who assured her that our Lord would pay her a visit that very evening. She set to work to clean her house, and watched all day for His arrival; but He did not come. A wet night set in, and presently there was a knock at the door. Trembling with excitement, she opened it and saw only a little boy, who begged for food and shelter. The house was spotlessly clean and all was ready for the Master's visit: how could she let in a dirty beggar? So she contented herself by giving him a trifle and telling him to seek shelter elsewhere. The beggar child turned to go—suddenly he seemed to change, and stood before her bright and glorious, then vanished; and she heard a voice saying: "As long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me."

THE AVE MARIA.

The Guest Divine.

For Christ make room within your hearts:
 Dispel the gloom that sin imparts;
 Let Truth and Grace,
 And Light efface
 The working of the tempter's arts!
 "No room" for Him, was once the cry
 Of those who knew not angels nigh;
 And so the Guest,
 With Mary blest,
 And Joseph, grieving, passed them by!
 Do you a resting-place prepare
 For Him who comes your hearts to share;
 May joy and peace
 Find full increase.
 And Christ abide forever there!

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.



The Alleluia of the Pasch.

Alleluia ! the bells are ringing,
Up, high up, in the golden dawn ;
Alleluia ! the choirs are singing,
Passiontide and its shadows gone.

Alleluia ! the birds are thrilling
Over the eggs in their new made nests.
Field and meadow and garden filling
With the joy o'erflowing their feathered breasts.

The world of nature round us rises,
Clad in resurrection green ;
The world of grace all heav'n surprises
With risen glories, earth unseen !

Alleluia ! chants the river
To the hill and mountain, sky and sea.
Evermore and still forever
Float the echoes back to me ;

Echoes of an angel chorus
(White robed in garden gloom).
Shouting to the welkin o'er us.
" Christ hath risen from the tomb ! "

All my heart springs up in greeting
To the rapture of that word
" Alleluia ! (glad repeating) :
" Hail ! thrice hail, Thou Risen Lord ! "

Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Catholic World.



EASTER

Lo! The Sun of suns hath risen,
Lo! The shades of night are past,
Lo ! from out His rock-hewn prison ;
Christ , our Hope , hath burst at last ;
Sing ; oh earth ! the wond'rous story ;
Chant ; oh heaven ! the glad refrain ;
Sing the triumph and the glory
Of The Lamb for sinners slain !

Lo ! the bands of death are riven
By the might of Him Who died,
Through Whose Hands the nails were driven
Through Whose Feet ; from out Whose Side
F'lowed the mystic streams, revealing
How He loved a sinful race,
Streams of cleansing and of healing,
Streams of mercy and of grace.

Lord, if we have known Thy sorrow,
Shared Thy Mother's tears, Her loss ;
If of Thee have sought to borrow
Strength to bear the Cross ;
Thou Whom we proclaim as glorious
Victor in the fearful strife,
Make us, like Thyself, victorious,
Partners in Thy risen Life.

FRANCIS W. GREY.



TO-DAY HE'S RISEN.

He lik - ened to our sin - ful form, Once
Not tri - umphed for Him - self a - lone, But
Then clothed in my own glo - rious flesh, I

doom'd Him - self to die, That He by death might
by His might - y pow'r, Taught us to tri - umph
shall be hold His face, That sweet hope in my

death o'er come, Its dead - ly sting de - stroy
in our turn, Nor dread thy ter - rors more,
bo - som glows And cheers my ling' - ring days,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

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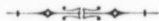
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Moderato.

1 To day He's ri sen, death no more Shall
2 O death! where is thy mor tal sting? Where's
3 I know that my Re deem er lives. And

bind Him to the grave, No more can hell or
now thy vic to ry? To day His glo rious
reigns a bove the skies, He will re vive my

sins fell pow'r O'er Him Do min ion have.....
praise, wa sing, Who tri umphed o ver thee.....
dust a gain, And bid my bod y rise.....



We all have our personal trials, our own interior and exterior crosses, often heavy and hard to bear. Let us carry them with firm trust, humbly and quietly to our dear Lord. Let us not seek very eagerly after human sympathy and human aid; but go directly and kneel before the tabernacle, and there, touch, as it were, our Lord's garment, in perfect confidence that He will pity and help. To the quiet heart waiting on Him, peace will surely come, and patience and rest. If He does not see fit to take away the exact trial that weighs on us, He will give something better still, and that is, the love and strength to bear it. So let us learn the prayer of quiet and the quiet of prayer, placing ourselves quite simply in God's presence and abiding with Him in unbroken peace.

THE DAY OF DAYS.

CHILDREN of this earthly home, this valley of tears, gladly do we welcome the return of spring with the perfume of flowers, the promise of bright warm, sunny days, the song of birds, the babbling of the waters, the music of the forest, bringing to us, as it were, a far-away echo of the joys of heaven. And the angels from the bosom of their everlasting springtime, in the expansive heavens where they never grow tired of extolling the greatness, the love of their Creator, do not they, too, rejoice, when looking earthward they see this beautiful annual spring ceremony in which Jesus again says as of old : " Suffer little children to come unto Me," and for the first time He enters their pure young hearts. Can we not infer that the angels and saints, on seeing those rays of the splendour of Paradise rest upon the earth, find their felicity increased ? Thus, our earthly, religious festivals are not separated or distinct from those of heaven. Thus, we participate in the communion of saints. Consoling picture, joyous thought, which should lead us to even more love and veneration for the feasts of the church.

How I love to meet in the crowded city, with its noise and turmoil, and ever hurrying throng, those groups of boys in festive attire, or those little girls, robed in spotless white, looking sweet and recollected, wending their way to the Temple, already crowded with spectators to witness their happiness. It is especially on this day that those young guests of the Lord say to us by their innocence and angelic piety : " Having become the living Tabernacles of the adorable Eucharist, we are the perfume of Jesus Christ."

A celebrity whose testimony from a Christian point of view cannot be gainsaid wrote : " In those days when we style ourselves sceptics and assume an air of proud indifference, who among us sees without deep emotion the celebration of the beautiful Christian festivals ? The touching voice of the bells is like their gentle, maternal reproach. Who does not envy the army of devout faithful

coming out of Church? Coming from the holy table with inward rejoicing, with renewed courage and youth? Intellect may remain obdurate and proud, but the soul is, nevertheless, very sad, and, impulsively, the longing cry bursts forth: Ah! that I might be among them, one of them, the least of those blessed children!"

In Provence, there is not a village or Catholic hamlet, where one does not annually breathe the celestial perfume of First Communions. With what sweet emotion my soul is filled at the remembrance of one of those solemnities! Dear child, let me tell it to you. It may give you as much happiness as it did me.

At the foot of the Pyrenean Mountains, in the smiling and fertile valley of Campan, one of those celebrated vales which nature has so magnificently decked and in which faith and morals still retain their hereditary purity, a preparatory retreat had just begun for the children who were to sit for the first time at the Royal Banquet. One of them, a lovely boy of precocious intelligence and angelic innocence, was stricken with a severe illness which prevented his following the spiritual exercises. The Pastor came in the evening to visit him and said: "Do not be anxious, dear child even if your illness should continue, your first communion will not be postponed."

The child grew rapidly worse. On Saturday, the eve of the great day, he grew delirious. In his delirium, he spoke incessantly of his First Communion. Listening to his longings, his heart cries, tears would come unbidden.

The next morning the boy had regained perfect consciousness, but the same ardent longings still found vent in a voice broken by sobs as he cried out: "The pastor is not coming, yet, he promised me he would." "The words were scarcely spoken when the venerable pastor entered: "You see, my child" said he with a smile full of sadness." I am faithful to my promise."

The assistants retired while the priest purified still more the spotless child. A few moments afterwards, he returned bringing the Blessed Eucharist. After a short, touching exhortation from the priest, the dying child made his First Communion. In an ecstasy of joy he inclined his head and crossed his hands on his breast, as an angel covering its face with its wings. He gave him-

self up to the transports of his love and gratitude ; then looking at the minister of God : " Ah ! Father," said he, " how beautiful the child Jesus is ! How happy He has made me."

" If He is so beautiful, if He has made you so happy here below, " replied the priest, " what will it be, my boy, when you see Him in Heaven ? " ...


At the word heaven the child raised his eyes, remained motionless uttering this cry of admiration and surprise, as if he saw the child Jesus coming to him from the clouds :

" It is indeed the child Jesus : Oh yes, it is He ! " ... Suddenly, he made a superhuman effort as if to go to meet Him whom he recognized so well, and his soul bursting the bonds which retained it, his frail body fell back lifeless.

Happy, thrice happy child, for whom the hour of his First Communion was the hour of his entrance into heaven !



HOLY COMMUNION A MEANS FOR RENEWING THE life of Jesus Christ within us, and of uniting our prayers more intimately to His.

 UNHAPPILY, this life of Jesus Christ, the germ of which was planted in us at Baptism by the Spirit of God, and which all the efforts of His grace tend to develop, is not so strongly planted in the soul that it cannot be uprooted by sin, choked by the lust of the flesh, withered and dried up by the poisonous air of the world. But our Divine Head, that His members might not little by little lose this life, the fruit of His death, chose a means to prevent it—a means worthy of Himself, one which bears the seal of an infinite wisdom, power and love. Not only shall the Divine life within us be prevented from all loss of vigour, but it shall daily receive new increase ; each day our union with Jesus Christ shall become more close, each

day His Spirit shall be communicated to us in greater abundance, each day our desires and our prayers shall become more truly one with the desires and prayers of His Sacred Heart. This means is the Holy Eucharist.

Life must have nourishment proportioned to its nature, and it is only by frequent use of this nourishment that it can make up for its daily loss. Therefore our Divine life required a Divine nourishment : and, as we are composed of spirit and of body, it was fitting that this nourishment should not be purely spiritual, but that grace should be enclosed within it under a sensible exterior. Nothing could fulfil these conditions better than our Saviour's Flesh, that Divine Flesh all penetrated with the Holy Spirit, and made present to us under the appearance of bread. This ineffable food is always giving us to participate more and more in the fulness of God. This Divine Flesh uniting itself to our flesh, makes us live by the life of Jesus Christ, as Jesus Christ lives Himself by the life of His Father.

By it we also acquire a perfect union with our brethren. None amongst the Fathers of the Church seem to have grasped the harmony of this admirable mystery more clearly than St. Cyril, who develops it thus. He says : " Jesus Christ, desiring to unite us perfectly to God and to each other, and to render us all one, however distant we may be from one another in body and in mind, absorbs all those who truly believe in Him into Himself, by the partaking of the same body, none other than His own Sacred body, and by this Holy Communion renders them united in body among themselves and with Him. For if we all partake of the same bread, we cannot fail to become the same body. Jesus Christ cannot be divided. This is why the Church is called the body of Jesus Christ and we His members."

O incomprehensible union ! Abyss of love in which the heart plunges with all the more delight that the mind is unable to fathom it !

But who does not see what new strength a Christian's prayer gains in this mystery ? What will he not dare to ask who has the Heart of Jesus within his breast ? Will not his prayers then be indeed and in truth one with our Divine Saviour's. Will he not then be able to

offer to God the Father the sentiments of His well-beloved Son, and also to send up to Him his own desires, all burning with the immense charity of which he will possess not one spark only, but the fire itself !

It is above all to renew the spirit of prayer in each Christian, that Jesus gives Himself to us in Holy Communion; and it is that He may preserve this spirit always equally strong in the bosom of the Church, that He remains unceasingly present in the tabernacle.

What an eloquent lesson our Divine Saviour gives us from that silent throne where He gathers in one all the lessons of His life.

What is Jesus Christ doing in the Eucharist? In appearance nothing; in reality all. He loves, He prays, He sacrifices Himself; such is His life in the Blessed Sacrament. He is the sole principle and universal cause of all the good worked in the Church His mystical body; and how does He continue the work of redemption of men? By prayer and by love.

He prays the whole day long; and whilst all the world around Him is in movement and turmoil, whilst ungrateful man forgets his heavenly country, ignores or denies his Saviour, neglects the care of his soul, and sacrifices his eternity to perishable interests, to frivolous occupations, the suppliant voice of the Divine Mediator is raised on his behalf from the depth of the tabernacle. He prays also the whole night long, and whilst even His rational creatures are plunged into sleep, and seem no longer to have intelligence to know, nor will to love their Creator, Jesus Christ lives, knows, adores loves and unceasingly prays.

It is impossible to profess a sincere faith in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist; it is impossible to believe that He is unceasingly occupied in praying for us, for our brethren, for His Church, without feeling drawn to unite our prayers to His, and without recognizing that we are indeed bound to do so. Still less can we receive Him within us, and there feel His Heart beat with immense desire for the salvation of souls, without our own hearts beating in unison with His.



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