



J. Y. Y. Y. Y.

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THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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HOLY THURSDAY



I wish I were the little flower
So near the Host's sweet grace,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
As on His Mother's breast,
Christ nestles like a child, fore'er
In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh, my God, I wish the most
That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me.

FATHER RYAN.





✻ AFTER LENT ✻



THE holy season of Lent has come and gone. The sweet-toned Easter bells have ushered in another ecclesiastical season. As is her custom during this hallowed time, Holy Mother Church neglected nothing that could in any way help her children to enter into the spirit of the season. She put ashes on their foreheads to impress upon their minds that "the body shall return to the earth from which it came, and the spirit to Him who made it." In Epistle and Gospel, she exhorted them not to delay repentance, but to give themselves up at once to the work of sanctifying their souls. Special prayers were said at Mass by the priest vested in purple, while the elevating Gloria in excelsis, and, at times, the solemn Credo were omitted— all this to remind them that they were passing through a season of penance. Eloquent preachers were heard in retreat, mission and conference, exhorting all to lead better lives. Lastly, in a supreme effort to arouse them to action during Holy Week the drama of the Passion was enacted before their eyes, showing them the value of their souls by the price paid for their redemption.

This untiring zeal on the part of the Church has been amply rewarded. The hardened sinner has shaken off his load of sin, and is now a transformed figure. Many inclin-

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ed to be worldly-minded, have been lead to see the shallowness and superficiality of the social world in which they had hitherto wished to shine. Many a mother now recognises her duties towards her husband and children.



Many a father understands his place in the home. Those intent on acquiring Christian perfection, are encouraged to continue to fight the good fight. Even the children see that after all, it is not so hard to be good. In a word, the ideals of Christian manhood and womanhood have

been held up to young and old, and not a few now see that the difficulties of leading a virtuous life are not so great as people generally imagine. They are determined in the future to lead exemplary lives.

Now, the exemplary life of the Christian is a continual warfare, and though it is an axiom that preparation and generous resolution are half the battle, alone they do not suffice to bring victory, The other half of the battle must be hotly contested. It is all very well to take generous resolutions, with the words of an eloquent preacher still ringing in our ears; but we must not stop here. To be crowned one day in heaven we must live up to these resolutions, and this means war with our passions. Things may go smoothly for a while, but, by degrees, the enchantment of first fervor will wear off, and we will be our old selves once more. Undeterred by our heart-felt resolutions, the three great enemies of our soul, the devil, the world and corrupt nature, will renew their incessant attacks with unabated violence. Old habits and familiar temptations will reappear. Daily and hourly, the struggle will go on, and before long, unless granted supernatural assistance, there is nothing to prevent our slipping down to, and perhaps lower than, where we were before our Lenten conversion.

This much needed spiritual assistance has been provided. It is to be found in the frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist. He who supplied the Hebrew people with corporal nourishment, while they travelled through the wilderness, has not neglected to provide us with a spiritual food, for our journey through the desert of life. As the Manna strengthened the Israelites amidst the hardships of their long pilgrimage, and enabled them to make superhuman efforts in battle against the numerous enemies who beset the road to the Promised Land, so the Holy Eucharist will greatly help us to

overcome the devil, the world and the flesh, which stand between us and heaven.

Therefore, dear reader, communicate often, daily if possible, if you wish to continue in your present good dispositions. Begin, now, with your Easter Communion, and keep up this excellent practice till the Holy Viaticum is brought to you on your deathbed, for the struggle against sin will cease only then.

A. J. V.



❖ VISIT THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. ❖



A visit of a quarter of an hour can certainly not be called long. How much time is spent every day in idle conversation! How much valuable time is frittered away in doing or saying what amounts to nothing! Alas! that people should complain of ennui and of not knowing what to do "to kill time"! How little, after all, is a quarter of an hour for Jesus in the tabernacle, Who remains there for us the whole day!

The hours before the Blessed Sacrament, the hours given to God, how precious, how consoling, they will be at the hour of death! "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet; yes, taste and see the sweetness of the love of Jesus in the Tabernacle and you will find the happiest moments of your life are those spent at the foot of the altar. What a consolation on our deathbed it will be to be able to say with the Royal Psalmist: "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." I have walked in my innocence: redeem me, and have mercy on me.





❧ *“So will I Comfort You.”* ❧

From His home in the Tabernacle the Heart of Jesus is stirred with pity and He longs to have us throng frequently at the altar-rail that He may give us the light and strength we need.

He knows well how to pity and console, for He understands thoroughly and feels keenly every detail of the trials and afflictions of each one of us. Because He has known and redeemed us, He knows us perfectly. He sees our hearts. “He knows each cord its various tone, each string its various bias,” and can sympathize fully, moreover, with us; for He has had actual experience of every pain and sorrow, except sin that we must endure. Is our soul distressed? Behold our Lord in the agony of Gethsemani. Do we suffer from physical pain? See Him scourged and crucified. Is our good name attacked? He was reputed with the wicked, and was the laughter and song of the people. Have we been abandoned by friends? He was forsaken by all. “I looked for one that would grieve together with Me, but there was none; and for one that would comfort Me, and I found none,” cried our Lord through the mouth of the Royal Prophet. But none of us, however deep his misery, can justly make a similar complaint, because we always have as a Consoler our Divine Saviour Himself, who longs to have us come to Him at Holy Communion, that He may give us the consolation and guidance we need. “As one whom the mother caresseth,” was His promise, “so will I comfort you.”

W. Dwight, S. J.

St. Alphonsus on Spiritual Communion.

The Holy Council of Trent greatly praises spiritual communion, and encourages the faithful to this pious practice. Hence all devout souls are accustomed often to practise this holy exercise of spiritual Communion. Blessed Agatha of the Cross did so two hundred times a day, and Father Peter Faber, the first companion of St. Ignatius, used to say it was of the highest utility to make spiritual Communion, in order to receive the sacramental Communion well. All who desire to advance in the love of Jesus Christ are exhorted to make a spiritual Communion at least once in every visit that they may pay to the Most Holy Sacrament, and at every Mass they hear, and it would even be better on these occasions to repeat the Communion three times, i. e., at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end. This devotion is more profitable than many suppose, and at the same time nothing can be easier in practice. Blessed Jane of the Cross, used to say that a spiritual Communion can be made without any one remarking it, without being fasting, without the permission of our director, and that we can make it at any time we please—an act of love does all.

A Short Act of Spiritual Communion

I believe that Thou, O Jesus, art in the Most Holy Sacrament! I love Thee and desire Thee! Come into my heart. I embrace Thee. Oh, never leave me! May the burning and most sweet power of Thy love, O Lord Jesus Christ, I beseech Thee, absorb my mind, that I may die through love of Thy love, Who wast graciously pleased to die through love of my love.

ST FRANCIS OF ASSISI.



In hearing Mass, and in thanks giving after Holy Communion, also in visits to the Blessed Sacrament, each person does best to follow the inspirations of grace, and to adopt the method best suited to his capacity, and which best excites his piety and devotion.



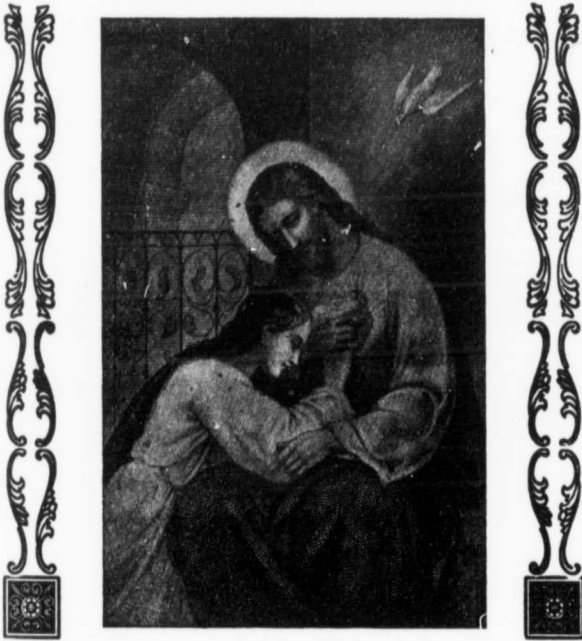
THE COMMUNION of ATONEMENT.

If there is a vehement desire within the Heart of Christ, it is to give itself to men in the Holy Communion. From all time — reason has recognized as natural to supreme goodness to be *diffusivum sui*, and it became an axiom of the Schools, the Sovereign Good is communicative of itself; but human thought has never dared to conceive that, in order to assuage this craving, the Divinity could go so far as to empty Itself, to take the form of a servant, to clothe Itself with mortality, to awaken the echoes of a bewildered world with the announcement, «the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us».

Nevertheless, this, which has passed human comprehension, was but a first step in the career of Divine Love with men. Not enough for Him to become our Brother and fellow-pilgrim, the Son of God, consumed with a yet more ardent desire of giving Himself to man, appeared to search into the inexhaustible resources of His charity

for a new means: with one bound, outstepping the limits of what we could imagine, He reached the term of all that was possible. To use St. Augustine's expression: He gave us the Blessed Sacrament, the last expression of the love and the power of God.

To manifest to us without reserve that His purpose in so sublime a gift was to unite Himself to us as intimately



and as frequently as possible, He covered up the brightness of His Divinity, He veiled even the gentle majesty of His human form, He stooped, He hid Himself, not in the veins of some precious metal, rare to find, but under the appearance of a fragile substance which we use every day for our food, under the appearance even of bread. And then, triumphing in this invention of His love, and,

as if it were, defying men to be any longer kept back from Him by fear, He cries to them, «Take ye, and eat: this is My Body; My Body is Meat indeed. Come and adore Me in My Tabernacle, you are indeed welcome; but remember that the Tabernacle is but My waiting-chamber: the Tabernacle in which I wish to abide is your heart; come ye, and eat.»

Sometimes, as if the better to manifest and to allay His persevering and irresistible desire to be united to us, His Heart has allowed wonderful words to escape Him; from time to time He has added new prodigies to the perpetual miracle of His Real Presence. «My child», He said to Blessed Margaret Mary, who was languishing with desire of the Holy Communion, «I have listened to thy groans, and the desires of thy heart are so agreeable to Me that if I had not yet given to men this Divine Sacrament, I would institute now for love of thee, to have the pleasure of dwelling in thy soul, and taking my repose in the heart which loves Me.»

How often has it not been heard how the Sacred Host has escaped from the hands of the priest, to fly of Itself into the hearts in which It desired to rest. Such was the happy lot of St. Juliana de Falconieri on her deathbed, and of Blessed Imelda at her first communion, and of numberless other souls.

But let us not imagine that it is only with such especially chosen souls that Jesus in the Sacred Host burns to take up His dwelling. No, it is with the children of men that it is His delight to dwell. Without distinction, He demands admission of Zaccheus, of Martha, and of Magdalene; He bids all the world to come and feast along with Him.

«Come to Me, you who battle with your passions; to him that overcometh I will give the hidden manna.»

«You who are still wrestling with the chains of habit, discouraged at your daily faults, and live in fear of a relapse, come to Me, I am the antidote of sin.»

«Come to me, you who fear death, I am the Bread of Life. You who labor and are heavy burdened, come to Me all, and I will refresh you.»

«Come to Me all, come and eat. He who eateth Me, the same shall live by Me.»

«Do you hesitate? Angels of Heaven, and you too, angels of the earth, my priests, hurry through the streets, enter the narrow, crowded courts, go out upon the highways, and search the hedges; only bring men to sit at table with Me.»

«But your cries remain without an echo; no man listens to you. Speak louder then; tell them that if they are deaf to the loving invitation of My Heart, I will use the authority of God; I will command them to come to Me. In my name go and command them to come. Amen I say to you, if they do not eat Me, they shall not have life in them.»

Would not any one say this was the language of some poor mother who had gone foolish with love of a cold, indifferent son, following him in her longing to obtain one caress, and exhausting, as it were, counsels, prayers, tears, commands, and threats? Who is there that could resist such irresistible appeals? Eternity is not long enough to duly recognize the favor of even one single Communion, and Jesus urges us to multiply them; who will not hasten to fulfil His desire?

Who? Ah, rather search among thousands for one faithful soul, docile to His invitation; one soul, I do not say, faithful as often as His Heart desires to welcome him, but so as to come at least sometimes. No, He came

unto His own, and His own received Him not. Hear their cold excuses: I have bought a farm, I have to try five yoke of oxen, I have married a wife; well perhaps if they treat Him not even worse and contemptuously enter in to take a place at His festival, without even putting on the wedding garment.

Dear Jesus, well mightest Thou say: «Behold this Heart which hath so much loved men — and, in return, I, for the most part, receive only ingratitude by their irreverences and sacrileges, and by the coldness and contempt they have for Me in this Sacrament of Love.»

And what then shall we do dear Lord to console Thee? To atone for their ingratitude as far as you can, come and receive Me in the Holy Communion as often as you are permitted.

Communions, therefore, which by their frequency itself become Communions of Reparation, such is the first and best consolation which we can offer to the abandoned Heart of Jesus. What should we have done at Bethlehem, if we had possessed a well furnished chamber, when He, having newly come into the world was seeking shelter. Is it not the same? Has he not to come down again into the world upon the altar? and is He not seeking a heart willing to receive Him? Look for yourself and see how men treat Him now. Most ignore or forget Him, as if He were nothing; the rest insult Him or at least shrug their shoulders and pass by; they have no time to spend their thoughts upon Him.

Open then your hearts. You would wish no doubt to offer Him a heart more worthy of Him than yours; but at least let us trust to the condescension of His loving desire to receive us, and not allow our fears to exclude Him from our breasts. He who is contented with an ox's stall will not reject us, cold and distracted though we are.

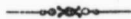
When the walls of Jericho fell crashing down at the sound of the trumpets of the army of God, we know that Joshua showed mercy to the poor woman who had given shelter to the spies he had sent into the city. And so, when this poor world shall fall into ruins, when the last trumpet shall sound, and God shall send His angels with a trumpet and a great voice, those who have given Him refuge in their hearts by frequent Communion will find mercy then as He says to them, I was a stranger and you took Me in.

CANADIAN MESSENGER.



CONSOLING THOUGHTS.

"Come to Me all ye who labor and are heavily laden and I will refresh you." Thy friendships dearest Lord henceforth shall be the dearest treasure we possess. It shall compensate for the treachery and ingratitude of creatures. With Thy friendship the world shall never be dreary, and life never without charm. Would that we could realize the pure happiness of possessing Thy sympathy! Would that we could feel when we are humbled and crushed, when sorrow and trials make our souls sink well nigh unto death, that there is One on the Altar, who knows every fiber of our hearts, every sorrow, every pain special to our peculiar natures and who deeply sympathizes with us. Compassionate Jesus! our hearts crave for sympathy, and to suffer means nothing to the bitterness of suffering alone.



❧ Subject of Adoration ❧

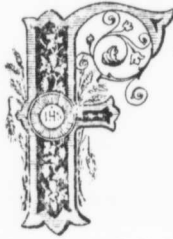
“Father into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit.”

REV. PERE CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

“Et iterum clamans voce magna, Jesus ait: Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum! Et hæc dicens expiravit.”

And Jesus crying with a loud voice, said: “Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.” And saying this, He gave up the ghost.
(Luke XXIII, 46,)

I. — Adoration.



FATHER, into Thy hands I commend My spirit!”

The Divine Saviour is at His last moment. He has but one breath of life, and that last breath is about to be cut short by death. In spite of His extreme weakness, He gathered up His strength, uttered a loud cry and, in a strong voice, announced to the world His departure from life: “Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit!” His head fell upon His shoulder and all was over.

That cry of an agonizing Man, worn out by sufferings, exhausted of blood, evidently shows that it is not of weakness He is dying, but by His own will. He dies not through necessity, but because He willed to die. That strength of voice can not be in Him a sign of weakness, of faintness; it is an act of power. Nothing could take away life from the Author of life. Absolute Master, He disposes of it according to His own good pleasure. Some days before, He had said: “*I lay down My life that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from Me; but I lay it down of Myself, and I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again.*”

How different is the death of the Son of God from that of a creature! Before death, man loses His voice. As Saint Jerome remarks, “The voice of a dying man breaks, becomes weak, and insensibly dies away before he yields the last sigh.” Jesus, on the contrary, died uttering a loud cry, a resounding cry, which proclaimed Him full of strength and life. That cry immediately followed by death, shows that the latter came only at His call and by a supreme act of His power.

Cast yourself at the feet of Jesus and adore in Him the Master who commands death, and whom death eagerly obeys, Saint Augustine

says: "Who has ever been able to fall asleep at his own good pleasure, as Jesus Christ died when He willed and as He willed? Who among us despoils himself of his vestments when he wishes, as Jesus despoiled Himself of His flesh when He willed? Who ever leaves any place so easily as Jesus left this life?"

That strength of voice came from nothing but Jesus Divinity, and it was this that the Centurion understood so well. Yes, that Man who is full of vigor at the very moment when life was about to close, that Man is surely the Son of God!"

I acknowledge it, O Divine Saviour, along with the Centurion. That cry is the triumphant cry of a God who says to earth: I die, because I will it. I die master of My soul, freely sacrificing My life, and not by the malice of My enemies... After uttering that cry, Jesus' lips opened for the last time: "*Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit!*" Oh words full of confidence and filial abandonment to the goodness and power of His adorable Father! It is the most magnificent adoration that ever left the lips of the Saviour in addressing His Father.

Stay near Jesus, on His Divine Heart, while meditating this word so pregnant of meaning. Repeat to God the Father the same praise through the most pure lips of Jesus Sacramental, while waiting to repeat them with Him at the close of your life.

"*Father!*" Jesus began. The Saviour has, then, found again Him whom He sought a moment ago, and of whose abandonment He had complained. He has found God such as He is for Him, that is, a true Father, He who engendered Him from all eternity. If, some moments before, He dared not give that name to God, it was because the Divine Justice was not yet satisfied. Now that peace is established between God and the human race, that sweet name of Father comes to His lips as the expression of His love and confidence.

By the merits of the sufferings of Jesus, God has become our Father also. You have a right at the hour of death to turn toward Him and say: "My Father!" But your lips can express in very truth this word of love and confidence only in as far as during life you have lived like Jesus as a truly loving son, respectful and devoted, and shown yourself constantly obedient to His adorable will.

The Divine Agonizing One adds: "*I commend My spirit into Thy hands.*" God is the Father of our soul. If He shares with man the honor of forming the human body, He has reserved for Himself alone that of creating souls, of creating them at the very moment of their union with the bodies they are to animate. God created a soul for His Divine Son as He did for every one of us. It was like ours both

by nature and by origin. But what a difference in its supernatural perfection! How holy and adorable was the soul of Our Saviour! From its creation, the Holy Spirit, by uniting it to the Divinity, had clothed it with the mantle of His own sanctity. It was the most precious treasure that the Son of God made Man could offer His Divine Father.

It is this precious treasure of grace and holiness that Jesus "*commends*" to the hands of His Father. "As," says Tertullian, "a man about to absent himself for three days from home would confide to the care of his friend his dearest and the most precious possession, so Jesus, whose resurrection was to be deferred for three days, confided to His Father what He possessed, the most precious, namely, His most holy soul." Doubtless, it was not that he feared for it damnation, for was it not already in heaven, since it enjoyed the Beatific Vision? He begged His Father not to leave His soul too long in Limbo, but to unite it quickly to His body.

It was "*into the hands*" of His Father that He placed His soul until the moment of His resurrection. In the language of Scripture, the hands of God frequently mean His Divine wisdom and power. It is with those two hands that God made all things in heaven and on earth, without the help of any one whatever. Could Jesus find greater security than in the most faithful hands of His well-beloved Father?

Oh, how beautiful is this adoration! The Incarnate Word, on the point of dying, proclaims before heaven and earth His humble submission, His entire abandonment to God His Father! And that at the very moment when the Divine wrath is weighing upon Him with all its rigor for the chastisement of men's sins with which He is laden! What magnificence in this act! He has reserved nothing, He has given all. To Peter He gave His Church, to John His most tender Mother, to the good thief heaven, to those that crucified Him His garments, His body to Nicodemus and Joseph, to the Church His Cross— His soul alone remained to Him, and that He gives to His Father!

Unite with Jesus, discharging to the last moment of His life the grand duty of adoration. After you have despoiled yourself of everything that might still attach you to earth, offer through Jesus to your Heavenly Father, as a sign of your supreme dependence, the best part of your being, namely, your soul with all its faculties, mind, will, love. In union with Mary, adore the soul of Jesus in the hands of the Father, who preserves it still with jealous care in heaven and in the Eucharist.

It is the hands of the Father that gives it to you at the altar as a Victim of expiation for the sins of the world. Adore it in all the Masses

being celebrated at this moment in some part of our globe. It is the hands of the Father that, in Holy Communion, lovingly deposits it in the heart with all its grace, holiness, and virtues.. Adore it in the heart of all who are communicating at this moment. It is the hands of the Father that preserves it in our tabernacles that we may adore and console it. Adore it in all the ciboriums, in all the ostensoriums, with all its qualities and its grandeurs, natural and supernatural, vivifying for eternity the glorious body of Our Risen Saviour.



→ SERVE HIM WHERE YOU ARE. ←

In every age there have been those who honestly wishing to serve the Lord, have thought that they could not do so unless they turned away from the drudgery of the common task, and the place where they were put by fate. Our Lord Himself as He walked about the hills and vales of Judea showed us the nobility of everyday service. He did not turn away from crowds. The beggar by the highroad, the cripple, the woman tossing with fever, the mother mourning beside the bier of her only son, each found in Him a helper in the hour of extremity. Wherever Jesus was in city or country, in a boat on the Sea of Galilee, or in the Synagogue on the Sabbath day, He manifested the dignity of service. He would have us imitate Him in the fullness of our giving just where He had bidden us stay. The work of the needle or of the brush, the work at the typewriter, or behind the counter; the work of the poet or of the man of affairs is Christian work if it be done in the right spirit, and in the name of Jesus Christ.

Everywhere there is room for service if we are willing to serve with all our might; and how can we do otherwise when we receive Holy Communion daily.

EASTER MORNING




Dark clouds in star-rift masses roof the sky,
 And brood the faithless city o'er
 Where Night and ghosts untomb'd in silence stalk.
 Deep shadows wrap in dayless gloom
 Golgotha's hill of gore,
 Whereon they buried Him, and sealed His tomb,
 In fearful doubt and dread expectancy.

The sleepless watch, low whispering, talk
 Of horrid sounds and shapes that haunt the night,
 Until their weary eyes in joy descry,
 The purple birth of day in Eastern sky.

Anon upon their startled sight,
 Flashes a splendor - as a thousand suns
 Shone blazingly on noonday mountain snows
 And all along the dazzling brilliance runs
 A myriad shout of alleluias strong
 Resounding loud and long,
 Till earth, as heaven, with light and music glows,
 And with the rising sun, the living Christ arose.



Sing alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen!
Sing alleluia! Death no longer holds
Fell sway o'er Him, but lieth crushed and bound. 
His might hath rent the thralldom of rock prison,
And glory as a golden raiment stoles
 His deathless Body round.
Raise up your voices, ye redeeméd souls,
And let the echoes of your holy mirth
With strains angelic join and gird the earth.
 Peal forth, ye many-voicéd chimes,
 In rapturous accord,
And shout the triumph of our risen Lord
To wingéd winds that sweep the pathless blue,
 And bid them waft to distant climes,
 And tell to mountain, plain and dale
 The sweet and wondrous Easter tale.
Ye rivers, sing it to the sea;
Thou ocean, roar it mightily,
And toses it skyward in thy rainbow drift.
 Let earth its throbbing heart uplift
 In one grand alleluia praise,
 Alleluia!
Speak, Death, and say where is thy sting;
Where now thy boastful victory,
The trophy of that fatal tree?
 Christ, our immortal King,
 Hath vanquished thee,
 Utterly.
 Alleluia!

D. F. S.



*** FAVORS ***
THROUGH
VENERABLE PÈRE EYMARD

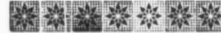
Having just recovered from an operation I hereby fulfil a promise I made, if the operation was a success. I wish to have my recovery published in «Sentinel» feeling I may thank Venerable Father Eymard for it.

A Subscriber.

Westport, Ont.

For some time I have been troubled with pain in my head I applied a Picture of Venerable Père Eymard promising publication if cured; the next day, I was entirely well.

A Subscriber.



And if man could not have sought for anything greater than the Blessed Eucharist, God Himself, in spite of His Almighty Power, could not have given man anything more excellent or more admirable; for the Holy Eucharist in price exceeds all else and reaches to the very confines of God's love.

It is related of St. Magdalen of Pazzi, that when she was yet young, and before she had made her First Communion, she would draw close to her mother the day on which she was accustomed to receive Communion, that she might have the happiness in breathing near her the holy odor of the presence of Jesus Christ. There is no object lesson so powerful as the example of a mother.

JESUS IN THE SACRED HOST.



Oh! Listen to this Voice which speaks to your hearts. Throw yourselves at the Feet of Jesus in the Sacred Host. "This is indeed the acceptable time, this is the day of salvation" — "Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile, ecce nunc dies salutis."

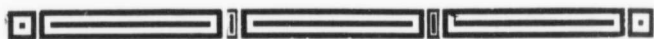
God is there dwelling on the altar. His Hands are stored with graces that are destined for you; one condition only is required — that you pray for them. But do not pray like too many Christians; let not your prayer consist in a mere movement of lips, an inattentive and hurried muttering of a few pious words, while the imagination, mind, heart, and exterior senses are almost entirely given up to distracting thoughts.

Go to God as children go to their parents, full of reverence yet confident withal. Go to Him as a dutiful child would, tell Him your joys and sorrows, your temptations, your struggles and your shortcomings. Go, acknowledging the coldness of your heart in His Holy Presence. He is a fire of love while your heart is cold; He is the Light of the world and you grope about in the darkness of night; He is the Almighty, while your will feebly flutters in every little wind of temptation. Ask that He may transform and mould another heart within you; "Cor mundum crea in Me."

Consecrate yourselves to Him. Make an oblation of your past life now wrapped in the death shroud of the Blood of Jesus; offer Him your present good works, He desires only to sanctify them. Confide your future to His providing care. Consecrate your faculties, your intelligence with its lights, your heart adorned with tender love,

a pure conscience, a firm, energetic will, a heart ever determined to carry God within it.

Consecrate your lives to Him; consecrate likewise your families, your little ones, your cares, your anxieties, your prospects. Give yourselves to Him and let the offering be generous. Say to God: "I need a blessing like that Thou didst give to the little children of Jerusalem; my heart must needs nestle close to Thine as did St. John's; for I must struggle. I needs must embrace Thy sacred Feet as Magdalen did, for my conscience smites me with remorse and I must repent. I feel the need of looking upon Thee and of bringing my troubled soul, my anxious mind, my agitated heart to Thee. Near to Thee, I am sure to find all that I stand in need of, for Thou canst solve all difficulties."



PARVULI



January 1913.

Dear Father,

The Pastor assembled the Eucharistic League today as he does every month.

The first question he asked, was, how many new members we had gained for each degree.

The first degree, that of daily Communion, had doubled; I had gained six.

Then Father spoke to us about St. Stanislaus, our patron, and told us that at seven years of age Stanislaus had already made a vow of chastity. It seemed to me as if Jesus asked me did I not also wish to remain chaste

always, and to promise Him so like Stanislaus. I answered I would like it very much and promised. I am delighted to give myself entirely to our dear Lord. If you allow me I will renew my promise every day after Communion.

Your loving,

LITTLE PETER.



Dear Father,

February.

We have left the military-post at S... and are now comfortably settled in our quarters at L...

O Father, I'm so sorry and disappointed. Things are so different here. There is no Communion League, and no child even dreams of going to Communion every day; the most pious go only once a month. We were scarcely a week here when the Pastor called Mama and me into the sacristy. I was frightened and held tight hold of Mama's hand. He looked at me steadily a few minutes, then turning to Mama said: «Madam we are much surprised here by your conduct. That you should go to Communion every day, is not so strange, but that you should bring your little boy also is beyond the comprehension of some and a source of scandal to many. Do you think your child understands what he is doing?» «I think so, Father, moreover, it was not I who brought my boy to Communion every day, but my boy who brought me. How old is he? Eight years. Why do you want to go to Communion every day Peter? To please little Jesus, and also the Pope and besides—and besides to convert Papa.» He seemed to think a while then continued: «Well! Little man, keep on going to Communion every day... Since Our Holy Father exhorted you, I would do wrong to prevent you.» We were pleased, Mama and I that the interview ended so agreeably. With love from,

LITTLE PETER

P. S. Tomorrow we are going to take tea with the General's wife. Mama has had a pretty red a blue hussar uniform made for me for the occasion.

March 15.

Dear Father,

I'm not extra well. I caught a cold coming home from the Generals and have been coughing ever since, so Mama is going to help me with my letter.

We went to the Generals. A number of officers and their wives were there to meet Mama.

Some of the ladies attacked Māma on my account, because I go to Communion every day.

The General's wife began it by saying: «I do not understand, Madam d'Airelle, how a good Christian, like you, should countenance such an abuse... Bringing a child of eight to the Holy Table... and bringing him every day... It's certainly a new order of things. Until now I thought the first duty of a good Christian Mother was to respect the Sacraments herself and teach her children how to respect them also. As for me, I have four children and I am fully determined not one of them will go to Communion before eleven years of age... Then they will, at least, know what they are doing.» Besides objected Madame de B—«those late breakfasts are so injurious to a child's health... mine always take theirs in bed». Moreover continued a big fat lady with a white feather in her hat: this innovation is losing ground already... Many complain that through it First Communion has lost its traditional prestige... that Catechism classes are not so well attended, etc...

While all those pretty ladies were talking together, I looked at Mama; she was very red and I saw she was as much inclined to cry as I was.

When they stopped Mama said gently: Ladies, I will not try to answer all your objections; I leave that to the Theologians and Priests. For my own part, theology consists in one word: obey. Our Holy Father, the Pope, wants our children to Communicate as soon as they have attained the age of discretion. He makes it our duty to bring them, then, to the Holy Table and afterwards, every day as much as possible. I obey. That is all. Far be it from me to judge the Pope, to criticize or argue with the Church.

Bravo! Madam D'Airelle exclaimed the General who has just entered. That is the only Catholicity I unders-

tand. If we want to criticize, to argue, to follow our own will, let us become Protestants, then we'll have full scope to think and act as we please.

Then turning to me, the gallant old General continued: Come forward little hussar, come and give those charming Ladies a lesson in Catechism. Who commands in the Church? The Pope, General. Very good my lad... Ladies, that reply answers all your objections... What would happen if in future every soldier should take upon himself to criticize my orders, to enter into long arguments and give me lessons in military tactics... and still, I am not infallible like the Pope, nor can I like him rely upon the special help of the Holy Ghost. Little Peter you are a hero, come and kiss me. I ran to him and hugged him twice over, I was so glad.

While Papa was putting on his coat I heard the General say to him: Captain, I congratulate you. Your little son will never bring the blush of shame to your cheek.

In the street Papa caught my hand and squeezed it hard and I knew he was pleased with me.

That night I said half the beads at my bed side for the General, because he had taken Mama's part.

Lots of love.

LITTLE PETER.

Dear Father,

March 20. —

It all began over again. Those same Ladies came to our camp on Thursday and again said several unpleasant things to Mama because I go to Communion every day.

This time there was no General to take her part.

When they left, Papa was very angry with Mama and said: We are fast becoming ridiculous; will not all these devotions soon have an end? The tears were running

down Mama's cheeks, I faced Papa and asked: Papa, why do you make me eat my meals every day? Why, to nourish you of course! Well Papa dear, I want to nourish my soul as well as my body, and that is why I go to Communion every day... Papa did not reply, he went to his room without kissing me... We are all so unhappy...

Shortly afterwards Mama came up to my room sat beside my bed and began very seriously: You see Peter, little son, every one is finding fault with us, every one is against us. Perhaps it would be better to obey custom. Yes Mama, but if we do, we disobey God. Well said, son.. Still if we continue we will be criticized more and more and Papa will get real angry. That's true Mama, but we can, can we not, continue going to Communion Sundays at the parish Church, the other days at the different churches, there are six of them, that means one for each day; and to make it easier I will gladly get up a little earlier every morning... Mama kissed me again and again saying: Your plan is just splendid little son... Tomorrow we will start our pilgrimages... ask your Guardian Angel to help us...

Since then I get up a quarter of an hour earlier and each day we go to a different Church. Father, you have no idea, how hard it is for little children to go to Jesus in Holy Communion. Every one seems to have some reason or another to hinder them.

Please pray for,
Your little Peter.





❖ The King's Table. ❖



SHOULD you ask how palatable and nourishing is the Bread eaten at the King's table, it is enough to say that it «has in itself all sweetness» and is true soul-food, as it does for the soul what food does for the body; for it supports, builds up, refreshes and strengthens the superior part of man; it restores the wasted tissues of the soul, frees it from feebleness and languor and gives it skill and energy and courage for praying, working and fighting.

If the soul is well all is well; for this is the deathless, priceless part of ourselves, and on its condition depends our true weal or woe both here and hereafter. But the soul cannot be kept in a healthy state unless it is regularly fed with nourishing food, any more than the body can. Now, Holy Communion is the divinely prescribed diet of the soul, and Communion every day is none too often for those who wish to keep the soul in perfect health and vigor.

Then, why not, like Mephiboseth, dine daily with the King? If you say "I am not worthy," the answer is, "We go to Communion not because we are good, but because our Lord is; not because we deserve it, but because we need it." If it is the fear of falling into routine that



keeps you from dining daily with the King, your objection is based upon the false principle "that Communion depends chiefly for its fruitfulness on the activity of the communicant, and sensible devotion." Listen to what Venerable de la Colombière, the priest whom Christ Himself chose as an apostle of reparation Communions, says on this subject: "No lack of disposition can hinder the effects of the Sacrament, except the presence of mortal sin. Since at each Communion we receive an increase of merit and habitual grace, it follows inevitably that one Communion disposes us to reap benefit from the next, and that consequently the more Communions we make the better prepared we are to profit by those which are yet to follow."

Just apply the rule of common sense to this bugbear of "routine ." If your son should say: "I shall take dinner hereafter only on Sunday, that I may eat with relish, and thus grow strong," what would you say to him ? Or should your little daughter solemnly announce some day that she means to practise but once a month hereafter so as to become a great pianist, what a good advice she would at once receive ! Or if a legal friend of yours remarked that by pleading but one case every year he hoped to become a skillful lawyer, how absurd his plan would seem!

But are you more logical when you say: "That I may receive Communion with more relish and profit, I will go but once a week, or every First Friday only, or yearly at Easter ?" No. Practice makes perfect, repetition brings skill. We do well, as a rule, what we do often.

Though Mephiboseth sat daily at the King's table, we nowhere read that by doing so he recovered the use of his feet. He probably remained a helpless cripple

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till he died. With us, however, it will be otherwise. For the wonderful food offered His guests by our royal host restores and strengthens every faculty of the soul. If, hitherto, we have not been able to walk the road of God's commandments at all, daily Communion will give us the strength to do so. If we have been just limping painfully along, resting frequently and falling often, daily Communion will enable us to advance steadily and without stumbling, till we even gain the mountain heights of the Gospel counsels.

Then, at last, all who have come with faith and confidence to the altar-rail day after day as guests at Jesus' Royal Banquet will become, like Mephiboseth, dwellers "In Jerusalem," the city of celestial peace, because, like him, they now "eat always of the King's Table."

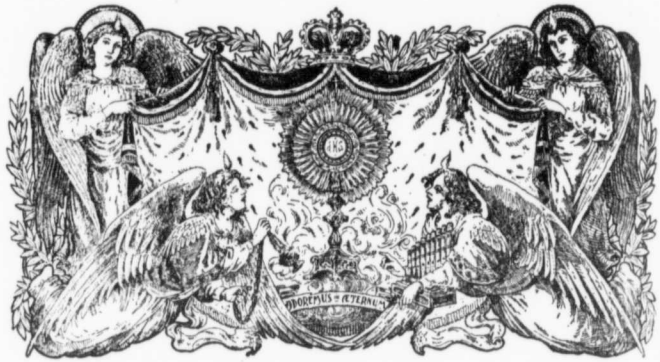
W. DWIGHT, S. J.

 **THANKSGIVING.** 



Thanksgiving to Jesus ought to end only with our lives; we owe Him everything. Before the altar, in the silence of the sanctuary, is the place to remember the benefits of God, and to thank Him. First thank Him for giving us Himself in the Mass for our sacrifice, for giving us His Body and Blood in holy Communion as our food, for remaining day and night in the tabernacle, for permitting, nay, inviting us to visit Him.

Thank Him for all the graces we have received from all the Masses we have ever heard, from all the Holy Communions we have ever made, from all the visits we have ever paid Him. Thank His patience, that spared us when we deserved hell a thousand times; thank His mercy, that gave us life when we were dead in sin; thank Him for His secret hidden graces, of which we know nothing, but on which, on the Day of Judgment, we shall find depended our eternal salvation, thank Him for the faith, the true faith of Jesus Christ: in a word desire to thank Him as He deserves. No prayer, says St. Augustine, is more beautiful than "Deo Gratias". Let us say it again and again Deo Gratias Jesu! Deo Gratias Jesu!!



The Blessed Sacrament is our God.

Oh, if we only learned to realize that the Blessed Sacrament is our God, what a sense of joy and protection would enter into our lonely lives! God living here with me; God living here for me. We would haunt our altars at every untoward circumstance, at every grief and trial that crossed our path. Instead of which I have seen good, pious Catholics, who, when oppressed with sorrow, have shut themselves up for days, considering that the bitterness of their woe dispensed them from their daily Mass and visit! Poor souls! How little they know Our Lord, to think that, because they are unable to go through their usual prayers and devotions, it is useless to come into His Presence! They would not have acted thus in what they are pleased to call, «the time of Our Lord.” They would have known that the mere sight of their tears was prayer enough for Him. God, the eternal, immutable God, is the same now as then, and now, as then, He never sees His children weeping in His Presence, without being moved to compassion and comforting them as He alone can.

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