



Suffer the little children to come unto Me.

# The Sentinel

*of the*

## Blessed Sacrament

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### A Child's Plea for Holy Communion

"I hear them, Lord, though they may try to keep the words  
from me,

Saying I'm too small to know You, calling lovingly.

'Suffer all the little children, let them come and see,

Taste and know their God, whose kingdom just of such shall  
be.'

"Gentle Jesus, tell me truly, what's the reason why?

Why can I not know You now, but only bye-and-bye?

You were once a little child, and just as small as I,

And all the while You were the little Son of God most high.

"And if You were a little child, You surely meant it so

That I could love and know you,—but they say I cannot go

To your Holy Altar-table, where You whisper low

Love and kindness; yet, they tell me, Lord, I do not know.

"I know this Host, so round and white, is Your own Self  
divine.

I know that this, dear Jesus, is Your Blood where once was  
wine,

I know You long to make Your Body, gentle Jesus, mine,

I know that I am longing to be only, only Thine!

"Do not know! O Lord, I know you and I love You, too:

This I know—could I receive You—all the whole day  
through

Morn to night—I'd do the very best that I can do.

For Jesus, You'd be'side of me, and I'd be'side of You."

C. L. BERNHARDT, S. J.

## AN APPEAL TO LITTLE CHILDREN.



Y dear little friends, you have all studied geography ; you know Europe and its countries, and France in particular. You have heard of Lourdes where our Blessed Lady appeared and is ever working great miracles: Lourdes is in France. And you learnt about Louis IX of France, a saint and a king, just like Edward the Confessor. And above all, you dear little Canadians, you know Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain and all the heroes who discovered and born (at the price of so much pains) your beautiful country ; and you know too, that they came from France.

From France also came those glorious missionnaires who lived and died amongst the natives of Canada, most of them losing their lives in the tortures of martyrdom : Brébeuf and Lallemand and Isaac Jogues, with his poor, dear cruelly maimed hands. — So you see, you have quite a number of reasons to feel interested in this far off land.

Now in France there live a great number of children, boys and girls, fond of play and full of merriment like you, children that have souls like you, that must go to heaven like you, if they shall not go to hell. And you know, my dears, in order to go to heaven we must learn our catechism and prayers, we must go to mass, to confession and communion. You learn all that, first in your pious homes, and then in the catholic schools when day by day, you kneel at the feet of our Lord's and our Lady's pictures.

But these poor little French children are very badly treated. Their parents have themselves, learnt very little about our holy faith, so cannot teach much to their boys and girls ; and these unfortunate children are sent to schools where they never see a crucifix or an image

of our dear Blessed Virgin, where they do not learn a single line of catechism and never say one word of prayer: so they grow up to be poor, wicked, unhappy men and women, for time and eternity.—This miserable state of things is due to the freemasons that govern this unfortunate land.

Now Jesus wants you to help your poor little fellow creatures in France. You know our Lord gave us means to help people, even when very far away — by prayers. Prayer can do wonders, and especially the prayer of little children. God loves us all, but you in particular and he hears your prayers sooner than those of big people. Does not your mamma like her youngest baby best?

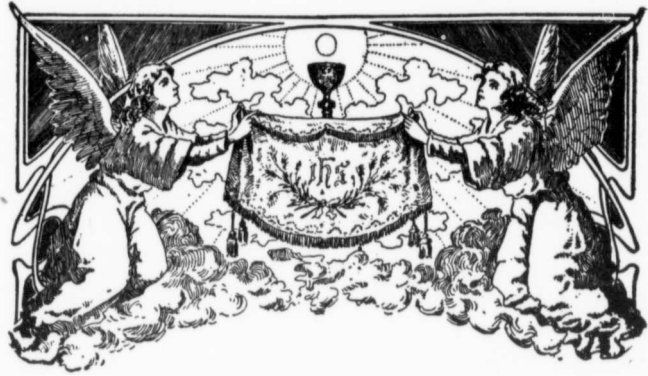
So I ask you to help save the poor little children of France by praying for them and offering to God some small sacrifice; for instance: you, little boy, to have your face washed over again, or to give some of your marble to the sad little man that has none; you little girl, to wear an old frock, or finish your hem while the others are out playing in the yard; and both of you might not be fidgety at dinner and stop eating sweets just once in a while. And then, above all, *pray*, dear children, pray *earnestly* at mass and holy communion, that Jesus may save the precious souls of your little comrades in far off France. Beg very, *very* earnestly, saying: "Dear Jesus, by your flight into Egypt, away from the cruel king Herod: save your and our little brothers and sisters in France! — Dear Blessed Virgin, protect them! St. Joseph, help them! — Then you can say some Our Fathers and Hail Maries, or a decade of your beads to this intention.

And one glorious day, when you go to heaven, there will come to meet you beautiful souls, thanking you for their salvation. And when you tell them, very much surprised, that you do not know them at all, they will answer, with a truly *heavenly* smile:

"We are the little French children saved by your prayers and sacrifices."

AUNTIE GERTRUDE.





### *The End of the Blessed Sacrament*

When Jesus lived, He said: "*I am the Light of the world.*" It was a remarkable saying, well worthy of the Son of God. No Plato or Aristotle, founding schools and surrounded by scholars, dared to call himself "the light of the world." The unknown Nazarene, followed by twelve fishermen and persecuted by the learned scribes, made the declaration and we see its realization.

Jesus Christ is "the light of the world" through the Blessed Sacrament. They who have lost sight of this memorial, as practically all the members of other religious denominations have done, have also lost the true idea of Christ's character and Christ's doctrine. Their ministers stand not in close union with Christ, the source of light. They can not give Christ present in the Sacrament of Love to the people, and therefore the light does not penetrate their souls.

What an encouragement and what an admonition is the long history of the many battles and victories of the Prince of Light over the prince of darkness for us priests! Jesus says: "*I am the Light of the world,*" and Jesus says: "*You are the Light of the world.*" Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is "the light of the world" through us: "*Do this in commemoration of Me.*" We

obey, and daily renew the mysteries of the Last Supper. We obey, and communicate Him to the Faithful as He gave Himself to the Apostles. We must obey, and do it in memory of Him, sacrificing Him, receiving Him, and giving Him to others not in absolute silence and spiritual darkness, but in the light of the living word.

To-day more than ever "*our wrestling is not against flesh and blood ; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirit of wickedness in high places.*" The name of



Jesus is known to all, but for many that name has lost its sacred meaning. It is no longer Christ, the Son of God, but Christ the Son of man. The prince of darkness, through a hundred human agencies, the press, the universities, the secret societies, is working restlessly to rob the Saviour of all His dignity. He does it under the cover of progress, science, broadmindedness. The true reason is the old reason given by Christ. "*They love darkness and hate the light.*" They hate the

light, because their works are bad. If Christ is not the Son of God, then His moral precepts, especially those against injustice and impurity, are not divine, are not binding in conscience. With such reflections they try to pacify their conscience, and make their scandalous conduct honorable in the sight of men.

Against these works of darkness, the Catholic priest must rise with all the power at his command, to preach Jesus, who is to-day the same as yesterday, the same forever; to preach the old moral precepts, which are to-day the same as yesterday, the same forever. As the light of the sun does not change with the vicissitudes of time and the progress of nations, thus Jesus, "the light of the world," never changes.

The second great end Jesus had in view at the Last Supper when instituting the Blessed Sacrament was to give strength, to be the spiritual food of the human soul, to sustain and develop the supernatural life of faith in His children and led it to the eternal life of glory. This we find clearly expressed in His words recorded by St. John in the sixth chapter: "*I am the Bread of Life. I am the living Bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever; and the Bread that I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world.*" "*Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you.*" "*My Flesh is meat indeed; and My Blood is drink indeed. . . . He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me and I in him. . . . The same shall also live by Me.*"

The human soul needs Christ, "the Bread of life," even more than Christ, "the light of the world." The light is a preparation for the life. As a light, He gives us the perfect ideal to aim at; as life, He makes it possible for us to attain that ideal. The great men of the world may excel in natural virtues and give an heroic example to their followers. Parting, and passing away into the obscure eternity, they can say to their friends "Imitate me," but they can not extend to their friends a helping hand. The saints lead a supernatural life, draw nations to themselves, and to their way of living.

Parting they are calm, they feel the nearness of heaven, and they speak the consoling words; "I go to God. When with God I shall pray for you, and continue to help you."

Jesus Christ gave an example absolutely faultless and absolutely perfect, and when about to part He said: "*Eat My Flesh, and drink my Blood. . . . Abide in Me and I in you. As I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me.*" The influence of man over fellow-man is small and of short duration. The influence of Jesus over the soul of man is deep, enters into life itself, and is eternal.

The irreligious, learned men of to-day try to reform evils by the education of the mind only. Their principle seems to be — If a man understands what is right, he will do what is right. This principle is false, and their work is fruitless. The Romans of old were highly cultured and educated. They had their great warriors, poets, philosophers, and historians, but the city of culture and refinement was seated in wickedness, in cruelty, immorality, and injustice. A glance at the present world illustrates the fallacy of their principle. No one knows the laws of justice better than lawyers, and yet as a class they are the most unjust. No one knows the sad effects of social evils better than the students of medicine and the doctors. No one will say that the medical students are the most moral students, and that the doctors, as a class, are the safest teachers of morality. Society people boast of culture and refinement, and scandalize those that have the good fortune to be less fashionable, by wantonness of every description. The root of evil is in the heart of man; by nature we are children of wrath. To reform that heart we need new strength, new life, and new food for that life. Jesus gives that new life in Baptism, and feeds that supernatural life with a supernatural Food. Jesus alone reformed the world, and His standard of reformation must be kept up to Him.

John exclaimed rejoicing, "*The Word was made Flesh and dwell amongst us, and we saw His glory, the glory, as it were, of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.*" We almost envy John the privilege of seeing

Christ, and seeing in Christ the glory of the Father. We need not envy him. We have the history of nineteen hundred years, and in it we see more of the glory of Christ, although in a more imperfect manner than John beheld at the Last Supper. John saw the promise and the prophecy, we see the glorious realization of all ; John saw only the cornerstone of the Church, we see the magnificent temple ; John saw the mustard-seed, we see the beautiful tree spreading its branches over the whole world, giving an abundance of sweet Food to all the starving children on their homeward journey. Glancing at the history of the Blessed Sacrament, we see the glory of Christ reflected in the daily lives of millions of the Faithful.

In the strength of the Living Bread, the Apostles went forth to the whole world to preach, suffer and die for Christ ; in the strength of the Living Bread thousands of the early Christians gave their blood cheerfully for Christ, praying for their persecutors. In the strength of this Living Bread, young men like St. Thomas and St. Aloysius, conquered the passion of the flesh and led the life of angels. In the strength of this Living Bread, frail young women became heroines administering the works of mercy and charity. In the strength of this Living Bread, married life was purified and sanctified, and homes were transformed into happy Christian homes. In the strength of this Living Bread, convents and monasteries have sprung up and have been maintained for centuries the schools of scholars and saints. In the strength of this Living Bread, the suffering and the dying have found hope and consolation, and have made with Jesus the long journey into eternity. In the strength of this Living Bread, the great Catholic priesthood, notwithstanding its privations and sacrifices, has at all times drawn the best of young men into the sanctuary until death. Indeed, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the Life of the Church, and through the Church, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the Life of the world ; "*We saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and full of truth.*" . . . .

Rev. C. M. THUENTE, O.P.

(Concluded.)

## *Thoughts for the Month of September*



**D**URING this month, when the choice of school is being made, and the destiny of so many of God's children is being determined, it is a duty for the friends of the Holy Eucharist to pray earnestly to the Blessed Sacrament for the increase of Catholic schools. "No man can come to me, except the Father . . . draw him . . . and they shall all be taught of God. Every one that hath heard of the Father, and hath learned cometh to me." These are His own words, spoken, too, in the sixth chap. of St. John, where He teaches of Himself in the Blessed Sacrament. It is only by faith that we can know Him there, and only in exact proportion to our faith do we so know Him. If our faith is weak and small our knowledge of the Blessed Sacrament is small, if our faith is strong and a mighty part of our lives, our knowledge and love for our Lord in the Sacred Host will be vivid, and absorbing and unflinching. If you want the many young hearts, whose education and formation are this month in the balance, to come to know Him and love Him, to recognize Him in the Breaking of the Bread, to cling to Him and grow with Him, to learn Him there on the altar and fix Him deep within them, to work and slave and be noble for Him, and to find their truest home beneath the sanctuary lamp, then with anxious devotion pray to our Sacred Prisoner to enlighten parents to send these His little ones to Catholic schools where faith in him will be fostered, and to guide them surely away from institutions where He is denied or scoffed at, or, what is almost as bad, studiously avoided or kept out.

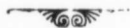
Let your concern be most earnest for the boys and girls who are to enter high school, academy or college. For it is there the young people begin to think and act for themselves and to form their own principles of life. It is the period, too, of budding manhood and woman-

hood, when they need to have impressed upon them that only frequent reception of the Sacred Host and increasing intimate devotion to It will keep them His staunch angelic children.

And you, adorers of the Blessed Sacrament, who have the privilege of doing the God-given work of teaching in Catholic schools, where you can talk of Him freely and with your whole heart, seize the blessed opportunity of training His little ones to know and love and serve Him on the Altar. Teach their young lips to say each hour : "Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy on us !" Train them to do brave reverence where all the world can see, by saluting Him with bowed or uncovered head when they pass His House. Open up to their little minds all His love is undergoing to be with them always. Their hearts are ready. They have not as yet been touched by the worldly, infidel influence around them ; and their sinlessness makes them the more bright-eyed and clear-souled to recognize the Sinless One in the Immaculate Host. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, put into the mouths of Catholic teachers burning words that will inflame the little souls committed to their care with pure and burning love for Thee !



Our Lord makes His voice heard in different ways. He speaks to us by His precepts, by His counsels, by circumstances, afflictions, by the secret motions of His grace ; but nowhere does He speak to us with more sweetness than from His sacred abode upon our Altars, or after Holy Communion.



The only life that matters is the everlasting life — thus are we taught by the dogma of the Eucharistic Communion. And the Church, the true Church of Christ, will do real service to the people only in proportion to her zeal in teaching and spreading the life of grace, nourished and sustained by the Divine Bread. . . .

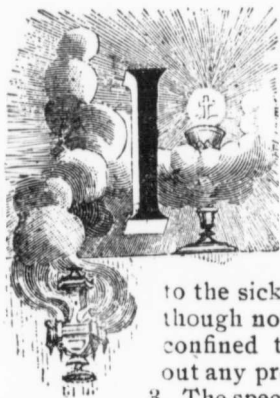




## *The Communion of the Sick*

AND

## *the Eucharistic Fast*



IN consequence of some official documents, we may, with the theologian, point out among the favors of the Church : 1. The privileges of common rite for the sick in danger of death. 2. The privileges recently granted

to the sick by His Holiness Pius X, who, though not in danger of death, have been confined to the house for a month, without any prospect of speedy convalescence.

3. The special dispensations given individually to the sick who do not come under these two categories.

1. The Faithful attacked by grave sickness, which may probably *endanger their life*, may receive the Holy Eucharist even if they cannot observe the fast prescribed by the Church ; still more, as long as the danger last they may, without fasting, communicate several times, frequently, and even daily.



By sick in danger of death, theology understands not only those that are in the last extremity, but those that are attacked by a grave sickness which of itself may cause, and does in effect frequently cause death. In case of doubt as to the gravity of the sickness, or the probability of the danger of death that attends it, priests may, they ought even, v. g. if he is far from the dwelling of the pastor, communicate the sick person as Viaticum.

How often may we grant Holy Communion to this sick person ?

The Ritual does not say precisely, and the ancient moralists have given opinions slightly different. Saint Alphonsus authorizes a sick person to communicate without fasting as often as his devotion and his actual dispositions permit, and this is the opinion generally taught to-day. If, then, such invalids desire to communicate every day, and if they are well disposed (*exemption from mortal sin, right and pious intention*), they may communicate every day, although they cannot observe the Eucharistic fast.

II. *The sick who, without being in danger of death, are confined for a month to bed, even though they are able to rise some hours in the day, without certain hope of prompt convalescence, are authorized to receive the Holy Eucharist, although they have taken something per modum potus, as a drink. They may communicate without fasting once or twice in the week, if they have the Blessed Sacrament in their house, if not once or twice a month.*

According to the common rite, sanctioned by the *Roman Ritual*, such sick persons could never until now receive the Holy Communion, even to fulfil the Paschal precept without an expressed and individual dispensation from the Eucharistic fast.

On December 7, 1906, His Holiness Pope Pius X willed to mitigate this discipline of purely ecclesiastical order by the following general dispensation : "Pope Pius X . . . permits the sick who have been ill for a month, *qui jam a mense decumberent*, and whose speedy convalescence is doubtful, to receive on the advice of their confessor the Blessed Sacrament *once or twice*

weekly, when it is question of invalids living in religious houses in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, or who enjoy the privilege of having Mass celebrated in their domestic oratory; *once* or *twice* monthly for others, even if they should have previously taken liquid refreshment, the rules prescribed by the Roman Ritual and by the Sacred Congregation in this matter being otherwise observed." An interpretation of March 25, 1907, approved by His Holiness, extends this privilege even to the sick who are able to rise from their bed for some hours in the day.

Let us note the principal conditions of the Decree, that no one may modify it by his own authority, since



the law of the Eucharistic fast, universally of obligation, may admit no other derogations than those applied by the Church herself.

(1) The sick, unable to observe the prescribed fast, may avail themselves of the dispensation only after a month's sickness, if at that time a speedy convalescence is uncertain.

(2) The sick may make use of this dispensation only for the number of times mentioned in the Decree.

(3) The dispensation of the fast provides only for liquids, *Etsi aliquid per modum potus antea sumpserint.*

According to the Decree, this custom must be regulated by the decisions of the Roman Congregations. Now, if we recall the definition of the Sacred Office of September 7, 1897, we may permit a sick person not only water, wine, coffee, every kind of drink, but also milk, chocolate, cacao (made with milk or with water), tapioca, *semolina*, gruel made of bread crumbs, provided that these mixtures do not lose their character of liquids.

III. All *other sick persons*, who do not come under those mentioned above, can never communicate without being fasting, unless they are *authorized to do so by a special and individual dispensation* of the Holy See or of the Bishop, if he has the power from the Pope to grant it.

We have here given the unanimous opinion of theologians as well *after as before* the Decree of September 7, 1906. Unless by dispensation, we cannot communicate without being fasting.

We give here a formula for soliciting the Sacred Office for this dispensation: "Most Holy Father, Louis N—, of the diocese of—, suffers from so great weakness of the stomach that it is morally impossible for him to observe the natural fast prescribed before Holy Communion. Prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, he earnestly begs to be permitted to take something in the shape of a drink before receiving Holy Communion."

The terms of the dispensation as to the number of Communions authorized without the Eucharistic fast should be strictly adhered to. The formula *per modum potus* should be interpreted in accordance with the decision of the Sacred Congregation above mentioned, or according to other similar declarations.

Such appear to be the actual dispositions of ecclesiastical discipline relative to the Communion of the sick. They appear to afford the priest the greatest facility for assuring sufficiently often to that beloved portion of his flock the beneficent visit of the Divine Master, who is especially united to those that, by their sufferings borne in a Christian spirit, continue in this world the work of His redeeming Passion.

*La Semaine Religieuse de Moulins.*



## HOUR OF ADORATION

*"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me."*

(Concluded)

REV. PERE CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

### Reparation.



*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*—These words express the depth, the extent of Jesus' sufferings on the Cross. They show us God abandoning the Saviour, the Divinity withdrawing all help, all consolation from the suffering Sacred Humanity.

There is Jesus, stretched on the rough wood, on the cruel bed of the Cross. From the top of His head to the soles of His feet, He is but, one wound. His shoulders and back are frightfully torn. He is suspended from the Cross by open wounds, which the nails burn like raging fire. Innumerable thorns, like so many fiery points, tear His temples and head. The body, not in its natural position, both arms and lower limbs are violently distended; by degrees, the members become paralyzed; life is checked in the oppressed breast; the lungs choked by blood, scarcely breathe; the Heart beats with difficulty, and He *dies!* This is the death-agony, the last terrors. The blood, which can no longer flow from the head by the too greatly distended veins, produces cruel throbbings in the temples and neck. The forehead is burning, the numerous wounds, exposed to the air, become inflamed and cause intolerable suffering.

These physical sufferings would have been nothing for Jesus, had they not been accompanied by that much more intolerable suffering of the abandonment of those whom He loved. Sin is the abandoning of God for the unlawful enjoyment of the creature. The chastisement of sin ought to be the universal abandonment of these same creatures which, by his impious and sacrilegious choice, the sinner had preferred to God. This punishment of abandonment was during His life and, above all, in His Passion, the special punishment of the Man-God. Everyone abandoned Him, all withdrew from Him both in heaven and on earth, all fled and left Him alone to struggle with the most frightful tortures.

The abandonment in which the creatures of earth left Him was dreadful. The multitude, among which Jesus thought to count so many devoted and grateful hearts, had turned against Him. Lord where are, then, the blind to whom Thou didst restore sight? Where are the sick whom Thou didst cure? Where are the demoniacs whom Thou didst deliver? Where are the lepers whom Thou didst cleanse? Where are the dead whom Thou didst raise to life? Alas! it must be acknowledged; "All have abandoned Me!" The abandonment of the multitude whom He had so loved, gives Him the bitter disappointment of beholding among those that pass Him in disdain, many whom His divine hand had cured. This was for Him a martyrdom deeply wounding to His sensitive soul.

Jesus had some friends, but fear dispersed the pusillanimous flock.

Among those friends were some that His Heart preferred before all others, and they were the Apostles. They were His well-beloved, His second self! For them He had delivered Himself always and entirely. They were the confidants of His secrets. To the multitude, He was accustomed to speak in parables, "that seeing they may not see"; into the understanding and heart of His Apostles, He shed light undimmed, unmeasured. The multitude He often sent away; His Apostles He kept with Him always. He lived with them. With them, He traveled over the country, climbed the hills, buried Himself in silent caves,—with them, He had made the Pasch. It was at their feet He had knelt that evening to wash away their stains. Oh, incomprehensible weakness of man, or rather rigor of the justice of God, who snatches from Jesus, the Expiator, one by one, every consoler, every support! From the moment of His agony in the Garden of Olives, all abandoned Him. Judas delivered Him, Peter denied Him, all hid and protected themselves for having been in His company. What Jesus endured from that abandonment, God alone, who had hollowed the depths of His soul and formed the exquisite delicacy of His Heart,—God alone could see and estimate!

The chalice that His Father had presented Him was not yet drained. To the Incarnate Word, God had given a Mother and, to render that Mother worthy of such a Son, nature and grace exhausted all their united riches. She was the greatest treasure Jesus had on earth. But if a mother is during life the sweetest of all things, when is she still sweeter, when is her look more tender, her hand more caressing, her kisses more maternal than at the moment when universal abandonment makes life for us a dark and desolate solitude? Withdraw all from Thy Jesus, O Father, form around Him a complete void. But if Thou dost leave Him His Mother, the agony will be sweet, or at least supportable, and the martyrdom transfigured. No, Mary will not be left to Jesus. The expressed will of the Father, the will become, moreover, entirely that of the Son, is that the Redeemer should expiate sin by dying in the most complete abandonment. The Father *has delivered* His Son to every species of hatred, to all sorrows, to hell

itself. No one can draw near to help Him, to console Him—*not even His mother!* Such is the decree of supreme Justice. What sorrow for Jesus! What sorrow, also, for that Mother to be obliged to abandon her Son! But Mary is as much in accord with the sentiments of the Son as with those of the Father. She, too, conforming to the decrees of Heaven, accomplishes the great mystery of Jesus' abandonment. What sorrow for the Mother! What torture for the Son!

Nevertheless, Mary's absence at this hour is not the hardest trial for the Heart of Jesus, His Father, once so tender, so loving, withdraws to give place to a severe and implacable Judge. Once, Jesus had said so confidently: "My Father hears Me always!" Now He exclaims in a transport of grief: "*My God, My God, why hast Thou abandoned Me?*" Who can comprehend the distress expressed in that cry of sorrow? At the supreme moment of His martyrdom, when heaven and earth have rejected and cursed Him, when the long tortures have been exhausted, when the terrors of death envelop Him, He raises to Heaven His suppliant eyes. He invokes Him whom no creature has ever invoked in vain,—but that God, kind and compassionate toward all others, maintains toward Him implacable rigor. The holy Soul of Jesus is pierced to its very depths by that treatment. It feels with unspeakable bitterness this abandonment of a God so prodigal toward all creation of His paternal tenderness. Never, never was chalice so bitter.

Jesus' supplication is vehement. He cries: *My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?* And God remains unmoved—no response to the distress of His Son.

"*Why hast Thou abandoned Me?*" *Why?* The response is inexorable. It weighs Him down, it crushes Him. It is the sins of the world with which He is burdened, with which He is, as it were, identified. Can I convince myself of this truth? They are *my* sins, that frightful vestment of all my sins which cause Him to be rejected and accursed!

Understand now, O my soul, the malice of that sin which thou hast so easily committed. Every time thou didst sin mortally, thou didst abandon thy God; as much as was in thy power, thou didst elect to be eternally separated from Him. It was for this reason that at the hour of His death, Jesus finds Himself abandoned by God, and His feeling is that of the loneliness of the damned. That God may never abandon thee, Jesus consented to the frightful torture of abandonment by God. With Mary compassionate the Saviour's agony. Her heart was torn on hearing that cry of agonizing grief.

The Jews at the foot of the Cross should have understood it. The darkness, that kind of supreme invitation made to the guilty, that last effort of God's goodness, should have converted them. No! they even turn into derision and sarcasm the prayer that Jesus borrowed from the Holy Scriptures: "*This man calleth Elias!*" Pardon, O Divine Saviour, for those unhappy creatures who so obstinately refuse the grace of reconciliation!

What added to the torment of the Saviour's Heart was the sight of so many souls who would in the future refuse the grace of return to God. How many souls by their own fault will be forever abandoned by God and precipitated for all eternity into the flames of hell ! Pardon the special injury done to Thy love by souls who thus depart forever from Thee and Thy Divine Father !

Does not so great a grace, acquired at the price of so many sufferings merit for this Divine Saviour that all His redeemed should draw nearer and nearer to Him, and in their turn never abandon Him ? As Jesus has willed to dwell continually among us in the Holy Eucharist, is it not just that we should all remain with Him as often and as long as the duties of our state permit ?

Alas ! if His Father never more abandons Him, if He has no more need to address to Him this sorrowful cry : *Why hast Thou abandoned Me ?* can He not with good reason make to us that same complaint ?

Yes, that is the complaint that Jesus can make from every Tabernacle, from every Altar, from every Communion Table.

*Why have ye abandoned Me at the Altar ?* — Christians no longer go to Mass. When they do assist thereat, their heart is often far from God. The Sacrifice of the Altar no longer represents to them that of the Cross, and they leave the church without having allowed Jesus to sanctify their soul.

*Why have ye abandoned Me at the Holy Table ?* — Christians no longer communicate. And among those that do, how many take thither doubtful, equivocal dispositions, in every case very often insufficient for permitting Jesus to transform them into Himself as He desires.

*Why have ye abandoned Me in the Tabernacle ?* — Jesus abides with us in the hope of being treated as our Saviour, that is, with deference and love. Who think of Him, who count Him among the friends whom they ought to visit daily ? Alas ! in most churches the august, the royal Lord Jesus is abandoned by all and, in many places, after the morning Mass, He cannot count on the visit of a single person during the rest of the day. What abandonment !

O Jesus, do not abandon us ! In spite of our crimes, come down every day from Thy heaven to bless us, to rekindle our love, and to prevent us from ever despairing of the unparalleled goodness of Thy loving Heart.

#### Petition.

*“ My God, My God, why hast Thou abandon Me ? ”* — Saint Leo says that these words were on the lips of Jesus less as a complaint than a lesson that He gives us in quality of Sovereign Master.

These words that the Divine Agonizing-One pronounced at the moment of breathing His last, teach us : 1. That we ought to bear suffering in silence ; 2. In what measure it is permitted to seek relief from God.



Ask the Divine Saviour for the understanding of this divine lesson and for the grace to put it in practice throughout your life.

1. — *Jesus endures in silence the horrible tortures of the Cross.* Jesus the Priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech, "in the days of His flesh, with a strong cry and tears, offering up prayers and supplications to Him that was able to save Him from death, was heard for His reverence." The Divine Saviour looks not toward earth. It is to God, to the God of all consolation, that He addresses Himself in the midst of the desolation of His soul. What is the divine dialogue which then goes on between the Son and the Father? By a foresight full of goodness, the Holy Spirit has permitted us to know a part of that admirable prayer. Jesus pronounced the first words of it in a loud voice: "*Eli, Eli, lam-ma sabaethani? My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken Me?*" — The confident and loving prayer of a desolate soul to God has irresistible power over the Heart of the Father of all consolation. What power must the prayer of Jesus agonizing have had! Falling from the lips of the Divine Crucified, it saves the world.

After the example of Jesus, in your interior desolation and suffering turn confidently to God, to Jesus, your Divine Saviour, who remains here below in the Eucharist to be your support and consolation. Has He not given you the pressing invitation: "Come to Me, all ye who suffer, and I will console you!"

When abandoned by relatives, friends, by all,—when you succumb physically or spiritually, under the load of suffering, draw near to His Tabernacle, come and repeat to Him, — to Himself,— the tenderly plaintive words which He addressed to His Father in His own supreme desolation: "*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*"

Oh, no! I beg Thee, O amiable Saviour, do not abandon us! Do not abandon the poor souls that are actually under temptation. Without Thy help, they will surely succumb to the blows of Satan, the world, or the flesh.

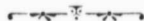
Do not abandon the souls that are at this very moment in the state of mortal sin, especially those that are dear to me. Enlighten them by Thy grace, and fill them with intense regret for their faults and a sincere desire never more to offend Thee.

Do not abandon those souls that at this moment are enduring the shameful slavery of bad habits. If Thou dost not break their chains, they will remain captive and eternally perish.

Do not abandon the souls that are on the point of quitting the earth and appearing at Thy tribunal. At that supreme moment, Satan uses every means to cast them into despair. Come Thyself to strengthen them with Thy Viaticum for that last struggle.

Do not abandon the poor souls of purgatory whose greatest torment is separation from Thee.

To thee, O my tender Mother Mary, I confide my last hour. Obtain for me a single one of Jesus' sighs mingled with His tears during the last moments of His agony on the Cross.





## ❧ The Holy Eucharist ❧



HE Eucharist has been truly called the Sacrament of Love. It is the fruit and also the memorial of Divine love. When two friends separate they like to give each other some remembrance; each fears lest distance should lessen his friend's affection. "Out of sight, out of mind," says the proverb. The one who is most deeply attached wonders whether his devotion will not be in part forgotten. Will my friend's new preoccupations, new relations, permit him to think as frequently of me when he no longer sees my face and hears my voice? Will he recollect all that I have been to him, all that I have done for him? Let me give him some object which, being always before his eyes, will speak to him of me!


Such must have been our sweet Saviour's thought when He was on the point of quitting His children on earth, and He must have dreaded seeing Himself forgotten all the more because it is only through reigning in our hearts and penetrating us with His example that He can do us good. His life — a life all love — His life of detachment, poverty, zeal, sweetness, and goodness, His pregnant words, His heavenly teachings, His sorrows, His Passion and His death. His Resurrection and His triumph, His glory and His power, supply us with the most salutary lessons, with the most powerful encouragements and the most holy and loving ardour. Woe to those who lose sight of the benefits and sublime virtues of our Lord: of what help do they not deprive themselves, what strength do they not lose, and into what an extreme weakness do they not fall?

No! Jesus will not be forgotten. He will not forfeit the fruits of His sacrifice. The Evangelists have preserved the history of His life, but that is not sufficient. The Gospel is for all, and we are less touched by common than by special benefits. Jesus, therefore, desires to leave a memorial to each one of His children, and He insti-

tutes the Eucharist. There He will be for all, but also for each; there, great and small, the healthy and the sick, the strong and the weak, can find Him, and each one receive Him entire. "Do this in remembrance of Me". When Jesus commanded His Apostles to baptize and to remit sins, He created a means of salvation which would doubtless recall His sojourn here below to the generations to come. But He did not say of these Sacraments, as He said of the Holy Eucharist, "Do this in remembrance of Me," because the other Sacraments recall a part of Jesus only, and not His whole life. The Eucharist is Jesus Himself — Jesus who was born at Bethlehem; who fled into Egypt; who at Nazareth made acquaintance with the hard toils and the life of a workman; who travelled here and there announcing the most exalted truths, healing the sick, scattering His benefits broadcast. It is the Jesus who was betrayed, mocked, scourged, crowned with thorns, crucified for us; who having now risen and ascended into Heaven, shares His Father's supreme powers and rains down His graces upon us. If the Paschal Lamb of the Old Law reminded the Jews of the blessing of their deliverance from Egypt, the Paschal Lamb of the New Dispensation recalls still greater benefits and in a more striking manner. In the Holy Eucharist the Son of God is, as in the crib, yea, more than in the crib, unknown, abased. He is immolated, even as on Calvary; but He is still glorious, powerful, blessing us, as in His Ascension.

This is what Jesus, in the institution of the Eucharist has wished to fix in our memories, and this is what we should think of when we approach the altar, when we assist at the Holy Sacrifice, when we go to communion. Let us remember the humble Son of Mary — Jesus, the Model of all virtues; Jesus who by His example preaches to us humility, gentleness, devotion, zeal, and Divine love. The simple remembrance of His acts, the picture of His life, will profit us more than the best reasoned considerations upon the advantage of virtue; it will awaken in our souls sentiments of esteem, admiration, and love for Him, and a desire to imitate His example; and this will be an excellent preparation to receive Him aright.


Abbé A. SAUDREAU.

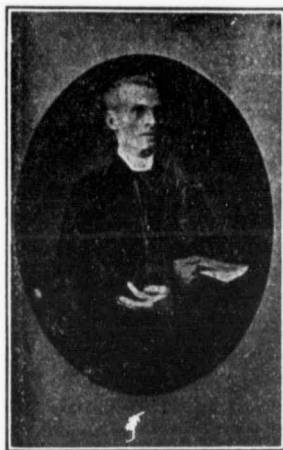
  


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*“Listening*  
*to*  
*Jesus”*  


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Suggested by an incident in the infancy of Ven. Père Eymard, S. S. S.

They missed him in the holy, peaceful home,  
 The baby son, so innocent yet wise—  
 The good house-mother sought from room to room,  
 But found him not—the sunshine of her eyes !

In garden-paths they search'd, amid the troop  
 Of tiny comrades, merry at their play :  
 Alas ! to no avail—in all the group,  
 No tidings of the child were learn'd, that day.

At last, unto the humble village-church,  
 The half-distracted mother, weeping, sped,  
 And hasten'd shrine-ward, weary with her search,  
 But checking rev'rently her hurried tread,

For lo ! before her, in the shadows cool,  
 Her missing boy she looked upon once more—  
 Close to the altar, on a little stool,  
 His head press'd to the tabernacle-door !

With startled gaze, and tearful cheeks aflame,  
"My child," she gasped, "What art thou doing  
And, in a voice of sweetest music, came [here?]"  
"I'm listening to Jesus, mamma dear!"

"I'm listening to Jesus!"—well'twas said:  
That, from the lips of babes and sucklings flow  
The words of Wisdom! To Its Fountain head,  
This little one had early learned to go.

And thence he drew that burning love and zeal  
For JESUS-HOSTIA—that, in God's time,  
His future life was destined to reveal  
To chosen souls in every age and clime.

Like Mary at her Master's feet, he heard  
Incarnate Wisdom speaking to his heart:  
And, as his spirit caught each honeyed word,  
(Never from out its keeping to depart):

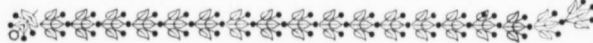
With th' Apostles upon Thabor gray,  
When pass'd the Vision of the Holy One,  
He ever seemed to hear the Father say:  
"Hearken to this—My own beloved Son!"

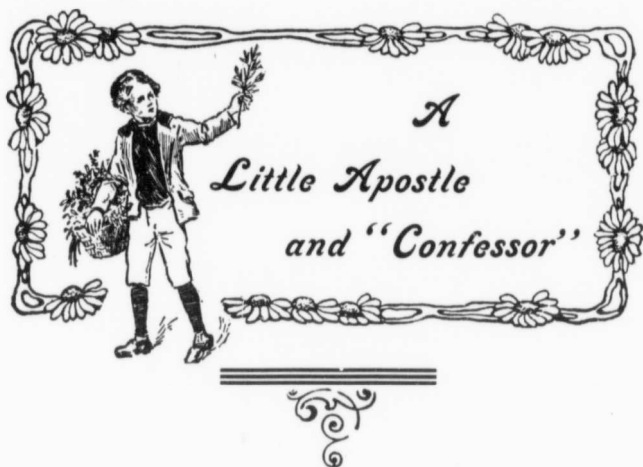
O true adorers of the Hidden God!  
Come, daily, to His House in faith and prayer;  
And yielding Him your hearts for His abode,  
Listen unto His voice with young Pierre.

And He will speak to you such precious things,  
Such secrets of His Eucharistic lore,  
That you shall praise and bless the King of Kings,  
And, like PÈRE EYMARD, serve Him evermore!

Washington, D. C.

Eleanor C. Donnelly.





**A**s a standing memorial of the International Eucharistic Congress of Montreal, a new church was built under the beautiful title of "The Blessed Sacrament," and since the autumn three religious Sisters have taught in the school attached to it. One of them, fired with the zeal of her holy patron, St Francis Xavier, exercised it in preparing the little ones for first Communion. In response to her care, already several children of four, five, and six years have participated in the heavenly banquet.

Among those so preparing was one, the son of a Protestant father and a Catholic mother, who, alas! did not practise her holy religion. The little boy, although fully instructed, had been denied the privilege of making his First Communion with his young companions, his parents being unwilling on account of his too early age, as they argued.

The child, far from being disconcerted, assisted regularly at the class instructions and gave redoubled attention to the study of his Catechism. Every evening he repeated what he had learned, both the lesson and

the prayers, to his little sister, about four years old. His tiny pupil found the hours of her brother's absence all too long, for she was already famishing for Jesus.

On the First Friday of March, the brother rose at six o'clock and, contrary to his habit, put on his shoes and dressed himself alone. Then going to his mother, who was preparing for breakfast, he begged her to wash him "*very clean*" his face and hands. Yielding to his wish, the mother questioned him as to where he was going so early. "I am going to Mass!" was the answer. The mother's refusal to let him go was met with loud remonstrances and abundant tears. At last she gave her consent. But now something more,—the boy must take his sister with him.

At mention of her name, a little head emerged from the coverlet of a tiny bed, and the next instant, baby is standing on the floor. At this sight, the mother took her son by the shoulders and put him out-doors. And now began loud weeping and wailing. The music from both within and without the house being of a nature to arouse the father, for peace sake the mother consented to their going together.

Baby rejoined her brother, laughter succeeding to tears, and the two angels, hand in hand, facing the cold blast, for the north wind was blowing fiercely, flew rather than walked to the church.

At the moment of Communion, baby, clasping her brother's hand, went up to the Holy Table, smiling at all whom she met, so overflowing was her joy.

The Curé paused before the little boy, whom he knew, and said: "Have you made your First Communion?" The child who knew but little French thought the good priest was asking him: "Do you wish to make your First Communion?" and answered in the affirmative. As for baby—she conducted herself so properly and her height belying her age that she passed unquestioned.

The return home was very happy. The brother said: "We shall tell all to mamma, but not a word to papa—do you understand!" Oh, yes, she understood!

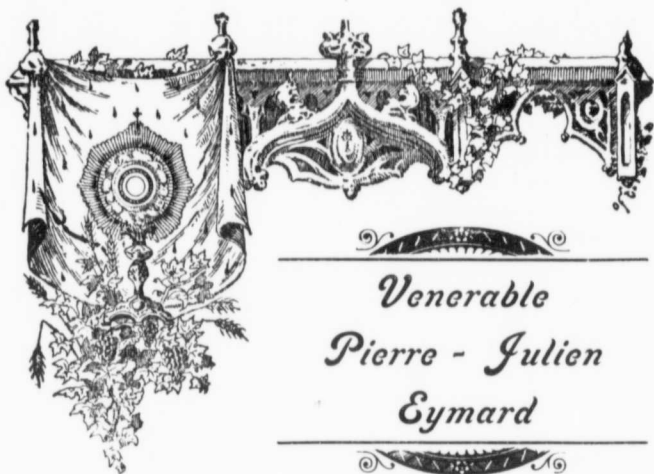
The little girl's heart was full to bursting. She climbed up on papa's knee, she bestowed on him a thousand caresses and—her secret escaped from her who had hitherto been so discreet! Then the father questioned her: "Did you touch the Host with your fingers in order to loose It?" "No, I swallowed It as quickly as I could, else I should not have received the little Jesus." "But why did you go to Communion?" pursued the father. "To be good." was the answer.

Then they breakfasted *en famille*, for baby had refused to touch a mouthful of what mamma had offered her before starting for church. Was not the child well instructed for her age? Great was the flutter of excitement that day in the little school, so much so that our two communicants almost feared a chiding was in store for them. Their good instructress, their apostle of First Communion, happy to see Jesus-Hostia desired so ardently by these innocent hearts, was more joyous than they. Addressing the boy, she said: "You went to confession last Wednesday - but baby?" "*I heard baby's confession!*" was the proud answer.

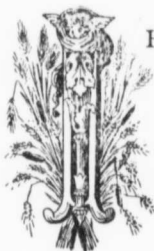
Since that day the brother continues to receive Holy Communion. As to the little sister, she will without doubt make a second confession before again being admitted to the Holy Table, but that will not deter her. It is from the mother we have these details, and our good Sisier Mary Francis Xavier has seized the occasion to recall her to her Christian duties. Let us hope that the two little angels will convert their parents. What do you think of these little ones? Does not Jesus woo and win His babes by ways all His own?

SISTER SCRIBA.





**Père Eymard's New Vocation Daily Becomes Clearer.**



HAVE," he said, "a presentiment of my approaching end, and I have need of great grace to prepare for it."

Some days before his death he related to us the following: "One afternoon of January 1851, I made a visit to Notre-Dame de Fourvière. One idea constantly preoccupied me. It was this, that Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament had no Religious Society to glorify His Mystery of Love, whose only end would be entire consecration to His service. He ought to have one. . . . I promised Mary to devote myself to this object. Still it was all very vague, and I did not yet think of sacrificing my vocation as a Marist." . . . And he added in a tone filled with emotion: "Oh, what hours I spent there!"

Some one asked him: "Did you behold Our Lady, that you are so strongly impressed?"

A half uttered affirmative, — but suppressed through humility, — escaped the good priest's lips, and the



questioner forbore to press the point as to whether he had really had an apparition of Our Lady, or merely an interior revelation. Whatever it may have been, from that moment he began to give himself with indefatigable courage and perseverance to the service of the Blessed Sacrament. His first idea was to institute an association of men and women, bound by spiritual ties to the *Third Order of Mary*, and consecrated to the worship of the Blessed Sacrament.

This plan he submitted to one of his venerable Superiors. "Permit me," he said, "to lay before you an idea against which I have struggled for a long time, but which incessantly pursues me, reproaching me with resisting the voice of God."

The Rev. Père Colin understood and heartily approved the plan, which he regarded as excellent, but the execution of which he thought it more prudent to defer. At La Seyne, Père Eymard spent four years of bitter trial, constantly pursued by Our Lord. On the one side his ardent desire for the institution of an Order of the Blessed Sacrament kept his soul in a state of unrest; and on the other, his vocation, the duties of his position, and the rules of prudence bade him resist the inspiration and hearken to the word of obedience to his Superiors.

Nevertheless, during this state of uncertainty he established in the chapel of the Institute one day of Adoration every month. "In my room" he tells us, "there was a window which looked down on the tabernacle, and it was there that I passed my nights."

"One day," he added, "the Feast of Saint Joseph, we had a holiday. After sending all my students out on an excursion, I went to say Mass. When it was over, and while making my thanksgiving, I felt my soul inundated with joy" (It was in July, 1868, that Père Eymard related this fact.) "It was then that Our Lord demanded of me the sacrifice of my vocation. I assented to the demand, promising, also, to devote myself until death to the institution of a Society of adorers. I promised God that nothing should deter me, even should I have to endure the greatest misery and die in a poorhouse." These are his own forcible words energetically uttered.

He continued: "Above all, I begged God for the grace (though perhaps it was rash in me to do so) to be able to labor at this work without any human consolation. The grace which was then accorded me has strengthened me in all my trials, — and they have not been small," he added, with a smile.

In 1853 Père Eymard asked through a distinguished personage the Pope's opinion of his projected institution. Pius IX responded that it was a beautiful idea, to which he would surely give encouragement if Our Lord desired it.

But where find the means for carrying out this project? Ah? it was a long time under ground "*rotting*" as Père Eymard expressed it in allusion to the seed sown and hidden from sight before germination.

His correspondence at this period lays before us his inmost soul, and makes it possible to follow the various emotions that agitated it during the time that preceded the foundation of the Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament. We shall cull from some of them.

"Allow me to say to you," he wrote in 1853, "that I do not want to die before seeing the realization of a holy idea with which the good God has inspired me relative to His Blessed Sacrament. It is so elevated that poor nature shrinks affrighted, and so beautiful that the mere thought of it encourages me to make every sacrifice for its accomplishment."

Again he writes on the 10th of May, 1855: "Perhaps the good God wishes only my desire; but I should love to see its execution, if He so wills." A little later, when things looked more hopeful, he again wrote: "Pray earnestly for this work of the Blessed Sacrament. We need men, zealous and ardent priests. Beg God to send them to us."

The year 1855 began, and Père Eymard wrote in his diary the following significant words; "May this new year be a Eucharistic year! May this ungrateful earth erect a Cenacle of praise and love, and may I be the first adorer and the first victim!" Here some one objected: "But what will become of Nazareth, of Jesus and Mary?"

He answered: "From Nazareth Jesus went to the Cenacle, and Mary spent there the last days of her life." In the course of the same year he made use of those words: "The work of the Blessed Sacrament is assuming shape; it is being prepared. The plan of the rules is drawn up. But what will the good God do with me, for I am so suffering and good for nothing any more? I am worn out. All that remains to me is to hide myself somewhere. I hope that Jesus will receive me at His feet."

Père Eymard speaks here of a plan of the Rules, at which he was, indeed, working sedulously. He submitted them for examination to a very wise and learned friend, very capable of judging in such an affair. On the same day they reached Notre Dame-du-Laus, as a bouquet of love to that good Mother from her devoted son. After a careful examination of his Constitutions by the friend above mentioned, Père Eymard received the following commendation: "The whole Rule is impregnated with a spirit of faith and love, which is the origin and the end of the work in hand. We may hope that the Lord will pour His blessings and favors on an institution destined only to honor Him, and to cause Him to be loved in His Sacrament of Love."

But this was not enough. Sure and certain light comes from Rome. Accordingly, in the month of August, Père Eymard presented a petition to the Holy Father. In it he gave a sketch of his plan, while concealing none of the difficulties of its execution. But his words, though breathing humility and submission were marked by vigor which sprang from the conviction that he was working for God.

"Most Holy Father," he wrote, "permit me, the least of Your sons, to come and lay at the feet of Your Holiness the inmost thought of my soul. For four years I have resisted this interior movement, fearing that it was only a mere effect of the imagination. . . . But now, Most Holy Father, I lay before you my idea. Beholding the love of Jesus in His adorable Sacrament, the abandonment in which men dare to leave Him, the little piety and the indifference of so many Christians, the ever-increasing impiety of the people of the world, — at

the sight of the great and pressing needs of the Church. I have asked myself: Why are there not some men whose mission is to adore perpetually Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar?" And he went on to speak of the several apostolates that might be accomplished by such a Society. He ended with these words: "I place my cause in the hands of Your Holiness, and I calmly await your supreme decision, which will be for me a sign of God's will. If Your Holiness judges that such an Order should not be founded, I submit humbly, convinced that God will speak by Your mouth."

Pius IX replied: "I am persuaded that this idea comes from God. The Holy Church has need of such an Order. Let every possible means be employed to make the Most Blessed Sacrament known." Meantime, Père Eymard went to the waters of Mont d'Or, to be treated for a serious chest affection.

"I arrived here yesterday," he wrote, "in this cold place. I am as I want to be, all alone, without a single acquaintance. With heaven above me and the tabernacle near by, I have all that I desire." Alone with Jesus, Père Eymard prepared his soul for the most bitter sacrifice of his life.

He passionately loved the Society of Mary. To break the ties of an affection seventeen years old came very hard to him. A man may give up his family. That is only a natural tie; but Jesus is the bond of souls in the monastic life. "The fraternity of Christ," says Saint Ambrose, "is closer than the fraternity of blood." The latter consists in natural resemblance; the former in identity of heart and soul. The very thought of that separation threw Père Eymard into a species of agony. "My nature is then in the Garden of Olives," he would say; and, again, speaking to an intimate friend, he added: "Know that this thought has crucified me for a long time. The filial affection that I entertain for my dear Society, for my confreres, and for my Superiors, their indulgence toward me, and toward my spiritual and corporal weakness — all combine to make me remain quietly where I am. On the other side, I must respond to the grace of God, since He deigns to call me

to labor and to die for this beautiful work for which I feel myself irresistibly drawn."

By the following words we may measure the bitterness of his sacrifice: "God has willed that I make to Him the sacrifice of the *Society*, for on first entering into religion I had to sacrifice only a father and one sister."

*To be continued.*

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❖ MY TREASURE ❖

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Apart from the surging thousands who throng the city street,  
From the noise and glare and tumult and tramping of many feet;  
I seek Thee, my heart's own Treasure, upon Thine altar throne,  
For here would I lay my burden and speak with Thee—alone.

I hear Thy voice, 'mid the silence: "My child, I have travelled  
[wide,  
O'er lonely moor and woodland and over the mountain's side;  
And now at last have I found Thee, weary and bowed with care.  
Come, lay thy head on my bosom, and rest in safety there."

Oh keep me, my heart's own Treasure, close in Thy fond embrace;  
Help me to see through the darkness a smile on Thy loving face;  
Guide gently back to Thy pathway the feet that have gone astray;  
Hasten the end of the journey and the breaking of the day.

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