



A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.

If the Blessed Sacrament were better known, earth would be bright and Heaven nearer.
E. FABER.

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❧ EASTER ❧

After Lent's purple shadows
Shineth the Easter glow ;
They who will not shun the darkness
The glory may not know.

First bow ye as the violet,
In deep humility,
Ere ye attain through trial
The lily's purity.

Lead us, O gentle Saviour,
Along the shadowed way.
Into the dawning radiance,
Of the glad Easter day.

Thoughts on the Holy Eucharist

Jesus Promises and Keeps His Promise



HERE is one subject of which this unappreciative world is never weary and that is love. And what is the love of creatures after all? But a very faint shadow of one of the most tremendous and sublime realities — God's overpowering love for us. Our Blessed Redeemer loved us with unspeakable love. He loved us so deeply that His very love is a mystery to us; and, being a mystery, it has been most ungratefully doubted yet.... Why should we doubt when everything proclaims It, and above all, the Sacrament of Love itself, the Blessed Eucharist.

Let us think over a few of the sermons He preached upon the hillsides, in the boats, on the highways, and in the intimate talks with the favored twelve and it is astonishing to see the allusions and the promises to give Himself to man to be his nourishment. When He stopped off at Capharnaum to preach to the Jews we hear Him saying very pointedly: "I am the Bread of Life.. Your fathers did eat Manna in the desert, and they died. I am the living Bread which came down from Heaven; if any man eat of this Bread, he shall live forever. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life... for My flesh is meat indeed and My blood is drink indeed (St John VI, 35-36).

Here is the promise that He was afterwards to realize so faithfully under circumstances which bring into action the most tender emotions of our hearts.

Jesus instituted the Blessed Eucharist at the close of His noble life because that Sacrament is the memorial and the summing up of all His works and teachings. It

is His own dear Self. He had spent three full years "going about", not waiting for the needy to come to Him, but going to them and "doing good". Was it surprising then, when the last days drew near, that His great, noble Heart should overflow with the desire of accomplishing a work that might be the masterpiece of all His kind deeds ; to work a miracle of love that should complete all the miracles of His whole life each one wrought through pitying love for the suffering souls around Him.

Jesus chooses the Supper Room for the place of offering the Lamb whose Sacred Flesh is our food ; the Paschal Lamb of the new people of God. His loving, earnest Heart is weary of the "Figures", He must have the reality for His Heavenly Father whose mercy has been so sorely taxed. The "Lamb of God" is to appease His justice, but oh ! to think of what must be gone through before another sun-set ! He has thought it all out many a time ; He has measured the depth of the agony before He sits there in the Supper Room with the men whom He had called His friends and who had sworn to drink the Chalice with Him, His enemies, including one of that little group, were getting ready to seize Him. He knows all that He has to face, and yet He calmly prepares for all men the repast by which they are to live of the life He is so ready to relinquish through purest love of their wayward soul.

He establishes the Sacrifice which will keep men thinking of the Sacrifice of Calvary and which will remain in after time the only true sacrifice.

While the malice of man is devising plans for a long spiteful persecution and bitter death, Jesus is quietly putting into execution the divine plan of pardon and mercy by which He hoped to win us all over to His love. Did He hear the whizz of the scourges that would forcibly draw from His veins the ruddy stream with which He was so lovingly filling the chalice to present to His Apostles ?

We think He must have for the wording of His injunction is clear : " Drink ye all of this ; for this is

My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins " (St Mathew XXVI, 28).

How can we think of this without longing to be better and more honestly hateful of all that tends to grieve the Heart that died of love !

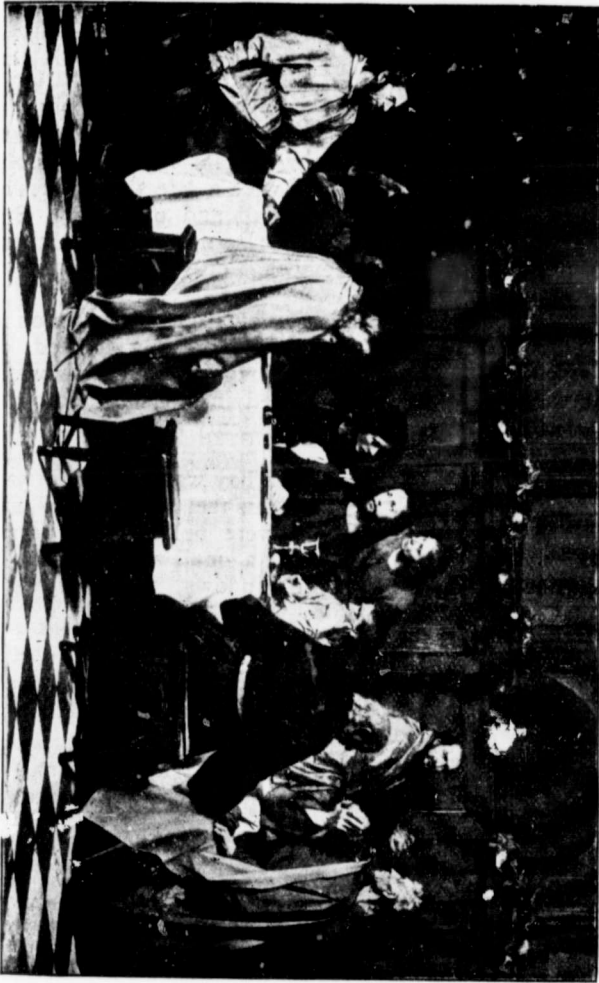
Jesus instituted the Eucharist on the evening previous to His death because He wished that Sacrament to perpetuate and renew His memory. He hoped that the dear Victim of the altar would make us think of the generous victim of Calvary, and that while receiving His Body and Blood we should feed our minds with the memory of all that He went through the last day He was with us. His love alone suggested the institution of the Eucharist and His omnipotence executed it.

Dear Jesus ! Thou art indeed a generous God worthy of all praise and of all glory in heaven and on earth. Can I, in return, do any little thing to bring a soul in closer touch with Thy dear Sacrament of love ? The answer comes spontaneously from the depths of my weak but willing heart : " You can live nobly. You can forcibly resist all that may lead to self-indulgence and sin. You can learn to measure your virtues not by any extraordinary action but by the every day duties done conscientiously for God's sake. You can learn to put aside an amusement that may have doubtful results. You can bring happiness into the lives of others though they may not appreciate it. You can avoid uncharitable interpretations. You can try to be royally merciful to those you dislike. You can practice a little more self-control when needlessly wounded ".

All this should be the fruit of Jesus' morning visit to my soul ; and others, seeing this would naturally turn to the Sacred Host for help and strength.

This consolation and grace I solicit in all humility for Thy greater glory in the Sacrament of Thy love.





THE LAST SUPPER

Apostolate of a Newsboy



HE world is full of unwritten heroism ; and once in a while we find ourselves face to face with a life that makes our own seem small and unworthy. Such is the one I am going to tell you about ; and remember, I only tell tales that are true !

The classes of First Communion for working boys were being formed, one evening in the school house of my parish. I was watching the lads as they were placed in divisions according to their intelligence, when, suddenly a scuffle was heard at the door.

Every head was turned, as a boy was pushed forward. He fell, but quickly regained his feet and tried to make his exit, but two other boys were behind him barring the way. He stood at bay like a small wild animal ; his terrified eyes taking in the windows, vainly trying to see if escape were possible.

“ What does this mean ? ” I said sternly.

“ Father, this feller has been hanging round the buildin for an hour ! He wants to come in, but he’s afraid ! ”

“ What are you afraid of, my son ? ”

No answer came from the boy who certainly looked frightened to death. He was ill-clad, small and pale.

“ What is your name ? Don’t be afraid ! Speak up like a man ! ”

“ Will ” ! in a husky voice, twirling his cap.

“ Will, what ? ”

“ Father, he aint got any other name. He has’nt got any parents, nor brothers, no mother, ” said the boys who seemed to know him !

One of life’s waifs, I thought, thrown on the stream of humanity, wanted by nobody, cared for by nobody, and yet, a soul for whom Christ died !

" Will, are you a Catholic ?"

" Yes, Father !"

" Do you want to make your First Communion ?"

He looked up eagerly.

" Yes, Father !"

" Well, come here and sit down, and I'll teach you all you have to know."

Will looked furtively around, and seeing I smiled, and yet was in earnest, took the seat I gave him, and his presence was soon forgotten. He looked and listened in silence all evening.

I thought it better to say nothing to him that evening. If he came again it would be time enough. When the other boys left, I found out from one who lingered, that Will was a newsboy, lived under steps in summer, and in ash-pits in winter ; always said he was a Catholic, but until now, never came near a Catholic school, and he was twelve years old ! He had heard the other boys talk about night institutions and came with the crowd, but lacked courage to enter until forcibly landed in the room by his chums, who would have no fooling where the priest was.

Next evening Will was on hand. Face clean, better clothes though sadly threadbare, but respectful and attentive. He could not read, so instructions proceeded laboriously. However he grew more and more earnest, mastered the chapters of Catechism, and ere long was the most devoted chap in the room. His big brown eyes never left my face when I spoke to the class. He helped me to put the room in order after dismissal and always lingered until I said, Good-night, God bless you, Willie. He learned his prayers, and I gave him a rosary, and as the time drew near for First Communion and Confirmation, he became, if possible, more attentive and earnest. Often I spoke to the boys about the saints of God, little anecdotes of charity, devotion, and prayer. Once when I had told the story of the early martyrs, Will's eyes (ever fixed on me) glowed, and that night he said to me " Father, I'd like to die a martyr !"

" Well, my boy, you might although not by fire or sword !"

"How then Father?"

"By loving others better than yourself! By giving your life to help others. There are many martyrs in this world, Will!"

He said nothing and I forgot the circumstance. First Communion time came. Will passed the examination, and made his general confession. I had grown greatly interested in him, and had spoken to some charitable ladies who provided him with suitable clothing and had given him work. He was now a respectable looking lad a messenger boy. But although I had provided him with a home, he left it, to live with an old apple woman, who took him to her warm heart, and gave him a little corner in her humble lodgings, and grew fonder of him every day. And he responded to Granny's love, by giving her all his earnings.

After Will had been confirmed and made his first Communion, he came to see me, and I noticed with some anxiety he had a hard hacking cough. I mentioned it, but he only laughed and said it was nothing, "he didn't mind it." But Granny came to see me greatly worried over her boy.

"Father" said she, "I wish you would bid him not to pray so long in the cold. I do be listening for him to go to bed, but he is on his knees till all hours, with his beads in his hands, and the room do be cold, for we can't have fires at night."

Will's purity and piety had begun to make a deep impression on my mind. He is a chosen soul I thought, and often he looked to me like a young saint, with his steady brown eyes fixed rapturously on me, when I talked of the martyrs and holy ones of God.

One bitter cold February night, Will came to see me. I noticed his cough was worse, and spoke to him about taking more care of himself. When he was leaving, a blast of icy wind swept through the doorway nearly taking me off my feet.

"Will," I said, "You must take the cars home! Have you the change?" I added. "Well, I declare," said Will, feeling in his pockets, I guess I left my money in my other suit! but I'll run, Father! and I

handed him a new quarter. "Thank you, Father, I'll borrow it and pay it back" said he with a smile. "Be off then," I said, "Good-night"

"But the blessing!"

"God bless you! God bless you!" and I hastily closed the door.

I thought no more of Will, for a day or two. The weather grew bitter cold. No one left the house unless he had to do so. But one afternoon the telephone rang and a strange voice asked me could I go to such a house to see a poor person who was calling for me, and was surely dying. I took the address and started. It was Granny's humble home, and I met her at the door her apron up to her eyes, and the tears streaming down. "Oh! Father" she wept "he's never stopped calling for you!"

"Who?" I exclaimed.

"My poor Willie! he's borrowed something from you and its worrying him!"

I demanded to see him at once.

She led me to the little room, and there on a cot was Willie, delirious, calling out he wanted to return the quarter.

"Have you had a doctor?" I said.

"No Father, sure it's the priest he's calling for; he only got bad to-day."

I went at once to a telephone near by and called up a physician I knew, who was soon at the house. He looked at Will, shook his head and began to work with him. I went into the next room, and by degrees got the story out of the bewildered Granny.

The night Will left me, he was later than usual coming home, and Granny was distressed, she said, it was so bitter cold. At last about midnight two men came to the door with Willie between them. They found him lying in the snow with blood coming from his mouth not far from home. He was almost frozen, but gave his address faintly. She had put him to bed, and he didn't seem better in the morning, and suddenly he grew delirious and raved about walking home and borrowing money from me. Strange! I thought, why didn't he ride in the cars?

He was overcome by the bitter night, but why did he walk? What did he do with the money?

"Granny, had he any money when he came in?" I said.

"Not a cent, your reverence! When I asked him why he didn't ride, he said his money was in his other suit, and when he took bad, he was raving that I was to pay you back a quarter. Sure if he had a quarter, why didn't he take the cars?"

"Sure enough! I thought, I told him to ride" I felt uneasy. Where was that quarter? but then the thought occurred to me, that he might have dropped it, or lost it.

"The men told me", said Granny, "that they found him senseless with the blood coming out of his mouth, just yonder, almost in sight of the door. It was a bitter cold wind he faced, coming over the bridge!" she wailed.

Just then the Dr called me and said quietly. "This is a case of pneumonia and exhaustion. The hemorrhages must have been severe. I don't think he will pull through, Father, but he will be conscious in an hour. I will send some medicine and a nurse."

I was affected more than I could have imagined.

"How long do you think he will live, doctor?"

It's hard to tell, Father, scarcely twenty four hours."

The Doctor left, and I sat down by the bed. Willie muttered in his delirium. "Poor old fellow, I wonder if he did lose it." Then again he murmured; "By loving others. Yes! the priest said so. That's the way to be a martyr! I wonder were any martyrs ever frozen to death?" Then he would start up! "Granny! Granny! give back Father's quarter! Mind I only borrowed it! give it back to him."

"Yes, darling," said Granny coming in. "I'll give it back to him. He's here himself. Lie still, honey! Oh! me poor boy!"

"Willie," I said, do you know me?

The big brown eyes opened but there was no sign of recognition.

A nurse came in just then, and I requested her to begin at once to comply with the Doctor's directions. I sat in the next room, and opened my breviary. I could not

leave Willie. I felt sure I would be needed. An hour passed. Granny was with the nurse, and I sat by the window thinking and trying to read my office, and watching the glory of the red sunset, that winter afternoon. There was snow on the smoke-tinted roof and the muddy river visible beyond the bridge, was filled with ice cakes. The founderies and glass houses belched forth flame and smoke, but the red sunset transformed it all into a glow of crimson glory. The hue of blood was on everything. Type of martyrdom ! I thought, and then came the inspiration, is that boy a martyr ? How ? I must know for I believe he is. The nurse called softly :

“ Father ! ”

I went into the inner-room.

Willie was conscious ! weak but smiling. “ I ’ m so glad, Father ! ” he faltered. I think I ’ am pretty sick, but I am so glad you came ! ” I motioned them to leave. and I heard Willie ’ s confession ! He wanted to receive Holy Communion. So I left and returned soon with the blessed Sacrament, and the holy oils. He received Holy Viaticum, and I anointed him. Then he lay peaceful and quiet with his eyes closed. The door of the next room was open and long crimson gleams of light came through and lay on the white counterpane and on the pillow where the little head had rested. There was utter silence except his difficult breathing. The nurse moved about noiselessly. Her look at me was of one who felt that her ministrations were useless although she smiled at Willie.

“ Father ”, he whispered, Did Granny return your quarter ?

That ’ s all right, Willie. If she hasn ’ t she will. You are going to heaven soon, don ’ t bother about anything but the thought of our Lord, whom you will soon see ! Then a thought struck me. “ Willie, what did you do with that quarter I gave you ? ”

He looked squarely into my face : “ Father, he said with difficulty, I gave it to somebody who needed to ride in the cars more than I did ; you know you told me, by loving others better than yourself, by giving your life to help others, I could be a martyr. Father, that night I

nearly froze, I was so cold, walking home, and when the icy air stopped my breath and the blood came, I prayed God would make me a martyr ! but I only fainted !”

Something rose up in my throat and choked me. Here then was the secret of the money. The boy had given his car-fare to somebody, had tried to walk home over the frozen river and his weak lungs had given out. He was dying now from the effects of his charity, Yes ! the blood-red sunset foretold the death of the martyr.

He died that night in his innocence and self-consecration. The last look of the big brown eyes was on the crucifix I held in my hand.

I had high mass over the remains, and at his funeral I spoke of the noble act that caused his death. There were many in the church, for his peculiar little history was known by a number who had noticed him.

Before I had time to remove the vestments, an old white-haired man tottered into the sacristy.

“ God forgive me, Father,” he wept, “ I was the one who unknowingly caused that boy’s death. I was at the corner waiting for the car that Tuesday night. I only had a nickel with me, and it was so cold I dropped it into the snow. The boy came along, and I asked him to look for it. He stooped, and looked, but the car came so quick, that there wasn’t a minute, and I begged him to hurry. He slipped a coin into my hand, and ran off in another direction. I thought it was my nickel, until I got into the car, when I found it was a new quarter ! I was much surprised, and ever since, I could not get him out of my mind. I would have frozen to death if I had not got into the cars that night for it was bitter cold and I walk slowly. To think that I should have happened on his funeral Mass, and learn that he gave up his little life for me !” and the old man wept out loud.

“ Yes !” I said solemnly, for my heart was deeply moved, he gave up his little life for you ! A martyr only twelve years old.

Rev. R. M. ALEXANDER

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL

OF THE

BLESSED SACRAMENT FATHERS

Our Frontispiece



ur chapel of Mount Royal Avenue, had been named by the Local Committee of the Montreal Eucharistic Congress, as meeting place for the Priests' Section, and in acknowledgment of the honor both Church and Convent were sumptuously decorated.

On the portico rose a monumental arch of flowers and verdure, surmounted by a gigantic ostensorium of electric lights, over which glimmered the significant invitation : Venite Adoremus.

The interior of the Sanctuary was even more richly adorned. The immense throne of Exposition, a mass of lights, flowers and beauty impossible to describe. From the dome, in letters of fire hung St Peter's enthusiastic exclamation on Thabor : " It is good to be here " typifying the happiness of a life spent in the service of the Divine King of the Host. All around the nave, to the height of galleries ran, in natural flowers, another inscription, a stanza of the Sacris Solemniis enumerating the duties of a priest, as Consecrator and Distributor of the Eucharistic Mystery.

At the end of the Sessions, the Blessed Sacrament was replaced on Its Throne of Exposition, and solemn Benediction sung by all the priests, after which came the crowning of the noble work : The Blessing of the Host.

We will never forget the grandly beautiful and soul-stirring effect of those 2,000 priests, singing together, so piously, fervently and harmoniously the Pater Noster... Tantum Ergo, while from His Throne Jesus, the Sacred Host, the gentle Saviour looked down in mercy and love unspeakable.

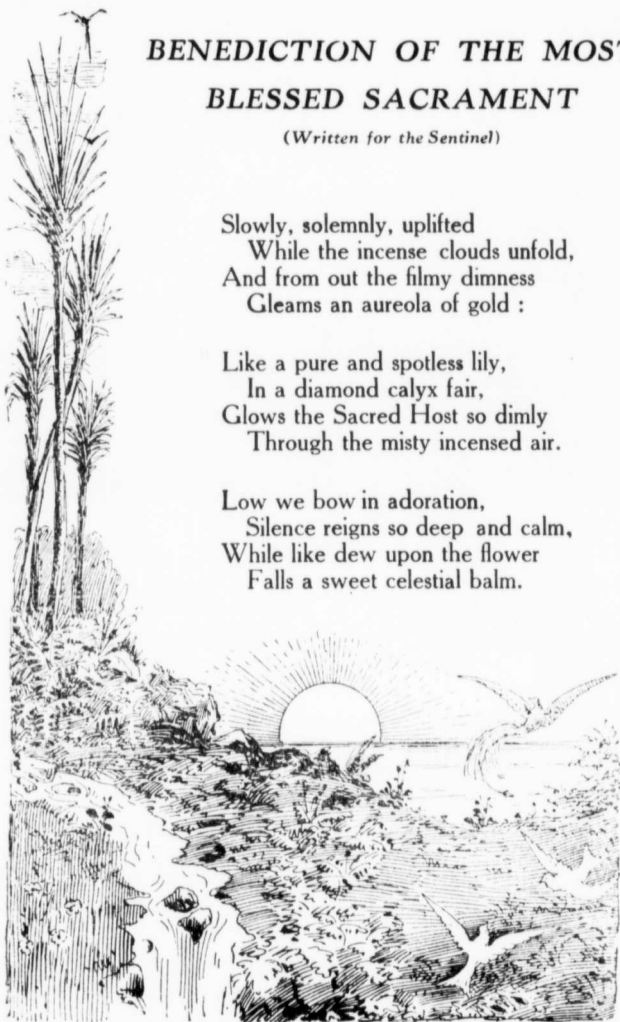
**BENEDICTION OF THE MOST
BLESSED SACRAMENT**

(Written for the Sentinel)

Slowly, solemnly, uplifted
While the incense clouds unfold,
And from out the filmy dimness
Gleams an aureola of gold :

Like a pure and spotless lily,
In a diamond calyx fair,
Glowes the Sacred Host so dimly
Through the misty incensed air.

Low we bow in adoration,
Silence reigns so deep and calm,
While like dew upon the flower
Falls a sweet celestial balm.

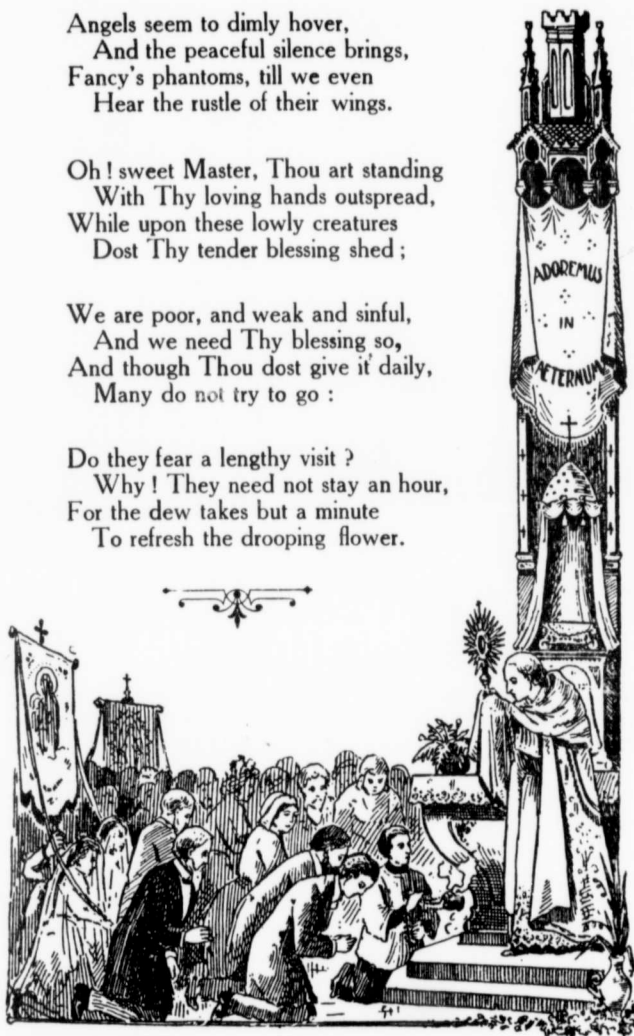


Angels seem to dimly hover,
And the peaceful silence brings,
Fancy's phantoms, till we even
Hear the rustle of their wings.

Oh! sweet Master, Thou art standing
With Thy loving hands outspread,
While upon these lowly creatures
Dost Thy tender blessing shed ;

We are poor, and weak and sinful,
And we need Thy blessing so,
And though Thou dost give it daily,
Many do not try to go :

Do they fear a lengthy visit ?
Why ! They need not stay an hour,
For the dew takes but a minute
To refresh the drooping flower.





HOUR of ADORATION

Jesus Assisted by the Cyrenean.

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

III — REPARATION.

Jesus is exhausted by fatigue. His knees tremble and give way at every step. The blood, mingling with the tears from His eyes, blinds Him. He can hardly see where to put His foot. He will expire, if they do not assist Him. The crowd following Him to Calvary is immense, and on most countenances may be read contempt, hatred, or indifference. The executioners behold Him sinking, but nothing touches them, excepting the fear of not being able to get Him to the place where He is to be crucified. Then it was that, wishing to prolong His life in order to prolong His torments, they determined to help their Victim. At that moment, everyone passed on hurriedly. No one wanted to shoulder such a burden. Where was Simon Peter? Where was John? Where are all His Apostles and Disciples? Where are all those

blind, deaf, dumb, paralytics, all those sick cured by His beneficent hand. Not one is there to help Jesus. Then it was that the soldiers seized on a stranger named Simon, who was at that moment returning from the country, and whom they forced to take up and carry the Cross.

Simon did not, at first, understand the honor done him. He began to murmur in his heart, looking upon it as a great misfortune, a great degradation to be obliged to bear the Cross. Happy Cyrenean, judged worthy to bear the Cross of the Saviour, and thus give Him some relief! If thou didst know Him whom thou art helping and the divine burden thou art bearing, thou wouldst never suffer it to be taken from thee, and thou wouldst wish to be fastened to it instead of the Condemned. Simon was ignorant of all that, therefore they had to force him to carry the Cross of Jesus.

But you, Christian soul, you have not the excuse of ignorance. Do you always accept the Cross of Jesus without murmuring? Can it be possible that you, also, will refuse to bear a portion of the Cross of Jesus?

Ask the Divine Saviour to enlighten your soul at this instant on your interior dispositions with regard to the cross. Make a serious examen at the feet of the Saviour who bore it for your salvation: Am I fully persuaded, O Jesus, that to be Thy disciple, I must at any cost bear the cross after Thee? Am I convinced that, without the cross, it will be impossible for me to enter heaven? Have I always regarded it as a visit from the good God? And when God visits, is it not always to do good? Does it appear to me as a gift of Thy love, as preservative against sin and hell? Do I prostrate before it as before the wood that bore Thy Sacred Body! Do I esteem it as an effect of divine justice? Has no one ever heard on my lips these blasphemous words: "What have I done to God that He should afflict me so cruelly?" Do I love Thee as much in suffering as in joy? Have I not dragged the cross instead of carrying it, like the traveller who, before climbing a mountain, paused at every instant, his strength failing, until at last he died of cold and faint-heartedness? Do I try to conquer discouragement? Do I

leave to Thee the choice of my crosses? Do I not insult Thy love by plying Thee with *why* and *how*? Why such a cross? How long must I bear it? To whom do I turn first to tell of my sorrow persuaded that creatures are incapable of imparting true comfort, that Thou alone canst effectually dry my tears and heal my bruised and bleeding heart? Do I take care when under the cross to nourish myself with Thy Eucharistic Bread, the Bread of the Strong! And if I have fainted under my cross on the road to Calvary, have I taken care to rise quickly and resume anew my march after Thee? How do I behave in sickness? Am I patient, gentle, resigned, pious? Do I not try in every way to avoid the least suffering? And for having been unwilling to carry my cross, how many new crosses still more weighty have not Satan, the world, my own passions laid on my shoulders! Ah, that was a just and well-deserved chastisement!

Pardon, O my Divine Saviour, pardon all my guilty repugnance to bear Thy Cross! How Thy Heart must have suffered at Simon's resistance to help with Thy Cross! Still more, a stranger close to Thee at the moment of Thy death! How this thought must have pierced Thy Heart! Pardon, O Divine Saviour, pardon for Simon, pardon for all who at that moment deserted Thee! My heart revolts at the thought, and I dream of being there myself to offer Thee aid. Alas! the cross that Thou dost even now present me, I refuse. I have, indeed, as much need to implore Thy mercy and pardon as the most faithless of those that followed Thee to Calvary.

Yes, I confess it, O Jesus, my soul torn by sorrow, I have refused to relieve Thy bruised shoulders by not willingly bearing my own cross after Thee! Henceforth, with Thy holy grace, I desire, O good Cyrenean, to bear Thy Cross, and to follow Thee over the road of Calvary, which leads to heaven.

IV — PRAYER.

In the suite of Simon of Cyrene, we are all called to the honor of carrying the Cross. I hear Jesus turning to me on the way to Calvary and saying: "*If any one wishes to come after Me, let him renounce himself, take up*

his cross, and follow Me!" Notice that He addresses these words not only to those that aspire to the highest perfection, to religious and priests, but to all who believe in Him, to all His disciples without exception. If any one wishes to come after Me, let him take up his cross! From the moment one desires to be His disciple, he must shoulder his cross, and follow Jesus to Calvary.

Teach me Thyself, O Divine Saviour, how I must receive and *carry* my cross in order to be worthy of Thee. In the Christian language, *to carry one's cross* is a figurative expression denoting suffering, namely, the disposition proper for securing to us the merit of suffering.

The Cyrenean did not go before Jesus, he *followed Him*. There is much instruction in these words. To learn how to carry one's cross, it suffices to look at the Divine Model. Let us not take our eyes off Him. Let us fix our gaze on the sweet Victim of the Host who is constantly going before us on the dolorous way, and we shall learn from Him how to sanctify our cross.

How ought I to receive the cross? Jesus accepted His with *great faith*. Then, I, too, want to accept mine with faith. Although, at first, it may appear horrible to nature, I desire henceforth to accept it as presented to me from the hands of Jesus Himself. Jesus received His Cross with *respect*. I, also, will receive mine as sent from God and as the bearer of His holy will. Jesus received the Cross with *gratitude*. Is not a cross the best sign that the Divine Master is thinking of me? And can He think of me without wishing me well? Jesus accepts the Cross just as it comes to Him from His Father *by means of the executioners*, thus showing that He accepted it in perfect obedience. I ought not to regard either the kind of cross, or by what means it is sent to me. God has sent it to me, and that suffices. Jesus receives it in the *spirit of expiation*. And He had no sin, but He wished to expiate my faults. With how much more reason ought I to accept it, in order to satisfy for all my debts to Divine Justice! If I desire to convert and sanctify souls, can I make use of any other means than that employed by the Redeemer Himself?

How should I carry my cross ? After receiving it as Jesus did, it must be borne as He bore His on the road to Calvary. The Divine Master asks me not only to accept it, but still more, He wants me to take it up and carry it after Him. While He was ascending Calvary, apart from the few words addressed to the devout women who were following Him, Jesus keeps *absolute silence*. He suffered alone and, when sinking under His burden, not a friendly hand was stretched forward to help Him. I ask Thee, O Jesus, to suffer in silence and that I may complain to no one. If the intensity of my grief forces me to seek consolation, it shall be only from Thy minister or, better still, near Thee in the Eucharist, near Thy Heart always so loving and compassionate.

Jesus carried His Cross with *love and joy*. His Heart had sighed after it so long ! Was it not to be the glory of His Father, the salvation of His children ? The true disciple of Christ, also, should bear his cross lovingly and joyfully after his Master. Some one has said : " What is a Christian excepting a boatman who rows with difficulty, singing joyously ? " This was Peter's advice to the newly converted Christians : "*But if you partake of the sufferings of Christ, rejoice that when His glory shall be revealed, you may also be glad with exceeding joy.*" All the saints felt in the depths of their soul these same sentiments. Saint Paul, the great Apostle of the Cross, superabounded with joy in the midst of his crosses and tribulations. Inebriated with the happiness of suffering, he cried out : "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ !*" Another disciple, Saint Andrew, burning with love at the sight of the cross upon which he was to die, exclaimed : "*O bona Crux ! O good Cross !*" Saint Francis Xavier ran around crying out : " Some crosses ! Some crosses ! " Saint Teresa said : " To suffer or to die ! " Saint John of the Cross, after laboring much for Our Lord, asked as a recompense only to suffer and be despised for Him. Saint Magdalen of Pazzi went so far as to prefer the cross to death and heaven : " Crosses always, rather even than death and heaven." Make me share, O Jesus, in this love of the Cross that these great

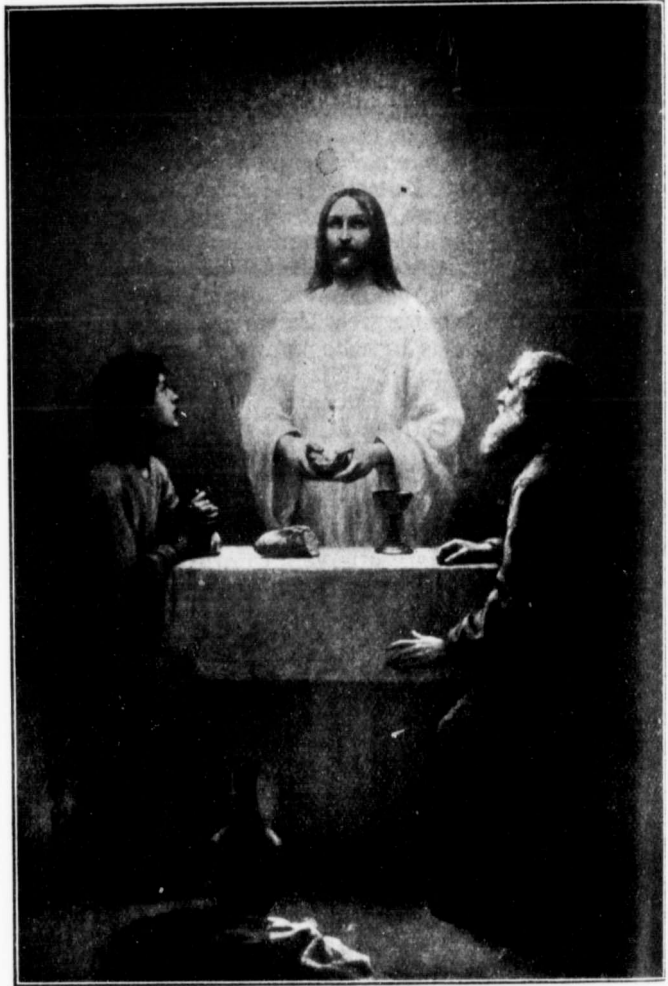
souls have felt, and that I may by that indemnify Thee in some little way for all the sufferings Thou didst endure for me !

Jesus bore His Cross *perseveringly* even till the end of His life. Jesus and the Cross are never separated. Simon of Cyrene did, indeed, help Him to carry it up to Calvary, but Jesus never abandoned it. And besides, the cross of our sins, which weighed so heavily on His heart, He kept till His last sight. It is thus that I, too, should carry my cross. The crown is given only to perseverance. It is on this condition alone, as I know, that the Way of the Cross will become for me the way to heaven.

“ The world is but a great Calvary,” says Ven. Père Eymard, “ happy is he who knows how to suffer for Jesus and with Jesus ! ” It is of this Divine Saviour, living among us in the Eucharist, that we must often beg knowledge and strength. It is in the frequent and fruitful eating of the Bread of the Strong, that the soul will find the courage to carry the cross without fainting and with it to follow Jesus. His Heart is a lever that draws hearts after Him, even on the way to Calvary. Blessed Margaret Mary uttered a word that ought to be engraved in letters of fire in the heart of every Christian : “ Without the Cross and the Blessed Sacrament, I could not live.” No, the true disciple of Christ cannot live without the Cross and the Blessed Sacrament. The true Christian cannot live without the Cross, for, as Ven. Père Eymard says again : “ Without suffering, love is but a vain word.” Without the Blessed Sacrament, it is hell, for the cross would then be without Jesus. Later on we shall have Jesus without the Cross, but that will be in heaven !

O Mary, obtain for me the grace generously to bear my cross with Jesus till the last sigh of my life !

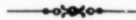




The Disciples of Emmaus.

“Resurrexit”

“**I**N our Lord’s company after His Resurrection,” says Mother Mary Salome, “all was brightness, suffering was over, fear was banished, peace had come and the past was forgiven and forgotten. O, draw near, to this dear risen Lord! Draw near, you who have hearts weighed down with care! Look upon the glorious risen Face of Him we love so much! Look at the Hands with the wounds shining bright; kiss the Sacred Feet adorned with the red marks of triumph. Open your heart and let your Lord fill it with peace and gladness. We have much need of brightness here below. The toiling for a living, the subduing of passions, the bearing of trials, would sap all our natural and supernatural life, if we had not our risen Lord to whom to go for light and refreshment. But we have Him! He has arisen, but “He is still with us” to share all that is His. Ah, how glad should we have been, had we been in our Lord’s place — to rest, to have done with all baseness and ingratitude. But the first words of the Easter Sunday Mass proclaim quite other things— “I arose, and am still with thee, Alleluia!” With me and with you so Let us be truly with Him in peace and joy and gladness.



Eucharistic Thoughts.

I would have esteemed myself very happy in receiving a single drop of blood from the Sacred Heart pierced on the Cross; and lo! I receive in my mouth, in my heart and in my soul Thy Precious Blood, which is adored in Heaven! O Sacrament of love! O Chalice of ineffable sweetness! — *B. Henry Suze.*



The devotion to the Body and Blood of the Lord is a most certain sign of predestination. — *Saint Bernard.*



FREQUENT COMMUNION

MANY more than do so now, would doubtless become frequent communicants were they not deterred by the difficulty they fancy they would experience in living up to the life of greater strictness imposed upon them by that practice. But this, too, is an empty fear. For while it is true that going often to Holy Communion will be a stimulus to living a more perfect life, it is just as true that eating often of the flesh of God will give the strength to respond to the call. If our ability to follow this life of nobler self-denial depended wholly on ourselves we might well despair, for who does not know by bitter experience how miserably weak we are in all that has to do with self-renunciation? But it must never be forgotten that the frequent communicant by no means stands alone. His feebleness is daily joined with the omnipotence of God. The weakness of the creature is changed by Communion into the might of the Creator. It is as if a frail reed were bound to a massive column. Or rather, to use the metaphor of the text, the frequent communicant becomes himself "a pillar in God's temple," a well proportioned pillar, a pillar that is massive, lofty, solid, straight and strong, a pillar fair and graceful to behold, for it is fashioned, carved and polished by the most skillful of all sculptors — a pillar that, rising from its firm base, assists in supporting on its high capital God's own temple.

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Such in very truth the courageous soul becomes who "conquers" the coward fear which would keep people from receiving Jesus often, because they think themselves unequal to leading the life, that to their mind, becomes the frequent communicant, or, in other words, because they are dupes of the common error, that would keep Communion as the rare reward of exceptional holiness, rather than use it as the familiar remedy for daily infirmity.

For he who often welcomes to his heart Our Blessed Saviour must become in time a temple-pillar like the one described— as well proportioned for example in consistency of character, as solid in steadfastness during temptation, as lofty in singleness of intention, as straight in rigid honesty, as fair and graceful in many winning virtues made his by taking from God's hand the polishing and the carving that trials and affliction give him.

Moreover the frequent communicant, while very like one of those marble shafts all sculptured and inscribed in commemoration of some victor's triumphs, resemble more and more closely the pillar in the text, a pillar in God's temple, for by the constant increase in his soul of grace and the greater efficacy of his prayers in consequence and by the daily beauty of his life of self-renunciation, he "edifies the Church" and becomes a source of comfort, inspiration and support to all, who are in any way dependent on him, and is himself a part of that root power for good exerted in the world by the prayers and sacrifices of those whose hearts are pure and holy.

WALTER DWIGHT, S. J.



All blessing be to Thee, most Holy Sacrament ! for that Thou art God, and Thou art Man, and for that in love of us Thou art so lovingly and so humbly veiled, and yet withal so indubitably distinct and clear ! — *Father Faber.*

“ I Have Called You Friends ”



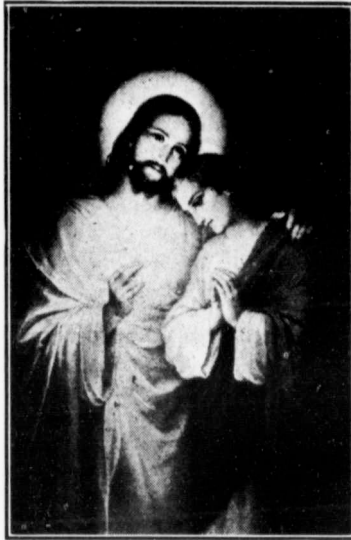
It is, in truth, singularly fitting that this beautiful and touching sentence should have been recorded by the Saint of the Sacred Heart—the Beloved Disciple—who, where ever the christian Faith is professed, lives in the minds of men as the special friend of his Divine Master.

“ This is my commandment that you love one another, as I have loved you,” says our Saviour ; and He adds almost immediately afterwards : “ You are my friends, if you do the things that I command you,” thus showing us a way by which we may merit to become His chosen ones ; showing us also, in clear and forcible language, the sacredness of this special kind of love—the love of true and perfect friendship. “ I have called you friends.” Oh, high and holy privilege, the highest and the holiest that the mind of man can conceive, or the heart of man desire ?

If we look around us, and consider the many blessings which a merciful Creator has bestowed upon us, surely no gift could be greater than that of a sincere friend ; or if, on the other hand, we allow our thoughts to dwell on the sins, the sufferings, the cruelties, the bitter disappointments of life, what deeper consolation can we have, than the knowledge that there is one human being to whom we can turn in all our sorrows — one heart ever ready to sympathize—one voice always waiting to console—one mind that will never misunderstand. Verily, in the words of Holy Scripture, “ A faithful friend is a treasure A faithful friend is a medicine of life and immortality : those who fear God, find him.”

St. Francis of Sales, speaking of friendship between devout and pious persons, says : “ I consider all other friendships as but so many shadows in respect of this and that their bonds are but chains of glass or jet, in comparison of this bond of holy devotion, *which is more precious than gold.*”

He adds : " Surely no one can deny that our Lord loved St. John, Lazarus, Martha and Magdalen, with a more sweet and special friendship"; while the Angelic Doctor, St Thomas, acknowledges that friendship is a virtue, and he speaks of "*particular friendship*," since, as he says, " perfect friendship cannot be extended to a great many persons."



" Friendship is not to be bought," exclaims St Jerome ; —

" it is priceless !" And, in another of his letters, he remarks, " that is indeed a true friendship which Christ " has joined." If Almighty God, in His goodness, has granted us this inestimable gift—and surely there are few among us who do not keep enshrined in the innermost sanctuary of their souls, the memory of a certain day, in a certain month, in a certain year,—nay, can we not even remember the very hour?—when the one perfect, all-sufficing friendship of our life began. If, I say, Almighty God has granted us this gift, let us thank Him with full hearts ; for the journey heavenwards has many a rough place, many a dark valley, many a steep incline. We know, too, that the road winds up-hill all the way—yes, to the very end ! And the strongest might will grow weary, the bravest spirit faint, with never the touch of a helping hand—never the sound of a welcome voice to gladden the stillness.

" Without a friend, thou canst not well live," says the pious author of the " Imitation " ; " and if Jesus be

not a friend to thee above all, thou wilt indeed be sad and desolate."

It could, in truth, seem to be a striking proof of the sacredness of friendship, that Our Divine Redeemer should have particularized it in that memorable discourse to His disciples after His last supper, when, having instituted the Blessed Eucharist—the mystery of Faith — He speaks His parting words to those chosen ones, whom He loved even unto the end. All words uttered by Eternal Truth are precious ; but these have a deep and tender significance, and it is worthy of note that, in three consecutive verses, Our Saviour makes use of the word *friend*,

" Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his *friends*.

" You are my *friends*, if you do the things that I command you,"

" I will not now call you servants : for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doth. But I have called you *friends* : because all things whatsoever I have heard of my Father, I have made known to you."

Here we have the attributes, or requisites of true friendship summed up and epitomized by God Himself — enumerated by One Who understands our wants and weaknesses as none other can ; for man, except in rare instances, is quick to misjudge his fellowman ; slow in deciphering heart and mind.

According to the words of Christ, the first quality necessary in friendship is self-forgetfulness—self-immolation. " Greater love than this no man hath, that a man *lay down his life for his friends*." Sacrifice is the very essence of love ; where there is no desire for sacrifice, there is no deep affection. " *Amantis illa hora est qua pro amico patitur.*" To him that loves, the hour is dear in which he suffers for the object of his love. " I have a baptism where with I am to be baptized, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished ! " cries the Divine Friend Who never fails us, Whose love can never die.

And have not these words found a voiceless echo in our own poor human hearts, when we longed to do something for our best beloved ; or when, perchance, our utter

powerlessness to aid them in the face of difficulty, or danger wrung our souls with an agony which none but ourselves may know ?

“ Friendship has no measure, ” as St Jerome beautifully says ; it gives and gives, and still has more to give. A love that calculates is unworthy of the name.

The second quality insisted upon by our Blessed Lord is a complete surrender of the will, as exemplified by our readiness to do all that may be required of us : “ You are my friends, if you do the things that I command you.” There must therefore be swiftness to act, eagerness to set personal desires aside—in a word, unselfishness.

The third quality is confidence :—“ I have called you friends, ” says the Divine Master. And why ? Because *all things whatsoever I have heard of my Father, I have made known to you.*”

“ I will not now call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doth.” Confidence differentiates the friend from even the most valued servant. It is the highest, the noblest, the most precious proof of friendship ; indeed without absolute mutual trust, there can be no *true* friendship. There must be no reservations, no half measures, no shadow of a shade of fear, for as the Evangelist St John says : “ Perfect love casteth out fear.”

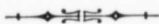
Having realized the sacredness of friendship, and the particular qualities necessary thereto, it only remains to add, that this tie is one which ought to—and, as a matter of fact, does—raise and ennoble us, because, “ in reverence for what is better than we, there is an indestructible sacredness.” It is the very joy of man’s heart to admire where he can, “ nothing so lifts him from all his mean imprisonments, were it but for moments, as true admiration.”

If, then, we have found, or rather, if God, in His mercy, has given us, “ this faithful friend ”, — this “ treasure ” — this “ strong protection ” — let us accept him joyfully, with awe (“ as all deep joy has something of the awful in it ”) ; let us cherish him tenderly, guarding his honor as we would our own ; let us trust

him absolutely ; let us reverence him lovingly, "grappling him to our soul with hooks of steel." Let us remember also, that this human love of true friendship is sweetest when it leads us to a more Divine and perfect love. Nay, has it not been granted to us in order to that end ? By its means we may—we must—draw nearer to our God. And oh, let us strive to be more worthy of our high vocation. He has deigned to call us *friends*. Do we try to act as such ? A thousand lives spent in His service would not fit us to bear the dear title ; yet He Himself assures us that it shall be ours, if we do the things He has commanded us.

When, day by day, we kneel before the Tabernacle, let us commend the earthly friend He has given us to the Heavenly Friend Who is always waiting for us there. Let us ask Him, by the love of His Sacred Heart to bless and guard our friendship, and let us pray, in the beautiful words of St. Francis of Sales, "that God will give us grace so to fight through our pilgrimage, that when we reach our Heavenly Country, we may rejoice that we had met here, and talked together about the mysteries of Eternity."

MARIAN NESBITT.



What Came of a Visit to the Blessed Sacrament.



THE Rev. John Dunn of Darlington who died a few years ago, related the following incident of his own experience :

It was in the early days of his priesthood that Father Dunn was granted this touching proof of the sweet workings of the Blessed Sacrament. He was called to the house of an Episcopal Minister, well known for his hostility to the Catholic Church. Wondering a little at the summons

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he went and was shown a room, where the minister's only child lay on her deathbed. She was a beautiful girl of about nine years of age, but intelligent beyond her years and the idol of her parents. The child had been pinning for two years, and the cause of her sorrow had brought her to the brink of the grave. The medical man had in vain studied her case, he could find no disease; but the parents grew stern in their grief, for they knew



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full well what had brought their darling to this condition. At last a day came when the physician caught a clue for his guidance. This was a bitter exclamation against Popish servant girls, which broke from the lips of the mother. The doctor at once asked for an explanation, reminding her that he had a right to know the cause of the child's illness. Her reluctance being finally overcome the mother stated that they had once engaged an Irish Catholic girl to attend on her Lina. The girl

seemed to have given up all practice of her religion and they hoped, had forgotten the superstitions of her native country. One afternoon however, when taking Lina for her usual walk, she felt for the first time for years (according to her own statement) a great inclination to go to church. It was a day when Benediction was given and the child was so impressed that she longed to go again. "From that day," said the lady, "dated all our misery. She was ever pinning for the superstitious ceremonies which seemed to have taken possession of her." They discharged the servant and did all in their power to make the child forget her visit to the Catholic Church, but all in vain. Kindness and severity both failed, the child thought of nothing else and finding her desires could not be satisfied, began to grow weak and languid.

The doctor, after hearing this story, insisted that a priest should be brought to his little patient at once, and suggested Father Dunn whom he had often met. In spite of the mother's opposition the young priest was called in. Father Dunn hearing from the messenger that it was a most urgent case, took the Blessed Sacrament with him. The Protestant doctor waited to see what effect it would have on the child, and anxiously watched for his entrance. To his amazement, no sooner did Lina see the Father than she rose up in her bed and with clasped hands and eager eyes awaited his approach. "You have brought my Lord" she cried in an exulting voice, "I could not go without Him."

Father Dunn's surprise was now as great as the doctor's and he began to try and soothe and divert her. But she put her little wasted hand upon his breast, where the Blessed Sacrament rested and, by her answers, showed she was as familiar with the great Mystery as he was himself. The doctor began to urge him to gratify her; and indeed Father Dunn could no longer hesitate. The innocent child's preparation was soon made. She made her act of contrition and love as he prompted, received her Lord, and then with a rapturous smile, sank back on the pillow. As Father Dunn gave the blessing the angelic little soul fled to her God.