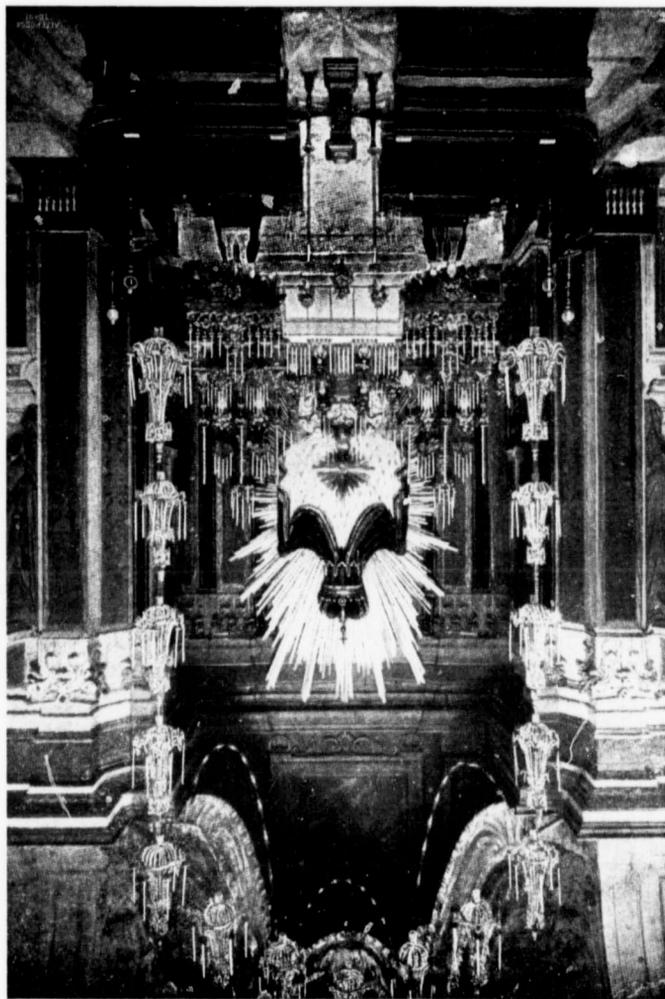


SAINT CLAUDIUS' CHURCH, ROME.





A Heart That Loves us.

THERE is a face that's beaming
 With heavenly love for me,
 There is a Voice that's speaking
 In sweetest tones to me.
 There is a heart that's burning,
 I feel its genial fires ;
 It tells me I should love Him
 With all my heart's desires.

His gaze is ever on me
 No matter where I be,
 His words come softly to me,
 In solemn mystery ;
 For His heart is ever loving,
 Consuming with its love,
 And with the cords of Adam
 He's drawing me above.

He's drawing me to Heaven,
 Where all is joy and peace,
 Where His smiles will be eternal
 And His words will never cease ;
 Those smiles that often cheer me
 And that voice that's seldom still,
 Will be mine to know forever,
 My eternity will fill.

Will fill with joy and gladness
 For time forever more,
 And banish all the sadness
 That marked these days of yore ;
 For there I'll always see Him
 And love Him evermore,
 And be loved by Him forever
 With the Heart I now adore.

—BISHOP COLTON.



The Gospel of the Eucharist

The Presentation.

*They carried the child Jesus to
Jerusalem to offer Him to the Lord.*



THE historical fact of this mystery is, the taking possession of the temple of Jerusalem by the child Jesus, and His Presentation to God the Father ; the fulfilment of the prophecy : " Yet a little while, and I will move heaven and earth and fill this house with glory ; " says the Lord God of Armies, and this glory will be greater than that of the first Temple : therein I will give peace."

The Gospel fact narrates : The Child Jesus presented in the Temple by His Virgin Mother, ransomed by two doves, laid in Simeon's arms ; Simeon's joy, his nunc dimittis, his sad prophecy ; the filling of the soul of Anna the prophetess with light and gladness at the advent of this Child, the " Desired of Nations."

We shall now consider the Eucharistic fact constantly renewing and perpetuating this mystery in our own day.

The Child Jesus is again presented in the Temple every day, and at every hour of the day and night, and throughout the universe ; only, now Mary is replaced by the Church, the High-Priest by the celebrant ; Simeon and Anna by good Christians, devout laity who visit Him, offer Him, or receive Him, for we must include all, and

those three acts resume all our duties towards the Blessed Sacrament.

If says, Origen, You desire to hold and embrace Jesus like Simeon, come like him to the Temple where you will find the same Infant God and share the same happiness. The Presentation goes on night and day : alone in His prison of love where He is ever living to make intercession for us. Jesus offers Himself through the Holy Ghost to God His Father in our behalf.

In Simeon we see the perfect model of those who approach the Eucharistic table, the Altar, or the Sacred Tabernacle, before, during and after these sacred acts.

1. Before : Simeon was called a just man. In order to adore, to sacrifice and especially to communicate we must also be just, that is to say, in a state of grace ; a state absolutely necessary for the worthy reception of communion, and at least very desirable for proper assistance at Mass and visits to the Blessed Sacrament. This state of grace is, moreover, the most essential disposition for Holy Communion, and, so important, that strictly speaking it suffices in order to make a good Communion and even derive benefit therefrom ; because sanctifying grace brings with it all the gifts of the Holy Ghost, all the graces infused, and renders us participants in the divine nature.

Besides being just, Simeon, had a delicate or scrupulous conscience : being scrupulous is something more than being merely just ; this delicacy of conscience allied to righteousness constitutes freedom from venial sin : if venial sin does not destroy grace, it invariably diminishes it and mars, more or less, the cordiality of our relations with Jesus and of His with us ; it is not, in reality an open rupture but a barrier hindering divine consolations. Therefore be careful to purify your conscience from the slightest stain before you come to Jesus. You can easily do this by an act of contrition, of love, an ejaculation, etc ; the more particular you are on this point, the more benefit you will derive from your communions. This scrupulosity, or filial fear, making us avoid the least sins, or repair them as much as possible, fills heart and mind with peace and wonderfully disposes us to receive the favors and benedictions of the Eucharistic God.

Simeon longed for the "Consolation of Israel." He knew he would not die until he had seen the Lord and ardently desired His coming. This desire is also necessary to complete our preparation; holy desires dilate our souls and render them more able and more worthy to receive and hold God's graces, and are besides quite natural to a Christian who is to adore Jesus, assist at Mass, and especially receive communion. Tell me, do you not, frail and human as you are, long for your hour of adoration, of mass, of communion? Does not the desire of possessing Jesus stir your soul, and make your heart beat as the blessed moment draws nigh just like a child welcoming its Mother after a separation.

Finally the Holy Ghost dwelt in him and guided him to the Temple. The Holy Ghost should likewise dwell in us and guide us as he did Simeon. You have received this Blessed Spirit, may He live in you, act in you, be the movement of your soul, and of its powers, and even of your members themselves; and since it is He that forms the perfect adorer, the holy priest, the fervent communicant may He abide with you and remain with you forever.

Simeon was old and feeble, yet fortified by the Holy Spirit, he valiantly overcame self and hastened to the Temple. Let us generously follow his example and courageously overcome any obstacle, no matter what, that would keep us away from Our dear Lord.

2. During: Simeon will again serve as model for either one of these acts and show us the virtues that should accompany them: Faith confidence, joy.

Simeon is inspired to go to the Temple by the the Holy Ghost. There he sees only a maiden-mother with an infant in her arms; yet, neither the lowliness or littleness of the child, nor its coarse raiment disconcerts him or prevents him from acknowledging the Infant God. His heart believes and his mouth confesses Christ, the Saviour of the world; the Light of Nations, and the Glory of Israel! Likewise we must see with the eyes of faith and acknowledge under the frail species of the Sacrament, the Light that enlightens all men coming into this world; under the white veil that enshrouds Him, the Eternal Light, under the lowliness of infancy the majesty of a God!

Simeon approaches with confidence. Doubtless your heart is swayed with respect and reverential fear for Jesus, Sacred Host, nevertheless, approach with confidence and joy, with the glad conviction that since He comes so humbly it is not to inspire fear. Had He wished, the Son of God could have surrounded Himself with the brightness of Sinai : but, no, as a little child is His coming. The God of the Eucharist could from the veil that hides His glory make His thunders resound, but, behold He is no longer some One, merely something... in order, that we may approach as to an insensible object.

Let your soul expand in His presence : approach with joy, with confidence, with love ; moreover, since love brings Him what more natural than that He should exact it in return.

3. After : Detachment should be the fruit of adoration and especially of communion. Now we must say our nunc dimittis to creatures, worldly pleasures, flesh and blood ; still, once we have tasted the delights of God and His lovableness in the Blessed Sacrament, there is real merit and virtue in loving creatures, since to do so, we must see them in God, find His blessed likeness in them. Creatures in themselves are not lovable, whereas, Jesus is supremely so, and only grows more attractive the more we know Him ; hence true happiness and consolation will be ours when we sing our Nunc Dimittis as generously and as perfectly as Simeon did.

Oh ! be loyal to Jesus. Since He offer and gives Himself for you respond by offering and giving yourself soul and body to Him. The continuity of His sacrifice has known no intermission : to day as of old He still offers Himself for you and unceasingly renews the mystery of the Presentation.

The Holy old man Simeon spoke another word addressed to Mary : " This Child is for the ruin and fall of many..." Prophecy sadly true and that might be written at the base of the ciborium, around the monstrance : He giveth life or death."

St Thomas tells us " Jesus is life for the good : death for those who receive Him unworthily and profane the Sacrament of His Love."

St Paul writing to the faithful of his time said : " If so many among you are sick and suffering, so many stricken with sudden and unprovided deaths, it is on account of profanations." And, I, also, say to you, that those awful calamities and serious disasters afflicting us are the consequence, the punishment of Eucharistic profanations and sacrileges.

Every mystery, every dogma has been attacked more or less, but none so bitterly or so frequently as the Real Presence. Jesus in the Sacred Host is the butt of every sarcasm, the target of every shot, the sign of contradiction, the victim of ill will, outrage, fierce assaults, inveterate hatred.

Note for instance the behaviour of that man so affable and kind, that, when even a little child smiles at him, he cordially returns the greeting, but when the Blessed Sacrament passes, his cordiality, which would then mean respect quickly disappears and is replaced by an ironical smile sad to see but still sadder to analyze. This conduct is something akin to what made the possessed fume with rage at the sight of the Real Presence ; and an additional argument in favor of the adorable mystery ; moreover this hostility is not natural, it can only spring from the evil one and is an homage like any other.

Take another instance : An educated, well-bred man, an ideal host in his own home, but, let him come to church to attend a wedding or funeral - about the only time he ever does—he completely ignores, or wantonly violates the etiquette of God's home. Perhaps were we to remove the Blessed Sacrament, the prime cause of his irritation, he might act differently.

When the priest shall see, shall know the profanations of Christians and Pagans his heart will overflow with anguish as keen as the Virgin Mother's after Simeon prophecy. Poor Mary ! Poor priest ! My God, if I had known..., if I could have foreseen, I would not have called Thee down from heaven, or at least I would have locked Thee securely in Thy Tabernacle ; I would have taken Thee with me... I would not have delivered Thee to the wicked...

Oh, you at least His children console His wounded Heart, make amends by your respect and faith and love

for the irreverence to which He is subjected. Let your fervor, your undeviating fidelity repair the injuries heaped upon Him, the indifference meted out to Him ; let Him find in you staunch loyal champions, devoted sentinels.

The Gospel relates, that, at the time of the Presentation, a prophetess named Anna, who dwelt in the Temple, united with Simeon to welcome the Infant God. What would she not have done had the Temple possessed Jesus abiding in His Sacrament.

You who have neither husband to fear, nor children to care for, follow her example. Give Jesus all the time you can : live figuratively and literally speaking as near Him as possible.

Still it is especially at His coming you should go forth to meet Him, at Holy Mass, Benediction, Vespers, the various Church offices ; then, afterwards like Anna, the prophetess speak of Him, His manifold attractions, His goodness, His might, His power, His tender mercy, His ardent love ; do this fearlessly but tactfully and strive by every means in your power to make Him know and loved.

You have come into the Temple and more favored than Simeon or Anna have perhaps received the Son of God. Do not go away without saying : " Nunc dimittis." Lord, I go now, whither Thou wilt. Let Thy servant depart in peace, nunc dimittis.

Never leave the Temple without thanking Jesus for having suffered you in His Sacred Presence, without bidding Him good-bye, without asking for His peace, His blessing, His fond approving smile. Be faithful to this simple practice and please God when comes the day we gaze upon Him for the last time on earth, He shall hear and hearken to our pleading : Now, O Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace, not, from Thy Temple, but from this valley of tears—to eternal joy. *Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine secundum verbum tuum in pace ! Amen !*





The Widow's Only Son.



COME to Me all you that suffer and I will console you." Compassionate loving words spoken by the merciful Christ long centuries ago, and still daily addressed by this same benign Saviour to those coming to Him with faith and love in the Sacrament of His abiding.

Madam Theresa Bussi, of Naples, has just proven the truth of this assertion, and experienced in a truly providential way that Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist is still, as during His mortal life, the powerful and merciful consoler of the afflicted.

Left a widow at an early age with an only son whom she idolized, she devoted herself exclusively to his education, striving untiringly to instill in his mind and heart such virtues and qualities as would make him agreeable to God, a comfort to herself, and an honorable upright citizen.

Her work looked fair and promising, but, unfortunately Anthony fell in with bad companions who by their words and example gradually undermined his faith and his morals, and to such an extent, that, soon worldly pleasures and amusements rendered the practice of religion so distasteful that he abandoned it altogether.

The poor mother watched these changes with a sinking heart using alternately every device of affection, every power of authority to make him see the error of his way ; but he would not listen to her, laughed at her pleadings and even went so far as to forget the respect to which she was entitled and repay her love with blackest ingratitude.

Nevertheless she was not discouraged : she had heard that tears shed by an afflicted mother are gathered by the Angels and presented at the foot of the throne of mercy : sustained by this thought she prayed incessantly for her wayward boy.

One day in a burst of anguish she confided her sorrow to her spiritual director asking : Father, what can I do to make my son return to God ? I have prayed and wept for years ! Must I lose my only son for time and eter-



nity !... God forbid we should be separated forever !... Tell me, I implore you, what I must do to save his soul redeemed by the Blood of Jesus Christ ?...

The priest a man of great faith replied : Try to remember that the merciful Saviour is the father of sinners as well as of the just... Be persuaded that since He wishes to abide perpetually with us in His Sacrament, it is to succor our miseries, to console our sorrows. Ask Him ; Jesus, the Divine Host of the Tabernacle and He will bring your son back to you contrite and purified. Yes, trust and pray ; pray with lively faith, ask with firm

confidence: I am sure your prayer will be heard. We will begin a novena, every day go and kneel a half-hour before the Blessed Sacrament, unite your prayers to those of the Church, to those of the Angels in heaven. Beg, implore, I will pray also and have prayers offered for that intention in the Church of *Corpus Domini in Rome*. I am confident that soon we shall sing our *Te Deum* to the God of the Eucharist.

Comforted by the kind sympathy and encouraging words, she began her novena with great fervor and faithfully united her supplications to those offered for her intention at Rome.

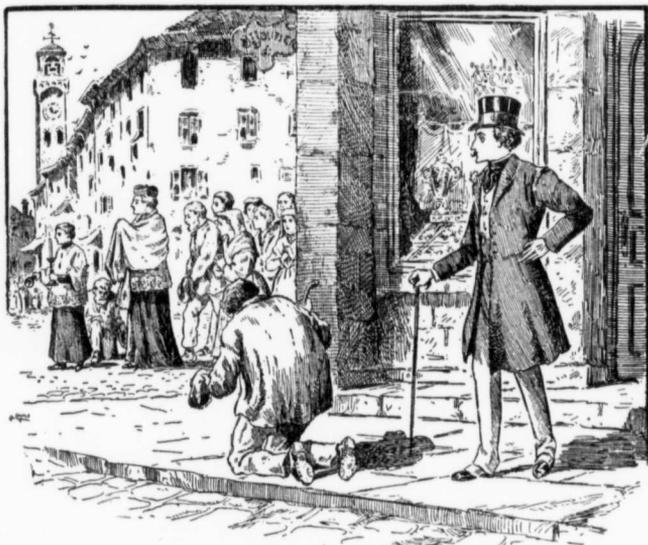
On the eight day filled with an unusual happiness she redoubled her fervor and prayer before the Tabernacle where an inward voice seemed to whisper: To-day you will be consoled!"

Full of hope she returned home, but Anthony was not there; long hours she waited patiently for his coming... At last he came, and as her eyes met his she saw at once that something unusual had happened and hurried to meet him. He threw his arms round her neck and burst into tears... God's hour had dawned. "Mother," he whispered "faith has triumphed," and, still holding him close she murmured: "Praised be Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament." "Mother," he continued, "be happy once more, be satisfied; your Anthony is converted. Henceforth he will be a good christian as well as your comfort and consolation. He swears it by his father's memory."

No pen could describe this touching scene, nor the various emotions succeeding each other so quickly in the soul of that repentant son and his happy mother.

Eager to know what had brought about this blessed result she listens while Anthony tells the story in his own way: "You know how I studied the morals and customs of my fellowmen, and boasted of having seen everything, heard everything, watched everything; but, this morning I saw something new, something that greatly impressed me and made a new man of me. As I was sauntering along, I noticed a number of people respectfully kneel as a priest slowly advanced accompanied by men, women, and children all praying in unison.

Curiosity prompted me to ask its meaning and brought the information that Holy Viaticum was being carried by the Pastor of —, to a wealthy Lord who was dying. Some unaccountable impulse urged me to join the processionists which I did without even removing my hat, or showing any other mark of respect or devotion. Meanwhile we reached a sumptuous palace, entered and went through several beautifully furnished rooms. We remained in the one adjoining that the priest entered. The



door was wide open so we distinctly saw and heard everything that took place. I saw the sick-man propped up in his bed. He looked to be about fifty. His refined noble face white with the palor of death, his hands crossed on his breast, his eyes fixed on the priest. At his bedside knelt his wife and only son, a young man about my own age weeping bitterly.

The sight affected me deeply and made me think of you, Mother mine, and of your anguish when ten years ago we assisted at just such a scene." Tears choked him and interrupted his recital. His poor mother tried to console him though her own eyes were full, and her voice

unsteady. Gaining control of himself he continued : " A little altar was prepared in the room, the priest deposited the Blessed Sacrament on it, went to the dying-man's bedside, prayed aloud and blessed him. Then making a superhuman effort the latter said in a scarcely audible voice : " Lord, Sovereign Master of heaven and earth, I adore Thee here truly present in the Blessed Sacrament. I thank Thee for Thy manifold mercies unto me. Bless my boy and grant that He may live and die in the Catholic faith ; that is my only wish, for if he perseveres in living as a Christian he will always be the comfort and stay of his poor mother

" At these words my eyes grew dim, I seemed to see another death-bed whereon lay my own dear father and his voice to utter the words I had just heard. Overcome with grief and remorse I slipped away, and ran home to throw myself into your arms, and promise you that I would repair the past, and tell you, your Anthony, is miraculously converted by Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament."

The overjoyed mother embraced her newly-found son again and again and gave vent to her joy and thanks giving in the oft repeated : " Glory be to the God of our Tabernacles ! "

The next morning she herself conducted her son to a priest ; grace had indeed triumphed.

The grateful mother related what had occurred to her confessor in short pithy sentences like paens of joy : " the triumph is complete, Father ! My son is given back to me ! Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament has heard me ! I beg of you make this grace known far and near. Earnestly desire public thanksgiving be offered for this miraculous conversion in the Church of *Corpus Domini* at Rome.

This story is copied from the Annals of the Roman Association and Perpetual Adoration. May its perusal comfort other mothers, as sadly afflicted and inspire them with like confidence and fervor in appealing to the Consoler of the afflicted, abiding in the Tabernacle ; and may He in His prodigal love be as merciful and propitious to them and to their wayward ones, as to our heroine and her only son.



EUGHARISTIC STUDIES.

THE ABANDONMENT



PEAKING of Himself Jesus said : " I am the Bread of Life ; I am come in order that they may have life and have it more abundantly ; whosoever thirsts let him come to Me and drink ; whosoever believes in Me from his heart living waters shall flow."

Jesus, the author and giver of grace desires to bestow it freely upon those coming to seek it, in His lifegiving Sacrament ; but, instead of responding to His desire, instead of approaching the Truth and the Life they deliberately turn away from Him who is " the Way, the Truth and the Life." " The Light came into the world, yet mankind loved darkness better than light." And in consequence, from His Tabernacle, the seat of this heartless abandonment the lonely Captive laments with the Prophet Jeremias : " They have abandoned Me ! Me who am a source of living water, and have dug for themselves hollow cisterns incapable of holding water."

In the Saviour's passion there were hours of bitter anguish when feeling more keenly the abandonment of those He loved and for whom He was going to die, He became a prey to unutterable agony, as for instance in the garden of Gethsemanie. " He went away from His disciples, about a stone's throw, and fell on His knees and prayed ; Having fallen into agony, He prayed the longer and was bathed in a bloody sweat that trickled to the ground."

An hour not less excruciating for the heart of Jesus was that of the flight of His Apostles. Those chosen ones whom He had formed, to whom He had revealed the mystery of His Apostolate, and whom He loved unto the end. " Then His Apostles leaving Him fled." Alone, Peter, who had sworn inviolable fidelity followed, but, afar off, only to cowardly deny Him shortly afterwards.

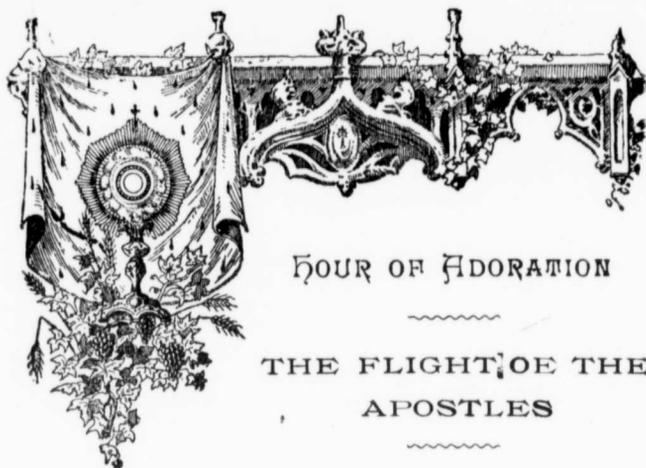
But what hour could surpass that of supreme desolation, when, hanging between heaven and earth, abandoned by heaven and earth He cried aloud : " My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me."

Verily those were cruel lacerations for the heart of a God, but, you who pass before the Tabernacle, look and see if there be a sorrow equal to that He endures in the Sacrament of His Love ; a lament more pitiable or heart-rending than that issuing from His abandoned Tabernacle, as formerly from the Prophet's lips : " I nurtured children, I brought them up, and they despised Me."

Jesus abandoned, forsaken, ignored in the Sacrament He instituted to save the world, seems to borrow anew the same Prophet's voice to say to this frivolous, indifferent, incredulous generation : " All day I stretched out my hands towards a people who do not believe, who walk in a way they should not, who indulge in guilty thoughts ; towards a people always trying to avoid me and only serving to irritate Me." " O My people continues the plaintive voice ; " What have I done to Thee ! In what have I pained thee ? I looked for one that would grieve together with Me but there was none : for one that would comfort Me but there was none."

We at least who acknowledge and love this forsaken King, this lonely neglected Captive ; who have tasted the sweetness of His Eucharist, the peace and joy of His abiding let us kneel before His Throne and say with Jeremias : " Lord, Christ, Thou art the expected of Israel ; those who forsake Thee shall be confounded those who go away from Thee lost, because they have abandoned the Lord who is the source of living waters. Lord ! heal me and I shall be made whole ; Lord, save, me and I shall be lifted up."

Then, as refreshed and strengthened and full of high resolve, we rise to leave His Sacred Presence should He ask : Will you also forsake Me ? Will pleasure's siren voice, desolation's moan, or temptations struggle make you abandon Me ? " We shall answer with Peter's enthusiastic loyal faith : Lord whither shall we go Thou alone hast the words of Eternal life." Teach us Thyself how to be faithful to Thee, we place all our confidence in Thee.



HOUR OF ADORATION

THE FLIGHT OF THE APOSTLES

I. — Adoration.

The Apostles had never been able to understand that Jesus would allow Himself to be apprehended by the Jews. Disconcerted by His arrest, they abandoned their Master and fled. And yet, Jesus had not exacted that they should defend Him with the sword, on the contrary, He had forbidden it. Nor had He demanded that they should remain in His company, nor that they should allow themselves to be bound and led away to death. No, He had ordered the soldiers to allow them to depart. What, then, should the Apostles have done in such a conjuncture? They should, if not, remaining with their Master, at least have gone away all together, confiding in His word, which had assured them that they should be safe and sound. On the contrary, beholding Jesus in chains, they lost courage, yielded to panic, and fled as quickly and as far as possible from the Garden of Olives. But the divine oracles had to be accomplished: "Strike the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered."

O wandering sheep of Christ, how was it that you fled trembling from your Shepherd? He alone can surely defend you from the most rapacious wolves. O cowardly soldiers, is it thus that you turn your back upon the enemy after having abandoned your Divine Chief defenceless in their hands? It was while combating for you that He was taken by the enemy, and you, slothful and ungrateful, betake yourselves to flight! And you, Peter, you who were so willing to be with Jesus on Thabor, you abandon your Master at this moment! Apostles, why do you flee? What have you to fear when with Jesus?

This flight of the Apostles conceals a great instruction. Jesus alone is the Saviour. In all the other mysteries of His life, we behold Him always accompanied either by His Mother, His Apostles, His disciples, or His friends. As soon as there was question of redeeming the world by the sufferings of His Passion, He wills to be alone. The Divine Scriptures had thus predicted. He is alone when He prays in the Garden of Olives. He is alone when He suffers that frightful agony which pressed from Him even His Blood. And now that He is going to suffer in His Body, He wishes again to be alone, because, to Him belonged all the work of our Redemption. The Apostles all have need of Redemption and, consequently, could not be with Him as redeemers. There is only one, unique Redeemer, and that is Our Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus alone can save us, because He alone is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Yes, Jesus, I recognize Thee and I adore Thee as the only Saviour of the world, the only Saviour of my soul. In the Divine Sacrament, as in this painful moment of Thy mortal existence, Thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Life. There thou dost exercise Thy merciful mission of Saviour every time that I assist at the Divine Sacrifice which recalls to me Thy sufferings, every time that Thou dost deign to take up Thy abode in me by Holy Communion. Too often, like the Apostles, have I fled far from Thee. Henceforth, I desire to live near Thy tabernacles, for to live far from the Way is to wander, to live far from Truth is to be deceived; and to live far from Life is to die. I understand that there is, that there can be no true repose nor perfect satisfaction excepting in attachment and fidelity to Thy Eucharist. What can I fear near Thee, O Divine Redeemer? If Thou art with me, who shall be against me?

II. — Thanksgiving.

Knowing that His Apostles were not yet confirmed in the Faith and that they might easily deny Him, Jesus permitted them to depart at the moment of danger. They were not satisfied to make use of that act of condescension, they *fled*.

Jesus had, however, warned them of this: "Behold the hour cometh, and it is now come in which you shall leave Me alone." He had said to them, also, some hours before: "You will all be scandalized in Me this night. For is it written: shall strike the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be dispersed. . . ." They were, then, well warned. But they all abandoned Him like frightened sheep, fleeing when the shepherd is struggling with a ferocious beast.

Will the Good Shepherd leave His sheep to their miserable fate? He had chosen them to be the pillars of His Church, and they have just succumbed under the pressure of human respect and fear. What will become of these Apostles in the midst of the tortures the future has in store for them? Beholding them so pusillanimous, can He hope that they will ever have the courage to confess, at the peril of their life, faith in His Divinity?

Reason, prudence, counsels Him to choose for the establishment of His Church, other men more energetic, more ardent, more faithful, in place of these mean-spirited poltroons who fled at the first attack of the enemy. No, no, His Heart will be stronger than His reason. He will secure to them their vocation, and recall them to their duty.

It was only after having received the Divine Spirit that the Apostles went to all quarters of the universe, no longer fugitives, but as true disciples of Christ, resolved to confront every persecution and death itself for the confession of the Divinity of their well-beloved Master.

I thank Thee, O Jesus, for so much love! It is to Thy merciful tenderness for the Apostles, that I owe my vocation to the Catholic Faith.

Every tabernacle is another Gethsemani. There Jesus remains alone. His friends abandon Him: *Discipuli ejus relinquentes eum, omnes fugerunt.* And I—how many times have I abandoned my Divine Saviour? And Jesus remains even then. His love never leaves Him. Years and centuries of abandonment in His tabernacle have never been able to make Him resolve to depart from those He loves in spite of their neglect, their flight from Him, their infidelity. What thanksgivings should I give to Jesus-Hostia for so much love?

Oh, thanks, Divine Pastor of my soul, for having, for love of me, remained faithfully at Thy post, in spite of all my desertion of Thee! I confide in Thy love.

I thank Thee for all the sheep that Thy solicitude and persevering love have led back to Thy fold.

III. — Reparation.

Jesus is taken and bound. What are the Apostles going to do? If they cannot deliver Him from the hands of His enemies, will they not want, at least, to go with Him, and defend His innocence before the judges?

Alas! seized by fear, all abandon Him and flee. Perhaps, some of them had even begun to doubt the Divinity of Jesus Christ. All fail, at least, in confidence, all doubt the word of their Master

telling them that no harm shall befall them. All abandoned Jesus.

Peter, whither are you fleeing? Did you not, only some hours ago, say to your Master: "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not abandon Thee?"

John, why do you flee from the bosom upon which so lately you reposed with so much familiarity and happiness? It is not long since with your brother you declared that you would be able to drink the chalice with Jesus, the chalice of His sufferings, and you are now fleeing before even putting it to your life?

Thomas, and all of you disciples, where are your beautiful promises? What has become of your noble resolutions? "*All,*" says the Gospel, "*all,*" without exception, "*left the Master, and fled.*"

It was because Jesus had to experience all kinds of suffering. Although foreseen and foretold, this blow was very sensible to the Heart of Jesus. The soul plunged in the sadness of isolation alone can comprehend His affliction. The Divine Saviour felt, then, the bitter sorrow of seeing Himself abandoned by those whom He had ever cherished and loaded with favors: "*My brethren are far from Me, and my acquaintances like strangers have departed from me,*" says holy Job. Nothing is more painful to the heart of man than desertion by his friends in time of trial. Three among the Apostles had willingly followed Jesus to Thabor, but when there was question of standing by Him in the face of danger, they deserted Him and fled.

Again, Jesus had before His eyes the spectacle of all those Christians who, in the course of ages, after having been loaded with His favors, would abandon Him in the Sacrament of His love. Once they frequented His abode, they were assiduous at Mass, at adoration, and Holy Communion, but through human respect, they abandoned the Divine Master, His Sacrifice, His Table, His throne, and fled far from Him!

Oh, how painful is such abandonment to the tenderly loving Heart of Jesus! But His greatest affliction is to see the peril to which His Apostles expose themselves by fleeing from His presence. With His mighty intelligence He understands the frightful misfortune of a soul wandering from Him. Yes, to live far from the influence of the Blessed Sacrament, far from the Holy Table, to live without frequent communication with the Divine Prisoner of our altars, is to condemn one's self in advance to sin and death.

Mary, lend me thy compassionate heart to offer to my Well-Beloved worthy reparation.

Pardon, O Jesus, pardon for Thy Apostles! Pardon for all those Christians who leave Thee in the solitude of Thy churches, and flee far from Thee to taste the pleasures of the world! Pardon

for the souls in purgatory who once abandoned Thee in the Blessed Sacrament, and who are now burning with desire to behold Thee, to be with Thee !

Pardon for myself, O Jesus, for I am more guilty than Thy Apostles ! It was through fear that they fled. Probably, several of them returned seeking Thee with tears in their eyes. Do I not, on the contrary, remain cold and insensible when I am obliged to go away from Thee ? Do I ever weep for having lost a Communion, for having omitted an adoration ?

Pardon, O Jesus, pardon ! Henceforth I shall never leave Thee, or, if obliged to do so, it will be with regret, and with the desire to return as quickly as possible.

I wish to spread everywhere the praiseworthy habit of visiting Thee daily in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

IV. — Prayer.

To abandon Jesus and flee from Him—is this not for a soul the greatest of all misfortunes ? To comprehend it, it would be necessary to comprehend God Himself. On the other side, to be constantly pleased in the society of Jesus, and to continue in it, one must be good, pure, loving, practising all the virtues, nay, even willing to give one's life as a witness to one's love for Him. In one word, it is necessary to have sufficient courage to drink with Jesus from the bitter chalice of His sorrows. Ah, nature trembles at this !

Doubtless, the soul in love with the Divine Saviour, in a moment of fervor, after a good Communion, for instance, may form the strongest resolutions to endure everything, to suffer even death itself for Jesus. She may cry out with the Apostles : " Let us go and die with Him ! " But on the first occasion, these beautiful sentiments vanish, and love yields to fear. She experiences all the weakness, the feebleness of human nature. She is ready to abandon Jesus, her Faith, her Communions, her duty.

If Thy Apostles abandoned Thee, O Jesus, what have I not to fear from my weakness ? I am neither better instructed, nor more loving, nor more holy than they. Without Thy grace, I am unable to keep my promises. If I have so often slothfully deserted Thy divine service, it is because I counted more on my own strength than on Thy assistance.

I come now to beg the graces necessary never more to be forced to deplore so frightful a misfortune as that of abandoning and fleeing from Thee. Teach me to distrust myself, for my heart is vain, dissipated, light, and inconstant.

Grant that it may have the strength to recoil before no sacrifice to prove its love. Grant that I may esteem myself happy to be associated to the sacred bitterness of Thine! May I never be of the number of those that remain with Thee as long as Thou dost feed them with Thy consolations, but who desert Thee as soon as Thou dost associate them to Thy Passion!

Grant that in sorrow I may never seek consolation among men. May I never lean on an arm of flesh, or upon the capricious heart of a mortal, but only upon Thee, Eucharistic Jesus, upon Thy Heart so tender and compassionate! Art Thou not the only Friend that never fails!

I wish to belong to Thee in life and in death. I shall often repeat with St. Paul this profession of my love and fidelity: "Who, then, shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or persecution? or the sword? . . . But in all these things we overcome because of Him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

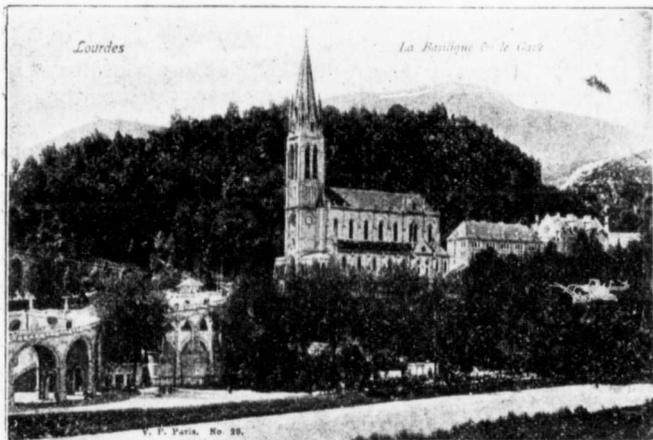
RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask of the Divine Saviour for the grace never to have the misfortune to separate from Him by sin.

Sincere thanks.

ow is the harvest time. Let our readers remember it, and soon send us the fruit of their labors and sacrifices. From all sides, already, there have come many lists and letters full of faith, wherein is revealed our readers zeal for the propaganda of "The Sentinel." And notwithstanding that our subscription price for the United States is now 60 cts. on account of the new postal regulations. All our subscribers have remained faithful. We therefore tender to each and all our

sincere thanks. "The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament" promises to take this year, a most consoling extension. Our promoters, have begun to work with new vigor. All wish to gain at any cost, a new friend subscriber for "The Sentinel." Indeed, our promoters seem to tax their ingenuity to get new subscribers. Every day we are witnesses of the most touching examples that show what a love of the Eucharist can perform in the hearts of the most humble and ignorant. The praises that we are receiving from every side, make us believe that our little review is doing some good and leaving behind it a suave perfume of love and piety toward the Blessed Sacrament. We cannot all be apostles of the word, and go throughout the world crying. "He is there, Jesus, Our King! Come, and adore Him!" But we can all be apostles of devotion, and certainly our good work shows us, how the humblest toilers, the smallest children, even, are capable of heroism to give, and sometimes much, to Jesus in his Sacrament of love. May your faith and zeal be again rekindled, and since the hidden God of the Host showers His divine condescension so far as to expect everything of our love, oh! let us be happy and honored to come to the help of this adorable poverty, and let us give generously to Him from whom we have received all. We know that our Saviour from his Tabernacle, has already smiled upon our work of Apostleship, We have also, in this intimate conversation of the soul with God, exposed on his royal throne, prayed our good Master to shed upon each of you abundant graces of Salvation, but there still remains an unfulfilled duty! The duty of a public and solemn gratitude. It remained for "The Sentinel" to offer to each of its subscribers most cordial thanks. It offers it to you to day this most heart felt thanks; It does so with eagerness and pleasure, convinced beforehand that this cordial thanks will fall short of the devotion, that our promoters, friends and readers propose displaying towards its diffusion amongst all christian families. Once more, thanks, sincere thanks.





BASILIC IN THE VALLEY.

Golden Jubilee of Our Lady of Lourdes.

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**F**EBRUARY of this year marked the fiftieth anniversary of the apparition of Our Blessed Lady to a little peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, in a cave by the banks of a small river of the Pyrenees. "He hath chosen the foolish things of the world that He may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong,"—what St. Paul writes of God's ways is true of Our Lady's ways. It was a simple little maiden of the secluded village of Lourdes whom Our Lady chose as the herald of the glorious outburst of devotion and of miraculous favors which were to honor her under the title of the Immaculate Conception. "I am the Immaculate Conception;" so this lady of most wondrous beauty had answered Bernadette, when she gave her name after many pleadings. She glori- ed in her new dignity which at last had been defined by *Pius X*, as part of the deposit of Revelation.

Our Lady appeared to Bernadette without the Divine

child in her arms, for the Immaculate Conception gives the last enchancement to her human nature in itself, before it was flooded with the splendor of the Incarnate Son of Justice.

In Lourdes her "*Magnificat*" has not been a hymn of words, but one of deeds. At her behest the child Bernadette scooped with her hands a small hollow in the floor of the cave where the beneficent figure indicated :



BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.

Thence there flowed forth a stream of pure water, at first extremely small, but growing in size and volume daily.

From its first appearance it served as vehicle of miraculous favors, and after fifty years these favors continue.

I have heard from an eye witness of one of the last pilgrimages, that it is a sight to shake even deep believers to the very soul.

Four nations, the Belgians, the Spaniards, the Italians and the Germans, had arrived together at the grotto, their numbers close on 30,000. By the piscine outside the lowest church (there are three churches rising one above the other on the hillside)—the sick are placed on stretch-

ers carried oftentimes by nobles or priests. Thence they are lifted into the stone basin ( piscine ) into which the water of the miraculous stream has been diverted. This eye witness, himself a physician, witnessed two miracles of healing and heard of a third upon the day of his visit. Twice a day ( at 4. p. m. and at 8. p. m. ) the vast multitude winds in procession ; in the afternoon they honor thus the Blessed Sacrament ; at night, tis the Way of the Cross. Imagine to yourself the countless little stars of light pricking through the darkness,—for each participant carries a lighted taper—the thousand—throated hymn of the Stabat Mater, and the organ—like roll of prayer, as the human army winds from station to station up the mountain—side to the calvary, high up on the top. It is thus that the overflowing devotion which the Immaculate Conception has inspired in their hearts, voices itself to God.

Lourdes has the unique distinction of having its supernatural manifestations examined and attested by a body of physicians. A regular board of examiners, all doctors, passes upon each case before it enters the water, and again afterwards, if there is a cure performed. Where there is absolutely no explanation except the miraculous, the examiners attest the supernatural reality of the cure, putting aside however all cases where any other explanation is possible.

Until within the last few months the cures have taken place more often than not during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in the course of which the sick were blessed separately with Sacred Host. But some infidel enemies having declared the water of the piscine, on account of the many sick who bathe in it, was acting as a spreader of, rather than a check upon disease, the miracles straight way transferred themselves thither, as though Our Lady bid her Son to mock at the short-sighted malignity of these her traducers, who would subject God to their scientific pronouncements. " He who dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn, and the Lord shall hold them in derision."

Of the miracles of spiritual healing it is useless to speak at length ; only God and Lady know them all. The day at Lourdes is a ceaseless overflowing of Masses,

of communions, of thanksgiving—and of prayer. “ Thus shall she be honored, whom the King hath designed to honor.” Let us in this Jubilee year, though afar from her shrine, add our meed of praise to the great litany, and beg for our little share of our bounty :

Oh Mother Mary, be not loathe  
To hear us, thou whom the stars clothe,  
Who seests and may not be seen !  
Hear us at last, Oh Mary Queen !  
Into our shadow bend thy face,  
Bowing thee from thy secret place,  
Oh Mary Virgin, “ full of grace.”

J. M. PRENDERGAST, S.-J.

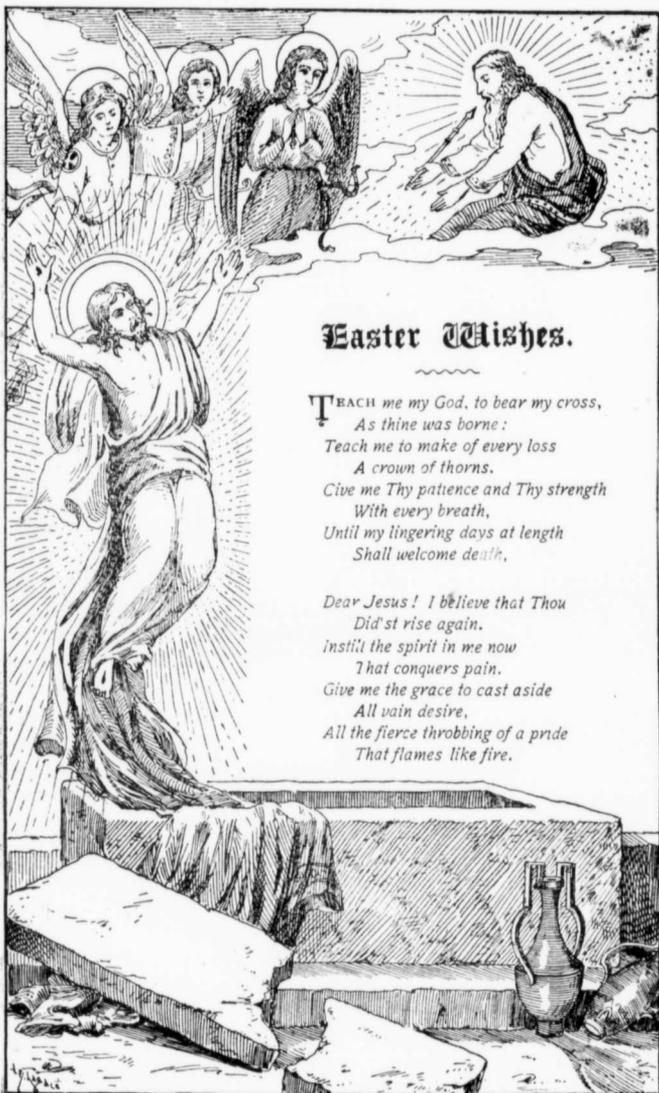
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## St. Claudius Church of Rome.

( See frontispiece )

*Roman correspondence.* — For the feast of All Saints, we took possession of St. Claudius little church, which had just been decorated and renewed. Inside the choir, we can see the royal mantle suspended and supported by two angels of white marble. The high altar presents a crystal appearance, having each side a gold bronze candlestick on pedestal, above the high altar, hangs a large painting, representing our Lord surrounded by angels, giving his blessing. The Bourguignons of the XVIII century had ornamented the choir of their national church, with different colours, we could not follow their example, with the resources, we had left at our disposal, however we inspired ourselves with the thought of St. Claudius, what we did, was for God. Inside the church door, we read the following latin inscription in the bull of Pope Urbain IV instituting the feast of *Corpus Christi*.

His Holiness Pope Pins X has granted indulgences to all the faithful who look with true piety and faith at the Sacred Host in the Ostensorium.



## Easter Wishes.

**T**EACH me my God, to bear my cross,  
 As thine was borne:  
 Teach me to make of every loss  
 A crown of thorns.  
 Give me Thy patience and Thy strength  
 With every breath,  
 Until my lingering days at length  
 Shall welcome death.

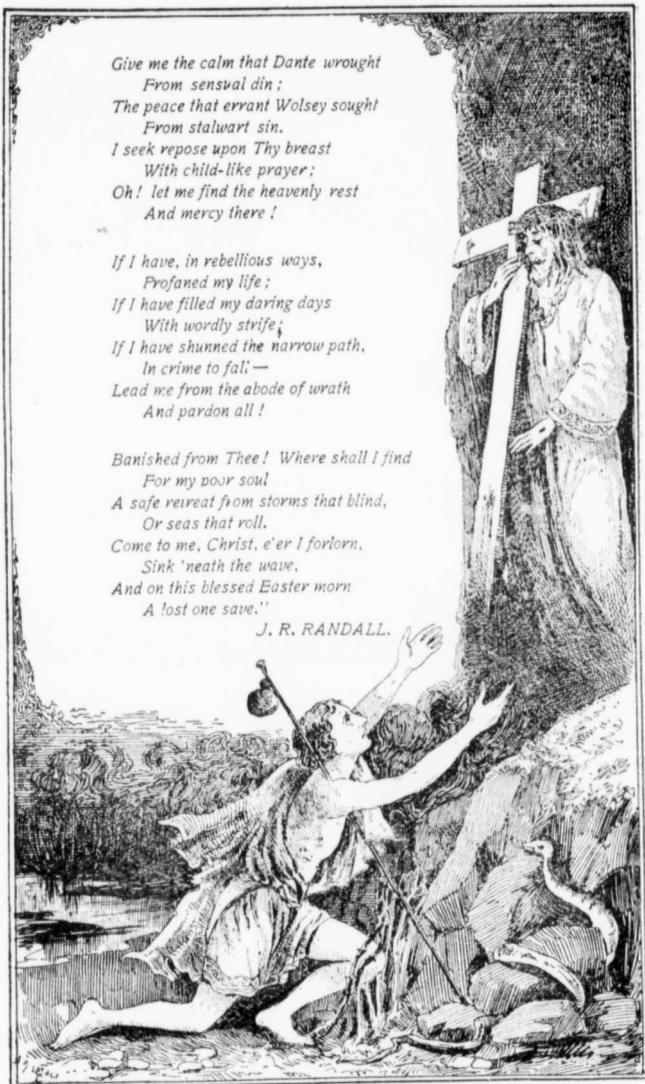
Dear Jesus! I believe that Thou  
 Did'st rise again.  
 Instill the spirit in me now  
 That conquers pain.  
 Give me the grace to cast aside  
 All vain desire,  
 All the fierce throbbing of a pride  
 That flames like fire.

Give me the calm that Dante wrought  
 From sensual din ;  
 The peace that errant Wolsey sought  
 From stalwart sin.  
 I seek repose upon Thy breast  
 With child-like prayer ;  
 Oh ! let me find the heavenly rest  
 And mercy there !

If I have, in rebellious ways,  
 Profaned my life ;  
 If I have filled my daring days  
 With wordly strife ;  
 If I have shunned the narrow path,  
 In crime to fall —  
 Lead me from the abode of wrath  
 And pardon all !

Banished from Thee ! Where shall I find  
 For my poor soul  
 A safe retreat from storms that blind,  
 Or seas that roll.  
 Come to me, Christ, e'er I forlorn,  
 Sink 'neath the wave,  
 And on this blessed Easter morn  
 A lost one save."

J. R. RANDALL.





## Jesus is Nailed to the Cross.



HE moment approaches when that great sacrifice about which the whole scheme of Humanity's life turns as upon a hinge, was to come so wonderfully to pass. Who would have said that the sorry sight the brow of Calvary disclosed that Friday noon contained such power, was ripe with such efficiency, that God was there about to reconcile earth to heaven through His divine Son? None of the eye-witnesses save one or two women were aware that there was so much love in one great Heart—the fact which gave the scene its true complexion. But Jesus was not seeking to be recognized; He was yearning solely to achieve His work. To do and not to be seen doing, or appreciated, or thanked is, after Christ, the usual lot of those who strive to do good. They should thank the Master that human praise does not step in where divine rewards are best.

There is now no longer delay, for where love carries along the Victim, hate precipitates the executioners. Our dear Lord, stripped of His clothes and ruddy with wounds is thrown upon the cross which lies on the ground. One hand is seized—oh ! that divine hand that had healed and blessed so many !—and sickening, dull repeated blows drive a rough nail crushing through flesh, nerve and bone and fasten it down to the hard wood ! The other hand and then the feet receive the same unspeakable usage; and all the while a priest—what are they doing at this blood—shedding, even were it that of a Barabas ?—bends gloatingly over the fearful work of this growing sacrifice. He may straighten himself now and stand back amongst his tribe for “ this man who made himself to be the Son of God,” is now secure, nailed down, mind you, to a Cross and no longer free to trouble them in their unpriestly lives and win the people back from pharisaical sacerdotalism to religion.

Oh ! the folly of his satisfaction ! What a complete miscalculation ! Of course, it was not his, or their, way of doing things but it was Christ's. There, bound down hand and foot, He was bringing to pass the end of their career of unpriestliness, and back to God His people. In a few moments the veil of the temple shall be rent and all their emptiness discovered, and the view of the frightened people shall be *Vere hic est*—“ Truly this is the Son of God.” More than this, from out those wounds grated by the fettering nails shall flow the strength which shall make of the world God's church and lift it triumphantly above every human power—yea and every human weakness—*Non proevalebunt*... No ! neither shall the gates of hell prevail ! This is what that Victim imprisoned on a cross was accomplishing His being bound was our freedom, His weakness our strength.

At the risk of causing the powers of paradox to snap I may say that man is most free when tied down, or better in keeping with my sacred symbol, when nailed down. Whether we are aware of it or not, or whether we care to acknowledge it or not, divine Providence for our own good keeps us within four walls, which we had better call a fold, outside of which we cannot wander, or must wander at our peril. We dare not take what we call liber-

ties with our bodies. Wide and numerous fields of knowledge are closed to us lest we should abuse the fruit of those fields to our detriment. How wisely we are debarr'd from excursions into the realness of the future where perils and pains await us of such magnitude and so fearful that their mere anticipation is more than we could bear ! All this restraint and duress assures our well-being in this world ; it is a price we are bound to pay for present comfort. Now the happiness of our life in the next world has to be merited, and to acquire merit we must be free. But there is a nailing down here too, nay here especially and above all.

It would seem that as the Divine Master works down to His fine point—the saving, the justification of a soul, the nailing down becomes more perfect, the restraint more enveloping and therefore, need I say, the consequent “liberty of the children of God” more complete. For the wrong in us is stifled more completely, the dangerous more securely warded off, licentiousness and its baneful fruits more utterly destroyed, and thereby the good has room and air to grow, to flourish and to fructify. The lives of our belief and of our conduct are traced for us. God has deigned to prevent our error and mishap by revealing to us that measure which is good for us of knowledge of Himself, and, further, He has shown us, since He knew that best—surely, how we can please Him and how come to Him. Now this is precisely what the enemies of Holy Church call intellectual and moral slavery. We are guided in matters of sovereign, capital, nay, of eternal importance to us, and those that are too blind—and there are none so blind as they that won't see—to see the everlasting good of it, tell us that we have forsworn our reason to be so led ; licentiousness of belief and of conduct are forbidden us and we are told, if we hearken to the commandment, that such yielding is criminal “The Lord is my Shepherd—King, in a place of pasture He hath set me down,” where the poisoned weed lurks I may not wander, though many flowers of tempting beauty be there too. Let us thank God for the restriction. Where we lovingly submit there can be no slavery, and why should we not submit to Him who has so proved and proves that He loves us with an everlasting love.

There is a further nailing down. The closer one strives to come to our Divine Lord, the closer, in this life He brings us to His Cross. In the light of His Presence, the sacredness of the duties with which He has charged us comes more and more home to the soul, and in their embrace we are bound down. We not only feel the nails in the difficulty of the faithful discharge of duty, but the crown of thorns, too, presses down into the mind as our real or seeming faithlessness or unsatisfactoriness worries our thought. But this is only the image of the Master that is being worked out in us and pain weaving our reward. Christ goes further. As His love for a soul increases that soul is nailed to the Cross with Christ in still faster union. This is the crucifixion of suffering.

And thus in many ways are we nailed down, body and soul, will and mind, in act, in word, in thought, mystically, really. The pain proves that the nails are there. Yet why should we be ashamed? Christ was more savagely nailed by men. Why should we be afraid? For, being nailed to the Cross, we may lay our torn and aching soul on the great Sacred Heart and find our rest there.

W. W.

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## CHILDREN'S HOUR :

### A Beautiful Story.

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I remember the story of a certain little boy who, one day visiting a convent with his mother, watched the sister sacristan cutting up her unleavened bread into hosts large or small, and suddenly taking up a large host, kissed it, and when asked by his mother why he did so, since our Blessed Lord was not there, answered: 'Oh! I know; but He'll find my kiss there when He comes.' And when she asked him, further, why he chose a large host rather than a small one, he replied: 'Why! to put a bigger kiss on, of course.' Ah! little namesake of the Beloved Disciple! like thee I fain would have kissed all the hosts in all the world, under whose appearances our sweet and loving Saviour is to be.

*Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.*

## JESUS MY KING.

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WHAT sweet delight
 Possesses my heart,
 On coming into Thy presence
 Jesus, My King ;
 And contemplating the mystery,
 Of that love
 Holding Thee prisoner
 Jesus, My King.

Thou whom Angels praise
 Also the elect,
 How sing Thy beauties,
 Jesus, My King ?
 Spite splendour divine writ
 On Thy brow,
 Towards us Thy love inclines
 Jesus, My King.

Thou fillest with Thy presence
 Immensity
 And hidest Thy power
 In benignity !
 My heart with faith adores Thee
 In this holy place
 And for the Church implores Thee
 Jesus, My King.

Thyself unreservedly Thou givest,
 Jesus, My King,
 To the soul fervent and pure
 Coming to Thee.
 Deign receive the testimony
 Of my fealty
 Thine I am for aye
 Jesus, My King.