



Education of Mary.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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The Precious Blood



When roses bleed in the garden,
And petal-drops crimson the grass,
The world is made sweet with the fragrance
From breezes that over them pass.

And ever from garden and meadow,
A memory comes on the breeze,
Of the Heart that bled with the sorrow
Of love, 'neath olive trees.

Of the Heart, that broken with anguish
In silence and solitude there,
Anointed the earth with its chrisim
When the Saviour had finished His prayer.

Then scatter, O breath of the roses
The scent of the olive-grove
Till the hearts of men shall grow tender
With the thought of Christ and His love;

Shall ask for the touch of His life-blood
For the healing of wounds that have bled
In the month when roses are bleeding
And the garden with petals is spread.

C. C.

→ VISITS. ←

How careful we are to observe the courtesies of life! How uneasy till such social duties are discharged! In the making and returning of calls, how fidgety if hindered, how sensible that delay demands apology!

And this where mere acquaintances are concerned. But what then when there is question of a friend, a benefactor, one devoted to us and our interests? If formal visits are here uncalled for, it is only because our heart needs no prompting. Uninvited, inconsiderately often, we come and go, "wearing the steps of his doors".

And our best of friends—do we treat Him thus?—as affectionately, as familiarly? If not, why not? Is He not among the benefactors whose gifts deserve thanks, the friends whose feelings have to be considered, the acquaintances, at least, whose attentions must be acknowledged? Is it because He puts Himself so completely at our disposal that He is to be neglected? Or because He is King of kings that he is to be considered outside the circle where courtesy is exacted?

Ah, Lord, how unmindful we are of what is due to You, How unmindful I am of Your unfailing devotedness to me! Sent into this world as into a strange neighbourhood, I found you waiting to receive me, to make me welcome, to offer Your services, to show me all manner of graceful kindness. You have thrown open Your house to me. You invite me to your table. You press upon me Your gifts "All ye that thirst come to the waters... Come buy wine and milk without money and without any price". "Come to me and I will refresh you." "Him that cometh to Me, I will not cast out." You make use of every motive to draw me to Yourself yet have to complain after: "You will not come to Me that you may have life".

Thus it was long ago; thus it is now. We have times for other duties—for our correspondence, our shopping, our afternoon calls on other more favored friends. But

no time for a visit to Him. Is it so far then to the nearest church? So far that He may will accept the distance as sufficient reason for our absence, except at times when attendance is of obligation? Can I urge home duties and necessary occupations, when I see who those are that can and do find time to visit Him?

O my Lord, why these wretched subterfuges with You, "the God of Truth"? Why not fall at Your feet and own that it is not distance, nor lack of leisure, nor any reasonable plea that keeps me from You, but simply and solely the want of love? It is a reason I could not give to any other friend. I should have to find some other pretext with which to colour my neglect. But with You there need be no dissembling. Your friendship stands alone in the perfect frankness and confidence permissible on both sides. We may own to being cold and halfunwilling visitors, yet we are not for that unwelcome. The petulance, the selfishness, the waywardness of our moods that in the very interest of their friendships call for self-restraint, may show themselves in all their ugliness before the all-pitying, the Friend "more friendly than a brother", whom nothing can shock, disgust, estrange.

He wants our intercourse with Him to be perfectly free; nothing studied, nothing strained. He desires to have us as we are, no less than as we would be. He wants to be taken into our confidence, to be let into the secret chambers of our souls, into which we only peep ourselves at stated times and with half-averted glance. He would share in the interests and troubles of the moment, be called upon for sympathy in every event great or small that interrupts the even flow of our home life or of our inner life; take part in every experience whither of sorrow or of joy. The soldier off to the front, the baby with its broken toy, the girl with her first secret, no less than the wife, the mother, the priest with their burdened hearts—He wants them all. He sees us going off here and there for help, and comfort, and counsel. He hears our feet as they hurry past His door to wear the doorsteps of other friends, and He calls to us in those tones divine in their tenderness of reproach: "You will not come to Me. My people have forsaken Me, the Fountain of living water,

and have digged to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water."

How long, O Lord, how long? When shall we wake up to the reality of Your Presence in our midst, and to the purpose of that Presence? We would die for it if need be, and yet we heed it not. Shall I wait till it is brought home to me by the remorse of my last hour, or by the long, long hours of purgatory? Oh, why did I not make use of my Emmanuel, my God with me, whilst I had time, "whilst He was in the way with me"? Why during my dream-life down there did I not realize the need of Him that is the one need in this real life of eternity?

A child at Catechism said: "Won't it be dreadful for those who don't believe in the Real Presence to find at Judgment that it was real that our Lord was there after all! Even if they didn't know any better, and so it was not their fault, and our Lord is not angry with them—I think they will be so dreadfully sorry all the same."

But if these will be sorry, what will be the case of those who did know and neglected Him. Those to whom He will say, "So long a time I have been with you, and you have not known Me!" "I was daily with you in the temple."

Lord Jesus, let not that be my bitterest thought in purgatory, that land of bitter thoughts. It is time that Your love should be returned, that I should make amends for the past, that I should hasten to You with my sorrow and my love.

Go to Him early in the morning. Is daily Mass an impossibility in my case? He waits for me there, to offer, for me and with me, His sacrifice and mine for the interests we share together.

And let thy feet wear the steps of His doors. More especially in the afternoon or evening when the church is quiet and He is left all alone. With a little goodwill and ingenuity could I not include a visit to Him in my weekly, if not in my daily programme? Could I not so arrange my calls to other friends as to leave a few moments for my dearest and best? How blessed a remembrance when He is brought to my doors at the last, to be my viaticum, that in life I was faithful to the duties of friendship and wore the steps of His doors!

O blessed, self-sufficing God
Athirst for me,
Coming a beggar to my door
All suppliantly,
Craving with meek persistence alms
Of my poor heart,
A thought, a word of sympathy—how sweet,
How sweet Thou art!

And must Thou knock and ever knock
Till life is flown
Seeking vain entrance to a heart
That is Thine own?
Or wilt Thou rather work this hour
Such change in me
That hither I may come "wearing Thy steps"
Athirst for Thee!

Mother Mary Loyola.

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament our Model.

Are you alone, weary heart, labouring in the great city? So is He who is hidden in the Tabernacle. Do you plead day and night for souls? So does Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Have you left your home and the beautiful country to labour for souls in the gloom and the fog of the city? Jesus left heaven. Do your sacrifices seem of no avail, your labours fruitless? Do your appeals fall on deaf ears and stony hearts. Since He shed His last drops of Blood on Calvary, Our Blessed Lord has pleaded with and for souls, and yet hearts refuse to heed His voice, and souls, are lost because they will not heed, but still He pleads and waits. Do friends pass you by and forget you? Thousands daily pass by the church with never a thought that God is there; why, then, should you complain? Courage! Take your crucifix in your hand, kneel before the Tabernacle, and learn that you are not alone in your labours or your prayers, in your sufferings or tears.

Short Reflections before Communion.

Consider the happy fruits which this divine sacrament produces in those souls which frequent it with due preparation. "The bread that I will give", says Our Lord, "is My flesh, for the life of the world." And again, "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath ever lasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day". And again, "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me, and I in him." And "He that eateth Me shall live by Me." And, "He that eateth this bread shall live forever." Wheresoever Our Lord comes, He carries about with Him all the treasures of life, that is, all grace, love and holiness; and on His part is ever ready to open these treasures and to communicate them to those souls which He comes to visit. These treasures are infinite, and so is the love which He bears to us.

What gifts, then what graces may we not expect if we come with reverence and humility, with love and devotion to Him who is the Fountain of life! Here we receive the bread of life for the food and nourishment of our souls. Here we meet with a constant supply of grace to repair the daily decays caused by our infirmity and corruption, to give us new strength and vigor to walk on in our way through the wilderness of this world to the mountain of God, and to make us continually grow in virtue till we come to a perfect man, to the measure of the measure of the fulness of Christ. Here devout souls taste the sweetness of heaven in its very fountain. Here seated, like Magdalen, at the feet of Our Lord, they learn from Him heavenly lessons and enjoy His delicious conversation. Aspire after this happiness, O Christian souls, which in some measure makes you enjoy heaven upon earth. If you love Jesus Christ, run to His embraces; if you love yourself run to your Sovereign good. But see it be with due preparation, and most especially with faith, reverence, and with love.

The Real Presence.

If in a ciborium there are a hundred consecrated Hosts Christ is present, whole and entire, in each and every one of them. And when for instance, a consecrated Host is divided into ten parts, Our Lord, whole and entire, is present in every particle. We must not imagine, however that for this purpose Christ multiplies Himself in a similar manner, for instance, in which one may print a picture a hundred times. No; one and the same Christ, whole and entire is present in all the consecrated Hosts. Such is the doctrine of our holy faith. To throw some light upon this doctrine let us consider the following question;

(1) What is the difference between the essence and the forms or appaerances of a thing ?

(2) What do we learn from the multiplicity of forms or appearances in the Holy Eucharist ?

(3) What lesson is taught by the destructibility and lowliness of the forms or appearances ?

(4) What do the beauty and the loveliness of the forms or appearances inculcate upon us ?

1. What is the difference between the essence and the forms or appearances of a thing ?

With regard to all objects by which we are surrounded, whether animate or inanimate such as animals, plants, stones, minerals, earth, water, bread, and wine, two things must be well distinguished namely, some thing which we perceive directly with our senses, and something which we learn to know only after a reflexion of the mind. By means of our senses we perceive only the external and visible appearances of things, such as their extension, proportions, forms, weight, scent, and taste. These external appearances, however, do not constitute the essence of a thing. Our reason tells us that in every object there must be something else besides the visible appearances which enters into its constituency and makes it what it is. This is called the essence of things. A tree, a flower, an apple,

gold, iron, water, bread, and wine are all formations out of the dust of the earth. Imagine, for instance a moment in the creation of the universe when the individual structures or formations were not yet created but constituted one single, vast conglomerate bulk. When as, scientists say, the cosmos was a vapor or protoplasm, what was it that formed out this one indistinguishable, universal mass, here a flower, there a diamond — here oil and there water? It was the almighty word of God, by the power of which myriads of formations received their existence and each its peculiar essence.

This brief explanation of the meaning of essence may appear meagre and unsatisfactory to scientists but it serves our purpose here sufficiently well, and will, under the circumstances, be accepted as ample by all whose philosophy is sound commonsense.

The difference between essence and appearances is perhaps most conspicuous and perceptible in water. A cup of water before our eyes may assume various forms or appearances perceptible to the senses. The water may be soft, liquid, and wet; it may also become hard ice; it may be reduced by means of heat to vapor, which may again be condensed into water. Thus we behold here a multiplicity of changes in the forms or appearances of the water, but its essence remains the same. The essence of water is such as to enable this element to appear in various forms or appearances — as solid ice in a cold temperature, as a liquid in a moderate heat, and as vapor when brought to the boiling-point.

Let us now make the application to the sublime object which we have at present under consideration, namely, the Holy Eucharist.

By means of the omnipotent words of Jesus Christ the invisible essence or the substance of bread is changed into the invisible and glorified body of Our Lord. But the appearances of bread remain. Previous to the Consecration the appearances are supported by the invisible essence of bread, but at the moment of transubstantiation inferior nature makes room, as it were out of reverence

for the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ. The appearances now are indeed not those of Our Lord's body, but of bread; nevertheless they are miraculously sustained by the almighty power of Jesus Christ.

The question naturally arises here: why is it important to set forth clearly and to lay stress upon the fact that by the words of consecration the appearances are not changed at all, but that the invisible essence of bread is converted into the invisible body of Jesus Christ? We reply: Because by this means it is made evident that the change which occurs here takes place altogether and only upon invisible grounds, and that on this account our senses do not come into exercise at all, but only our faith and, in all humility, our reason are called upon for judgment and assent.

II. What do we learn from the multiplicity of forms or appearances?

We have already remarked that Christ does not multiply His sacred body so many times as there are sacred Hosts. Christ is not multiplied, but the presence of Christ, i. e. His relation to the various Host and to their particles. This is possible by a miracle of God's omnipotence in the glorified body of Jesus Christ, which, in consequence of its spiritual attributes, is not bound, like other bodies or corporal substances, by the limits of space and time. Restricted as we are in our conceptions of what falls under our senses, it is difficult for us to form a correct idea of the manner of the Real Presence. For this reason it will be pardonable if we venture to throw some light upon this sacred and sublime mystery by comparisons from the natural world.

In nature we find certain objects which astonish us by transgressing almost all the limits of space. Take, for instance, light. It is a wonderful fact, distinctly demonstrated by scientists, that light moves with a velocity of nearly 186,000 miles per second. In one moment therefore, light travels a distance more than six times the circumference of the globe. Think of the telegraph, and reflect that in a single second the electric current flashes through nearly 300,000 miles of space — ten times the

distance around the world. These are natural phenomena. These and similar elements and forces are found in the visible universe, in the material world.

Now if in the forces of inanimate nature we behold such remarkable phenomena, what may we not expect as possible to what is infinitely more sublime than earth, to the divine, to the glorified body of Our Lord? There is absolutely no longer any obstruction or limit of space or distance for the sacred body of Our Lord. It is present wheresoever the divine will decess, If I may adduce one more comparison with this incomprehensibly great mystery, I desire say that the presence of Our Lord's glorified body in so many Hosts is not unlike that of a thought or an idea, which, as soon as it has been expressed by the by the mouth of a speaker, is instantly in a thousand minds — in the minds of all his hearers. Therefore we repeat again: One and the same undivided and not multiplied sacred body of Our Lord is present under all those forms of bread into which it has been called by the all-powerful words of consecration.

III. What lesson is taught by the destructibility and and lowliness of the forms or appearances?

Above all, the doctrine is thereby recalled to our minds that the body of Our Lord ceases to be present as soon as the appearances are destroyed or dissolved. When the appearances are no longer present then the "outward sign of the sacrament," instituted by Jesus Christ, is not found, wherefore as a natural consequence the sacrament together with the presence of Our Lord's body ceases to exist. The destructibility of the sacred forms leads us, however, to another consideration. Since Our Lord and Saviour, in His infinite love abases Himself to such an extent as to conceal Himself under these perishable and destructible forms, He has placed Himself in the power of man and at the mercy of the elements which He Himself has created. By the power of man and the force of the elements the appearances may be destroyed, and, consequently, also the presence of Our Lord's body, as far as its duration is concerned, is contingent upon them. Ignorance and malice are thus at liberty to inflict outrages upon the Sacred Host, except in the case of an extraor-

dinary and miraculous intervention of God. When we hear of such a sacrilege, we can certainly not fail to be moved by sorrow and indignation, but we must also bear in mind that the outrage does not affect Our Lord Himself but only the appearances or forms of bread. There is no longer any power either on earth or in hell that can inflict upon Him the slightest injury.

IV. What do the beauty and the loveliness of the appearances inculcate upon us?

Why has Our Lord chosen bread the most valuable and at the same time the most universally used food, together with wine, the choicest of drinks, as the outward sign of the Most Holy Sacrament? The reason is plain. By means of this outward sign He wishes to make us understand that in the Holy Eucharist is found the best and most desirable nourishment of the soul. He wishes, moreover, to draw us to Himself by the attractiveness of these appearances. He wants us to suffer the cravings of hunger and thirst for this sacred mystery — this bread of heaven. He invites us to approach Him without fear, and to come with pleasure to this holy table. Should we, however, not feel a desire to partake of this heavenly food; should we perceive that our hearts remain callous though urged to approach the holy table; should we not be well disposed in a spiritual sense, then we ought to compare our condition with that of a sick man. He imagines that he has no appetite for food, but when his eyes fall upon a delicacy or a tempting dish that has been placed before him he suddenly feels an inclination to eat. Oh! how much better would it be for us all — poor, weak mortals — if our thoughts wandered more frequently to our Eucharistic God, if we were found more frequently in adoration and contemplation before the tabernacle; if we tasted more frequently the sweetness of this heavenly manna, this bread of angels; if we tried more earnestly to measure and to grasp the entire length and the breadth and the height and the depth of the wonderful and transcendent love of Jesus Christ. "It is true", says a noted ascetical writer, "you can elevate your heart to God and pray to Him everywhere; Nevertheless it is a consoling and encouraging reflection that when you visit the Blessed

Sacrament you find your Lord and Saviour there as a brother, Who feels and thinks and wept and rejoiced as you do with your poor and yet so richly gifted human heart."

"The divinity of Christ which is present in the Holy Eucharist is no other than that which you find everywhere — in heaven, on earth, and in the fields and woods of nature; but the sacred humanity of Christ which is united to the divinity, you can enjoy only in the blessed moments of sweet and confidential intercourse before the tabernacle." This sacred humanity of Christ is for us the way, the truth, and the life. Our union with God is dependent upon the sacred humanity of Christ.

Christ, the God-Man, is our Mediator. Oh! let us kneel more frequently in adoration and contemplation before the tabernacle, and let us there pray more zealously and cry out from our hearts, that we may learn to know Him better and to love Him more and more.

REV. F. X. LASANCE.



The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

I need hardly observe to you my brothers, that Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the Church, writes Cardinal Newman. The priests enter and kneel down; one of them unlocks the tabernacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament; inserts it upright in a monstrance of precious metal and sets it in a conspicuous place above the altar in the midst of lights for all to see. The people then begin to sing; meanwhile the priest twice offers incense to the King of Heaven, before whom he is kneeling. Then he takes the monstrance in his hands and turning to the people blesses them with the Most Holy in the form of a cross, while the bell is sounded to call attention to the ceremony. It is our Lord's solemn Benediction of His people as when He lifted up His hands over the children, or when He blesses His chosen ones, when He ascended from Mount Olivet. As sons might come before a parent before going to bed at night so once or twice a week the great Catholic family comes before the Eternal Father, after the bustle and toil of the day, and He smiles upon them and sheds upon them the light of His countenance. It is a full accomplishment of what the priest invoked upon the Israelites, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee, the Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace." Can there be a more touching rite, even in the judgment of those who do not believe it? How many a man, not a Catholic, is moved on seeing it to say, "O that I did but believe it!" when he sees the priest take up the Fount of Mercy and the people bend low in adoration. It is one of the most beautiful, natural, and soothing actions of the Church.



ST. ANNE,

THERE is one sweet Saint above
Whom I fear we do not love
With the love which is her meed.
Worthy of our love indeed
Is the good and kind St. Anne:
Let us praise her all we can.

She within whose virgin breast
Babe Divine took sweetest rest,
Jesus' Mother, meek and mild,
Dear St. Anne! was once thy child.
Nay, she *is* thy child on high —
Where she reigns, thou must be nigh.

Thine, O mother! the delight
To behold this blossom bright
Opening out in beauty rare;
Thine to hear her infant prayer,
Thine with wondering love to trace
Each increase in peerless grace.

Hadst thou gone from earth before
Gabriel to Mary bore
Wondrous message from above?
Did thy Daughter's tender love
Hover o'er thy parting breath,
Sweetening the pang of death?

This we know not — but we know
That in Heaven, as here below,
Blessed Mary meek and mild
Is thy grateful, loving child.
Oh! how great thy power must be!
Use it, kind St. Anne, for me.

Bid thy Daughter ask her Son
To forgive the wrongs I've done,
And, in spite of all, to spare,—
She will heed her mother's prayer:
And *His* Mother's prayer, 'tis plain,
Never, never can be vain.

What new grace shall I implore?
Ah! to feel yet more and more
Of that filial faith and zeal
Which the Breton peasants feel, —
Honouring as best I can
Mary's Mother, good St. Anne.

M. RUSSELL.

SUBJECT OF ADORATION

Wherefore the Eucharist.

To become security for mankind against God's implacable justice and to avert His anger from the world.

ADORATION

Prostrate yourself with ardent faith and a reverence animated with holy fear, before the altar upon which our Lord Jesus Christ personally and uninterruptedly accomplishes His sublime and merciful office as Priest and Victim in behalf of the guilty world.

Behold Him, raised between heaven and earth, as on the cross, interposing between rebellious creatures and their irritated Maker. St. John says that even in Heaven there is an altar upon which stands Jesus under the emblem of an immolated lamb, recalling incessantly to the divine majesty, by this state of Victim, the infinite atonement He has offered to God, by dying to reestablish His glory and the salvation of all men which He has won by offering His death for them.

If the spectacle of the sacrifice of the Lamb of God continues even in heaven where there is neither sin against God nor fear of losing His friendship, it is the earth above all that calls for Him, that requires Him, that could not do without Him. My God! when Thy name is constantly blasphemed, when Thy rights are ignored by all society, when evil under all forms is allowed and even encouraged by the license of the civic powers, to spread, to invade souls, what would the world be, what would become of it if Thou didst not find here below compensation, reparation, sacrifice, holiness, and prayer through Thine own Son, incessantly immolating Himself for thy glory and offering His blood for the guilty.

Adore Jesus, beholding Him, behind the veils of the Sacrament as in His most august sanctuary, accomplishing the function of His reparative priesthood. He possesses all the qualifications that should be found in a priest: purity, holiness, contempt of the world, hatred of sin, love for sinners, all these qualities he brings to the highest perfection, to an infinite perfection, because He is the Son of the infinitely perfect God. He offers also a perfect Victim Himself, and it is His soul, His blood, His life, His liberty, His power, His repose that

He sacrifices, and immolates to God, in the Eucharistic annihilation, where His liberty and His life disappear.

Adore Him, in this sublime state, in that incomparable action of His Eucharistic priesthood, with an humble fear tempered with love and wonder.

THANKSGIVING.

Continue the contemplation of the sacrifice accomplished in the Sacrament by our Lord, considering, in order to bring forth thanksgiving from your hearts, the wonders of our God's love therein, the marvelous ways in which He manifests Himself. Freely from the yearning of His merciful heart He wished to add to His sacrifice on Calvary and to the humiliations of His human life, the sacrifice of the altar and the abasement of His Eucharistic life. It is a new gift, renewed at each instant with the same love that made it spring from His heart for the first time.

And besides, this sacrifice is a compensation of glory rendered to God, of satisfaction offered to His justice, of gratitude for His love, far exceeding all that rebellion, ingratitude and the impurities of sin try to take away from it.

The object of this intervention of Christ between heaven and earth is to maintain between God and man reconciliation and peace, renewal of life and grace; to guarantee to every man coming into the world the birthright of salvation obtained on the cross; for the virtuous, the means of perseverance; for the sinner the strength to rise again, for the dying the means of dying in peace with God, for the whole world the divine mercy.

It is as perpetual, alas! as the needs of the creature, and the requirements of sin! It is as universal as the world, that it may pursue sin everywhere and extend its reparative action wherever sin has left its destructive germs.

O gentle and merciful, O powerful and indefatigable mediation of the Eucharistic Christ! O too precious ransom! O Sacrament of the priesthood and sacrifice of Jesus, throne of perpetual mediation, altar of peace, be thou blessed, praised and loved forevermore.

PROPITIATION.

Try to understand how serious an evil is sin, since it is so often committed in face of the altar where the divine Victim immolates Himself to diminish its ravages, and in spite of His wonders of love and His numberless sacrifices, His astounding annihilations, sin is not

yet conquered! It is certain that sin becomes even more grievous, more deserving of the hatred and punishment of God, from the fact that the sacrifice of Jesus Christ is despised, rejected, belittled by man, led furiously into error, against the love of his God.

The presence of the Eucharist everywhere makes the whole earth a sanctuary. It is this sanctuary that the sinner so thoughtlessly profanes. How terrible will be his punishment, if he persists in offending God in spite of the protestations, the offers, the sacrifices, the reparation that the Eucharist multiplies in order to preserve him from sin, or to make him renounce it.

Examine your own conscience, and remembering the most serious errors of your life, weigh them, measure them by the measure of all the love that nineteen centuries of the Eucharistic existence of Jesus could contain, hate them as he does, and for His sake. Offer Him for yourself: it is still possible to you. It is the consummation of His mercy: profit by it, for if you continue to despise it your judgment will be terrible.

PRAYER.

Always pray through the Eucharist, that is to say through Jesus, Priest, Mediator, Victim, Ransom and Surety of the world, in the Blessed Sacrament. Consider that He is therein always in the act of His sacrifice, which He renews night and day, at every instant and everywhere.

Love to interpose between God and your own miseries, your unfaithfulness, your sins, the Mediator of peace, Jesus.

Shelter beneath the sacrifice, the prayers and the protection of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, all those who are bound to you by ties of blood, duty or affection.

Birds hiding beneath the spread-wings of the mother fear not the vulture; thus under the protection and shadow of the Sacrament, we too, shall be shielded from the murderous strokes of the enemy, and from the divine anger that revenges itself on us for the victories that we yeild so easily to Satan.



Origin of the Ostensorium.

A monstrance, called also ostensorium and portable tabernacle, is that large altar utensil in which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed at Benediction and borne in solemn procession outside of the church on certain occasions. It consists of two parts — the foot, or stem, upon which it rests, and the repository, or case, in which the Host is exhibited. The stem is like that of the chalice, and its upper part is so formed as to resemble the rays issuing from the radiant sun. In its centre there is a circular aperture, in which the lunula, or lunette, with the Blessed Sacrament inclosed, is placed during exposition.

Monstrances date their origine from the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi, which was first set on foot by Robert Bishop of Liège, in 1246, at the instigation of a holy nun named Juliana, who frequently saw in a vision a luminous moon with one dark line on its surface. The moon represented the Church, and the dark line indicated a feast that was wanting among those annually celebrated, and this feast was one specially directed toward the Blessed Sacrament. This led to the institution of the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament, or Corpus Christi, which Pope Urban IV., in 1264, extended to the universal church.

In some of the churches of the Cistercian order in France instead of the usual monstrance there is employed a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, so constructed that the Sacred Host may be placed in its hand during the time of exposition. The present shape of the monstrance in imitating the radiant sun recalls the divine splendor of the Lord's countenance at His transfiguration on Mount Tabor and that saying of the psalmist, "He has placed His tabernacle in the sun."

The material of the monstrance may be of gold, silver, brass or copper gift. The base should be wide, and it must be surmounted by a cross. In the middle of the monstrance there should be a receptacle of such size that a large Host

may easily be put into it. On the front and back of this receptacle there should be a crystal, allowing the Host to be seen, the one on the back opening like a door. The circumference of this receptacle should be of gold, or if other material it should be gilt and smooth and polished.

The lunula, or lunette, is made of the same material as the monstrance. If it be made of any other material than gold, it must be gilded. In form it may be either of two crescents or of two crystals incased in metal. If two crystals are used, it is necessary that they be so arranged that the Sacred Host does not in any way touch the glass. In some cases the lunula is of silver or gold. The upper part of the monstrance is generally of the precious metals, or at least gilt or silvered, although the lower portion is occasionally wrought. In many cases it is of most costly materials and workmanship.

The monstrance is not consecrated by a bishop, but is simply blessed by a priest, who uses the form of blessing a tabernacle or ostensorium.

The white Dress

Pardon me Father interrupting you at your breviary...

Cutting short St. Ubald's prayer, I looked up and saw standing before me, one of my parishioners, a good old man generally known as Père Antoine, a veteran and medalist of the Crimean war, and on that account dubbed Sebastopol, by the gay frequenters of the public park whose caretaker and gardener he was.

Many a time had I watched him watering the extensive lawns, and spraying the massive elms, in his careful conscientious way between seven and eight o'clock; no matter how busy he was, or how absorbed in his congenial task he always bade me a pleasant good morning, and on rare occasions like today sought my advice on temporal as well as spiritual matters.

There he stood, hat in hand, a round-shouldered pathetic old figure, white-haired and white-whiskered, clad in what had originally been a blue home-spun suit, but

where the only remnant of color now remained was on the neatly patched elbows and knees; at his feet lay, his badge of service, his huge watering-can.

Looking at me shyly he began: the trouble is Father, the little one is to make her First Communion on Corpus Christi, and my wife and I are at a loss to know whether we should give her a white or a black dress... You know a white dress can only be worn once... and we are not extra rich...

You are talking about your own little girl, Père Antoine, are you not?

No Father, not exactly...

After a moments hesitation he drew nearer and whispered: It's our neighbor's little girl; her parents are so poor that sometimes we have to give them bread, and nearly always when my wife makes a pot of soup, she adds an extra supply for them...

And since they can't afford to dress their little Juliette they said she would not make her First Communion... When we heard this my wife and I decided we would save up and buy the child a dress. That was three months ago and now we have twenty-five francs saved. We did not say anything to her parents about it yet; we intend to buy the dress tomorrow, and when we take it to them, invite them all to dine with us on the great Day.

Having said this Père Antoine straightened up as if a big load had been taken off him, and stooping picked up his big watering-can which had already left its mark on the smooth well-kept grass.

Then he began, Father, and that is what brought me to you, though we've been talking about it for the last week, we can't decide whether the dress must be white or black. If we buy a white one Juliette will only wear it on her First Communion day, then not having any other dress for Sundays she won't go to Mass and Communion; so her First Communion will likely be her last.

That is true, Père Antoine; I think the black would be better... So do I, but my wife says a black dress won't do.... Juliette would not be pleased with it... you see all the others will wear white...

Besides we want the little one to be perfectly happy that day; she must not see or feel the rest any different from herself; little girls are so prone to notice these things and grieve over them too.

Right again. Père Antoine, perhaps you might fix matters by buying her a black dress and a white veil.

We thought of that also, still, my wife is afraid that would not satisfy the child.

Père Antoine relapsed into silence then hesitatingly continued:

We have another plan, it was only at breakfast this morning that my wife smiling knowingly said: Antoine I have a bright idea:

We can buy the black dress for twenty francs and give Juliette a white one also...

But where will the money come from? I asked in consternation.

Wait and I'll show you.

Rising she entered her room and brought out the white dress she had worn on our wedding day.

Holding it up to the light and examining it critically she said you see it's quite old fashioned and somewhat moth-eaten, still I'm sure I can fix it up nicely with a little ribbon and make it look like new. What do you think? I'm delighted. It's a blessed solution and bears out what I've always said: you have a wonderful head. Still there's the veil yet, seems to me there'll always be something or another missing.

Dont be anxious. I was just puzzling over the question and think I can find a solution for it also. I can't give her my wedding veil because our own little darling wore it when we gave her back to our dear Lord in her spotless innocence; but surely out of the remaining five francs I can buy her one. I'll try and let you know the result at noon.

But, Père Antoine, what more do you want, the idea is excellent. By all means carry it out.

Then you think they will be pleased, Father?

Pleased! why they'll be delighted and our dear Lord also, of that you may be sure and of His hundred-fold reward also.

Well, since you approve, our worries are over and we'll know just what to do.

You know Father there are days when one must be perfectly happy... their memory brightens many a dismal one in after years.

If you will bear with me just another minute Father, there is something I want to tell you. I feel I can trust you with my secret: Juliette's Father never goes to Church... When one is overwhelmed with misery, as he is, he is apt to grow indifferent... So my wife and I have formed a conspiracy... When we bring the clothes for Juliette we will give him a gentle hint that he should make his Easter Duty on Corpus Christi, because unless he does his little girl won't be perfectly happy... I will accompany him to give him courage...

And now that is all. Pray excuse me for having kept you so long from you breviary. I was so bothered. Poor uneducated people like us dont always know what to do and its a great comfort to be able to come to you for advice.

The simple kindly old man went away with a light heart and buoyant step. I watched him and saw him hasten to his favorite spot in his precious park: the big bed of lovely fragrant pure-white carnations just expanding in the morning dew.

CORPUS CHRISTI MORNING.

What never happened before, did this morning. Père Antoine was missing from his usual post... Vainly I searched for him through thick trees and dense foliage and was just beginning to fear he might be ill, when a shrill twittering of birds drew my attention to the conservatory, and there, to my great relief I saw him lavishly dispensing crumbs to an army of apparently famished sparrows. As soon as he saw me, he hastened to greet me with outstretched hand while a broad smile spread over his good-natured if deeply wrinkled countenance.

It's all over Father... Everything was a big success and Juliette was the nicest of them all. My wife managed things splendidly... the little one's dress looked just like new. I'm glad to be able to say I had the happiness of

giving her a pleasant surprise also. In our excitement we had forgotten her candle and crown; so without mentioning the matter to any one I borrowed forty-cents from my weekly pay and got her candle; the Curé would have loaned her one, as he does to the other poor, but it would not have been quite the same as having her own to keep as souvenir of the happy day.

Guess how I managed for the crown.

Speaking he led me to the big plot of lovely white carnations: See how lovely they are, he exclaimed enthusiastically as he caressed them with his big hand, and though his touch was as gentle as could be, yet it dislodged the dew from their half-opened calix.

Can't you guess now how I got the crown?

No! well I'll tell you. I asked the guardian's leave to gather two bouquets telling him they were for Juliette's First Communion. He readily consented. About five o'clock on the morning of the great day I culled the flowers in their fragrance and beauty and brought them to my wife saying: You forgot the crown...

Her arms fell in consternation: Oh Antoine what shall I do? Knowing how easily I could relieve her anxiety, I only laughed and showing her my two bouquets asked: Are they not beautiful enough to form a crown?

Her look of relief was good to see. Quickly she set to work with flowers and wire. I stood watching and helped whenever I could. And Father the result exceeded our expectations. No crown was as pretty as Juliette's or as fragrant either..

Stooping he threw another handful of crumbs to the sparrows... as much to hide his emotion and the tears that filled his kind old eyes, as to feed the birds, who just then had only secondary place in his thoughts. And what did Juliette's father say to all this?

He was so pleased, so affected, that we could'nt exactly say whether it was he or Juliette who were making their First Communion.

The night before I called for him, brought him home to supper, and after having regaled him with the best our larder could supply I suggested: Now we have replen.

ished the outer man, we must attend to the inner, we must go to confession, otherwise Juliette won't be happy. I'll go first, don't be afraid; Father C.— will help you.

And Father C.— did; so kindly and so well, that when he rejoined me, I feared he was going to embrace me before every one. I went home with him and there was little Juliette waiting to ask his pardon, as is customary, in that village, for all children on their First Communion eve. The scene was so affecting we cried like children. when we had regained our composure the little one said: we must give her our blessing, the Curé had told them so. You may imagine how surprised we were, and how, little we knew about the proper way to comply with her request. However, as there was no one there to tell us what to do, we did the best we could and made the sign of the Cross over her...

When I was leaving Juliette's father showed me his every day coat saying: Can I go to Communion with that ?

Come home with me, I replied, and I'll lend you a better one, my summer coat will just fit you and I'll wear my winter instead.

The next morning we started off for mass at seven o'clock. Juliette walked between us looking like an angel in her white dress and veil, her pretty crowned head and taper in hand.

At Communion she went up to the Holy Table first, her mother on her right, my wife on her left, her father and I following...

Father, I tell you between ourselves... I was never so happy since the day I made my own First Communion... Ah! me, those blessed days, how their memory lives and becomes more and more precious and consoling the older we grow.

At the church door Juliette's father, whose eyes were red with weeping, whispered, Don't forget Antoine, you are to call for me every Sunday for Mass... We'll go to the earliest where my shabby clothes won't be so much noticed. I grasped his hand in a warm pressure; I could not speak; but knew, as well as he did, the compact would be faithfully kept.

God will surely reward you Père Antoine. You have done excellent work for His glory. I am proud of you and heartily wish there were a few more like you. The little I did Father was nothing to the happiness it brought me. Did I tell you we got up a fine dinner for them. My wife had a roast-fowl, and I treated them to a taste of rare old port I had been keeping in the cellar, under the sand, for our own little ones first Communion...

And now to work: Taking off his blue coat with its neatly patched elbows he picked up his spade swung it over his shoulder and marched off like a young soldier, to his massive bed of white carnations.

It's wonderful the number of weeds we have to contend with this year, he soliloquized, probably it's due to the frequent heavy rains. As he pulled up the weeds, his old hands trembled, when they came in contact with the delicate white petals saturated with fragrance that only yesterday the Lord had blessed and consecrated at little Juliette's First Communion.

And I thought that there in the invisible in this public park, people with marble figures on stone pedestals erected by earth's votaries; and frequented by all classes and creeds of earth's denizens, there in the invisible, the angels stood in speechless admiration before the hidden splendor of this humble upright soul.

Jesus, on the way of Galilee also stood in admiration before the soul of a Pagan, a Roman Knight, of the Legion of Honor, come to beg the cure of a slave.

And Jesus said: "verily I say unto you, no such faith have I found in Israel."

Good old Père Antoine, brave old veteran Sebastopol, thinking and dreaming of the lovely crown of fragrant white carnations he had woven for the living ciborium of our Blessed Lord, but never thinking or dreaming of the lovely fragrant crown of everlasting flowers that same Blessed Lord was weaving for him as reward for being a good Samaritan, a Saviour of Souls. A. B. S. J.



The month of the Precious Blood

During the month of June which is devoted to the worship of the Sacred Heart, the church called upon her children during a whole Octave, to render special homage to the Body of Christ.

She wishes us, during this month, to show our devotion to the Blood of the Crucified Saviour. A little pious meditation on this Precious Blood will recall to our minds salutary as well as consoling truths.

The enormity of sin. What a creature could do the Creator alone could undo. Considered in the light of the small and transitory pleasure it affords, sin will appear a very trifle; but viewed from Mount Calvary, with Gethsemani in the distance, and the Scourging Pillar, and the Dolorous Way, especially viewed in presence of the Saviour's bleeding form from which the last drops of blood are falling one by one, sin appears something like the frightful monster it is.

God's love for men. While yet merely a tiny infant, He began to shed His blood for love of fallen man. As He drew near the goal of Calvary, every vein is opened and the sacred fluid is poured out with God-like generosity. Since He gave us not only His life, but His Blood itself, and to the very last drop, can we any longer doubt His infinite love for us?

Let us pray that all this love and suffering may not have been in vain for others, and let us see that they be not in vain for ourselves.

The Blessed Eucharist.

In the adorable Eucharist we have all that we shall ever have in heaven. The differences are only accidental. When the consecrated particle rests upon our hearts we hold within us all that constitutes the essential bliss of the saints in eternal glory; the difference is, that we fail to realize it. We possess it, but without being able to estimate what we possess. If, by some stupendous miracle, our eyes were suddenly opened, we would find that we were really in heaven; or rather that heaven itself had come down upon us, and had entered into our souls. How countless are the ways in which God proves His love for men!

If our Blessed Saviour Himself, who came into the world to suffer, found some comfort in His earthly home, surely we may look for it also. Love is the first condition of domestic happiness; there must be mutual love and trust between the inmates of every home that is worthy of the name. And this love must manifest itself in kindly, cheerful, and unselfish devotion to the common interests and comforts.

Unlike the earthly lover, who may weep and sigh and pine in vain for one too distant to hear the words that breathe and the thoughts that burn, we know that God listens to every sigh, hears every sob, watches every tear, and measures every pulsation as though no other task devolved upon Him but to contemplate the individual soul as it seeks to win His love. I cannot so much as think of Him, but He rejoices at it, nor breathe an ejaculatory prayer but He hearkens to it and blesses me for it. He is, in fact, present within me, and is absolutely and as wholly present as though He were no where else.

R. J. S. Vaughan.



AN OLD WOMAN'S WELCOME.

"Let a man prove himself; and so let him eat of that bread and drink of the chalice."

The number of Holy Communions has increased immensely in the last ten years, writes the Rev. T. W. Drum in the Apostolate. Let us hope that fervor has increased proportionately. You all receive oftener than you used to. You should look to the intensity with which you receive, rather than to the number of times you receive. Concentrate all your thoughts on the One you are now about to receive. It may be your last: you should receive as your first.

The nuns over in Tullamore, Ireland, placed a little prayer in my Breviary last summer. It is called: "Preparation for Communion, by an old Irish Woman." Hoping that it will help to make your Communion better, I insert it: "My Loving Lord, a thousand welcomes! O Son of Man I love you; indeed I do. Who am I at all that You should come next or near me? O God of Heaven! make a little corner for me in Your heart, and never while there's life in me let me lose my place there; and after death may I still hide there, Amen. Have pity on me, O Blessed Mother! Talk to my God for me. Tell Him I'm a poor, ignorant creature, full of nothing but sin and misery, but that I love you, His own dear Mother; and that I am a poor servant, and, for your sweet sake, to help and pity me. Amen."

Four hundred pounds for each Communion.

When Elizabeth became Queen of England, she spared no pains to complete the work of destroying Catholicity in England which had been begun by her impious father. She devoted herself especially to the task of abolishing

the Mass, and of putting a stop to the reception of the Blessed Eucharist. Among other means adopted to secure these ends, a fine of 400 L. was inflicted on any one who was found to have received Communion.

In view of this enactment, an English gentleman of high position, and a fervent Catholic, sold two of his finest estates, and, gathering together the money divided it into portion of 400 L. each, placing each portion in a purse by itself. He had hitherto been in the habit of going very frequently to Communion; this practise he faithfully adhered to, resolved to sacrifice every penny he possessed rather than forego the happiness of frequently receiving the Blessed Eucharist.

In spite of all his efforts to keep the matter secret from the Government, it was not long before he was accused before the magistrate of infringing the royal mandate. He was summoned before the tribunal, and convicted; and paid his 400 L. without a word.

Spies were set to watch him, and the very next Sunday he was again reported to the magistrate, and fined as before.

Week after week the same thing happened, till at length the store of money was exhausted. Nothing daunted, this heroic confessor and lover of the Blessed Eucharist proceeded to dispose of another of his estates, and was continuing to pay the same high price for the privilege of communicating weekly when he was arrested as a recusant and sentenced to be banished from the kingdom.

Let this noble example serve to fill us with a high appreciation of the inestimable privilege we enjoy of receiving our Divine Lord so often in the Blessed Eucharist. Let it be our greatest happiness to receive Him as often and as fervently as possible. The offering of a pure and upright heart is the only price we have to pay for the enjoyment of this priceless privilege. Would that we could realize the value of Communion to our souls; how many more would then frequent the Eucharistic Banquet.

Our daily Bread.

Now blushing morn o'erspreads the sky,
The wandering cloud-drifts glow with red,
To Thee, Dear Lord, we haste and cry,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

Poor beggars at Thy kingly gate,
Our hungry hearts to hope are wed;
With pleading hands out stretched we wait—
"Give us this day our daily bread."

Thy boundless wealth, Great King, we know,
Each day Thy love our life has fed,
Once more Thine ancient mercy show:
"Give us this day our daily bread."

With stones bestrewn long lies the road
Our weary feet 'mid thorns must tread
Ere night bestows a calm abode—
"Give us this day our daily bread."

Thy kindly ruth our only stay,
No trustless eye we cast ahead,
But yield to Thee each new-born day:
"Give us this day our daily bread."

The fainting flesh with meat, the mind
With truth substantial must be fed,
In Thee alone such food we find,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

The deathless soul claims nobler food
For Thee it craves—Thy life-blood shed
Thy Body slain, on Calvary's Rood—
"Give us this day our daily bread."

That Flesh and Blood in lowliest guise
Now clothed, immortal from the dead,
And visible to Faith's keen eyes,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

Still thanking Thee for countless gifts
Upon our ample board outspread,
Weak Want its helpless voice uplifts
"Give us this day our daily bread."

D. F. S., *s.s.s.*

