
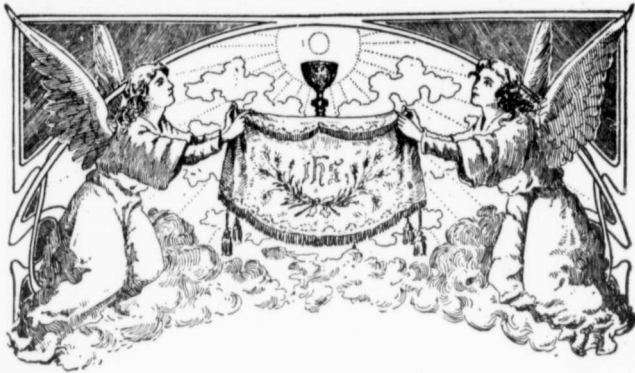


I am the Bread and Wine of the Chosen.

By  *Charderon.*



Trust in Love.

M. S. Pine.

LORD, dost Thou love me?" all my being cries,
 Bowed deep in dust of weakness and of sin,
 O'ershamed that base distrust my soul should win.
 And, lo! before me, clad in sanctities
 Above the altar, Thy most loving eyes
 Look down on me; and o'er the murmurous din
 Distrust and all her wasps have waked within,
 Thy voice with sweet compelling bids me rise:

"Have I not loved thee with eternal love?
 And therefore have I drawn thee unto Me.
 Lo! I the net-work of thy being wove —
 My mercy then enthroned thy misery;
 For thee on Calvary I poured My Blood;
 And daily, O Beloved, I am thy Food!"



HOLY COMMUNION



COMMUNION" is a name appropriately bestowed upon the act of receiving our spiritual nourishment, the food of our holy sacrifice, because it effects a four-fold union, namely, in the first place, a personal union with Christ; secondly, a grace producing union with the Fountain head of all graces. Thirdly a glorious union with Christ in His eternal glory; and fourthly a fraternal union with our fellow Christians. The first effect of holy communion is a personal union with Christ. The catechism: "Holy communion is the actual receiving of the real body and blood of Jesus Christ for the nourishment of the soul." Holy communion is here termed an "actual receiving, to lay stress upon the fact that it is not merely an instructive and grace giving sign by which the soul of man is nourished with the grace of Christ.

No; Jesus Christ Himself, with His divinity and His humanity, is personally received by us in holy communion. A personal union of His human body with our body takes place, and of His soul with our soul — a union of His sacred person with ourselves. And this personal presence of Christ's humanity we enjoy as long as the sacred species of the Blessed Sacrament within us maintain the appearances of bread. According to the common acceptance, a real change in the appearances of

bread is accomplished within ten minutes after receiving holy communion. This fact should impress upon us the importance of spending the precious moments after holy communion in fervent devotion. During these moments our dear Lord is fully in our possession. He is not only in our hands, but He truly and actually dwells within us.

Think of the poor woman in the Gospel whose remarkable confidence in Christ impelled her to exclaim: "If I can only touch the hem of His garment, I shall be healed." What hopes may we not entertain, and what wishes may we not then expect to be realized, from our intimate union with Christ in holy communion!

To enjoy so intimate a union with our divine Saviour as to be "of one flesh and of one Blood with Christ" as the Fathers express it, is a wonderful grace, flowing to us from the excessive, the measureless love of God for man. The contemplation of this excessive love of God so enraptured the saints in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and especially at holy communion, that they became entirely oblivious of their surroundings and were frequently lost in ecstasy. This boundless love of Christ which causes Him to give His own person to us without reserve accounts, moreover, for the numerous examples of heroic self-sacrifice in the history of the Church. From this excessive love of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament has sprung the fortitude of the holy martyrs, the heroism of voluntary virginity, the self-sacrificing service of so many in our charitable institutions for the poor and the infirm, as well as the unflinching devotion to the salvation of souls and the patient endurance of terrible hardships manifested by Catholic missionaries in foreign countries and among pagan nations. It is not surprising that a man whose nature is not perverted should be moved to pity at the sight of poverty, sickness, and other misfortunes. Examples of pagan philanthropy and generosity are related in history. Alms-giving for the relief of the poor, enthusiastic agitation for the benefit of asylums and hospitals, may sometimes even become a so-called society fad or a fashion among certain classes whose Christianity or whose religious inclinations are by no means very pronounced. Witness, for instance, the efforts of so-called modern humanitarianism. These are, however, two things

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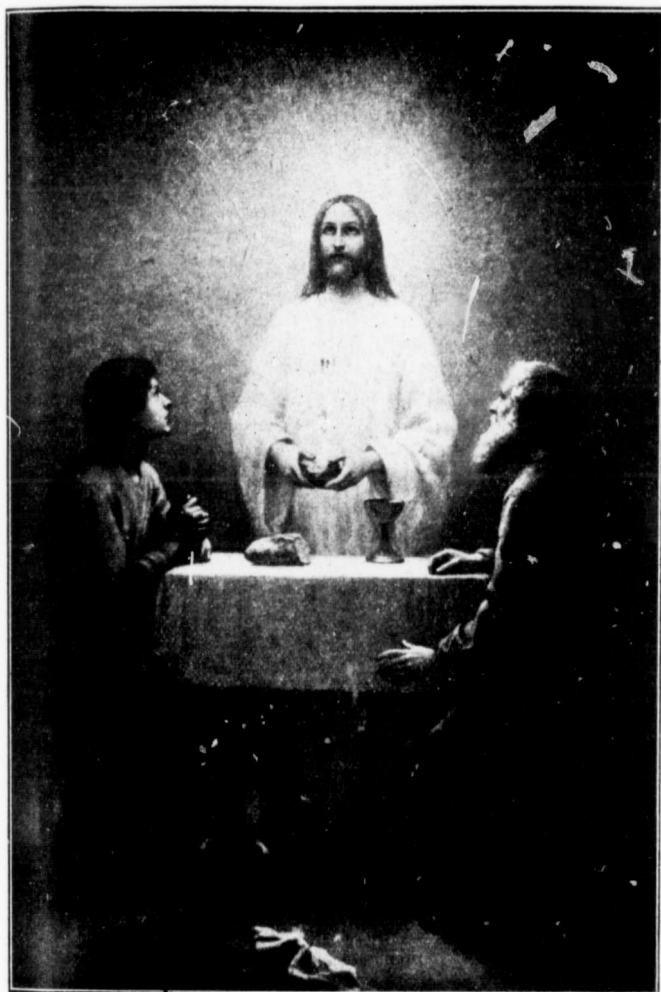
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which will never come into fashion among such people ; they can be found only in the Church. These are (1) absolute, voluntary poverty and (2) the heroic and complete sacrifice of one's own person for the love of God and in the service of our neighbor.

To give an alms from the superabundant wealth in our possession is little indeed, but to give up all without reserve and then, moreover, to sacrifice one's self completely — this is great indeed, this is Christian heroism, This heroism, however, has been characteristic of the saints and of religious communities from apostolic times. It is the fruit of Christ's examples. It springs from the sublime and self-sacrificing love of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist. Holy communion is also a grace-producing union — a union as full of grace as we can ever enjoy on earth. When Jesus gives Himself to us in holy communion for the nourishment of our soul, we come into possession of the very Fountainhead of all graces. This is the special grace of holy communion. Every sacrament has a special end and object, and conveys to us, in the first place, the special grace for which it was instituted, and which is therefore called "the sacramental grace." The sacramental grace of the Holy Eucharist is the union with the Source of all graces : hence it is the plenitude of grace. To give us a clear idea of this plenitude of grace imparted to us in holy communion, the catechism analyzes the same in the following manner ; "Holy communion increases sanctifying grace ; it weakens our evil inclinations and makes us able and eager to do good ; it cleanses us from venial sin and preserves us from mortal sin ; it is the pledge of our resurrection and eternal salvation."

Such is the wonderful spiritual operation of this sublime spiritual food. Just as wholesome dietetic corporal nourishment sustains the vigor of the body, promotes its growth, naturally eliminates the causes of its debility, and fortifies it against deleterious influences, so also this heavenly food operates upon the soul in a spiritual manner and in its life of grace.

Holy communion, as the most perfect spiritual food, promotes the growth of the soul in sanctity and loveliness of grace. With each holy communion, she appears more and more beautiful in the sight of God and before the



THE DISCIPLES OF EMMAUS.

angels and saints ; greater and greater grows the measure of her happiness, which will eventually culminate in the eternal joys of heaven.

By this continuous growth in sanctifying grace, a constantly purifying and strengthening influence is thus exerted upon the soul. Our conceptions of this increase of sanctifying grace and of its concomitant gifts in holy communion must differ from that which we have of the operations of the other sacraments, which, when received in the state of grace, also produce an augmentation of the same.

We have already stated that the special sacramental grace of the Holy Eucharist is the source, the author, the plenitude of all grace. St Thomas Aquinas says : " The Holy Eucharist is, in a manner, the completion of the spiritual life and the final goal of all the sacraments." In the Holy Eucharist the operations of the other sacraments are raised to the sublimest height and attain the very acme of perfection. When the sun of grace itself, the very origin of the light and life of the soul, approaches us so intimately, then indeed every vertuous plant that has taken root in the soul blossoms with renewed vigor, just as the verdant fields of nature and the flowers appear more beautiful and assume brighter colors when after a dreary season of rain there follows a day of golden sunshine.

This heavenly food of grace, however is not limited in its operations to the soul, but consecrates the body also for its supernatural life, its resurrection and eternal glorification. Holy communion is the pledge of our resurrection and eternal salvation. It prepares the way for the union of our glorified bodies with Christ in His eternal glory. Christ Himself has said ; " He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up in the last day." If it has been said of Christ by the prophet : " The Holy One shall not see corruption," then it may be remarked of the body sanctified by holy communion ; " The sanctified cannot be permitted to remain in the state of corruption, in the curse of sin. "

If, moreover, it is an established fact that there will be various degrees of glory among the saints after the resurrection, then it may with reason be assumed that the number and worth of our holy communions will pre-

eminently decide the measure of our eternal happiness and glory.

Holy communion produces also a fraternal union among men. Christ, the Author of life and Dispenser of graces, entering into all Christian hearts without respect to the classes and conditions of men, — rich and poor, white and black, kneeling side by side at the same holy table and participating in the same heavenly food, — it is only natural that a fraternal union among all Christians must thereby be established. The very preparation for holy communion, namely, a good confession places Christians under the obligation of forgiving insults and injuries and of seeking reconciliation with their enemies. And what a feeling of shame and condemnation must invade the cold, callous, uncharitable heart of the man who refuses pardon and friendship when partaking of the same lovefeast with his fellow Christian, and when kneeling side by side at the same family table !

Pre-eminently the grace of peace is imparted by the union of Christians with one and the generous and merciful Saviour.

We do not so much take Him to ourselves, but He rather draws us to Himself as members of His one indivisible body. In his letter to the Corinthians the Apostle beautifully describes this union : " For we, being many, are one body, all that partake of one bread." As in a loaf of bread the single and united grains of wheat of which it is composed can no longer be distinguished, so also in Holy communion all Christians become united in one body of peace and charity through Christ Our Lord. Sublime indeed is this spectacle of unity which the Catholic world presents at the Lord's table. Bishop Eberhard, of Treves, once sketched this beautiful scene in the following words : " From the whole world, and from every walk of life, the children of Christ's Church come together at the same holy table. Just as one and the same earth supports them all, as one canopy of heaven is extended over all, as, forsooth, one lot of suffering is the destiny of all, so also they are all united by one and the same heavenly food, at one table, in the family. Just as in the hall of the Last Supper at Jerusalem the apostles sat at the table with their beloved Lord and Master like one

happy and thoroughly united family ; just as, on the occasion of the miracle of the loaves, when the people were seated on the grass at the hillside, the same benediction, the same nourishment united the multitude around our divine Saviour, and clasped them all in friendly bonds, so also does holy communion wind a strong though secret band of heavenly cords, formed by God's own hand, not only around one single hall, but around all churches ; not alone around one single hillside, but over all the mountains and valleys over land and sea, over all the zones and all the world. This explains the invocation in the Litany of the Blessed Sacrament, Bond of peace and charity. "

In the economy of divine grace, however, we cannot participate in these treasures without our own co-operation. Created with a free will our salvation is contingent upon our co-operation. This is a sublime and beautiful, though at the same time a dreadfully serious, truth, and explains, moreover, why so little fruit is frequently derived by Christians from the immense storehouse of the Most Holy Sacrament.

Let us conclude these considerations with a firm resolution never to receive holy communion except in the state of grace, never to approach the holy table in an unworthy manner. Reflect earnestly upon the words of the Apostle : " Let a man prove himself ; and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of the chalice. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself : not discerning the body of the Lord. Truly to the unworthy communicant this is an appalling statement. God, Eternal love, is ever ready to enter the hearts of the faithful and to fill them with indescribable joy, but the unworthy communicant eateth and drinketh that same Eternal Love to his own judgment and damnation. Most dreadful, moreover, is the reflection that the most flagrant sin against the Holy Ghost, obduracy of heart, concerning which Our Lord says that neither in this life nor in the next shall it be forgiven, results most easily from an unworthy communion. May the infinite mercy of God preserve us from such an evil ! May every holy communion unite us more intimately and more firmly to God.

REV. F. X. LASANCE



A Wager and Its Result.

EVERYBODY agreed that Harry Onslow was a fine fellow. He was the most dashing, young soldier in that particular corps of the Canadian Regulars. He performed his duties to the satisfaction of the officers. He was gay and light-hearted and a particular favorite in society. There was one little bit of mystery about him, which his comrades were anxious to penetrate. He went out every afternoon about the same hour, and was absent for a space of time, and nothing could ever make him waver from that custom.

The corps was stationed just, then, at the citadel of Quebec, and the other officers thought, at first, that Harry went to promenade the Terrace, or John St., or somewhere else where the people were to be met. But no one ever saw him in either of those thoroughfares, and as far as could be discovered there was no place where he went to call or to take tea. He went—well—no one knew whither—and that was just what set his brother soldiers wondering.

He was traced as far as the elevator on two or three occasions ; and had also been seen by the curious to descend the steps. It was clear therefore that he spent that particular hour in Lower Town. What could possibly take him there ? This discovery only lent a filip to the general curiosity.

There was one man in the garrison, a young subaltern, who particularly admired Harry and was disposed to be friendly to him, but he had been led into making a wager that he would find out where Harry went. He scarcely realized the indiscretion of which he was guilty, thus spying upon a brother officer. Carried away by his sporting instinct, he was anxious to win the wager, and so that lovely summer day, he set out to follow Harry. The roses from gardens in the Upper Town were giving forth their fragrance, a breeze was blowing freshly from the river, the sky overhead the quaint and ancient city, was unclouded blue, the hills over the Levis shore, purple against the horizon, and the waters of the St. Lawrence, sparkling in the sunlight.

Harry pursued his way unconscious. He took the elevator that day, and his pursuer chased down the steps, as fast as he could, arriving somewhat breathless in the dingy purlieus of Lower Town. He perceived Harry at a distance, striding along, with a rapid soldierly step. Then, began something like a game of hide and seek, for the subaltern did not want to be discovered. Harry went on, as one who has a definite object in view, it was clear he had not come down, to idle upon the wharf, as the others had been inclined to imagine. He passed through the market-place, with its multifarious wares and busy sellers and " Yes, no, not really ! " entered a church. There was no mistake about it, that dashing and brilliant young officer was certainly passing through the portals of that edifice, which the onlooker knew as a show-place for tourists, the ancient church of " Notre-Dame de Victoire."

The subaltern smiled to himself. Either Harry knew that he was being followed and was " putting up a bluff " or he was going to meet some one in there. The observer waited a few moments and cautiously entered also. The light in the church was somewhat dim, save for the rays

that came in through the stained glass window, but there was Harry, apparently oblivious of him and of everyone, kneeling in a pew, with his head bent down in his hands. Praying, actually praying. The subaltern was thunderstruck. He felt as if he had received an electric shock. He had come face to face, as it were, with a reality.

The youth waited. Something surely must happen—but the moments stole by and Harry did not stir. Then the subaltern began to take note of his surroundings. He saw the altar representing, the to him unknown symbol, the Tower of David, marking a long past conquest through the intercession of our Lady of Victories. There were but a few other worshippers in the church, a couple of children, two or three market women, who had come in from their traffic, one or two men, and all seemed as oblivious of the young officer as he was of them. They did not seem to think it strange that he should be there, with his head in his hands praying, though that was what the subaltern felt to be the strangest of all.

Then, the young man's eyes fixed themselves upon the red light burning in the lamp before the sanctuary. What was its significance, and why did its probable meaning, of which he had very vaguely heard seem to seize upon him all at once and terrify him. He was conscious of a mysterious Presence and a sensation, such as never before in his young thoughtless life, had come to him.

He had, at first, intended to say nothing of this discovery. Wager or no wager, he would respect, that secret, that mystery. But in spite of his good intentions, he was at times weak. In the boisterous gayety, following a mess dinner, when Harry Onslow was absent from the room, the subject of his mysterious afternoon outings was broached and the subaltern was twitted with having lost the wager and summoned to pay.

Thus challenged, he began a more or less confused account of what he had witnessed, which was received with exclamations of wonder, incredulity and—in one or two instances one—of derision. For even among the most thoughtless or irreligious, there is more respect for a man's deeper feelings, than is commonly supposed. In the middle of the story, Harry suddenly walked in.

The speaker's back was towards the door, and in spite of sundry furtive warnings, he continued his narrative. Harry's face turned a shade paler, the laugh died from his lips, as he slowly advanced into the room. One of those who had found the whole matter a huge joke, began to throw off some witticism, at which a few laughed. Harry faced them all, a flash as of steel in his blue eyes, a flush mounting to his face. His bearing was gallant, as it would have been, some of them thought, in battle.

"Look here," he cried, "you fellows had better stop. There are some matters I allow no man to joke about, and I will not even have them mentioned here..."

The subaltern, who was so ashamed of himself, that he felt as if he could have crept into a mouse hole, thought as he heard Harry speak thus, of the red light and its awful signification and the strange sensation he had felt.

Some present were disposed to resent Harry's tone his use of the words allow, etc., and informed him that none was going to ask his leave to say what they pleased. One of the jokers, an innately low fellow, who should never have been amongst gentlemen prefaced a new and profane witticism, with an oath. Harry sprang towards him, the steel blue eyes dangerous now. He raised his hand to strike, then re-training himself let it drop, but said slowly and deliberately instead:

"If you dare to speak like that again, I'll knock you down."

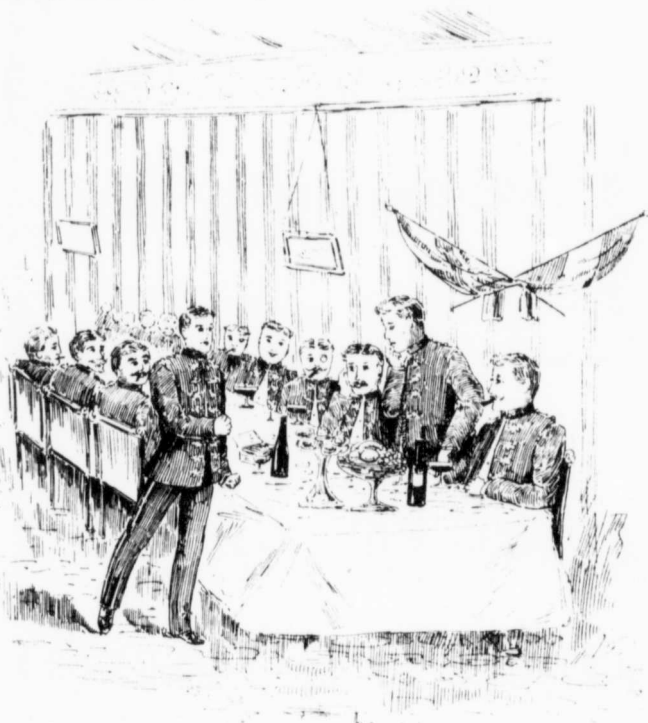
Every one knew that Harry meant what he said, and the man who had been capable of violating every canon of decency, was not so brave as his uniform might have led people to suppose. An uproar arose, however, during which Harry stood at bay like a young lion, though as far as he knew, the sentiment of the whole company was against him. The subaltern suddenly sprang to his feet, and planted himself beside Harry.

"I say," he said, "I behaved like a cad in this affair, following a fellow about and bringing that story here, but I'll be dashed if I don't stand by Harry against the crowd."

"We're all with him!" cried several voices—all except the two or three.

And after that they respected Harry more than ever. No one appeared to notice, when each afternoon he was gone for that mysterious interval of time.

To the subaltern, who after that became Harry's devoted friend, the latter confided that he had always from childhood kept the promise, which he had made to a dying mother, of a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament.



He explained, as far as the other could understand, that belief of Catholics, the Emmanuel, God with us upon the altar, and why it was that so many Catholics, men on their way home from the busy marts of commerce, workers from their toil, young, fashionable girls on their way from visits and receptions, youths from their sports, children on their way to school stopped to pay their homage to the Divine King of the Tabernacle.

During the next few years, Harry continued to be as brilliant and popular as ever, a favorite with both men and officers, as successful as possible in his career. The subaltern exchanged into foreign service, and met his death in an hospital in south Africa. In his ravings, he talked of the red light and the dim church, and that Presence before which his brother officer had really prayed. The Nun judging from this that he was a Catholic, began in his first lucid intervals to talk to him of religion, and was surprised to find that he was practically without any religion and gradually drew from him the whole story: "Our Lord wants something from you, I am sure, said the nun.

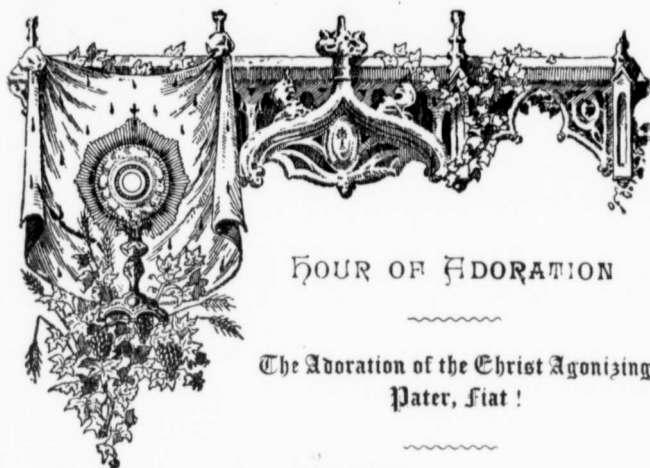
"Do you think He would have anything to say to a worthless fellow like me, Sister?" the young soldier responded. "I should like to belong to Harry's religion and to know that God is so near."

Then he began to rave again, and the red light was in his thoughts and the Presence of the Lord which had almost terrified him. When he woke again to consciousness, a priest was at his bedside and before many days were over, he received for the first time into his heart, the God of the Eucharist.

He never went back to Canada. His grave, indeed is amongst those of many Canadians, dug in the soil of the dark continent. But Harry has a letter which he prizes, a few lines scrawled in a dying hand enclosed in a page or two of clear, copper-plate written by the hospital sister. The scrawled lines were as follows:

"I never forgot, Harry, old fellow, that church and the light. It was often before my eyes at night. That was the first time I ever realized that grown up chaps ever really prayed. The Sister will tell you the rest."

And now, when Harry visits the little church of our Lady of Victory, his devotion towards the God of the Eucharist, is certainly not lessened, as praying for the soul of his departed comrade, he realizes with awe that it was those visits of his to the Blessed Sacrament which were the means of saving that soul, and perhaps, for his influence is more potent than he dreams—some other souls in the garrison.



HOUR OF ADORATION

The Adoration of the Christ Agonizing Pater, Fiat!

I. — Adoration.

"*Fiat...*" At first sight these words : Jesus in prayer, prayer, Jesus in adoration, seem contradictory. Is not Jesus God? Is it possible, then, that God kneels before God, makes a petition to God? God, in effect, has need of nothing, and if anything could possibly be wanting to His happiness, a single act of His will would suffice to obtain it. And yet the Gospel shows Him to us on His knees, praying, and adoring God, His Father.

It is that Jesus is not only God, but He is the Man-God, possessing, consequently, a human nature, and a created nature, with the obligation to adore God and with needs to express to Him. Jesus, forgetful, then, of His quality of Son of God, abases Himself before the Divine Majesty, as if He were the last of men.

He begins by separating from His Apostles, even the dearest. It is in the company of His Father, and not among men, that He will find solace. He kneels, He prostrates face downward.

The Holy Spirit deigned for our instruction and consolation to preserve the formula of prayer and adoration which at this moment escaped from the Heart and the lips of Jesus. "*My Father!*" He knew the power of the word *Father* over the Heart of God. "*All things are possible to thee.*" It was as if He said : " I do not recoil from redeeming humanity, but the cross, and such a cross! Is that, then, the only means? Canst Thou not, My Father, find some other way of reconciliation? "

Human nature was not created for suffering, and its instinct is to reject it energetically. In Jesus, although it could tremble under the sentiment of a lively sorrow, it could not be rebellious to the

will of God. Therefore, the Divine Saviour immediately added :
 " Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou dost wilt."

The same voice that had said to the tempest and the waves :
 " Peace! Be still!" cried to shuddering reason : "*Silence before
 the will of God! Yes, Father, I accept all. I will all that Thou
 dost will.*" He is submissive to death, even to the death of the
 Cross.

What beautiful and majestic adoration! Never had human
 intelligence apprehended with so much clearness the greatness of
 God and the lowness of the creature. Never had human will
 expressed to the Creator with so much energy the recognition of
 the sovereignty of God, and of the justice, wisdom, and bounty of
 His eternal decrees.

This adoration, rising from the agonizing Heart of Jesus, went
 up to the throne of the Eternal for three whole hours.

Unite your adoration to this perfect adoration of Jesus.

Unite your adoration, your prayer to that which Jesus, hidden
 in the Blessed Sacrament, offers at this moment for you to His
 Divine Father. There, as in the Garden of Olives, He is on His
 knees before His Father in prayer and adoration. He is constantly
 presenting Himself as an expiatory victim for the sins of
 men.

Adore the decrees of Heaven in regard to your own life, resolved
 on from all eternity in the council of the Three Divine Persons.
 Accept in advance, always and in all things, the holy and adorable
 will of God.

Adore Jesus Himself prostrate on the ground of Gethsemani.
 If the Saviour kneels to pronounce the name of His Father, we
 ought to kneel when pronouncing that of Jesus, for, at this adora-
 ble name," every knee should bend in heaven, on earth, and in
 hell." It is before Jesus, so humiliated under the olive trees, more
 annihilated still in the Eucharist, that kings and monarchs should
 lay down their sceptres and their crowns. Nowhere is Jesus greater
 than on His knees in Gethsemani if not in the Blessed Sacrament
 where, for love of us, He has made Himself still more humble and
 lowly... Adore Him!

II. — Thanksgiving.

" Fiat..." Who can comprehend the happy effects of that *fiat* of
 Jesus' prayer?

Man's salvation depends on it. God the Father, who wills to
 save fallen humanity, wills not to hear the prayer of His Son.
 For the first time, that name of Father pronounced by Jesus
 remains impotent on His lips. Will His human nature, frightened
 at the sight of such suffering and such a death, have the strength
 to accept the divine order with submission? No, if left alone, it

would be incapable of doing so. Help from on high is absolutely necessary to pronounce the *fiat* of acceptance.

Jesus obtains it by His prayer. He utters His *fiat* lovingly. Yes, My Father, may Thy will be done, not mine! I love men. To save them, I offer My head to the crown of thorns, My hands and My feet to the nails, My back to the scourges, My body to the cross. The deed was done! The human race was redeemed!

At the announcement of this happy news the just of the Old Law thrilled with joy in limbo. Heaven is about to open for them, and God will show Himself to them face to face.

I thank Thee, O well-beloved Father, for the incomparable charity Thou hast exercised toward us by not hearkening to the prayer of Thy Son, but enjoining on Him to die for us.

I thank Thee for all the graces of courage and consolation Thou didst grant to Jesus on account of His prayer. They made Him triumph over all His repugnances, and gave Him strength to confront His enemies.

Thanks be to Thee. O loving Saviour, for having pronounced at the cost of such sacrifices, the *fiat* that saved the world! I thank Thee for having accepted the penalty though innocent of fault. I thank Thee, O Jesus, I thank Thee for all just souls! I thank Thee for myself. Thou didst accept suffering and death to save me, and it is thanks to that *fiat* that I hope to go to heaven.

And that *fiat*, falling from Thy lips in the Garden of Olives, continues through the ages its work of restoration.

That *fiat* Thou art still pronouncing the livelong day in the Sacrament, by willing to remain on earth at the cost of such humiliations and insults. In all the painful circumstances of life, Thou dost desire to descend into my breast by Communion in order to help me to pronounce the *fiat* of resignation. I thank Thee, O Jesus, for myself and for all the redeemed!

III. — Reparation.

“*Fiat*!...” The *fiat* which Jesus pronounced in that magnificent adoration was to merit eternal life for all men.

How afflicted the Heart of Jesus must have been at the thought of the small number that would profit by it! For every one of us individually, Jesus pronounced that *fiat*. *Fiat* to the crown of thorns! *Fiat* to the scourging! *Fiat* to all the ill-treatment! *Fiat* to the Cross! *Fiat* to everything! Alas, multitudes of obstinate men receive no fruit from it!

This adoration, this sublime prayer of the Garden of Olives should be for every afflicted soul a model of resignation and submission to the will of God. He knows that sorrow is the necessary lot of man, that life is full of miseries, and that His disciples especially would be the objects of all sorts of contradictions. By praying thus, Jesus wished to teach them more especially to remain

firm in the midst of sufferings, and to keep their eyes constantly fixed on the divine recompense.

His hopes are far from having been realized. Most men, instead of recurring to God in their trials, blaspheme Him, accusing Him of injustice and cruelty. If some invoke Him for help, they have not the courage to adore His holy will, unreservedly to abandon themselves to it, and to pronounce the *fiat* of Jesus!

How often, O Jesus, have I myself neglected to follow Thy example! Instead of confiding my trouble to God, to Thee, who art always there present in the Eucharist, as in a new Gethsemani, have I not first gone to seek consolation from creatures? That is an injury to thy Heart, the best, the most compassionate, the most tender toward all afflicted hearts.

With Thy infinite intelligence Thou didst comprehend the outrages of all men, *my own*, inflicted on Thy Heart in prayer.

Pardon for them, pardon for the souls in purgatory who are at this instant expiating their impatience in the time of trial!

Pardon for myself!... I wish to give Thee no more pain, nor to lose the merit of my sufferings. My first care in trial will be to flee human consolations, to direct my steps toward Thy holy tabernacle, to cast myself at Thy feet, and to say to Thee from the bottom of my heart: "Father, my Father! Let this chalice pass from me,"... and then I shall add with all my heart: "Not my will, but Thine be done!"

IV. — Prayer.

"*Fiat!*..." For the majority of mankind, earth is a Garden of Olives, and life, an agony.

Jesus had absolutely no need of prayer to submit His human reason, His will, to the will of God. If He made it, it was to teach us that the great remedy in all our afflictions is prayer and adoration. Then, if we wish to please Jesus and sanctify our sufferings, we must learn after His own example to turn to God in the painful moments of life.

O Jesus, Divine Teacher of adoration, teach me how to adore. When trials come upon me, give me the courage to snatch myself from the society of my relatives and friends, from my daily avocations, and hasten to adore Thee in Thy Sacrament of Love! *Avulsus est.*

Increase my faith. At sight of the white Host, may my knees bend, my whole person fall humbly in recognition of Thy Divinity! *Positis genibus, prociens in faciem suam.* May my heart and my lips express the sentiments of the most filial confidence in Thy fatherly goodness, that they may with all assurance repeat: "My Father!... Father Thou art, for Thou hast given me life, that of the soul, that of grace. *Pater mi!*"

All things are possible to Thee. Thy Heart is capable of great things. May I place all my confidence in the power of Thy Heart!
Omnia tibi possibilia sunt!

Thou wilt permit my poor nature to repeat after Thee in the presence of a great sorrow: "*Let this chalice pass from me!*" But grant that immediately after, I may say with Thee: "*May Thy will be done, and not mine! Not what I will, but what Thou dost will! Not as I will, but as Thou dost will!*" The voice of nature may cry out, but the voice of reason must triumph. May I have no other desire than to accomplish Thy holy will! *If it be possible, let this chalice pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt!*

Grant that I may incessantly repeat with Thee this formula of perfect adoration which, during three hours, Thou didst make to Thy Divine Father. "*Oravit tertio, eundem sermonem dicens...*" Put it upon my lips at the moment of my agony.

Give me a spark of the holy fervor with which Thou didst pray to Thy Divine Father in the Garden of Olives! Grant that I may ever make this beautiful adoration!

Resolution. — Unite with Mary at every hour of the day, with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth, and communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask Him for the grace ever to submit lovingly and joyously to all the trials that it may please God to send you.

TO OUR AMERICAN SUBSCRIBERS.

On account of the new postal regulations between the United States and Canada we are obliged to raise your Sentinel subscription, ten cents. The new tariff went into effect the eighth of May.

In future, any subscription in United States will be at the new rate, **sixty cents** a year.

We trust this slight increase, totally independent of us, will not cause any of our patrons to cancel their subscription especially when they consider the excellence and need of the Eucharistic Apostolate carried on by the Sentinel and the valuable aid given to the cult of perpetual exposition by this small fee.



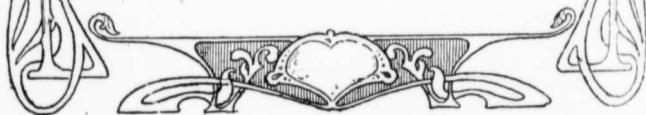
Jesus
In the Blessed Sacrament.

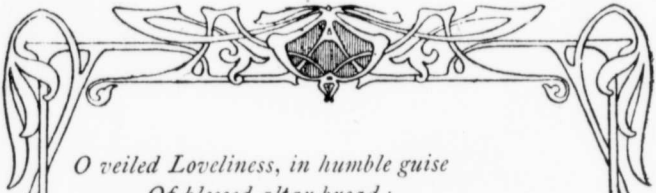


*Sacred Host! Girt round with golden
rays—
Rarest picture artist ever framed—
'Tis God who gently draws from worldly
ways
Repentant soul unnamed!*

*O, Boundless Love, that yet are bounden here
For men in smallest zone;
Thy Sacred Stillness holds our Saviour dear
We live through Him alone!*

*O, Host snow-white! In monstrance fair
Upheld by priestly hand;
With darkened soul Thy Whiteness share,
A heart, a life command!*





*O veiled Loveliness, in humble guise
Of blessed altar-bread ;
O, teach us to be lovely in Thine eyes,
All ugly selfhood dead.*

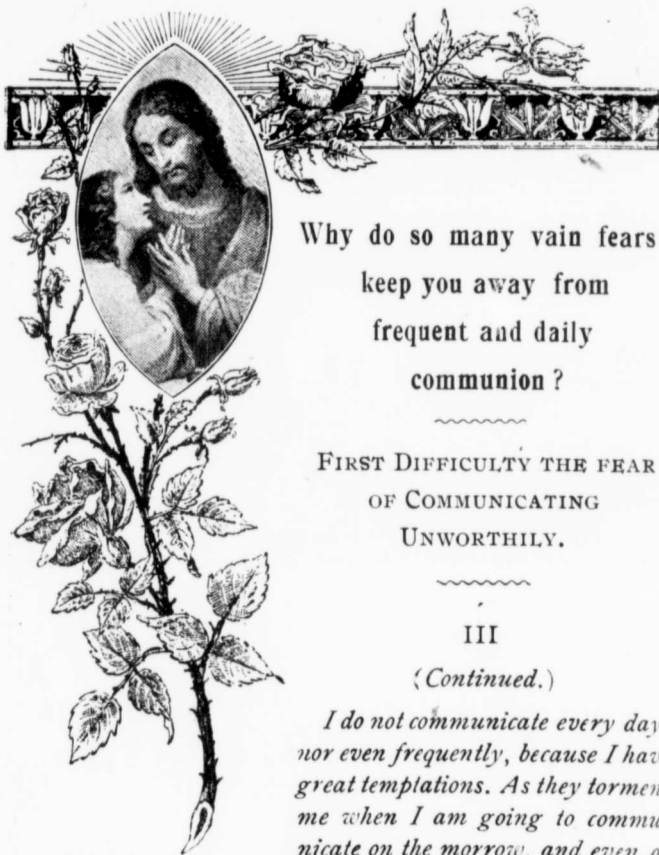
*O, gold-rimmed Host ! Revealed on altar high
To loving eyes of Faith ,
From all sin-weakened souls who now do try,
Drive Thou its hateful wraith !*

*O, God ! Whom heaven nor earth can contain,
In tiny circle white
Art held a Prisoner of Love. Remain
For'èr the soul's delight.*

*O, Eucharistic Love ! I beg this grace—
Thy love to imitate—
While, all unknown, my steps I sweetly trace
Like Thine, in low estate.*

Sr. M. R., O. S. D.





Why do so many vain fears
keep you away from
frequent and daily
communion ?

~~~~~  
FIRST DIFFICULTY THE FEAR  
OF COMMUNICATING  
UNWORTHILY.

~~~~~  
III

(Continued.)

*I do not communicate every day,
nor even frequently, because I have
great temptations. As they torment
me when I am going to commu-
nicate on the morrow, and even at*

*the very reception of the Sacrament, the fear of commu-
nicating unworthily restrains me.*

Let us examine this difficulty in its several lights.

In the first place, you do not communicate every day,
nor even frequently, on account of the great temptations
that assail you.

I reply : Precisely because Satan prowls around you
like a roaring lion, tempting you against faith, purity,
etc., you have all the more need, by frequent and daily

Communion, to "put on the armor of God that you may be able to stand against the deceits of the devil." In effect, this Sacrament being a sign of the Passion of Christ, by whom the demons have been vanquished, It triumphs over all his assaults." Therefore, St. Chrysostom says: "When we have participated in the Divine Banquet, we become terrible to the demons as lions breathing flame."

If, then, in spite of your frequent, and even daily Communion, Satan does not desist from tempting you, will he not attack you with still greater fury should you abstain from a Sacrament which is so dreaded by him?

But you say, my temptations attack me with redoubled violence on the eve of my Communions and even at the moment of receiving the Holy Eucharist. — I believe what you say, and I am not astonished at it. The demon, well knowing the effects of the Holy Eucharist, fears you after you have fed on that Divine Food; hence, his rage and his efforts to keep you away from the "Living Bread come down from heaven," the pledge of our victories, and the cause of his own defeats.

See, O Christian soul, with what good reason the author of the golden book of the *Imitation of Christ* says: "When some are disposed to prepare themselves for the Sacred Communion, they suffer the worst assaults and illusions of Satan. That wicked spirit himself, as it is written in Job, cometh among the sons of God to trouble them with his accustomed malice, or to make them over-fearful and perplexed; that so he may diminish their devotion, or, by his assault, take away their faith, if happily they may altogether forbear Communion, or approach with tepidity," that is, by neglecting to combat their distractions.

And you, Christian soul, would you by yielding to his perfidious suggestions abandon daily Communion? Woe to you if you realize the desires of your implacable enemy! On the contrary: "Not the least regard must be paid to his wiles and suggestions, be they ever so shameful and abominable; but all such imaginations are to be turned back upon his own head. The wretch must be contemned and scorned; nor is Holy Communion to be omitted on

account of any assault and commotions which he may awaken. ”

Again, you say : I am afraid to communicate badly, by approaching the Holy Table in the midst of temptations so violent. ”—I reply that your fear is not only *vain*, but still more, *diabolical*. A *vain* fear, for what are the most horrible temptations if we do not wish them, if we endure them against our will? Are they sins? Quite the contrary, they are for us an increase of grace and merit.

And it is by communicating with this increase of grace and merit that you fear to do so unworthily? O what a *vain* fear! what a chimerical fear! You may fear to communicate unworthily only when you are certain, that is, when you can swear, that you have consented to these grave temptations, and that you are thereby in the state of mortal sin.

Still more, it is a *diabolical* fear, for, I repeat : “ The enemy, knowing the very great fruit and remedy contained in the Holy Communion, striveth by every method and occasion, as far as he is able, to withdraw and hinder faithful and devout souls from It ”

Christian soul, turn indignantly against the tempter and say to him : “ Begone, unclean spirit ! Be ashamed, miserable wretch ! Most unclean art thou to suggest such things in my ears ! Depart from me, thou most wicked seducer, thou shalt have no part in me. But Jesus (whom I desire to receive daily in spite of thee) will be with me as a valiant warrior, and thou shalt stand confounded. I prefer to die, and to undergo any torment whatsoever, rather than consent to thee. Hold thy peace and be silent. I will hear thee no further, although thou many times molest me. The Lord (who daily nourishes me with His immaculate Flesh) is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? If armies should stand together against me, my heart shall not fear. The Lord (whom in Communion I daily press to my breast) is my helper and my Redeemer.”

(to be continued.)

The Eucharistic Apostolate.



THE Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament is not satisfied with adoring, loving, and serving the God of the Eucharist by itself. In its zeal for His glory, it desires to make Him adored, loved, and served by all men, elevating to Him everywhere a throne of love, and procuring for Him faithful adorers.

Jesus has said: "I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be enkindled throughout the whole universe?"

"Now, this divine fire is the Eucharist," says St. John Damascene. *Carbo est Eucharistia quæ nos inflammat.* The incendiaries of this Eucharistic fire are they who love Jesus, for true love longs for the reign and the glory of the Beloved. The Eucharist is the reign of Jesus Christ in the world, and, above all, in the hearts of His children.

Such is the beautiful, the lovable mission of every adorer of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Disciple and Apostle of Eucharistic love, such is his name, his grace. But what are the works of this Eucharistic apostolate? Everything that can procure the glory of the God of the Eucharist, is the object of his zeal; and everything can be referred to the service of Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament, since He is the grace and the end of everything.

Love has but one science, but one language, but one desire, but one pleasure, and that is, to make Jesus-Christ in the Divine Eucharist known, loved and served.

First. — To make Him known to those that know Him not, to teach Him to children and to coarse and ignorant men, to reveal Him more clearly to those that already know Him. This is done by catechism, retreats, Eucharistic confraternities, weeks, etc.

Our Lord is not known even by those that appear to have some knowledge of His doctrine and His life. If He were known, He would be better served, better adored, more frequently visited. Christians and devout persons, at least, would speak of Him sometimes in conversation. He would not be thought of as a God dead and buried, unknown. We dare no longer pronounce His name in public. Alas ! Jesus-Christ is almost a stranger in the midst of His own !

We must, then, reveal Him, manifest Him, lead back to Him His prodigal children.

Secondly. — We must make Him loved.

We must lead the people back to virtue, to religion, and to faith by divine love.

There is no means more efficacious than love. It is, perhaps, the only one that remains to us to combat the indifference that reigns in the world, and which triumphs over even the hearts of the Faithful.

It is by this divine fire that we must attack the frigid unconcern that paralyzes the hearts and the members of all society.

It is by pointing to the love of Jesus Christ that we shall reawake in benumbed hearts the sentiment of love and the need of virtue.

It is by making them perform the acts of adoration at the foot of the Most Blessed Sacrament that we shall turn them into true adorers in spirit and in truth.

We must press, urge on, even force guests to the marriage-feast of the King.

When they shall have tasted how sweet is the Lord, when they shall have made one act of adoration, grace will do the rest.

But this beautiful apostolate calls for men of courage, men disposed to embrace the folly of the Cross, in order to gain its power ; men ready for humiliation, ready for the contempt of the prudent of this world, that Jesus Christ may be loved and glorified. That is the only recompense that they desire.

To Thee, my Lord, be love and praise and glory ! To me, forgetfulness, contempt, humiliation !

Do Thou reign... and I am content to die !

Rev. Père Eymard.



Children.

*I love to see gathering around me,
 Each smiling with innocent glee—
 The children, beloved of the God-Man—
 The little ones, dear unto me.*

*The glory of God shines about them,
 The sunshine of gladness—within ;
 No shadow of grief has yet touched them—
 They know not the sorrow of sin.*

*How sweet are their loving caresses !
 Their glances how guileless and mild—
 No wonder that Jesus should liken
 The Kingdom of God to a child !*

*They are sunbeams of gladness in households ;
 They are angels of God in disguise :
 There is nothing on earth half so lovely
 As the light of their beautiful eyes.*

*The tones of their voice are far sweeter
 Than music's soft thrill to mine ear ;
 For me no excitement is better
 The aull, flagging spirits to cheer.*

*My heart grows as tender as woman's,
And feeling's deep fountains will flow
When I think of the paths strait and thorny
Where the feet of the dear ones must go.*

*Oh! 'tis sad, that those brows, now so cloudless,
Shall be shaded by care, by and bye;
And those bosoms now throbbing with rapture
Shall heave with affection's deep sigh!*

*Then I think of my own happy childhood,
And gaze thro' the vista of years,
On those scenes that we all fondly cherished,
Till my eyes are half-blinded with tears.*

*Yêt, I fancy I live in some measure
Youth's golden days over again,
While the dear little prattlers aronnd me
Their pranks and their hubbub maintain.*

*O God! this one favour vouchsafe me—
That when I shall lie down to die,
The children may pray at my bed-side
Until I have heaved the last sigh.*

*For I know that with Jesus, my Saviour,
Avail much their brief little prayers,
For have not His blessed lips told us
The Kingdom of Heaven is theirs.*

F.

A Voice from the Tabernacle.

My child this little Tabernacle is my dwelling place among men. Here I am anxiously awaiting to dispense my grace and blessings to them ; but alas ! they do not visit Me to ask these blessings and spend a few short moments during the course of the day in my company.

My child, I wish to confide to you the secrets of My Heart burning with love for men in this Sacrament. How forgetful men are becoming of their Creator ! Ambition, sensual pleasures, vain and worldly amusements, seem to estrange so many hearts from Me, even among those who were devoted to Me in this sweet Sacrament of My Love, where I continually dwell, and where they spent so many happy hours in the past secure from worldly seductions.

Forgetfulness of My Presence in the Tabernacle, seems to envelop the majority of men, forgetfulness of their God, forgetfulness of their eternal salvation for which alone they were created, forgetfulness of everything supernatural, their minds are occupied with the things of this world.

Oh ! my child how lonely and sorrowful I feel in this my little Tabernacle Home, to see My dear children rush past the door when I long to have them enter for a few brief moments and exchange an affectionate greeting.

Endeavor my dear child by your words, by your example, and especially by your prayers to draw all hearts to Me, that those dear to you may visit Me for at least a few moments each day in this My little Tabernacle Home, and endeavor especially on the day dedicated each month to My Sacred Heart, that all my children may come to ask and receive my choicest graces and blessings.

My dear child, how I ardently desire on this day a visit from My children ! How I long to bestow on them the graces they stand in need of ! How I long to be intimately united to them on this day in Holy Communion !

Oh ! my child, how lonely I feel, especially on the day I have chosen each month to receive a loving visit from

all my children, when, even the Tabernacle Door does not enclose Me from their view, and I remain throughout the entire day enthroned in the little Golden Monstrance, from which I look down each hour with sorrowing Heart to see so few adorers of my Sacramental Presence.

How all this pains My Tender Heart, I wish to confide to you my child. This forgetfulness, this ingratitude I can scarcely endure.

My child these are My earnest longings ; these are My most ardent desires in the Blessed Sacrament. Will you not endeavor to draw all hearts to Me in this My little Tabernacle Home? Will you not endeavor to alleviate this ardent thirst of My Sacred Heart for the souls of men? Yes, my child, I know you wish to draw all hearts to Me. I know your interior sorrow at seeing Me so abandoned in the Church in which I dwell for the love of men.

Children and their Eucharistic Duties.

IN a previous instruction I counselled you, dear children, to respond to the love of Jesus by generosity. To-day, I go further still and tell you that this generosity, this ardent desire to make some return to the God who has so loved them characterizes every noble soul. Moreover, we all know by experience how the least little sacrifice is royally rewarded with unparalleled tenderness by Him who gives so much for the little we give Him.

I see written in the eager faces upraised to mine enthusiasm, generous resolve to give Jesus love for love, I fancy I can see your happy hearts bounding ardently, joyously towards Him, but, alas ! only too soon will your enthusiasm cool, your ardour wane unless Jesus Himself feed His fires.

So, dear children, do not forget that Eucharistic love depends on a special grace ; that the mysterious attraction drawing us to the divine Prisoner of the tabernacle is not in our power, but is given and sustained by God alone. Consequently, we must ask for this grace of love,

this attraction, by persevering prayer like the following :
 My Jesus, make my heart like unto Thine... My Jesus,
 burn my heart with the fire of Thine... My Jesus, be
 Thou my dearest love... My Jesus, change my heart by
 contact with Thine.

We must also invoke our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, Mother of fair love, whose heart was filled with such perfect love of her Eucharistic Jesus whom she adored and received during twenty-five years. And let us pray to St. John, the beloved disciple, model of communicants, also to Blessed Margaret Mary so vehemently desirous for the Heavenly Bread, so humble and annihilated in her adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

It is especially during this year, in which you are preparing for your first Communion, that these petitions should be most earnest: "year palpitating with emotion," wrote a little girl of twelve, "when we experience the joy of intimacy with the sweet Saviour; year when we count the months and days in eager expectation of the one which shall mark the greatest, the most beautiful, the most touching action of our lives," and I add year of which the sentiments should never be forgotten but remain forever indelibly imprinted in your mind and heart, otherwise the blessed results of the great action would insensibly diminish, leaving only vague impressions productive of no permanent good. One should be able to remark, such a First Communion such a Eucharistic life, and that will greatly depend on the fervor of your prayers during this holy year.

The little girl about whom I spoke to you already, Marie Louise de B... of French nationality, who died three years ago, obtained from Our Lord as permanent fruit of her first communion a truly impassioned love for the Blessed Eucharist. Nothing is more touching than the pages written by her in her little journal. The thought of Jesus pervades every line. All drew this child, mischievous yet candid, generous and docile, to the love of God living through love in the Blessed Sacrament, to the desire of possessing Him. "Him! the real Him," as she so often said. I quote her own words: "Nothing here below is beautiful but one thing, the small white round Host down there, (in the chapel of the Servants

of the Blessed Sacrament at Angers). Without Him how can we live? Oh, that small, white, round, beloved Host which we would like to have always there, in our breast, in our heart, all our life! To think He will belong to us up there, to us forever, and it will be He, the real He and we shall be there on His heart."

Dear Children who read these pages, from whatever chapel or church your prayers ascend in pleading to the great white throne, asking for an ardent love for the Eucharistic Christ, be assured our supplications will be united to yours, imploring the Eucharistic King whom you will soon welcome for the first time to sew, Himself, this Eucharistic love in your hearts and to make it grow daily more and more.

I am the Bread and Wine of the Chosen.

THE fruits of our Lord's Body: As to chains of guilt; *It drives away the devil*; The Angel answering said to him, If thou put a little piece of its heart on coals the smoke thereof driveth away all kinds of devils, either from man or from woman, that they come to them no more. *Tob. vi. 8.*

It cools desire; When He that is in Heaven appointeth kings over her, they shall be whited with snow in selmon. The mountain of God is a fat mountain. *Ps. lxxvii. 15, 16.*

It cleanses the stain on the heart; One of the Seraphim flew to me, and in his hand was a live coal which he had taken with the tongs off the Altar; and he touched my mouth and said, Behold this hath touched thy lips; and thy iniquities shall be taken away, and thy sin shall be cleansed. *Is. vi. 6, 7.*

It appeases the anger of God; A hidden gift quencheth anger, and a reward in the bosom the greatest wrath. *Prov. xxi. 14.*

(See frontispiece.)