


THE LAST SUPPER



IN AN ORATORY.


*the blest silence of this quiet room !
 I love its solitude, its sweet half-gloom,
 Where, like a faithful star in tranquil space,
 The taper burns before His Holy Face.*

*I draw the curtain, and we are alone,
 My God and I; and thus my prayer or moan
 May rise, or tears may fall, unheard, unseen;
 No careless word or idle thought between.*

*Or, in the fulness of some grace renewed,
 I can pour forth my heart in solitude;
 Or, contrite for a fault, my soul abase
 Before the deathless sorrow of that Face.*

*So in the solemn stillness of this room,
 Where ivy twines and roses always bloom,
 The taper burning in its ruby shrine,
 Before that God-like Face and Host Divine,*

*I feel 'twere blest to linger all day long;
 Here sing my soul its glad or mournful song;
 Here lay my woes at Jesus' nail-pierced feet,
 Where cares dissolve, and even pain grows sweet.*



Particular Practice for the Month of April.

To Honor and Imitate the Suffering Life of Our Lord
in the Blessed Eucharist.



IN his chapter on the Royal Road of the cross the author of the Imitation of Christ beautifully tells us : " in the cross is salvation, in the cross is life, in the cross is victory over our enemies, in the cross is heavenly sweetness, in the cross is strength of soul, in the cross is joy of spirit."

But for the devout soul, lover of the Eucharist, Calvary is the altar and the divine Crucified is the God of the Host. Kneeling in His sacred presence, she hears the cries of the infuriated multitude against Him who retorts only by the silence of the lamb, the plots of the Scribes and Pharisees, the conspiracies of these new Judases who sell to their interests, their vices and to the devil the kind Master, who gives Himself to them in Communion ; she sees Him abandoned, neglected, denied by cowardice, by human respect ; she cannot but realize that the Blessed Eucharist is indeed the passion, differing from Gethsemane and Calvary only in as much as the sorrowful Eucharistic way traverses the universal world, impressing it in every sense, and that the sacred drama has continued for nineteen centuries.

Jesus in the blessed Eucharist is glorious, immortal, impassible — why, then, describe to us as suffering, Him who cannot suffer, annihilated, Him who reigns as sovereign conqueror ?

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Truly and happily our Eucharistic King cannot die again, nor can the hatred of men vent itself a second time against His sacred humanity. Where it otherwise, what priest would consent to call down that innocent victim upon an altar which would be for Him a bloody calvary !

Nevertheless, our sins, our outrages, our sacrileges, do they wound less acutely the living Heart of the Eucharistic Christ because He is beyond the physical reach of their malicious attacks ? Do not sinners, to torment Him, still continue to employ all the means suggested by infernal rage ?

Thus the Passion continues on our part, on the part of cruel executioners enraged against a victim continually immolated by their desires ; a victim unceasingly expiating their crimes, our crimes, the crimes of the universe.

Stupendous mystery of the Eucharistic sufferings of Jesus ! He suffers as God suffers ; He is irritated and affected as God is irritated and affected, without these feelings altering His happiness or diminishing His joy.

It is true He no longer suffers actually, but at the moment when He instituted the Blessed Eucharist, the picture of the outrages, the insults, the profanations which should assail Him throughout the centuries unrolled before His soul ; through His knowledge of futurity, He beheld His perpetual martyrdom even in its slightest details ; the tortures reserved for Him by our malice even in their most subtle and secret cruelties. He saw, He felt, His Heart agonized unto death ; He had the power to make His Heart feel in an instant, anguish equal to that He would have endured had He remained capable of corporal suffering, susceptible to our inhumanity ; and the same power which, at the last day, will cause souls still guilty of slight stains to expiate in an instant what would have taken centuries of devouring flames to purify, could easily dilate the faculties of Jesus' soul so as to make them feel, at the time when he was still capable of enduring pain — supposing such pain were not to end with His life — all He should have suffered in this long martyrdom which the ingratitude of men and the fury of demons vainly endeavoured to force upon Him in His divine Sacrament.

The link between Calvary and the Eucharist is so close that there is no soul truly and lovingly united to Jesus in the Sacred Host but feels the ardent longing, the intense desire to console Him, to compassionate His dolours, which, although she may not be able clearly to define the reason or the manner, are nevertheless, too real for her love, that generous love which is not satisfied by meditating in presence of the Blessed Sacrament the Passion as it took place at Jerusalem ; that intuitive love which tells her the Passion still continues and which inflames her soul and every fibre of her being with an insatiable desire to compassionate this Eucharistic Passion of the living Christ abiding therein ; and this compassion is so pleasing and acceptable in His sight that He bewailed the absence of it in piteous accents to Blessed Margaret Mary.

To us, Apostles of the Eucharist, who desire to honour and revere this great mystery under all its phases, belongs the sublime mission of meditating frequently on the Eucharistic Passion, to console, to compassionate its divine Victim and to take upon ourselves the duty of making reparation for the many outrages and profanations wounding Him so bitterly.

Though Jesus no longer suffers actually, He desires to suffer in us and thus continue in His members, for the glory of God and the salvation of sinners, that martyrdom which He, our glorious chief, so generously endured the first, giving us the example and showing us the way.

We shall specially honour the Eucharistic Passion of Jesus by bringing and offering to Him our suffering but resigned hearts whenever they agonize under sickness, sorrow humiliation, outrage or deception. It will be an infallible way to console Him and to make Him forget His own sufferings, as He forgot them at the moment when he uttered ineffable words of hope to the good thief on the cross.



The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday, April 20th at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.

O PIERCED HANDS.

*O pierced Hands of Jesus,
Within Thy bleeding palms,
For love of Thee, who died for me,
I lay to-day an alms.*

*O sacred Hands so wounded
Upon the tree of shame,
I see thee still extended,
To bless each tribute tendered,
In honor of Thy Name.*

*O holiest Hands of Jesus,
By Thy most sacred power,
The living Bread was hallowed
Of that last Pascal hour:
O sweetest Hands of Jesus,
What can I Thee deny,
Which on the tree, redeemed me,
And plead for me on high!*

*Within Thy Hands, dear Jesus,
I clasp my own and pray
That more and more, my heavenly
May grow from day to day. [store*



Institution of the Eucharist.



Now behold the institution of the august Sacrament. What a moment ! Love's hour has struck. The Mosaic Pasch is about to terminate. The true Lamb is going to succeed the figure. The Bread of Life, the Living Bread, the Bread of Heaven, will take the place of the manna of the desert. All is ready. The Apostles are clean, for Jesus has just finished washing their feet. — Jesus seats Himself quietly at the table. The new Pasch must be eaten seated, in the repose of God. Profound silence reigns. The Apostles are all attention, their eyes fixed on their Master.

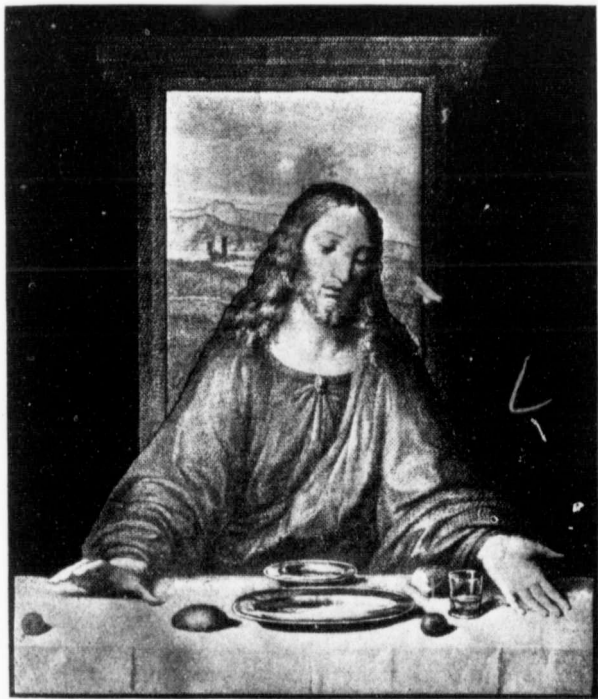
Jesus recollects Himself. Then He takes the bread in His holy and venerable hands, raises His eyes to heaven, gives thanks to His Father for this hour so longed for, extends His hand, and blesses the bread.

The Apostles look on, full of respect, not daring to ask the meaning of those mysterious actions, while Jesus pronounces those ravishing words, as powerful as the word creative : “ *Take ye and eat, this is My Body. Take ye and drink, this is My Blood !* ”

The mystery of love is accomplished. Jesus has fulfilled His promise. He now has nothing more to give but His mortal life upon the Cross. That too He will give, and then He will rise again to become our perpetual Host of Propitiation, our Host of Communion, our Host of Adoration.

Heaven is ravished at sight of this mystery. The angels above lost in admiration. The demons in hell tremble with rage.

Yes, Lord Jesus, all is accomplished ! Thou hast nothing more to give to man by which to prove to him Thy love. Thou canst now die, but Thou wilt not leave us even in dying. Thy love has become eternal upon earth. Return into the heaven of Thy



“ Take ye and eat, this is My Body. — Take ye and drink, this is My Blood.”

glory, for the Eucharist will be the Heaven of Thy love.

O Cenacle ! where art thou ? O Holy Table, which bears the Consecrated Body of Jesus ! O Divine Fire, which Jesus enkindled upon Mount Sion, burn, shoot forth thy flames, embrace the whole world.



THE VIATICUM.

(Continued.)

The priest and his guide walked quickly, scattering the snow to the right and left with their staffs. Anthony's lantern cast a ray of light before them and elongated their shadows in the rear into fantastic proportions. The priest prayed as he walked, but Anthony's thoughts were busy with the cattle in his stable, the wheat stored so abundantly in his barn, and a little also, it must be confessed, with his housekeeper.

At first, neither felt the fatigue but walked briskly along, their eyes fixed on the luminous orb traced by the lantern on the snow. Soon, however, little by little, the perspiration broke out on their brow. They slackened their pace, their breathing grew less regular. Anthony no longer held the lantern with a steady hand while the Curé occasionally interrupted his prayer.

Though it was nearly two hours since they had started they were still at some distance from the forest. They continued their route with difficulty; now and then exchanging a few brief words to encourage each other.

"Ah Father!" said Anthony in a tone of regret — "if I had not forgotten my flask!"

"My poor friend, you make me remember, I did not bring mine either! What carelessness!"

"Oh, never mind," replied Anthony resignedly, "we will drink with more zest when we reach Aygues. It must be nearly three o'clock now and see the wind is rising. Let us hurry, Father. I am afraid we are going to have a storm."

As if to verify his words, a strong wind rose, a typical western wind which soon developed into a perfect hurri-

cane. The snow began to fall heavily and in less than twenty minutes an awful storm raged on the mountain. The travellers were enveloped in the general darkness, they could no longer see the way and were in constant fear of falling into some of the many dangers intensified by the thick gloom. They tried to walk straight ahead and ascertain the state of things by their staffs. After deliberation, they decided to leave the straight path for a short cut which would lead them more quickly to the forest. To their right was a fathomless abyss, to their left rocks thick with brambles trembling in their sockets and which a too heavy weight of snow might dislodge and cast down upon them.

A warm perspiration, almost instantly chilled, covered them. Their parched throats emitted hoarse moans, their throbbing temples were swollen like whip cords, their escaping breath, at times vaporizing, almost blinded them. In this pitiable state, they exhausted themselves in useless efforts to proceed. The violence of the storm was such that in some places they had to lie down to escape being carried away, in others to take shelter behind the rocks and even to crawl flat, at such times, the old Curé being obliged to throw off his coat in which the wind gathered and which spread out like the sails of a ship.

The peasant bore up better than the Curé. After a while the latter smiling sadly, said :

"Poor Anthony, I must admit a crown of white hair is a heavy burden."

"Will you let me carry you, Father?"

"No, my child. You must not over-tax your strength. One of us, at least, shall have a chance of salvation."

"Father, here we are at last in the forest. Let us seek shelter and continue our journey at day-break."

The Curé straightened himself up. "Our hours are numbered," he said firmly, but there are only a few minutes separating Demetrius Blanc from God's just judgment. You seek shelter. I shall go on alone."

At some little distance away, they perceived a whitish line penetrate the thick darkness, indicating the outskirts of the forest. Filled with renewed courage they tried to run; but the cold numbed them, the bitter wind lashed

their faces, the snow fell on them from all parts. Under the shelter of the trees they enjoyed a few moments' respite.

They pursued their journey hazardously, knowing they had lost their way, tasting all the cruel pangs of fear ; striking and wounding their feet against the stones hidden by the snow, slipping, falling, rising to fall again.

" We cannot go any further," said Anthony completely discouraged. " What is the use of walking ? How can we guide ourselves ? "

The abbé took a match from his pocket, struck it on the cover of his snuff box, lit the lantern and looked around. He saw Anthony pale, hatless, with bleeding hands and torn clothes ; he saw — no sign of a road near them.

" Anthony," and the old Curé's voice quivered with pain, " I beg your forgiveness for having brought you, I should have come alone. "

For the first time, and who will blame him, Anthony was disrespectful to his Pastor and merely shrugged his shoulders.

Moved to tears at this unusual conduct, the Curé pleaded, " Anthony give me some token of forgiveness. "

Anthony relented and with tears coursing down his cheeks affectionately embraced the old priest, whom he dearly loved and respected.

" We must not cry," said the priest after a moments' reflection. " We must get away from here. Let us go on ! If we remain here, sleep will overcome us and sleep here and now means instant death. "

They began to walk. The Curé had over-rated his strength, he dragged on a long, an endless half hour, an apparent century —

Suddenly he cried out :

" I am thirsty, so thirsty ! "

He stooped to gather some snow to quench his thirst. Anthony prevented him saying : " You must not ! It would kill you. Have patience a little longer, relief will come soon. "

A few minutes afterwards, the Curé staggered, Anthony caught him in his arms and tried to carry him.

"O how thirsty I am!" murmured he plaintively.

Anthony gave a cry of despair and shouted, "Help! help! Here is a saint of God dying for the want of a little water." His voice dominated the wind and the storm, but in that awful solitude, who could hear or respond?



The old priest feebly repeated :

"In manus tuas, Domine..."

Anthony's tears of anger and sorrow fell like rain drops on the numb face of his dear Pastor as, no longer able to hold him in his arms, he gently laid him down in the shelter of a massive rock forming a kind of excavation, where he remained in a stupor, hearing nothing, seeing nothing. —

The fury of the storm king was soon over, the wind grew calm, the sky brightened, the snow ceased falling, the dark clouds disappeared, disclosing a corner of azure studded with brilliant stars.

"It is paradise!" murmured the Curé, opening his eyes. "Anthony, in pity, give me a little water—water, melted snow."

"Better drink poison, Father."

"You do not realize how I suffer. A glass of water!—I would give my life gladly to be in time to save the sick man."

"Father," asked Antony in a trembling voice: "have you a pen-knife?"

"Yes, take it out of my pocket."

Anthony took the knife. About twenty seconds afterwards he continued sighing, "Open your mouth, Father, and drink. I give you my blood pure and warm."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Curé in shocked dissent. And then to rise to the sublimity of the poor peasant's sacrifice, he put his lips to the opening in his arm and drank as do the goat-hunters overtaken by fatigue and thirst in the glaciers. The draught revived him. He sprang up crying, "saved! Anthony, you have saved my life. May God Almighty bless and reward you."

With mingled feelings of gratitude and admiration, he gently and carefully bound up the wounded arm which had been his salvation.

To their great relief, they heard voices calling and saw torches glimmering. Nearer and nearer came the voices calling loudly, "Father," quickly followed by seven or eight mountaineers who had been searching for the Curé for over two hours.

The Curé had the consolation of being in time to hear Demetrius Blanc's confession and prepare him for a Christian death.

The next day he returned to his presbytery bearing no trace of the manifold dangers through which he had passed, blessing and thanking God that he had been instrumental in bringing a lost sheep back to its Shepherd.

Anthony's heroic conduct spread like wildfire, his praise was in every mouth; but nothing could ever convince him that he had done an act worthy of renown.



A Child's Dream.



IF I were not what I am, that is to say, a reasonable creature, created to the image of God and filled with gratitude towards Him, what should I like to be.

Such was the question I asked myself one day — when, (will I dare admit?) during my meditation !

At first, I tried hard to restrain my wandering imagination, but seeing the futility of the effort I gave myself up to its vageries which led me to think : If I were a little bird I could fly here and there, travel wherever I wished without any one having the power to prevent me — in other words, I should be at liberty. I built airy castles, I went from country to country, crossed rivers, visited cities, etc.

Suddenly I remembered the life of a bird is very brief. This shadow on my bright dream quickly destroyed its charm and drew my desires into another channel.

I thought of becoming a flower, but notwithstanding its beauty and fragrance a flower's existence is even shorter than that of a bird, moreover, the serious disadvantage of never being able to leave my stem appalled me. I could not entertain such an idea much less live such a life. Here again the shadow destroyed the sunshine and compelled me to try something else.

If I were a little rivulet ? Then, at least I should run all day through laughing meadows rendered even more fragrant by my beneficent current. I would cross green fields, hear the sweet notes of the robin and other warblers

joyously quenching their thirst in my limpid waters. That would be charming, indeed !

Yes — In spring time, in the beautiful summer season, in the golden autumn days, but in winter, what a sad change ! No flowers, no birds, no lovely meadows. — No, decidedly, I do not want to be a little rivulet.

My imagination roamed from supposition to supposition, investigating each and though at first they all seemed delightful, yet in every one finally appeared the shadow on the sunshine, the flaw in the diamond. While I dreamt my companions were making their meditation and our dear Lord was patiently waiting until I too should speak to Him. My good angel, who, doubtless, had taken my place and prayed for me, suddenly aroused me and filled with remorse I came back from my far-away haunts.

Lifting contrite eyes to the altar, I saw the brilliant ostensorium, enclosing the pure white Host. While I poured out my sorrow to our dear Lord, my eyes fell upon the little golden lamp swaying gently before the altar. Instantly, I cried out from the bottom of my heart, "I know now, dear Jesus, what I should like to be : that little lamp always burning there and thinking of nothing but to consume itself for Thee." Nevertheless, I continued, "Thou hast given me a soul ; that flickering lamp has none. I can glorify Thee better than it. So, dear Jesus, to repair my negligence, we will make a little compact : by each of its oscillations, I ask the little lamp to tell Thee that I love Thee. While I work or play and this night even during my sleep, it will speak to Thee for me, from time to time I will come here in spirit to show Thee my little sacrifices, or to ask pardon for my faults : Thus Thou wilt not be completely alone to-day, my Jesus."

I finished this prayer just as the signal was given to leave the chapel. I had made my meditation badly that morning but thanks to my good angel all was repaired — I followed my companions joyously, thinking that all day I would faithfully keep our dear Lord company.

Since then, I never see the sanctuary lamp without thinking of my ten minutes dreaming on what I should like to be, or without remembering my little compact with our dear Lord.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the
Blessed Sacrament.

The Flagellation of Our Lord.

1. — The Pain of the Flagellation.

Adore Jesus, the meek, the innocent, the most sweet Jesus of the Holy Eucharist, in the court of the scourging.

Pilate has delivered Him "to their will." Their will is the ferocious caprice of a frenzied mob aroused to sanguinary fury. They drag Him into the prætorium, and despoil Him of His garments. The chaste, the august Son of the Virgin stands naked before that scoffing crowd. They bind His hands to a low pillar, and then shower blows upon His breast and shoulders.

Every blow first made a mark upon the body of Jesus, then opened a furrow whence oozed the blood. Blow crossed blow in every direction, literally hacking the breast and the shoulders of the Saviour: *Vulnere super vulnus*. His flesh flies about in shreds. It clings to the whips, it is upon the hands of the executioners, upon the pavement and the walls of the prætorium. The bones of the Saviour are scarcely covered by the torn flesh. We can count them.

This frightful punishment is accompanied by blasphemy, mockery, insults, and savage laughter. And Thou, O Jesus! Thou art silent as in the Sacred Host. Thou art silent, and Thou dost pray for Thy tormentors.

O Jesus, adorable in Thy scourging, I adore Thee ! I adore Thy majesty, Thy almighty power, Thy divinity, which love has compelled to undergo for me this horrible punishment ! I adore Thee, O Creator, lashed by Thy creatures ! Father, struck by Thy children ! Sovereign Judge, chastised by criminals ! Peerless Lord, beaten by rebel slaves !

Jesus, Son of God ! King of angels and of men ! Jesus, worthy of the adoration of heaven and of earth, honor, glory, homage, benediction, power and Divinity be Thine.

II. — Thanksgiving. — Love's Ingenuity.

As under the flail, which beats the wheat on the threshing-floor, the pure grain is disengaged, as under the vine-press jet the vermilion waves that rejoice the wine-dresser, so under the blows of Thy flagellation, O Jesus, Wheat of the elect, Wine of virgins, Thou dost pour Thyself out in precious, abundant and inexhaustible graces for us. Thy love makes of this punishment one of the most profound sources of the ocean of satisfaction, whence the faithful can at all times draw for their salvation.

Who would not admire, who would not bless the meekness, the patience, the silence of Jesus during His flagellation ? It is love that consigns Him to it, love that closes His eyes to it, love that sustains Him to bear that unheard-of punishment to the end. Thy love, O Jesus, delivered Thee to their will, to their power ! It made Thee their victim and their sport. But is it they ? No, it is I myself, O sweet Victim, innocent Lamb ! It is to me that Thy love delivers Thee !

Thou dost undergo those blows only to ward from me those of the divine wrath. Thy body is torn to pieces that mine may flourish here below in purity, and in heaven in glory.

By His dolorous flagellation, Jesus avenges all the criticisms and mockeries of the world. Despite the clamors of sensuality, He justifies, sanctifies, and renders meritorious our voluntary flagellations, inspired by justice or by love. Under this head fall both public and private penances, those of the religious life, and those more difficult, and therefore more precious, of the faithful friends of Jesus in the world.

Of what account is all that can be said against those holy austerities, since Jesus has submitted His own shoulders to them first ?

III — Reparation. — Expiation of sins against Holy Purity.

Jesus willed to suffer in soul and body, in all the powers of his soul, in all the members of His body, in order that His reparation might reach to evil in all its sources, and expiate it in every organ. As the anguish of His soul in His Agony especially repaired interior sins, so did His flagellation expiate the sins of the flesh.

In the sin of the flesh, whatever it may be, vanity, sensuality, gluttony, impurity, there are always two elements of evil, namely, pride and voluptuousness. The latter, voluptuousness, aims at its own pleasure, its repose, its happiness in the goods of the senses. It is the exterior act of sin. But the former, pride, is at the root. It rejects the law of God, overthrows the barriers which His will has set up against the enjoyment of present goods, and wishes to exalt only self. The sin of the flesh is, then, apostasy and idolatry. But O what expiation Jesus offered for it in His flagellation!

He is wound upon wound. There is not a spot without its open wound, enlarged, dug into by repeated and multiplied blows. From the sole of His foot to the top of His head, there is no soundness in Him!

Delights of the flesh, behold your work! Behold the flesh of the Saviour such as you have made it! Behold Man, purity itself, your Victim! Behold to what you have reduced Him: *Ecce Homo!*

To preserve ourselves from that sin, or to cure ourselves of it, let us receive this Victim whose flesh has been scourged. Its virginal origin and its constitutive purity create the aroma which preserves and conserves. Its flagellation gives to it the curative and expiatory virtue. It will restore to us a flesh pure, submissive, peaceful, docile to the spirit, and participating in the angelic life, which the soul can live here below by grace. It mitigates the ardor of the passions, purifies the humors, spreads throughout the whole being coolness, calmness, and peace. It perfumes and embellishes the flesh. It renders the body sober, mortified, alert, energetic, fortifying it in war against sin and its occasions. But it must be nourished frequently, habitually, yes even daily, by that loving Victim in the Holy Eucharist, though never with so much fidelity, so much ardor, or so lively a sentiment of need as when tempted, or when longing to rise from some lamentable fall.

IV. — Petition. — The Grace of Corporal Mortification.

O Adorable, Flagellated One, it is by Thee that we shall be judged ! And what will be Thy sentence if Thou dost not see on us the marks of the scourge, which we have so much right to use, since Thou didst suffer it so cruelly for love of us ?

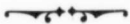
Is it possible to contemplate Thee in the praetorium without understanding the necessity of imitating Thee ? Mortification of the senses, expiation of sins of the flesh, by the punishment of the flesh, is the fruit that ripens naturally and quickly in the sun of this sweet though terrible mystery.

Away with the sensual and the cowardly, the prudent and the carnal, who blush at Thy Cross, and who are scandalized at Thy flagellation ! We shall not be saved by other means than those that Thou Thyself hast used, O Adorable Chief of the elect ? The ways of holiness for us are the same as those that Thou didst open Thou didst enter upon them first, calling on us to follow.

Corporal mortification is a question of elementary justice, an obligation to Christianity, an absolute need for the heart that loves.

We have satisfied, we have adored our flesh. Sin has become incarnate in it. It has taken a body in our body, and become one with it ; hence it is not enough to regret sin interiorly, and to commit it no more. The body must be chastised and purified, The idol must be broken and reduced to powder. God must be avenged. His image and likeness, also, which sin has degraded in the flesh, must be avenged. For all that, the body must be scourged and beaten. It is an animal that must be corrected by the whip and the rod. Do we hesitate ? Then, our contrition is weak. It is to be hoped that we do not rest satisfied with the mere outward show of contrition !

Even should we not have sinned, our Baptism unites us to the death of Jesus. Our body is no longer our own. It belongs to Jesus, who wishes to continue in it, reproduce in it His sufferings and death. It is for that He gives Himself in Communion. His Host wishes to make of our bodies willing victims, offered and immolated by zeal for justice.



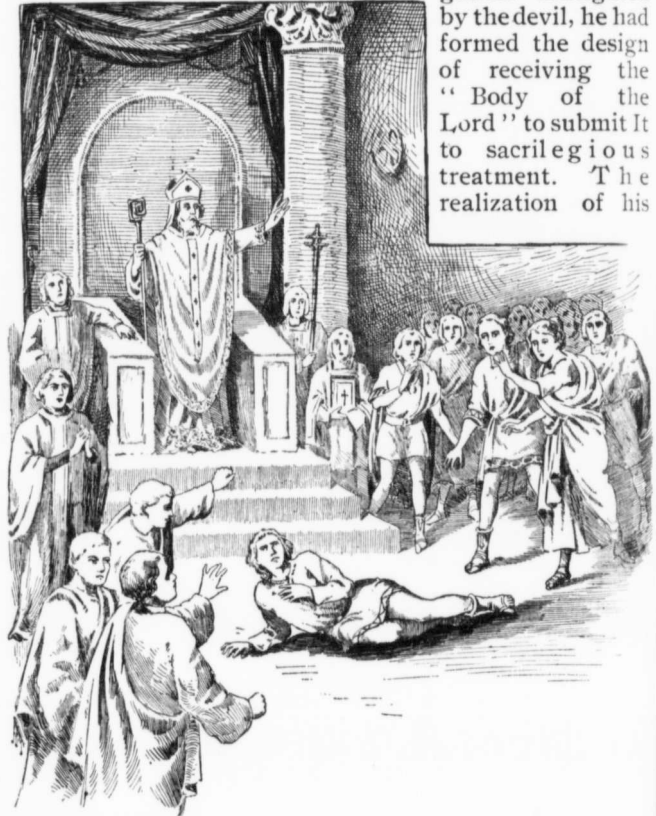


The Punishment of a Sacrilegious Jew.



ONSTANTINE, the great Christian Emperor, had drawn the Church from the obscurity of the Catacombs where it had lain for nearly four centuries. Under his royal patronage, it flourished, radiant and loved. Nevertheless, it was not without regret its peaceful subterranean cloisters, its secluded nooks, wherein the Body of the Saviour had been consecrated, were abandoned. We instinctively cling with most attachment to places where we have suffered most, and so it was with the Church ; moreover a certain fear troubled its peace. The sacred species, the Body and Blood of Christ, had until now reposed in peaceful security near the hallowed remains of the martyrs, under the tender guardianship of God's anointed ministers and consecrated virgins continually surrounded with adorations such as, doubtless, they have never received since. Only the initiated had access to the Catacombs, the entrance was unknown to the Infidels, as were also the mysteries of religion especially that of the Blessed Eucharist. Now, the adorable Body, the precious Blood of Christ would be publicly exposed in the always open churches, at a time when Infidels and Jews formed a large part of the population and these, angered by the recent triumph of the church, only waited for a favorable opportunity to be revenged. The Jews had a clearer idea of the Eucharistic mysteries as well as a greater hatred for the gentle Saviour present on the altar than the Infidels.

Once when St. Syrus, first Bishop of Pavia, was celebrating Mass in a church he had just dedicated to the holy martyrs Gervase and Protase ; a Jew slipped in unnoticed and took his place among the devout congregation.



Instigated by the devil, he had formed the design of receiving the " Body of the Lord " to submit It to sacrilegious treatment. The realization of his

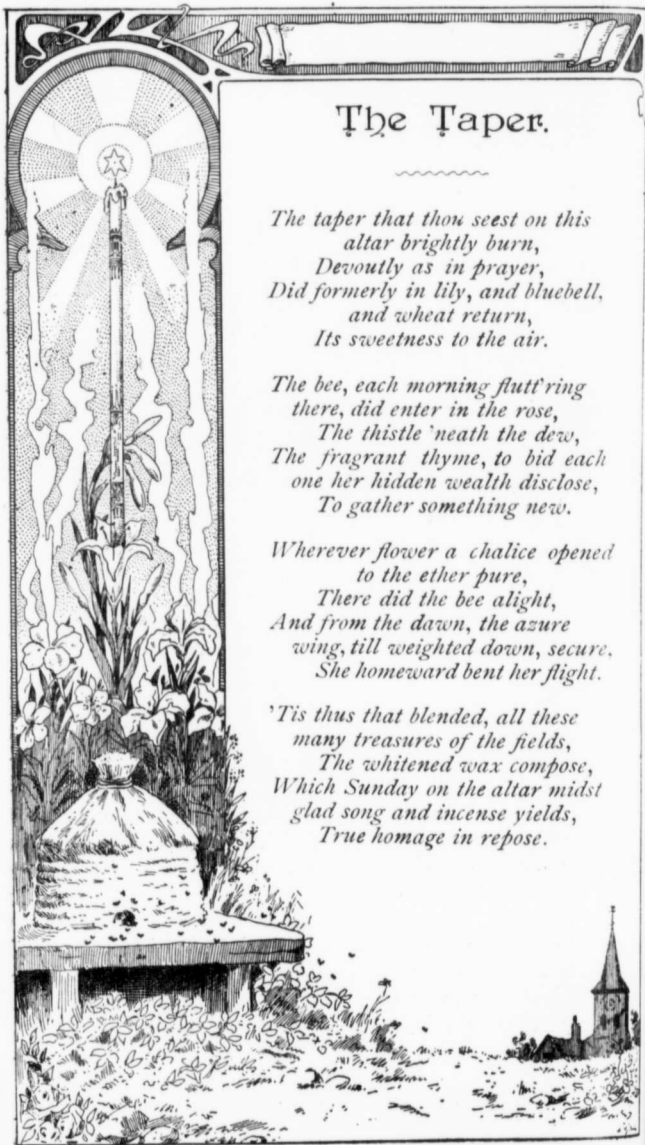
satanic project was comparatively easy. As we know, it was customary among the first Christians to communicate daily at Mass. The number approaching the holy table that morning was great, as nearly all the Christians presented themselves to receive communion from the bishop's hands. In consequence, a certain disorder prevailed which favored

the Jew's attempt. He knelt among the others and received the Body of Jesus Christ. Mass continued : the bishop surrounded by his assistants mounted his throne for the concluding prayers : *Pax vobis...* Peace be with you. The sweet refrain had scarcely died away when a loud cry or rather shriek resounded throughout the vast edifice. Instinctively, all turned the direction from which it came and there saw the Jew lying prostrate on the floor, stricken with some unknown disease, incapable of speech, uttering pitiful cries and vainly trying to close his mouth. It seemed as if a fire-dart were stuck in his throat causing him intense pain.

The worshippers, at first surprised and alarmed, gradually recognized the miracle and rejoiced in the triumph of the God who is never scorned in vain. The bishop commanded the culprit to be brought to him and thus addressed him : " Have you dared to carry your incredulity and perfidy thus far ? Why have you acted as the emissary of Satan ? You believed, no doubt, that the ' Body of the Lord ' was only a piece of common bread ; you thought He would patiently submit to your infamous outrages. But, behold how this all-powerful divinity has publicly disclosed to the assembled congregation the awful crime to which the spirit of evil led you." During the bishop's admonition, the Jew continued to work convulsively, uttering faint inarticulate sounds, apparently undergoing excruciating pain. Looking closely into his mouth, held wide open by an invisible hand, the assistants saw the Sacred Host miraculously suspended, touching neither his palate nor his tongue. The Saviour's immaculate flesh was thus by a visible prodigy preserved from contact with that sinful flesh, though His sacred presence momentarily increased its agony.

Finally, fear gave way to compassion among the faithful and at their request the bishop drew the Sacred Host from its unholy receptacle. Instantly, the poor man's physical sufferings ceased as also his spiritual blindness. He humbly and earnestly begged to be admitted a living member of the Christian assemblage.





The Taper.

*The taper that thou seest on this
altar brightly burn,
Devoutly as in prayer,
Did formerly in lily, and bluebell,
and wheat return,
Its sweetness to the air.*

*The bee, each morning flutt'ring
there, did enter in the rose,
The thistle 'neath the dew,
The fragrant thyme, to bid each
one her hidden wealth disclose,
To gather something new.*

*Wherever flower a chalice opened
to the ether pure,
There did the bee alight,
And from the dæwon, the azure
wing, till weighted down, secure,
She homeward bent her flight.*

*'Tis thus that blended, all these
many treasures of the fields,
The whitened wax compose,
Which Sunday on the altar midst
glad song and incense yields,
True homage in repose.*

II

*A Christian life is but a field, with
flowers unnumbered filled,
Flowers sometimes bitter too,
That oft we gather, through our tears,
and dew of grace distilled.—
Sad hearts, is this not true !*

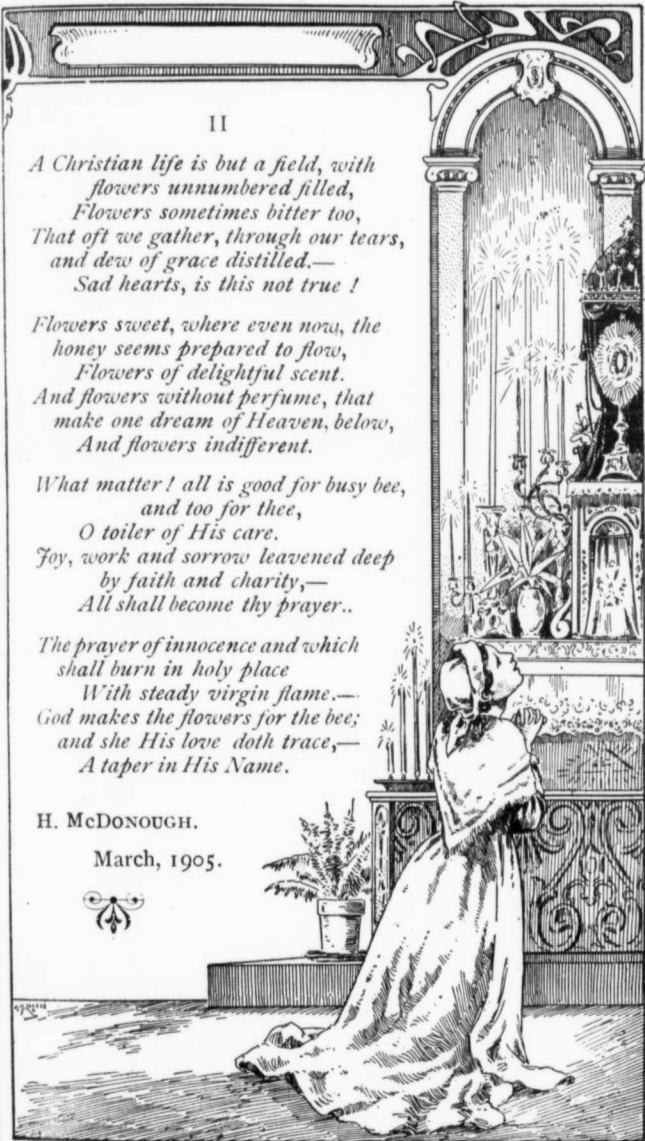
*Flowers sweet, where even now, the
honey seems prepared to flow,
Flowers of delightful scent.
And flowers without perfume, that
make one dream of Heaven, below,
And flowers indifferent.*

*What matter ! all is good for busy bee,
and too for thee,
O toiler of His care.
Joy, work and sorrow leavened deep
by faith and charity,—
All shall become thy prayer..*

*The prayer of innocence and which
shall burn in holy place
With steady virgin flame.—
God makes the flowers for the bee;
and she His love doth trace,—
A taper in His Name.*

H. McDONOUGH.

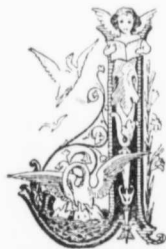
March, 1905.





The Silence of Jesus.

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"But He held his peace and answered nothing."— St Mark, XIV, 61.



JESUS keeps a silence in the Blessed Sacrament which is far closer than that of the Jewish Roman tribunals. There is no greater contrast to the world in which we live than that offered by the Silent Dweller in the Tabernacle. Men may insult Him, may call His Divinity in question, may perpetrate every species of outrage against Him, and He opens not His mouth. The interests of Holy Church are imperilled, her rights are trampled upon, her servants persecuted, and the Blessed Sacrament attacked — we poor mortals consume ourselves in lamentations and empty words, while Jesus is silent !

We live in a state of feverish excitement with regard to everything, whether good or bad ; we must speak, we must put ourselves forward we must be stirring and moving. But Jesus is silent. So silent is He that were it not for the flickering of the lamp before the Tabernacle we should not recognize His presence amongst us. There is a voice it is true, which speaks from the Tabernacle, and which is felt not heard, as it sinks into the heart of the faithful worshipper who knows how to listen for it, but His sweet voice does not break the outward silence. To be called forth, it needs moreover the presence of a human listener, and how often, alas ! the Blessed Sacrament is alone !

Jesus would fain speak. His Heart is overflowing with sweetness which He would pour lovingly into an attentive

ear, overflowing with sympathy with the woes and wants of His children who so thoughtlessly brush past His dwelling throughout the livelong day. Backwards and forwards go the steps of many feet, the footfalls echoing in the silent, deserted church — the steps of men and of women of all ages and conditions, whose hearts are so full of their own thoughts, so busy in their own natural activity, so self-absorbed, that they never stay to listen for the counsel and help which would be theirs were they to lay their burden of human anxiety down before the Tabernacle ! And so Jesus remains silent, because there are none to listen to His Voice !

There are, alas ! churches where He is never visited, where the neighbours of His dwelling are so evil-disposed that from early morning until night He must be guarded against them by closed doors and barred gates, or else where those who are not actually hostile to Him, are too cold and indifferent to think of Him or to form a Guard of honour around Him. A key turns in the rusty lock of one of these churches. Is it a prayerful soul coming to bear her Lord company ? No ! it is a party of sightseers come to visit the wonders of carving, painting, glass or stone which the edifice contains. The aisles echo with their noisy tread ; their curious eyes peer into every corner ; sketch-books are brought out and here and there an architectural curiosity is noted down ; holy pictures and statues are commented on freely, often irreverently, whilst not a look, not a thought is given to the Silent Owner of the building with which they are making free, unless it be in the shape of a coarse jest, or rude, insulting gibe. And then the noisy troop withdraws, the key grates anew in the lock and Jesus is again alone. Do faithful souls come later to make reparation to their Lord for this profanation of His solitude, by a few moments, at least, of loving adoration ? No ! devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is cold, is almost unknown in these places. The Divine Occupant of the Church is so silent, so unobtrusive that He is forgotten, and those who might do so, fail to remind His thoughtless children that He is living by their side.

— From " Emmanuel."

## EQUALITY.

**J**EROME Latripe is a type of man that must not be ruffled said Debrouilletout, orderly to Colonel Mortier of the Artillery.

When one has wasted three years of one's life in Tonquin and lost two toes in Dahomey, it goes without saying, that one is not altogether unsophisticated.

You should have seen Jerome teaching the little radical member how to behave the day he attempted to speak rather boisterously in the antichamber at the Colonel's.

\* \* \*

One morning his Superior Officer noticed, by the agitated appearance of his orderly, that something unusual must have happened. Instead of his customary gay and bantering way, Jerome was certainly suffering from a bad attack of "the blues" and infallible symptom, his elbow which he always raised to a level with his shoulder, according to the correct military rules for saluting was so high in the air, that the poor man seemed to be warding off a blow.

"What's the matter?" demanded the surprised Colonel.

"Co - co. colo..."

"Well what's up with you, blockhead."

"Somebody is asking for you."

"Who? a man?"

"No."

"A lady?"

No, that is, yes, not exactly, well it's an old woman."

"Show her up."

"Then I must bring her in here?"

For Jerome Latripe to hesitate before obeying an order was so little in keeping with his past record that the person he had to introduce must evidently have been a strange specimen of humanity. The expectations of the

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Colonel were more than realized when his visitor appeared. A poor, little, old, country woman, shrivelled and bent in two like a willow twisted by the storm, with skin like parchment. A nose long ago wedded to the chin; a face seamed with deep wrinkles, in which one could put a finger, hard knotted hands trembling with age. The living picture of the wicth of Carabos.



Without the least timidity, the old woman advanced towards the Colonel, her cane resounding on the hard polished floor. Unabashed by the brilliant uniform she made a kind of bow by bobbing down and began without any preamble.

“So you are my grandson’s great chief?”

“Who is your grandson?” asked the astonished colonel.

" Ah ! you don't know him," interrupted the old woman. " You don't know Thanase Soupalot, my little grandson, his mother La Soupalotte is my daughter, " Virginie Belletaille."

" And this boy, Athanase Soupalot, is in my regiment ? Why, certainly, otherwise I would not have come to you.

\*\*\*

The colonel listened kindly to the old woman. Behind that rough exterior he saw that despite her years, her heart was still soft and tender. He might have to hear one of those heart breaking tales that seem to be the everlasting story of life. How many visits he had received from saddened mothers. How many naive and ardent petitions had been presented to him. And this Colonel whose thundering voice would shake the walls of the barracks, now spoke in gentle tones.

" And what can I do for you, my good woman ?

" Just this, she replied, I have come to see you about my little boy's Easter duties. Next Sunday is the feast of the Good Shepherd and I have not yet seen my boy. Tell me is that reasonable ? "

" But Madam."

" Oh, no, it is not reasonable. I will soon be ninety, my chief. I have come to beg of you not to prevent my boy being a good Christian.

" Oh ! but I do not prevent him."

" You do not prevent him ! Then why do you not give him leave of absence for it is printed in the papers that the soldiers shall have ten days to allow them to attend to their paschal duties. You cannot deny that, it is printed here. As she spoke, she pulled from her pocket, a paper which she held towards the Colonel, who after looking at it asked :

" Then Madam your grandson is an Israélite ?

" What is that you ask !

" Israelite ?

" What is that ?

" Israelite — that is a Jew.

" Jew — my boy a Jew. Sir, my Thanase has been baptized like you ?

But, Madam, it is only the Jewish soldiers, who have a right to the twelve days, for their paschal duties. That is what is written in the very paper you bring me. Look read it."

"Then the Catholics ought to have twenty-four at least for they are more numerous and they did not put Jesus Christ to death.

"The Catholic soldiers have no rights."

Ah ! none — none ! —

\*\*\*

Poor old mother Belletaille was stunned. What she had just heard had destroyed all her projects. All the ideas, she had in that old head and in that old heart. She had misunderstood that permission, it was not for her grandson. — Therefore there were monstrous injustices in the army. Religious liberty was for a handful of the cursed race and refused to the true sons of the soil, to the innumerable multitude of Catholics.

The interior conflict raging in that poor old woman's breast was frightful. She could not articulate a word, her face became purple with rage and she brandished her stick at an unseen foe.

There was something tragically grand in that simple gesture. The colonel trembled as he thought of the terrible catastrophe that must shake all France when mothers and grandmothers will demand for their sons the right that is not refused to the lowliest of mortals the right to save their souls and serve their God.

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## RESIGNATION.

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*Lord Host ! Thine instruments are we ;  
 Under Thy hands we wait alone !  
 And if Thy touch bring loss or gain,  
 And if it lead through joy or pain,  
 With still small voice or trumpet tone,  
 We may not care to ask or know,  
 Nor heed if sad or glad it be,  
 If, in the end, Thy thought may roll  
 Through every chord of heart and soul,  
 And bear its harmony to Thee*



# REQUESTS & PRAYERS

## THANKSGIVINGS.

- Chippewa Falls* : — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Sacrament for many spiritual and temporal favors recently obtained.
- Drummondville, P. Q.* : — Three notable cures obtained after promising to publish in your booklet. A subscriber.
- Fulford* : — I return thanks to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament for special graces granted.
- L'Original, Ont.* : — Herewith, please, find enclosed the subscription fee for your publication in acknowledgement of a favor granted.
- L'Assomption, P. Q.* : — A spiritual request granted after a novena to the Blessed Sacrament and special prayers to Rev. Père Eymard.
- Montreal* : — A religious has obtained a noteworthy favor after making a novena to the Blessed Sacrament. — Heartfelt gratitude for success in an examination. — Thanks a thousand times to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament for my daughter's escape from death in a serious accident.

## PETITIONS.

- Bathurst, N.B.* : — Kindly make a novena for my intentions. — I promise a new subscription if my request is granted. — Special graces earnestly requested. A member.
- Bathurst Village, N.B.* : — A mother sends the names of four subscribers to the " *Sentinel* " and begs the members to join in prayer for a special intention. — Another subscriber for a particular favor. — The intentions of one of our dear promoters — A novena.
- Buffalo, U.S.* : — Please, remember my sister and myself before the Blessed Sacrament. — My father that he may often approach the Sacraments. — Three young girls that they may be cured of curvature of the spine. — Prosperity in our undertakings. I promise two years' subscription to the " *Sentinel* " if my requests are granted. B. L.

- Chippewa Falls, Wisc.* : — I promise two years' subscription to your Eucharistic booklet if I hear from my brother soon, M. B. — A poor mother of a large family. — Many conversions.
- Chapleau, Ont.* : — I earnestly crave the prayers of your community and associates that I may recover from rheumatism, I promise five years' subscription if cured, S. McG.
- Douglaston, Gaspé* : Good health for a priest. — Special favors spiritual and temporal.
- Greenfield, Mass.* : — Miss Mary Ann Proulx, called to God in January. — A conversion and four young men given to the liquor habit.
- Lowell, Mass.* : — The recovery of a sick person. — Success in a difficult undertaking; steady employment for a young man.
- Osceola, Ont.* : — The brother of one of our dear Promoters that he may entirely recover from a dangerous illness. — Special intentions. — A novena, A. M.
- Oshawa, Ont.* : — A religious and her intentions. M. B. — Prayers are requested for several conversions; for two children; for a poor afflicted mother and her son.
- Ottawa, Ont.* : Please, make a novena that I may obtain a certain position. If I succeed I promise a life subscription to the "*Sentinel*."
- Quebec, P.Q.* : — A young man that he may keep from bad company. — Success in our undertakings. — Health for a family. — A subscriber. — The sister of a religious dying of consumption. — A father and his son given to drinking. — A family. — Prosperity and health for a dear brother. A. C.
- St. Boniface, Man.* : — I request the prayers of your Community to obtain the cure of my brother who is ill, Sr. R. — Success in our missions. — A few conversions.
- Saratoga, N.Y.* : — That I may know and be guided solely by God's holy will in matters of deep moment. — Graces of lights and strength for one of our kind contributors, A. C. — A young person addicted to drink, B. C.
- Toronto, Ont.* : — Having a law-suit I promise a life subscription (\$10.00) if through the prayers of the associates I carry it to a happy issue, A priest and his parish. — Three young men that they may know and follow their vocation.
- Victory Mills, N.Y.* : — A young girl tried with epilepsy for the last eight years. — A young man who does not preform his religious duties, C. M. — A negligent father.
- Yarmouth, N.S.* : — Grace of a happy death for a person. — Positions for two young men. — Restoration to health of a lady. Two special requests. I promise four subscriptions to the "*Sentinel*" if some of the above requests are granted.





# DAILY HELPS FOR DAILY NEEDS

Under whatever aspect we may consider the Holy Eucharist, It recalls to us in a striking manner the death of Our Lord :

It was on the eve of His death that He instituted It, on the very night on which He was betrayed. The name He gives It is the " Testament of His Blood."

*One hour with Thee in silent Adoration,  
To taste the sweetness of Thy holy place ;  
To bow my soul, in peace or desolation,  
Before the pity of Thy sacred Face ;  
The world shut out, from sin and turmoil free,—  
Only one little hour, my God, with Thee !*

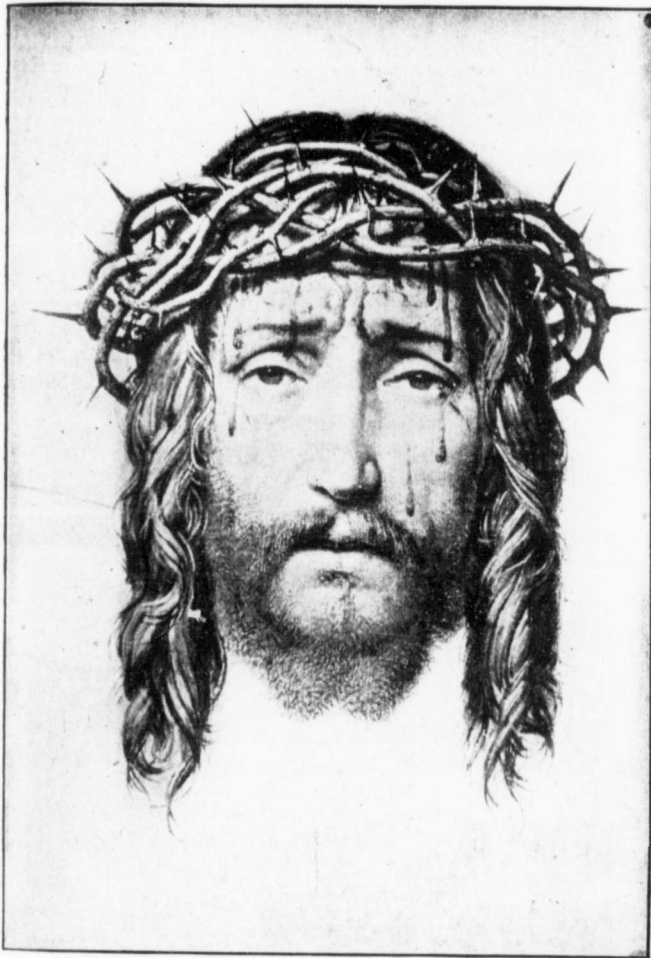
The state of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is a state of death: He is without movement, without will, like a corpse, who must be carried. Around Him reigns the silence of death. His altar is a tomb, for it contains the bones of martyrs. The cross points it out as it points out tombs. The Corporal that envelops the Sacred Host in another winding-sheet. Always death, such is the state of the Blessed Eucharist.

*One hour with Thee—one short and precious hour,  
Snatched from the rush and clamor of the day.  
O gracious gift of Love, O welcome shower  
Of tranquil joy, that melts my soul away ;  
Making all things outside of Thee to seem  
A vain illusion, an unhappy dream !*

The heart of the communicant becomes His tomb—tomb of glory in the heart of the just but tomb of ignominy in the heart of the sinner.

*" Lord, Thou who hast left us in Thy admirable Sacrament so lively a remembrance of Thy Passion, grant that we may treat the sacred mystery of Thy Body and Blood with such respect as to deserve to experience in ourselves the fruits of Thy Redemption."*

Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal.



THE HOLY FACE