

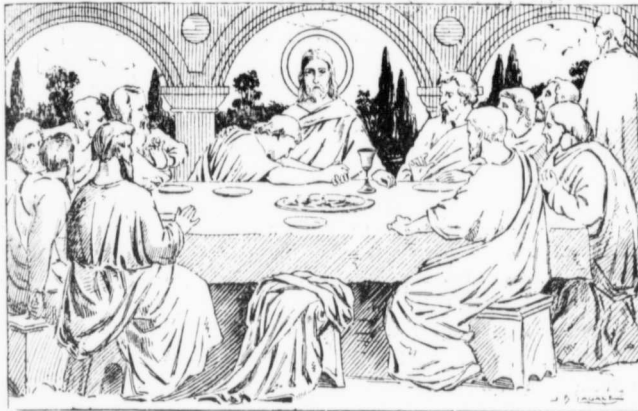


THE SENTINEL of the BLESSED SACRAMENT

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Hail! Sacred Feast



*My God, and is Thy table spread
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them Thy sweet mercies know.*

*Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.*

*Oh, let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see.
That here its sacred pledges tastes.*



The Good Shepherd

AND HIS

Very little Lambs

(By Mrs Herman BOSCH).

THEY decided to have their talks in the garden under the old elm-trees — Auntie, who was big and knew a great many stories, and the four children, Rose and Anna, Philip and John.

Philip was nearly eight, and ever so much taller than his sister Rose and his cousin John, who were both seven. Anna was only six, and as she was as curly-headed and rosy-cheeked as a new doll, people would call her "The Baby," no matter how many times she reminded them that her name was Anna.

"You needn't mind," said Auntie, picking Anna up and settling her upon her knee. "You're nearly as tall as brother John, anyway."

"And John's seven," said Anna, very much soothed.

"Besides," said John, who was very fond and proud of his small sister, "I'm a boy, and boys have to be bigger than girls."

Auntie smiled at the manly little chap, who never wilfully hurt anything — people, or their feelings, or birds or cats.

"If Anna gets too comfortable, Auntie," said Rose, watching Anna settling her head upon Auntie's shoulder. "she falls asleep."

"I don't!" cried Anna, sitting up straight.

"Well, if she does, no harm is done. She's our littlest lamb of all."

"But I'm not a *baby*," Anna declared, dropping back into cozy comfort. "I don't mind being a little lamb."

"No, not a baby," Auntie agreed. "And the little lambs are exactly what we want to talk about this morning. See, there are some on the hill over there. Aren't they pretty?"

A large flock of sheep moved lazily about upon the hill Auntie pointed out, and among them soft little white lambs frisked and played as all little lambs do upon warm, sunny days.

"They're so pretty," said Rose. "One belongs to me. Father said so. And I put a blue ribbon around its neck, Auntie, and it knows me."

"Of course, it knows you. Like Jesus said He knew His sheep, and they know Him. He called Himself the Good Shepherd, our Good Shepherd, and it seems to me that, while we are getting ready for First Communion, there is no sweeter name we can give Him."

All the children smiled. First Communion! This was May, and in two months more they were — all except Anna — to receive First Communion in the village church.

"And we're the Good Shepherd's little lambs," said John.

"His very little ones," said Auntie. "The littler we are, the more care and attention He must give us, you know."

"Like," said John gently, "we big children sit on the wooden seat, but Anna, because she's the baby, has the best place on Auntie's lap."

"I'm glad I'm the littlest," said Anna, for once not vexed at being the baby, "because it's very *comfy* here," burying her curly head more deeply into Auntie's shoulder. "I've a lovely picture about Jesus," she went on, "with all the sheep around Him, and some lambs, too, close up to His feet; but Auntie, do you know what?"

Auntie looked down into the eager shining eyes.

"No, darling. What?"

"The very littlest lamb of all is on Jesus' shoulders — being carried!" Anna gazed in triumph over the group of children. How did they feel about being the baby now? "The reason," Anna finished with dignity, "that Jesus carried the poor, tired little lamb was just because it was the baby."

Rose and Philip smiled, but John said heartily: "Of course."

"The Good Shepherd will carry us, too," said Auntie, "when we grow tired, or the way is too rough for our feet. He is very anxious that we shall not fall. If the little lambs fall upon sharp stones, or even in the mud, they get either hurt or dirty. The Good Shepherd wants His lambs white and beautiful."

"Like mine. I wash it every morning, Auntie," said Rose.

"Yes, you are a good little shepherdess. Now, with the little lambs of Jesus, when the cruel stones come or the slippery, ugly mud, a little lamb need only cry out: 'Good Shepherd, pick me up! I can't go any farther unless You carry me!' and, exactly the same way as in Anna's picture, Jesus will place the frightened little lamb upon His shoulders and take it to the safe, beautiful pasture again. And I hope the little lamb, back in the soft green grass won't forget to say, 'Thank You, Sweet Shepherd, for carrying me over the bad place.'"

"You mean, Auntie," said Philip thoughtfully, "that sins are our falls, don't you?"

"Yes. Every thought or word or action that we can't be happy to offer the Good Shepherd is some sort of a fall. The little lamb's whiteness is spoiled a bit. The best way is to call out very quickly that we need to be carried. Then we don't fall. If we have been slow, or careless, or maybe simply wilful, and tripped over the rocks or slipped down into the mud, then the Good Shepherd will cure the hurt, will wash away the spot, with His Precious Blood, as soon as we say 'I'm so sorry. And next time I'll call out in time and not tumble down!' The most wonderful thing about this Good Shepherd is that He gave His life for His sheep. He shed His Precious Blood that His sheep might be saved. There never was such another Shepherd."

"And there never will be, Auntie," said Rose. "because Jesus stays our Shepherd always, doesn't He?"

"Surely. Other shepherds may be faithful and kind, may guard the sheep from danger and trouble, but our Good Shepherd said, 'I lay down My life for My sheep.' It is because we know He died for us that we understand

how very, very much He loved us. When we think of Jesus as our Shepherd we mustn't forget the kind of Shepherd He is. So we say 'The Good Shepherd' — He is good the way God is good, which is in such a great, wide, grand way that we can't measure the goodness.



Anna, here might as well try to take that high hill, where the sheep are grazing, into her plump little hand as we to try to measure that goodness of Jesus, our Shepherd."

"It's love and kindness, too, isn't it, Auntie?" asked Philip.

"Yes. And unending carefulness. The Shepherd is always looking out for His sheep and His little lambs. Before Jesus ascended into heaven He had a very solemn talk with His Apostles, especially with St. Peter."

"Because," said John, "St. Peter was the Chief Apostle."

"That is why. Do you know the question Jesus asked St. Peter?"

Rose and Philip looked uncertain. Anna, quite as was to be expected, had fallen asleep. John gazed thoughtfully across the bright meadows. Something was in his mind about that last talk Jesus had with His Apostles. Auntie waited, watching John's face.

"Was it," said he at last, "something about 'Lovest thou me?'"

"Yes John. And St. Peter answered the Saviour, 'Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.' Now listen to what Jesus, the Good Shepherd, said to Peter after that: 'Feed my lambs.'"

"Oh!" cried Rose. "Did He mean us, Auntie?"

"He meant you children, His very little lambs, and us big people, the lambs of the flock, and bye-and-bye Jesus added to St. Peter, 'Feed my sheep.'"

"But who are the sheep, Auntie?" Rose asked.

"The sheep are the Bishops and Priests, of whom St. Peter was the head. St. Peter was to feed all, from the highest to the lowest and simplest. There is somebody in the world to-day who is the successor of St. Peter —" Auntie paused.

"Oh, we know!" cried Rose and Philip and John together. "Our Holy Father, the Pope, is the successor of St. Peter!" Anna stirred at the shout.

"Hooray!" said she cheerfully, only half-awake.

"Oh, Anna!" said Rose reproachfully.

"That's all right," said Auntie, kissing the flushed face. "I'm glad you were all ready with the answer this time. And, children, this successor of St. Peter has also heard the Good Shepherd say 'Feed My lambs, feed my sheep.' And, hearing the command of Jesus, the Pope has thought particularly of the very little lambs like you. He knows little lambs need food as much as

if not more than, the bigger ones. Little lambs must not be allowed to suffer from hunger just when they need plenty of nourishment in order to grow. Over there on the hillside the little lambs would die if they found no food. So the little lambs of God's flock, the flock of the Good Shepherd, are to be fed, not only with bodily food, but also with the Blessed Food of the Soul. The Holy Father says, 'Feed My very little lambs with the Bread of Heaven.'

"Holy Communion," said John reverently.

"Holy Communion," repeated Anna, with a baby pronunciation of her very own.

And overhead in the branches of the elm-tree a bird suddenly burst into joyous song. John's eyes met Auntie's and the little boy smiled.

"It sounds," said he, "as though the bird knew we were glad."

"Or else as though he wanted to remind Auntie that we mustn't tell all the stories in one morning," laughed Auntie. "Anna has surely heard more than enough, and indeed we all have. Let's remember the Good Shepherd, and stay very close to Him, and to-morrow try to learn some more about Him."

"And I'd like," said Anna, slipping to the ground and taking Auntie's hand invitingly, "to go over to the hill and see the lambs."

So they started off for a walk, Anna leading the little procession by always dancing a trifle ahead of Auntie, whose hand she tightly held.

"Anna jumps around like a lamb, anyway," said Rose.

"Well," said John quickly, "she's gentle like one, too."

"We mustn't forget we are all lambs of the Good Shepherd," said Auntie, "who love one another dearly, who love the Shepherd, and whom He loves with more love than we can put into words."

Then Rose felt ashamed of having felt a wee bit cross about Anna's restlessness, and, running up to the laughing child, she kissed one round cheek.

It was a very happy party that visited the flock upon the hill that day.

(To be Continued.)

Our Daily Bread



THE Apostles were eager to learn how to pray. They observed with wonder the Master's habit of retiring frequently to the hilltops for long colloquies with His Heavenly Father, and as they watched Him they were doubtless filled with a desire to imitate our Saviour's addiction to prayer, provided He would only teach them how to talk with God and what to say.

So, one morning as Jesus, after passing long hours of the night on the Mount of Olives in communion with the Eternal Father, had come down to mingle with the Apostles, one of them — it must have been Peter — eagerly said to Him: "Lord, teach us to pray."

Then it was that, in prompt compliance with the request, our Saviour taught His disciples what is unquestionably the most perfect prayer ever uttered; for He gave the Church the "Our Father." Its excellence is, in the first place, due to the dignity and holiness of its Author, who is no less a person than Jesus Christ Himself, the Eternal Word and the Son of the Father Omnipotent; so we call it the Lord's Prayer. In it we use the words of Divine Wisdom Himself, words with which all Christian peoples from long ago till now have praised and honored God and won for themselves the means of saving and hallowing their souls.

For brevity, clearness and completeness, too, the Lord's Prayer is without a parallel. The Holy Fathers, indeed, call it "an abridgment of the Gospel." For after opening with the most suitable form of address we can possibly use toward God, this prayer sets forth in the manner and in the order that are most fitting seven short petitions, containing all that Christians need to get to Heaven.

Now, in the first three petitions of the "Our Father" we ask, as is plain, that we may reach the end for which we were created, the reverence, praise and service of



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God; for by discharging these duties well we shall save our souls. But when we come to the fourth petition, the first of those in which we ask God for the special means we need for serving God well doctors differ as to its meaning. While some maintain that "Give us this day our daily bread" is a request merely for everything that is necessary and useful for the preservation of the life of the body, most of the Fathers who have left us commentaries on the Lord's Prayer teach that its fourth petition must be understood to refer not only to common bread, but also to the Divine Bread of the Eucharist, which we beg for daily when we say the "Our Father." Some Fathers, indeed, confine the application of this petition to the Blessed Sacrament exclusively; others are of the opinion that it is chiefly the Holy Eucharist that is referred to; while but few reject altogether the Eucharistic interpretation.

St. Cyprian, for instance, observes, referring to the fourth petition: "We call the bread ours because Christ is the bread of those who partake of His Body." And Tertullian: "Give us this day our daily bread" we take rather in a spiritual sense. For Christ is our bread, for Christ is life, and life is bread. 'I am the bread of life' He asserted."

St. Hilary writing on the same text, asks: "What does God wish more than that Christ, who is the bread of life and the bread from Heaven, should daily take up His abode in us? And since this prayer is a daily one," he adds, "we ask to be given this bread every day."

Then that well-known passage from St. Ambrose, which is such a strong exhortation to frequent Communion, is likewise a comment on the fourth petition of the "Our Father." "If this bread is a daily one," he inquires, "why take it but once a year? . . . Receive daily what is daily of profit to you. So live as to be worthy of receiving daily. He who does not deserve to receive daily does not deserve to receive once a year."

St. Jerome, too, that prince of Scripture scholars, to whom we owe our Latin Bible, writes: "It is better that we understand the bread of the just to be Him who says

'I am the living bread which came down from Heaven,' and which in the prayer 'Give us our substantial bread,' we beg to be given us that we may daily deserve to receive in this world Him we are hereafter to receive forever."

St. Peter Chrysologus also reminds us that in the Lord's Prayer "The Father of Heaven urges us, sons of Heaven, to ask for heavenly bread." For Christ Himself is the "bread which was sown in the Virgin, leavened in flesh, prepared in the Passion, baked in the oven of the sepulchre, stored in churches, brought to the altars and offered daily to the faithful as heavenly bread."

Finally, not to multiply citations to excess, no modern apostle of frequent Communion could speak more earnestly on the subject than does St. Augustine, the greatest of the Western Fathers, in the following passage: "'Give us this day our daily bread,' Thy Eucharist, food for every day. For the faithful know what they receive, and it is good for them to receive daily bread which is daily needed. In their own behalf they ask that they may be good, that they may persevere in virtue and faith and in a good life. This they desire, this they ask; for, if they persevere not in a good life, they will be separated from that bread. What, then, is 'Give us this day our daily bread'? Let us so live as not to be separated from the altar."

Many later exegetes, too, like St. Anselm, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Cornelius a Lapide, Maldonatus and Suarez, regard the fourth petition of the Lord's Prayer as a request for daily Communion. The Holy Council of Trent, moreover, refers to the Father's nearly unanimous teaching of this Eucharistic interpretation of the text, and our present Pontiff's admirable decree on Daily Communion uses the same argument.

Finally, it is worthy of note in this connection that the Roman, as well as other ancient liturgies, has always placed the "Our Father," after the Consecration, among the prayers in preparation for Communion, chiefly, it would seem, owing to the peculiar appropriateness there of the fourth petition.

Walter Dwight, S. J.

(To be continued.)



To the Sacred Heart

Written for the "Sentinel."

Wouldst thou know sweet rest, O soul
 Where thou couldst happy be ?
 Deep in the Sacred Heart Divine
 Is peace, and joy for thee.—
 The Heart, whose every throb is but
 A prayer for thou and me.



Does a nameless fear oppress thee,
 Or past shadows cast a blight
 O'er thy soul, that pines in darkness
 Not perceiving any light ?—
 Place thy trust in the Heart so tender
 And hope shall make thy future bright.



Art thou weary of the combat,
 And thy foe will not depart,
 Knowing, soon ; thy strength now weak
 Will altogether from thee part ?—
 Go and seek new life and vigor
 In thy Saviour's generous Heart.

Does life offer naught but sorrow
 Hardship, worry, pain and care,
 Does thy heart seem well nigh broken
 With the burden it must bear ? —
 Seek the suffering Heart of Jesus
 Finding help and solace there.



Hast thou drained the cup of pleasures
 And found it turned to bitter gall,
 Can memory trace throughout thy years
 Many a sin and bitter fall ? —
 O ! then the loving Heart of Jesus
 Can forgive and forget them all.



For the Heart that bled on Calvary,
 Loves each one as His very own :
 The soul who nestles close to Him —
 The soul that away doth roam,
 And with jealous care watches o'er each step
 Till safe in our Heavenly Home.

CARMEL



Eucharistic Congress at Vienna

BEGINNING his pastoral with the words of the Eucharistic hymn, "Lauda Sion Salvatorem," the newly created Cardinal, Prince Archbishop of Vienna, Dr. Nagl, reminds his flock of the great honor accorded them of holding the twenty-third International Eucharistic Congress within the walls of their city. He asks them, therefore, to devote the entire ensuing year to the special adoration of Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament. The magnificence of the preceding Eucharistic Congresses held at London, Cologne, Montreal and Madrid is even to be surpassed in the splendor and devotion of the great pageants and gatherings expected to take place at Vienna. Such certainly is the enthusiastic hope of Austrian Catholics.

The cathedral of St. Stephen has already been selected to hold the vast concourse of people, while the public benediction is to be given in the Heldenplatz of the city. The route of the procession has been so mapped out that it will touch at the sites once hallowed by the earthly presence of two saints: the ancient home of Clemens Maria Hofbauer, recently raised to the honors of the altar, and the house within whose chamber the angels brought the Bread of Life to the angelic Saint Stanislaus.

This is to be the first International Eucharistic Congress held in Austria, and to show his appreciation the Emperor himself has taken it under his special protection. The Archduchess Maria Annunziata has assumed the protectorate of the women's work, and various ladies of the highest rank are at the head of the different sections of the Eucharistic preparations allotted to the Catholic women of Austria. Hungary likewise is called upon to look upon this event as a common honor which she shares with her sister State, and to unite with her in preparing for it with all becoming splendor.

September 12 of the present year has been chosen for the opening of the Congress. It is the anniversary of the day when, in 1683 the citizens of Vienna, joined the host of Sobieski, and freed themselves and the entire civilization of the West from the Turkish domination. That day, before entering into the momentous conflict, they had first knelt at the altar of the God of battles and had fortified themselves with the Bread of the strong.

If the choice of the opening date for the Congress has been a most fortunate one, the closing day, as it so happens, is no less auspicious. It falls upon the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, September 15, the solemnity which the Holy Father instituted to commemorate the liberation of Vienna from the yoke of the Turks. So the Congress will be doubly blessed by having Mary, the Patroness of Austria, as its heavenly Protectress. The entire student body is for this reason called upon to unite under the sodality banner in showing before all the world their devotion to our Lady of the Blessed Eucharist.

Especial stress is laid upon the need of bringing together the delegates of all the industrial unions and the associations devoted to social interests among the people. These above all others must rally around the Eucharist, for it is here that they shall find the light and strength which they require to fight the battles of the Faith. The altar is the last citadel of supernatural life, the fortress which no power of earth nor hell itself can ever storm. To the Sacred Heart that beats within the Tabernacle the Cardinal therefore directs the gaze of the faithful, and asks them to honor It with all their love and devotion, while he likewise lays the strongest insistence upon the early and frequent Communion of the young. The Eucharistic preparations begun so zealously and wisely cannot fail to produce the most magnificent result. We congratulate the Catholics of Austria no less upon the fervor of the faith they are displaying than upon the honor which has been accorded them. Let the Gentiles rage and the people devise vain things, our hope is with our Lord in the Eucharist. To Him alone have been allotted the uttermost parts of the earth. H.



HOUR of ADORATION

The Sacred Heart

IN THE

Gift of the Eucharist.

(See frontispiece)

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#### Adoration.

The Heart of the Son of God, carrying in It the eternal love which is the very nature of God, possessing almighty power to show forth that infinite love in works worthy of Him — the Sacred Heart, which labored for thirty-three years to prove Its love for the world by innumerable benefits of prayer, devotedness, teaching, goodness, and mercy, *having loved His own*, wishes, at the end of Its mortal life, to sum up all Its gifts in one which surpasses them all, in a masterpiece which crowns all others, and so instituted the Eucharist: "*in finem dilexit* — He loved them to the end."

The Gospel tells us: "*Sciens quia omnia dedit ei Pater in manus et quia a Deo exiit et ad Deum vadit* — Knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He came from God and goeth to God," that is to say, that He is as truly God as His Father, Jesus recalls this truth to His disciples. Under the influence of this remembrance, wishing to love in God, He loves even to the end, that is to say, infinitely, without other measure than that of these two terms which have no measure: the divinity of His origin and the divinity of His end. *In finem dilexit*. And as the works and gifts of love must be proportioned to its power and extent, the gift, the work springing from this appeal to His Divinity, is a marvel of infinite beauty, of infinite goodness, of infinite extent: *In finem dilexit!*

It is a marvel of the two natures, the divine and the human, integral and living, which constitute the Man-God, glorified, confined in the narrow limits of what appears to be a morsel of bread! It is the most marvellous of all the great love, of all the great benefits of God and of His Christ, creation, the Incarnation, Redemption, grace, and glory, all concentrated, summed up in this

one proof, this still greater proof of love, the gift of the Eucharist! It is the marvel of the actual abiding on earth of the Son of God made man, after He had re-ascended to heaven, the sojourn due His dignity! It is the marvel of an unbloody immolation, wrought upon Himself and by Himself, although through the agency of a visible minister, and renewing in all its efficacy the sacrifice of His death, giving to God the same satisfaction and obtaining for man the same redemption! It is the marvel of a little bread that has lost its natural substance by changing it, at the breathing of a sacerdotal word, into that of Jesus Christ! Under its frail envelope it contains Jesus Christ in His whole being. It feeds the human soul with Him, pouring into it the perfections of His Divinity, the virtues of His Soul, the living properties of His Flesh and Blood, the merits of His sacred life, His heroic death, and the victorious spoils of His Resurrection. It is the marvel of time conquered by this fragile Host, which sways all ages, giving strength and duration to all that lean upon It, like the Church which, persecuted by enemies without, weakened by the corruption of her children within, still exists while the most solid empires crumble! It is the marvel of distance cleared, oceans filled up, mountains crossed by this bond of the Host, wholly present everywhere, forming the connecting link between souls and creeds and morals, among nations the most diverse, in one same adoration, in one same eating of the Bread of Life! And the wonder of this Bread, so precious that a single one of its atoms is of more value than the whole world, that it multiplies with superb magnificence, is renewed with inexhaustible fecundity, is offered daily to all: *Quantum isti, tantum ille, nec sumptus consumitur!*

All these marvels of love — for being gratuitous, they can come only from Him — proclaim that the Heart that inspires them, that operates them, is the Heart of a God, who brings His almighty power into play.

What do all these marvels call for from us? That in admiration, astonishment, amazement, but also in firm faith, we adore from the depths of our soul the Gift, the Marvel of the Divine Heart, the Most Blessed Sacrament! It was this Gift that the Divine Saviour had in view when, casting aside the Sacramental veils in order to reveal His Heart, which had given It at the Last Supper, and which gives It still upon our altars, He said to Blessed Margaret Mary: "Behold the Heart that has so loved men that It has spared nothing even to exhausting and consuming Itself in order to testify to them Its love!"

#### Thanksgiving.

Truly the Heart of a man, formed to express in a human manner the love, the goodness, and the mercy of God, thus to gain the human heart, which responds only to sympathy and yields only to kindness, the Sacred Heart reveals Itself in the institution of the Eucharist by the tenderness, the intimacy, the familiarity of the

most sincere friendship that can be imagined between equals and brethren.

"Knowing," says the Gospel, "that His hour was come to go from this world to the Father," and that He must, consequently, be separated from His "own whom He loved so much," the Saviour left His Heart oppressed with sadness and compassion for them. So, He resolved to "love them to the end, that is, to remain with them under the form of the Sacrament while ascending to heaven in His human form. It is the sincerity of His human Heart which expresses itself by this attachment "for His own," from whom He cannot depart without feeling It torn and breaking. His "own"? Who were they? They were those bound to Him by the ties of blood, by the affection that He had shown them, by that which He had received from them, by the call followed, by the common labors undertaken, the hatred braved, the sufferings endured. His "own" are they who, abandoning father and mother, house and business, have given themselves to Him, and who depend wholly on Him.

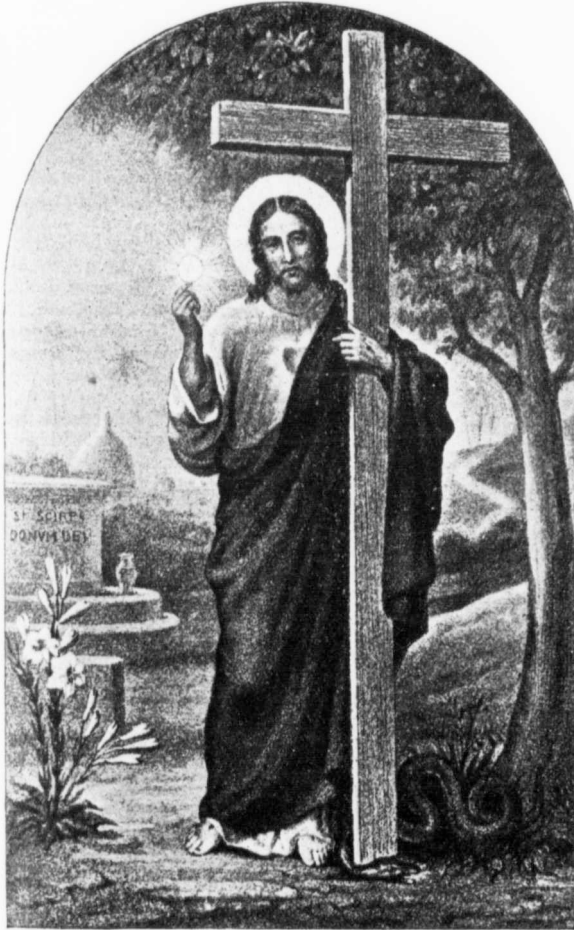
While suffering in His Heart at being obliged to leave those loved ones, the sight of their grief and the tears that filled their eyes roused His tender compassion and the desire to console them. "Because I have told ye that I am going away, sorrow hath filled your heart. No! I am going away, but I will return to you!" Lastly, the thought of what they would have to suffer from the world and its prince, made Him resolve to sustain and defend them: "No! I will not leave you orphans. I will remain with you all days even to the end of the world!"

Under the pressure of all these sentiments, He made Himself the kind, the affectionate, the familiar Sacrament, in which appear all the tenderness, all the condescension of the most human of hearts. It is a Sacrament which is taken at a banquet of friends; which gives Itself under the well-known form of bread broken, of a cup drunk at a hospitable table; which, concealing the human form of Him whom It contains, renders access to Him more easy, His frequent reception more unconstrained. It is a Sacrament which, descending into the breast of man to mingle with his substance, proves to him to what intimate union Jesus aspires, and that He aims at being associated with his labors, his trials, his joys, his whole life in this valley of tears. Ah, how truly human is the Heart of the Son of God, who came into this world to live with men and to gain them by the charms of His Humanity! He longs to abide forever "with His own, who must still remain in this world."

Jesus betrayed His inmost Heart when He ended the bestowal of Himself with these words: "*In memoriam facite*. — Do this in remembrance of Me!" Remember Me! What an appeal, what a request, what a command to love Him are contained in these two words! In them we have the proof that He loves us with a truly human love based on reciprocity, that He cannot bear to be forgotten. He cannot bear not to be loved by us: "*In mei memoriam!*"

Ah, let us, then, remember Him with faithful and loving friend-

ship for which He is hungering and thirsting! "One day, Good Friday," says Blessed Margaret Mary, "having a great desire to receive Our Lord, I said to Him with many tears: 'Sweet Jesus,



I would wish to be consumed by desire for Thee! Not being able to possess Thee today, I shall not cease to desire Thee." He came to console me with His dear Presence, and said to me: 'My daugh-

ter, thy desire has so touched My Heart that, if I had not already instituted this Sacrament of Love, I would do so now in order to give Myself to thee as nourishment. I take so much pleasure in being desired that, as often as a heart forms that desire, so often do I look upon it lovingly to draw it to Myself!"

#### Reparation.

The Saviour had prophesied that the lot of His Heart on earth would be "reproach and misery:" *Improperium expectavit Cor meum et miseriam* (1). And, in fact, from the first moment of Its being, when It accepted the responsibility of the sins of men, even to Its last pulsation on the Cross, It was never without the weight of all the sorrows, all the humiliations that they had merited.

His sorrowful life here below was reproduced in the institution of the Eucharist, and that the more notably as He intended this Sacrament to be the memorial of all His sufferings and of His death. The anguish, the opposition endured, the repugnance surmounted, the heroic resignation to support everything, were very clearly foreseen at the Last Supper. By them we can trace the cruel martyrdom confronted by the Sacred Heart in order to bestow upon us the best of His gifts.

The instrument of that martyrdom is personified in Judas whose heart, possessed by Satan, filled by him with implacable hatred for Jesus, resolved to betray Him in the Cenacle by a sacrilegious Communion, and in the Garden by the kiss which was to point Him out to the executioners: "*Cum diabolus jam misisset in cor ut traderet eum Judas* — The devil having now put it into the heart of Judas to betray Him" (1). The struggle of Jesus' Heart full of love against that of Judas full of hate, constituted the Eucharistic Agony of the Sacred Heart. Jesus still loved the disciple chosen by Him like the others, whom He had associated to His mission, to whom He had confided His secrets, and upon whom He had conferred the power of working miracles, and He longed to rescue him from his murderous design. To soften his heart. He lovingly washed and kissed his feet. But all in vain, and He signifies it to him in the ambiguous words: "Ye are pure, but not all." Alas!

While Judas was taking his portion of the Paschal lamb from the hands of Jesus, the Saviour, in order to relieve His own Heart and to remind this traitor, exclaimed in a loud voice: "Amen, I say to you, that one of you is about to betray me. He that dip-peth his hand with Me in the dish, he shall betray Me!"

He had consecrated the Eucharist, saying: "Take ye and eat. Take ye, and drink," and Judas had extended his hand to receive his share of the Divine Bread, and his lips are immersed in the Chalice whence the lips of Jesus had drunk. Then Jesus says

(1) Ps. lxxviii, 21.

(1) John xiii, 2.

in a voice grave and full of emotion: "He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, he shall betray Me. It were better for him if that man had never been born!" While the Apostles, agitated and frightened, eagerly declared their fidelity, Judas affected to do the same; and the Saviour, indignant at his hypocrisy, uttered this cry of sorrow: "The Scripture sayeth: and it must be fulfilled: He that eateth bread with Me shall raise up his heel against Me!"

Jesus felt that odious and persistent treason so keenly that, by the allusion which He made to it, He opened a vent for the agony He endured in His Heart. Not being able to contain it, He showed Himself troubled, and He protested against its violence and against him who caused it: *Cum hec dixisset Jesus, turbatus est spiritu et protestatus est* (1). The grief at being thus profaned and betrayed, indignation against the blackness of the crime, persistent pity for the traitor rushing blindly to his own destruction, stirred His very soul, made His Heart shudder: *Turbatus est spiritu* — He was troubled in spirit, and brought to His lips the burning and bitter words of protest: "*Et protestatus est.*"

Then Jesus became resigned, for His love would not allow the crime of Judas to be an obstacle to His giving the Eucharist to the world: "*Quod facis, fac citius!* — That which thou dost, do quickly!" And yet He saw behind Judas all the traitors that would, under the guise of hypocritical piety, approach to receive Him at the Banquet of Holy Communion, to profane Him, and to deliver Him to the demon.

To be betrayed at the very moment in which one loves most, is sorrow supreme, mortal agony for the human heart! And as, at the Last Supper, Jesus called upon the co-disciples of Judas to repair by their fidelity and compassion, so does He now demand reparation and consolation from faithful souls.

He said to Blessed Margaret Mary: "And in return I receive for the most part only ingratitude, expressed by the contempt, irreverence, sacrilege, and coldness that they have for Me in this Sacrament of Love! But what is more hurtful to Me is that there are hearts consecrated to Me who treat Me thus. I feel that more keenly than all I endured in My Passion! Do thou, at least, give Me the consolation of seeing thee supplying as much as thou canst for their ingratitude!"

#### Petition.

If the first phase of the existence of the Sacred Heart is consumed in suffering, the second, a just recompense of the former, is passed in immortality, power, and glory. The Heart of the Eternal Priest, who has ascended even to the throne of God to plead uninterruptedly in our behalf, and who at the Last Supper inaugurated His priesthood. His love, and ever watchful solicitude for us, must exhibit itself in a powerful, ardent, and devoted prayer. That prayer, begun in the august sanctuary of the Cenacle,

(1) John xiii, 21.

is continued and it will be continued on all the altars of the world until the end of time.

It is for this reason that the institution of the Sacrament is also the institution of the Sacrifice, the prayer *par excellence*, in which Christ prays not only by His desires and His words, but by His Flesh delivered up and His Blood poured out. Yes, He pays for what He demands by the price of His innocent life.

Asking for us from the Father the destruction of sin, pardon, reconciliation, restitution of former rights, He said, raising to heaven His Flesh and His Blood under the species of bread and wine: "Behold My Body broken for you! Behold My Blood shed for the remission of your sins!"

The Adorable High-Priest, in order to give them efficacy, supported all the prayers that would be made by men throughout the ages upon this fundamental prayer of His Eucharistic Sacrifice. It anticipated at the Last Supper and it was to reproduce at the altar that which on the next day He was to offer on the Cross. Jesus solicited our prayer and roused our confidence by saying: "Amen, Amen, I say to you: if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it to you. Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name. Ask, and you shall receive, that your joy may be full." Again, He said: "Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My name, that will I do: that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you shall ask Me anything in My name, that I will do that your joy may be full. If you abide in Me, and My words abide in you, you shall ask whatsoever you will and it shall be done unto you" (1).

Behold the Heart of the all-powerful, the all-merciful Priest! He is all-powerful by His sacrifice in which He has spared nothing to satisfy His Father. He is all-powerful by His purity, His love, His perseverance. He is all-merciful, because being laden with our debts, He learned by experience the excess of our evils and the extent of our needs.

Jesus asks us to pray with Him, by Him, in Him, with confidence, humility, perseverance, since every prayer that issues from a sincere heart is secure of finding in His infinitely good Heart *access* and *success*. "My Heart is so passionately in love with men," He said to Blessed Margaret Mary, "that It can no longer contain within Itself the flames of Its ardent charity. It must pour them out by means of thee, and manifest Itself to them to enrich them with Its treasures, which contain all the graces of which they have need to be saved from perdition." And at another time, He said: "I constitute thee the heiress of My Heart and of all Its treasures. I promise that assistance shall never be wanting to thee till power is wanting to Me!"

Father Tesnière, S. S. S.

Surely we, who have time for so many things that are frivolous or worse should remember more often the pleading Heart of Jesus Christ, and visit more frequently the Blessed Sacrament.

(1) John xv.



## History of Eucharistic Congresses

**Growth of the movement since its beginning at  
Lille, France, in 1881.**

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESSES are gatherings of ecclesiastics and laymen for the purpose of celebrating and glorifying the Holy Eucharist and of seeking the best means to spread its knowledge and love throughout the world.

The Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist is one of the principal dogmas of the Catholic faith and is therefore of paramount importance as the most precious treasure that Christ has left to His Church as the centre of Catholic worship and as the source of Christian piety. The main advantage of these congresses has been in the concentration of the thoughts of the faithful upon the mystery of the altar, and in making known to them the means by which devotion towards the Holy Eucharist may be promoted and implanted in the hearts of the people.

The promoters of Eucharistic Congresses believe that, if during recent years devotion to the Holy Eucharist has become more widespread, if works of adoration, Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament, and the practice of frequent Communion have spread rapidly and extensively, it must be ascribed in great part to these congresses.

The first gathering owed its inspiration to Bishop Gaston de Segur, and was held at Lille, France, June 21, 1881. The idea at first was merely local and met with few adherents, but it grew from year to year with an ever-increasing importance.



The second gathering was at Avignon, in 1882, and the third at Liege, in the following year. When from the 9th to the 13th of September, 1885, the fourth congress met at Fribourg in Switzerland, under the presidency of the famous Msgr. Mermillod, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, his influence and example drew to the platform members of the Cantonal Government, officials of the municipality of Fribourg, officers of the army, judges of the courts, while thousands of Catholics from all over Europe joined in the formal procession. Toulouse, in the south of France, was the place of meeting of the fifth congress from the 20th to the 25th of June, 1886, and about 1,500 ecclesiastics and 30,000 laymen were present at the closing exercises.

The sixth congress met in Paris, July 2-6, 1888, and the great memorial church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre was the centre of the proceedings. Antwerp, in Belgium, entertained the next congress, August 15-21, 1890; an immense altar of repose was erected in the Place de Meir, and it was estimated that 150,000 persons were gathered about it when Cardinal Goossens, Archbishop of Mechlin, gave the solemn Benediction. Bishop Doutreloux of Liege, was then president of the permanent committee for the organization of Eucharistic Congresses, the body which has charge of the details of these meetings.

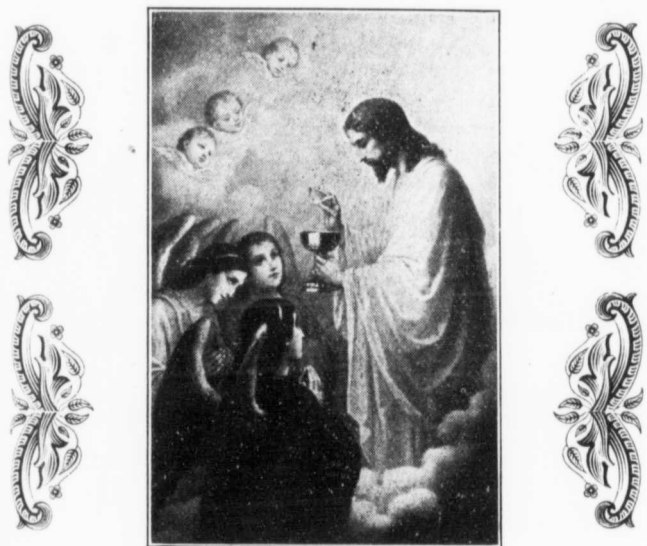
Special importance was attached to the eighth congress, which went to Jerusalem to hold its sessions from the 14th to the 21st of May 1893. Pope Leo XIII. sent as delegate, Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Reims. Here the reunion of the Orient was advocated, and an adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was preached on the very spot where tradition says the Agony in the Garden took place. Next year the congress was held at Reims, July 25-29, and the different churches of the East were largely represented. A place was given in the deliberations for the first time to the study of social questions affecting the working classes.

Paray-le-Monial, the city of the Sacred Heart, September 20-24, 1897, was the scene of the tenth congress; and the eleventh, the best organized and most numerously

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attended of the series, met at Brussels, July 13-17, 1898. Cardinal Langenieux was again the Pope's legate at the twelfth congress, which had Lourdes, the city of Eucharistic miracles, as its meeting place, August 7-11, 1899. This gathering was notable for the number of priests who took part in the procession.

When the thirteenth congress met at Angers, September 4-8, 1901, a special section was formed for young men to read and discuss papers having reference to such works as young men ought to undertake for the promotion of devotion to the Holy Eucharist and the solution



of social questions. Namur, Belgium, September, 3-7, 1902, was chosen as the location for the fourteenth congress, and the fifteenth, July 20-24, 1904, went to Angouleme, where the operations of French law forbade the usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Pope Pius X. having expressed a wish that the Eucharistic Congress should be held in Rome, the delegates met there June 1-6, 1905. He added to the solemnity of the occasion by celebrating Mass, at the opening of

the sessions, by giving a special audience to the delegates, and by being present at the procession that closed the proceedings. It was the dawn of the movement that led to his decree, "*Tridentina Synodus*," December 20, 1905, advising daily Communion.

Tournai, in Belgium, saw the seventeenth congress, August 15-19, 1906; and the next one went to Metz, in Lorraine, August 7-11, 1907. Cardinal Vincenzo Vanutelli was the Pope's legate, and the German Government suspended the law of 1870, forbidding processions, in order that the usual solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament might be held. Each year the congress has become more and more definitely international, and at the invitation of Archbishop Bourne of Westminster, it was decided to hold the nineteenth congress in London, the first under the auspices of, and among, English-speaking members of the Church.

In addition to these general congresses, there had also grown up, in all countries where Catholics were numerous, local gatherings of the Eucharistic leagues which were potent factors in the spread of the devotion. These were held in France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Italy, England, Canada, Australia and the United States.

The first of these in the United States was at St. Louis, in September, 1901; the second at New York in 1905; the third at Pittsburg in 1907; the fourth at Notre Dame, Ind., in 1909; and the fifth closed last Sunday in this city.

The presidents of the Permanent Committee of the International Eucharistic Congresses, under whose direction all this progress was made, were: Bishop Gaston de Segur, of Lille; Archbishop de La Bouillerie, titular of Perga and coadjutor of Bordeaux; Archbishop Duquesnay, of Cambrai; Cardinal Mermillod, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva; Bishop Doutreloux, of Liege, and Bishop Thomas Heylen, of Namur, Belgium. After each congress this committee prepared and published a volume giving a report of all the papers read and the discussions on them in the various sections of the meeting, the sermons preached, the addresses made at the public meetings, and the details of all that transpired.

As the most representative and important of all the congresses, the whole Catholic world was at once interested in the nineteenth, which was held in London, September 9-13, 1908, and regarded as the greatest religious triumph of its generation. In an affectionate letter voicing anew his interest in the congresses, the Pope once more designated Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli as his legate to attend the sessions. More than three hundred and fifty years had elapsed since a legate from the Pope had been seen in England. With him were six other cardinals, fourteen archbishops, seventy bishops and a host of priests. No such gathering of ecclesiastics had ever been seen outside of Rome in modern times, and English Catholics prepared to make it locally even more memorable. The Mass on Sunday, September 13, celebrated by the Papal legate, and at which Cardinal Gibbons preached, closed the series of splendid ceremonies that marked the congress. Vespers followed and the solemn procession took place.

It had been intended to carry the Blessed Sacrament through the streets, but owing to a protest and public clamor against this, made by the societies composing the Protestant Alliance, the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, sent a formal request to Archbishop Bourne on the part of "His Majesty's Government," for the abandonment of this program, and this was complied with. The legate, attended by the guard of honor, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, and made up of eleven English noblemen and the Duke of Orleans and the Comte d'Eu and some members of the French Chamber of Deputies, after passing over the route, gave solemn benediction from the balcony of the cathedral. — *The Catholic Encyclopedia*.

The Congress of 1909 met in Cologne, that of 1910 in Montreal. At the latter, Cardinal Vannutelli was the papal legate. This was the first congress held in the New World, and was one of the most successful. The Congress of 1911 was held in Madrid, and was a remarkable exhibition of the faith of the Spanish people.

*The Catholic Telegraph*, Oct. 5, 1911.



## The Power of the Weak



SISTER Teresa Helen clicked her signal, and the children rose from their knees and quietly settled themselves in their seats. They are the First Communion class of St. Mary's Sunday school, and on the morrow, the beautiful feast of the Sacred Heart, they will receive for the first time Him Who said: "Suffer little ones to come unto Me."

"Now, my good children," said good Sister Teresa Helen, "the great day for which you have been so earnestly preparing is at hand. All who have seen you during your little retreat have been very much edified. I am sure, by your recollected conduct, your fervor at your prayers and your attention to the instructions. I hope that none of you will break the silence of the retreat until after Mass to-morrow."

"Do not forget," continued the good Sister, "that you must be in this room at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning. We will then say the concluding prayers of the Novena before going into the church. To-morrow will be the greatest and happiest day of your lives, and you must be sure to invite your parents to be present at the Mass. Remember, too, what I have said about asking their forgiveness for your past faults, promising them to be better children in the future, and kneeling and asking their blessing before leaving home in the morning. You are dismissed now. Good afternoon, and God bless you."

In such an assemblage of children there are always two or three whom one naturally singles out from the

rest. No one could fail to notice the sweet little face of Catherine Crane as she filed with her companions into the street. She was the eldest of the five children of Charles Crane and Mary Kelly Crane.

Her father was not a Catholic, and while he manfully kept the promise he made at the time of his marriage, and permitted the children to be baptized and brought up in the Catholic faith, he would not allow them to attend the parochial school, saying that he wished his "children to be able to earn their living, and religion never earned bread for any one except the priests and nuns."

Like many others, when Mary Kelly married Charles Crane she hoped that in time he would embrace Catholicity, but thus far all her efforts to convert him had been in vain. Unlike many others in her position, however, she did not drift away from the Church herself. She was very faithful in the practice of her religious duties, and saw to it that the little ones were carefully brought up in their holy faith. She never ceased to pray for the conversion of her husband, and taught their children to pray for him too.

Little Catherine was, of course, well instructed in the rudiments of her religion, and, being of a gentle, loving disposition, it was a great grief to her young heart that father was not a Catholic. When Sister Teresa Helen started the novena in honor of the Sacred Heart and in preparation for the First Communion of the children, little Catherine at once determined to pray for the conversion of her father above all else. She confided the intention to her good mother, who also joined in the novena.

Early on the morning of the eventful day Mrs. Crane wakened Catherine, and soon had her dressed in her little white gown and veil and wreath. When she was ready to start for the church the child knelt at her mother's feet and, having asked her forgiveness for any pain she had caused her in the past, begged her blessing.

The poor mother could not retain her tears. Placing her hand on the head of the little one, she said between sobs:

"God bless and keep my little girl."

Rising from her knees, with a look of determination on her little face and murmuring a prayer, Catherine ran from the room, and going straight to the bed where her father was lying asleep she stood at the foot of it and called gently:

"Papa, papa; please wake up."

Mr. Crane opened his eyes and, looking in the direction whence the voice came, thought an angel stood at the foot of his bed, so sweet and pure did the little girl look in her pretty white dress her golden curls hanging down her back. Seeing that her father was awake, Catherine approached the side of the bed and knelt down.

"Please, papa, forgive me for all the times I have been bad and made you cross, and I promise you I will try to be a better girl. And, papa, this is my First Communion day, and Sister said we must ask our father and mother for their blessing. Won't you please give me your blessing, papa?"

When Mr. Crane recovered from his surprise, he said with a little bitterness:

"You don't want my blessing. Get your mother's. She's a Catholic, and I'm not."

"But you are my papa, and I want my papa's blessing," persisted the little one. "Please, papa, be kind to-day and give me your blessing. Oh, papa, I'm so happy, and it will make me sad if you do not bless me. Mamma did."

"Well, ain't that enough for you? Besides, I don't know how you Catholics bless," remonstrated Mr. Crane.

"Oh, that is easy," said little Catherine, nothing daunted. "Just put your hand on my head and say, 'God bless my little girl,' and then kiss me."

Mr. Crane was not proof against the pleadings of the little one. Tears rose to his eyes, and for perhaps the first time in his life he felt a respect for holy things as he placed his hand on his little girl's head.

"God bless you, my little one," he said in a broken voice, and kissed the sweet lips.

Having gained so much, the little one was encouraged to dare more.

"Please, papa," she said in a hesitating voice as she twined her little arms about his neck. "I have to ask you something else. You know this is my First Communion day, and all the little girls are going to invite their papas and mammas to come to the Mass and see them receive their First Communion. Mamma is coming, and I invite you to come, too, papa. I know you don't like my Church," she said hastily, seeing the frown of disapproval on his face, "but, oh, papa, if you would only come this once I am sure you would like it. All the little girls will be dressed in white like me, and the church will be decorated fine with flowers and lights. Oh, papa, it would make me so happy if you would only come," she said with fervor, as she kissed him.

"But I have to go to work," urged Mr. Crane sheepishly.

"It won't matter if you stay home just this once, papa," said Catherine. "You know you stayed home to go to Uncle John's funeral. Mr. Rogan can tell them at the shop. Please, dear papa, promise me you will come," kissing him again.

"All right, I'll come just this once to please you," said her father.

"Oh, you dear, good papa!" cried Catherine as she rose from her knees. "You don't know how happy I am. I'll pray for you every minute of the time," she said, running from the room.

True to his promise, Mr. Crane accompanied his wife to the Mass. They found a seat where they could plainly see the altar and get a good view of the little ones. Mr. Crane was much interested in the ceremony of the Mass, and listened attentively to the short instruction given by the good pastor to his little flock. Mr. Crane was much moved by the rapt attention of little Catherine, who scarcely took her eyes from the altar, and when the priest placed the Sacred Host on her little tongue her father almost unconsciously bent his head in reverence, and a tear stole down his cheek.

From that time forth he showed an interest in the children's attendance at Mass and Sunday school, and often heard them recite their catechism lesson. When



the school term opened the following September he suggested to his wife that the children might as well go to the parish school, much to the delight of little Catherine.

Mrs. Crane saw that the grace of God was working in her husband's heart, and she and the little ones redoubled their prayers in his behalf.

During the following winter there was a mission at the church, which Mrs. Crane attended. The children also were present at the exercises appointed for them, and their father listened to their childish prattle about the instructions. On the day of the opening of the men's mission he said to his wife:

"I guess I will have to go and hear this wonderful preacher you all have so much to say about it."

He attended all the services, joined the class of instruction, and at the close of the mission was baptized. Thus was a hard heart brought to the true faith by the persevering use of prayer — the power of the weak. — Virginia Stone in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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*If Catholics who complain of nervous exhaustion, overwork, and overburned minds, were more loyal to Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, and rested in His presence more often, they would experience a relief, even mentally, that nothing else in all the world can give. And who can doubt the benefit to their souls?*

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