



Rubens,

The Education of the Blessed Virgin.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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The Lilies of the Fold.

(Written for the Sentinel.)

Up to the altar-rail they flock
From all else their thoughts apart ;
The little ones, so dearly loved
By the Eucharistic Heart.

Just a childish prayer is lisped ;
Just a child's wish to adore,
But just because that heart is pure
Jesus loves it only more.

Just a little soul is pleading
For a favor from its Guest ;
Just a little heart is seeking
To obtain another's quest.

Just a gift of self is offer'd
A lily cast at God's feet,
Just one last wish, that the morrow
Would renew their union sweet.

Just farewell ! but Jesus treasures
More than else that childish love,
Which lingers like some rare perfume
O'er His heav'nly throne above.

CARMEL.

“They Can't Keep It Up”



THESE few pages are for Catholic mothers. Fathers are welcome to read them, but we address ourselves mainly to their better halves. Let us entertain ourselves with a parable.

On a cold, wet morning a shivering little beggar knocks timidly at your kitchen door asking for food. He is so miserable and tear-stained and dirty that your heart is touched ; and so, instead of making him eat the bitter bread of poverty while crouching on the steps, you bring him into your warm and cosy kitchen. You set your best before him and season the food with a kindness which goes right home to that little chap's heart, the gentle, unobtrusive kindness of which, thank God, every good woman's heart is full.

Just as the boy is about to fall to, a prudent thought arrests your charitable offices. This boy, you reflect, is poor and neglected and probably a wanderer. If I give him breakfast this morning he will very likely get the idea that he ought to have a breakfast every day, here or elsewhere. I am thus arousing an expectation, that is, of daily breakfast, which probably cannot be realized ; obviously daily breakfast for such poor little waifs is a practical impossibility. Can I assume the responsibility of stirring up such an expectation ? No. Therefore, I will give him no breakfast this morning. And so, your charity dissolved in the acid of logic, you come between the boy and his food and bid him be off.

Madam, by affixing a name, can this gloomy little parable be told of you ?

I am edified and reassured by your protestations. No, your motherly heart never refused a breakfast to a poor little waif on the plea that he was not sure of getting another on the following morning. That would be a good reason for giving it to him now. But I wonder if there are not a few waifs in your own home whom you do not allow to receive the Body of Christ, the Food of their souls, because, you say, “frequent or daily

Communion is a practice which they cannot keep up. Therefore (oh, inexorable logic!) they shall not begin it."

Let me ask you: Did you give Johnny and little Mary their breakfast this morning? Truly, I hope you did; and I hope you will continue the practice until Johnny and little Mary are able to fend for themselves. But you know, it is just possible that Johnny and little Mary may not need any breakfast to-morrow. They may be dead. It is just possible that days may dawn on a grown-up Johnny breakfastless and a hungry grown-up Mary. But very sensibly you provide for the future by making the best of the present. You don't work the other way and model the present upon a conjectural future. "My children," you say, "need their breakfast, and so I give it to them—the best that I can afford. God will take care of them in the future, if I do my best to take care of them now."

Madam, may I ask you to use the same common sense, when there is question of frequent or daily Communion coming into the lives of Johnny and little Mary? Suppose that your little ones really will not be able to continue this beautiful practice so much "desired by Christ and the Church." I am generous in making this supposition, because the probability is really in favor of the continuance of the practice. But I will be generous. Suppose that after some years, the children will not be able to receive Holy Communion oftener than once or twice a month. Is not this *in reality a very strong reason why the children should make the best of their present opportunities*? You do not keep the children away from school here and now because next year you are to remove to a country district where there are no schools. You know that you can hardly afford to send that boy of yours to college. Is that a reason for depriving him of a common-school education? Is your husband going to refuse that much desired raise in salary on the ground that next year salaries may go down?

A very wise proverb tells us to make hay while the sun shines and the foresight of the ant has given moralists a theme these many centuries. People of common sense fortify themselves against future danger by present action. For seven years Joseph stored the warehouses

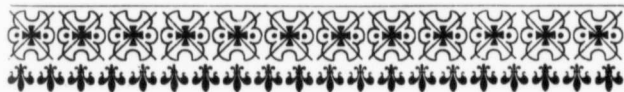
of Egypt with grain against the famine which God had foretold. He didn't excuse himself by saying : "Why, what's the use ! After seven years there won't be any grain to store !" Indeed, this last fact was the prime reason of his activity. Encourage your children to imitate Joseph. If then in after life frequent or daily Communion becomes impossible—and God has not foretold this—there will be something in the granary of the soul during the lean years.

"Don't let the little children begin daily Communion, because they can't keep it up." I protest that I don't know who is responsible for this axiom, unless it be the one who so woefully beguiled Eve in the Garden. The Church certainly does not give any such advice. Our Holy Father, Pius, X, wrote a magnificent Decree on Early Communion, and he nowhere mentions this caution. On the contrary, he says quite decidedly that frequent or daily Communion is to be recommended very earnestly to little children. "Those in charge of children must take the *utmost care* that . . . the . . . children should approach the Holy Table very often, and if it be possible, even daily, as Jesus Christ and our Holy Mother Church desire it" (*Quam Singulari*). And he has said the same in I don't know how many Letters and talks during the last few years.

For instance, about four years ago, the Bishop of Belley in France, mentioned to the Pope that some people were urging this objection. Did His Holiness look anxious and say : "Well, they are right. It seems I have made a mistake. I'll change my Decree" ? No ; he didn't say anything of the sort. What he did say was this : "Granting that they will not always persevere, these frequent Communions deposit in their hearts a seed that will not finally perish." And since that time he has deigned to write even to little children private letters encouraging them to receive our Lord frequently and if possible daily. Not quite one year ago he richly indulged an Association whose chief purpose is to see that little children make their First Communion at the earliest age possible, and then that they begin at once to receive our Lord if possible every day. (The Pious



Suffer the little children to come unto me.



Union for First Communion.) It is well for us to believe that the Holy Father knows what he is about.

Some Catholic mothers have trained their little ones in a manner that would delight the fatherly heart of Pius X. A young friend of mine, John Joseph, as fine and "boyish" a little chap as you could want to know, is a good example of what a Catholic mother can do to further the Decrees of the Holy Father, if she wants to. His mother began to teach him his Catechism when he was about three years old. He made his First Holy Communion at the age of five years and five months, and except when conditions make it really impossible, he receives our Lord every day.

Will John Joseph "keep it up?"

Let me answer by putting another question: Does John Joseph's father, who is a surgeon, refuse a big fee from a wealthy patient on the plea that he may never have another such patient?

John Joseph's parents are wise people. They know that little John Joseph's soul is nourished and strengthened and fortified against coming temptation every time he receives our Eucharistic Saviour. In their Catholic instinct they are glad to obey the Pope.

Madam, do you agree with John Joseph's parents?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S. J.

To the Sanctuary Lamp



LITTLE flame of fire bright !
How I envy you,
Standing there a sentinel
The night watch through !

Charms of sleep your eyes despise,
While aloft in air
You are lost in ecstasy
Of silent prayer.

HUGH A. LECKIE, S. J.



Little Children
and the
Blessed Eucharist



COULD not an exception be made for those angelic little ones who hunger so intensely for this Sacred Food; could not the words of the Eucharistic Canticle: "Faith for all defects supplying" be applied to their case? Ah! Yes, the simple faith and artless innocence of a little child supplies for all deficiencies and to such a one, who ardently desires Him, Jesus comes as eagerly and gladly as to His greatest saints.

Many years ago there lived in France, a little maiden of royal lineage, Frances d'Amboise, who from her fourth year was so strongly attracted towards the Blessed Eucharist that none of childhood pleasures, playmates, or toys could turn her from, or make her forget her one great longing, her incessant desire—to receive Jesus in Communion.

This little maiden lived about the same time as Joan of Arc and possessed much of her dauntless courage and simple earnest faith, though her struggles were not to crown an earthly king, but to crown in her own heart and hold forever, the great King of kings—Jesus Himself.

Her father, John the fifth, Duke of la Bretagne had by his example and the timely help of St. Vincent Ferrer established among his court the pious practice of frequent Communion. Our little heroine, the youngest member of that exemplary court, was deprived of this

happiness because of her youth. Once when her governess reproved her for crying and refusing to eat on account of this deprivation, she answered, with a wisdom beyond her years: "Why do you chide me? Since I was baptized, I am a Christian by God's grace, yet I am not allowed to receive Jesus Christ the only joy and happiness of a true Christian."

It was useless to tell her the Church forbade Communion to children of her tender years, she submitted because she knew how to obey, but she could not control her grief, or master her ardent longing.

A few extracts from her life, by the venerable Cardinal Richard, will show more clearly than any words of mine can, what an angelic little creature she was, and how her whole heart and soul was bound up in the Eucharist.

"The most striking tract in this remarkable child was her great love for our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist and her intense, ardent desire to receive Him in Communion. Often when the priest held the Sacred Host aloft to the adoration of the people, she could not restrain her tears. The days on which the Duke and Duchess prepared for Communion, she wept incessantly and could not be induced to take food.

For a long time she would not tell any one what the matter was, but finally the Duchess — as only a mother can — petted and coaxed until throwing her arms round her neck she whispered between her sobs: You, Father, and your court, have today enjoyed such a heavenly favor, have received our Lord Jesus in Holy Communion and just because I'm only five I'm deprived of this joy. If you were in my place would you not feel as sorry as I do?

The Duchess deeply moved held her precious baby close and promise she would do all in her power to obtain for her the grace to be allowed to make her First Communion, to receive Jesus on the approaching feast of All Saints.

True to her word the Duchess immediately laid the matter before her Director, the Rev. R. P. Yves de Ponstal, later on bishop of Vannes. Seeing in the child a

piety and wisdom far beyond her years he concluded, that ordinary rules should not be adhered to for one whom God had manifestly enriched in such an extraordinary manner, and that she should be allowed to receive Communion though she was only five years old.

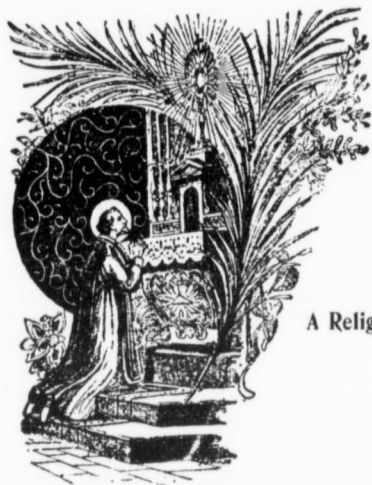
Radiant and happy, more angelic than human, Frances knelt, at the altar rail, on that feast of All Saints and received into her heart Jesus the object of her desires: Jesus the fond Lover of children. Ah! would we could all give Him a welcome as royal, loving and enthusiastic!

This privilege granted little Frances should remind parents that their little ones are never too young to speak to them about Jesus in the Eucharist, to try and turn their thoughts towards Him and awaken their longing to receive Him in Communion. And this they can do simply and naturally: My child, the Bread that we receive at the altar, the pure white Host you saw us receive this mornning from the Priest, is a living Bread; it is our Lord Jesus Christ who created you, who loves you and who longs to give Himself to you. Some day you also will receive this blessed Host. Oh! long for that day, pray for it, desire it and since Communion is the Bread of Angels try and live like an angel in preparation for its reception. Christian Parents, mothers especially, I implore you, while waiting till Jesus comes to nourish those precious souls entrusted to your keeping, watch over them carefully, guard them from evil in any shape or form, lead them gently but firmly and surely to the Eucharistic Lover yearning so intensely for them and bear in mind Fenelon's wise advice: "In such a tiny reservoir nothing but the most exquisite should be placed."

P. V. DELAPORTE.

(Concluded)





*Venerable
Pierre Julien
Eymard*

A Religious in the Society of Mary



THE beauty and spirit of confidence expressed in the notes which Père Eymard took before God alone are unequalled. As they were a sweet souvenir for the writer himself, so are they a precious instruction for us. Of the Retreat made on entering the novitiate, August 28, 1839, we read the following: "I have given myself entirely to God, even to the hour of my death, and I feel that I shall die happily if, during life, I entertain a great love for the Most Blessed Sacrament and for the Blessed Virgin, my Mother." Some months later he writes: "I have two subjects on which I love to dwell during prayer, Jesus in heaven and Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament, and the contemplation of God. My soul expands of itself before these two ideas." It was at this time that he acquired the principles of that virtue of abnegation which characterized his life. "The state in which God places me is a state of perfect submission. I have but to remain in it," he writes. And again: "The Lord ordains for me to live and to allow myself to be conducted like a child. In this way, making the sacrifice

of my intelligence, I shall end by perfect submission to the divine will."

After his novitiate Père Eymard was appointed Director of the *Petit Séminaire* of Belley.

Most of his notes begin with these words: "The Lord has shown me." "The Lord has made me understand." "The God of the holy tabernacle was his Teacher *par excellence*." "I have never had any other," said he. "Doubtless, I should have been too much attached to those that would have benefited me. Besides, no one ever told me what I was trying to understand." Still more, speaking of the influence that the sacred tabernacle exercised over his childhood years, he says: "Without the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, I should have been lost."

With what tender affection he spoke of the God of the Altar, of the Prisoner of His own goodness and love! Later, it pleased the Lord to send rude trials to His faithful servant.

"At Fourvières the Lord made me an earnest and loving reproach. 'What do you fear?' He asked. 'Cast yourself into My arms.'" "Tears of sorrow and confidence have placed me through Mary in the arms of the good Jesus." "The Lord pursued me for a long time. He put me, as it were, into prison, in order to force me to contemplate Him and speak to Him. He has deprived me of everything that I may go and prostrate myself at His feet; but invariably I again attached myself to nothingness in order to shun the abyss of love in which Jesus rests awaiting me. But it is over. At last, O my God, I come to cast myself at Thy feet." "My first thought, my love, absolutely everything shall be for Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament."

This affection led Père Eymard to work courageously at his own sanctification. "If God does not desire me to be a saint, He would not have created me a reasonable being." And he did sanctify himself by humiliation. "What I admire more than all is the state of humiliation and obedience which Jesus assumes in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Behold the grace of predilection for me!"

At the same time he watched with jealous care over the purity of his conscience, for "the least fault would displease the Friend of his heart." "The Lord has given me to understand the value of confessing one's faults at once after their commission. By so doing we are always in the state of grace." It was in this way that Divine Providence conducted Père Eymard during the first five years of his monastic life.

In 1845 he was named Provincial, which office brought with it new and most important duties. To discharge them he took the resolution "to detach himself from everything in order to attach himself to God alone, and to labor courageously at banishing every thought of egoism, because," as he said, "God operates in us no great thing, unless He finds in us perfect abnegation."

In this same year, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, which fell in the month of May, Our Lord granted him a very precious grace, which he imparts to us with sentiments of lively gratitude, all very significantly foreshadowing the beginning of his Eucharistic vocation. These are his words: "I tasted intense happiness to-day while carrying the Blessed Sacrament in the parish of St. Paul, and my soul is inundated with joy. It was filled with faith and love for Jesus in the Sacred Host. Those two hours seemed to me but a moment. I ardently commended to Jesus Christ the Holy Church, France, the Society of Mary, and myself. What sighs! What tears! Oh, at that moment how I wished to possess in my heart all hearts throughout the whole world, that I might give them to Jesus! Since the beginning of this month my attraction for the Blessed Sacrament has been more powerful than ever. It inspires me to preach Jesus alone and to bring the whole world to love Him." . . . "It is done! Henceforth that shall be the end of all my prayers, of all my desires! As patron in this new apostolate, I take St. Paul, that great soul of the Lord, and my good Mother Mary will give me the spirit of her Divine Son, will personify Him in me!"

"O my God, how happy should I be to hear from Thy lips those words which Thou didst once address to Saint Thomas of Aquin: 'Thou hast spoken well of Me, Pierre!'

O God, Thou knowest my prayer during Thy triumph!.. I repeat it so often! . . . Oh, how much good it has done me!"

Here we see Père Eymard in his burning love for the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Jesus in the Sacred Host—that is what binds him fast. Our Lord constituted Himself his Master without his having sought it, and he allowed himself to be encompassed by His love.

To feel oneself attracted toward something is the first condition of a vocation, for Our Lord has said: "*No man can come to Me, except the Father, who hath sent Me, draw him.*"

It was Mary who inspired her loving child with such piety. She formed him for Jesus. During the ten years that preceded the institution of the Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Jesus continued to bind him to Himself in the Blessed Sacrament by bonds that were more closely riveted day by day. He felt at the same time a great attraction for the hidden life, and for the entire resignation of his own will into the hands of God. Our Lord was preparing him for the greatest sacrifices.

"The Lord excites in me a longing desire for the hidden life," he wrote in September, 1845, "as if to make me shun in the various duties that I fulfil to forming of acquaintances and too close relations with people of the world. . . . My happiness would be to be able to say Holy Mass in some abandoned chapel to which no one came."

Again he writes: "As Jesus has shown me in the Blessed Sacrament a love of preference, I am ready to do everything to respond to it; but the great virtue that He demands of Me is the renunciation of my own will."

On Good Friday, 1847, he humbled himself for his negligences: "O my God, it is consummated! I am dead, and my life is hidden in God with Jesus Christ on the Cross and in the Most Blessed Sacrament!"

The grace of the apostolate of the Most Blessed Sacrament began to develop. "The Lord has given me to know that, in order to apply to anything intelligibly and holily, I must first go and prostrate at His feet, and

there my work will be blessed. I have, then, firmly resolved never to draw up any plan without having first thought it over before our Lord and submitted it to Him for approval."

And now, Our Lord strips him of everything. "What does the good God want of me? . . . The renunciation of my own will, interior poverty, by which I may give myself up entirely, my understanding, my judgment, and my heart."

In 1850 he offered some New-Year gifts to Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament: "To be entirely united to Jesus shall from this moment be my most frequent word during the whole of the coming year." In the following year we have: "Perfect resignation. This is the desire of my heart. I am amazed at the love with which Jesus has always conducted me to where I was always best off, and with which He has always given me all that was proper for me and best for my condition."

Our Lord gave manifest form to Père Eymard's longing for despoilment. He had instituted the Third Order of Mary, of which he was the Spiritual Director. It was his work of predilection. "God alone knows," he once said, "what this institution cost me." In 1851 his Superior sent him to direct a flourishing educational establishment at Seyne-sur Mer (Var), and it was in this way that he received the appointment: "My change was announced to me at two o'clock. The good God had prepared me for it. In my prayer I had offered myself to the Blessed Sacrament, and Jesus gave me to know that I had done well. My heart is filled with the desire to serve God in the way of perfect resignation. With my whole soul I shall now devote myself to my new duties."

At this time Père Eymard thought that his end was near. His life appeared to hang on a thread, and the slightest occurrence was for his weak health an occasion of illness.

(To be continued.)



HOUR OF ADORATION.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me."

REV. PERE CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

Et circa horam nonam clamavit Jesus voce magna, dicens : *Deus Meus, Deus Meus, ut quid dereliquisti Me ?*

And about the ninth hour Jesus cried, with a loud voice, saying : "My God My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ?"

(Matt. XXVII, 4-6.)



Adoration.



MY GOD, *My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ?* —Thirty- three years ago, at midnight on the twenty-fifth of December, a resplendent light illuminating the heavens on high, proclaimed to the world the birth of Jesus. To-day, at noon, the sun is darkened, and thick clouds spread over the earth, to publish the death of the God-Redeemer. The darkness, which since midday has been covering the earth, now becomes thicker, blacker. Nothing of the kind had ever before been witnessed. It is the sun veiling his face in order not to be a witness of such a crime. Consternation becomes general. Is it not proper that nature should cover with a veil of mourning the agony of the Son of God—should in a manner, weep for her Creator and her God ?

The anguish that fills the soul of Jesus is still more frightful than the exterior darkness. As the clouds become thicker and heavier, obscuring the light of the sun, so do the mysterious clouds of sorrow, gathering in from all sides, conceal from the anxious glance of the Sacred Victim the countenance and the smile of God.

Toward three o'clock, Jesus uttered a great cry. Abandoned by His Father as He had been by man, the Saviour turned to Him with the cry : *My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken Me ?* This is the first verse of the Twenty-first Psalm, in which David, with the certitude of an evangelist, chants at one and the same time the sufferings and the glories of the Messiah. He has not been deceived—this is, indeed, the promised Messiah, and in Him are being realized all the prophecies of His Passion and Death. Did Jesus in the depth of His soul continue to recite them to the end ? It is probable. But what is certain is, that Jesus wished that we should hear the first words in order to reveal to us the most poignant sorrow of His Heart, the abandonment of His Father.

Last evening, when going from the Cenacle to the Garden of Olives, Jesus had said to His disciples : "*Behold, the hour cometh, and it is now come that you shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave Me alone, and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me,*"

Is His Father not with Him at this moment? How has that happened? For if Jesus complains that God has abandoned Him, it is because God has really done so. How reconcile that abandonment with the hypostatic union?

In several ways, Jesus is united with His Heavenly Father. There is, first of all, the union of nature, of the Person of the Father with the Person of the Son. Jesus and His Father are one. In this sense, the Father can no more abandon His Son than the Son can abandon His Father. This union is perfectly indissoluble and perpetual. It is of it that Jesus said : "*I and the Father are one.*" It was not of this abandonment, then, that the Saviour complained. For the rest, His words : "*My God, My God,*" clearly indicate that it is not as God that He now addresses Himself to the Heavenly Father, since He can be the God of Jesus only by reason of the Incarnation.

Jesus is again united to His Father, by a union of grace, affection, and will. It was this that made Him say that He always did what was pleasing to His Father, and the Divine Father said of Him : "*This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.*" In this new sense, the union is equally inseparable. That the death of Jesus should be available for our salvation, the Saviour must Himself be in favor with God.

Another bond united the Christ to God, and that was the bond of glory. His soul saw God from the first moment of its creation. This supreme beatitude of the vision of God could never be taken from the Saviour, since, of its very nature, it is inamissible, it can not be lost.

Again, between the Father and the Incarnate Son, there was a union, in some sort of *protection*, by which the Father defended Jesus against all His enemies. The Heavenly Father at this hour permits, through love for us—and this was the hour of Christ's enemies—that Jesus should be delivered without mercy to the hands of Divine Justice, and that He should be overwhelmed with sorrow at the thought of no longer being protected by God, of being abandoned by God. It was this that reduced the Divine Crucified to extreme desolation.

"This is," says Bossuet, "the principal part of the Saviour's Passion and, so to speak, the soul of the mystery." An oracle had said : "He is accursed of God that hangeth on a tree." God saw on the Cross only the Son of Man, and in the Son of Man only the public sinner : "Him who knew no sin, He hath made sin for us." And so, God had for Him only a countenance of wrath. All the floods of His anger He poured upon this throne of sin. God abandoned Him, repulsed Him, cursed Him !

This malediction burst upon Him like a thunderbolt. It seized upon all His members, "penetrated His bones like oil, and His entrails like inflowing water." And if the superior part of His

soul was still illumined by the radiant brightness of the Beatific Vision, the inferior part remained plunged in frightful darkness. No more joy, no more consolations as in the past, no more hope in any one. "*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ?*"

Oh, what desolation ! Do we understand ? . . . He no longer called God His Father. He dared not, beholding Himself covered with our pollution . . . "*My God, My God !*" He exclaimed twice. One might say that He feared God had altogether failed Him . . .

No one, neither the pious women around Him, nor John, nor even Mary—no one but God Himself could ever say how inex-pressibly grievous was the Saviour's agony on the Cross. Nevertheless, before "this Divine Criminal," abandoned by men and by the Heavenly Father, we must bend the knee, for He is God !

Thanksgiving.

"*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ?*"

Jesus is abandoned by God. It is an undeniable fact, for it is He Himself who declares it. How ? . . . That is a mystery. Nevertheless, that abandonment, so hard for His tender, filial Heart, the Saviour accepted, willed. He willed it, because His love desired that His Redemption should be superabundant. In effect, all those sufferings, all those torments, all those humiliations endured in His Passion, that torture of paternal abandonment especially, were not necessary even to the essence of Redemption. The least one of the Saviour's actions offered to God with that intention would have been sufficient to redeem us.

Why, then, did He wish to endure this new torment ? The answer is ever the same. It was because He loved us and desired to obtain for each of us the grace of never being abandoned by God, neither in this world nor in the next.

He saw through the ages an infinite number of souls ready to succumb to temptation, millions of men on the threshold of death, terrified by fear of God's judgments and upon the point of despair at the thought of eternal reprobation. To spare them such unhappiness, Jesus lovingly accepted the abandonment of His Father, and thereby merited for them the grace of never being abandoned by Him. We may remark that the truly Christian death is often very sweet. Doubtless, the dying experience a certain apprehension at its approach, because death, even the most peaceful, never loses its essential character of punishment of sin. Yet they view it without sadness, ever longing for the moment when they shall enter into the possession of the happiness of heaven. No, never could a man confront death with so much serenity, if the Man-God had not undergone it with the desire of rendering it sweeter for us !

The Saviour saw, even in the end of the world, innumerable unhappy souls upon the point of dying in final impenitence, and of being condemned to abandonment by God for all eternity in the prisons of Divine Justice. He Himself would be forced—He, the Redeemer—to pronounce those terrible words : "*Depart ye, cursed !*" The damned one is, in reality, he who is eternally sep-

arated from God on account of His sins. Jesus, to save His children from that irreparable woe, underwent the trials of the death of the damned. His abandonment by God was, in some sort, the pain of the damned. By undergoing it, He obtained for us the grace that will secure us against eternal abandonment by God.

What goodness in the Heart of the Saviour ! Not satisfied with saving us from hell, He willed to descend into it Himself, He willed to take our place and endured all that we should have suffered—all excepting the despair.

What love on the part of Our God ! During the abandonment of His Son, God wrought in Him the reconciliation of the world. In striking Him, He was sparing us. He rejected Him and He sheltered us in His arms. He looked on Him in anger, and He cast on us eyes full of tenderness. A *Father* for us—a *God* for Him ! I thank Thee, O Divine Father, for having made the sacrifice of Thy beloved Son for the spiritual good, the salvation of our soul !

I thank Thee, O Divine Abandoned-One and Well-Beloved Saviour, I thank Thee for having so courageously deprived Thyself for us of all the consolation Thou wouldst have received in Thy Holy Humanity from Thy Heavenly Father !

I thank Thee, O Divine Abandoned-One, for all who have felt the salutary influence of Thy dereliction on the Cross ! I thank Thee for all souls who, at this moment, in heaven and in purgatory, thanks to Thee, possess the ineffable joy of knowing that they shall never be abandoned by God nor by Thee !

I thank Thee, O Divine Abandoned-One, I thank Thee for Mary, whose sweet and tranquil death was the fruit of Thy abandonment on the Cross !

I thank Thee, O Divine Abandoned-One, for having instituted the Eucharist, that invention full of love, which will never permit Thee to abandon the poor exiles of earth ! It is especially at this moment of Thy Passion in which, abandoned by Thy Divine Father and abyssed in sorrow, Thou didst merit for earth the signal privilege of possessing the "*Emmanuel*," the "*God with us*."

I thank Thee, O Divine Abandoned-One, for remaining on earth to be our traveling Companion, and to assist us even till death without ever abandoning us !

I thank Thee, O Divine Abandoned-One, for all the graces of encouragement, of confidence, of consolation, Thou dost grant us in Communion ! Yes, I recognize them, and I thank Thee for them in my own name and that of all mankind. It is from the Cross that they have fallen upon the world of souls, to envelop them with protection and divine confidence.

I thank Thee, O Divine Abandoned-One, for having willed for our instruction, to pronounce that divine word which opens to us Thy Heart, revealing to us a new world of mysteries, the mysteries of love !

(To be continued.)





Eucharistic Thoughts



“**L**ORD, it is good for us to be here.” So spoke the Prince of the Apostles when he saw the Saviour transfigured ; and friends of the *Holy Eucharist* may well make his loving aspiration their own, for if there is any place in the whole wide world where St. Peter’s words may be repeated with fitness and with truth, it is before the Blessed Sacrament. “Lord, it is good for us to be here,” not indeed to remain forever in sweet contemplation, for not yet may we rest from labor. We know that we have work to do, not on the high mountain apart, but in the busy cities amid the crowding throngs of men. The precious moments of ardent prayer, when we kneel before the Tabernacle, are a reward and a strengthening of our faith, and a steeling of the heart against the trials that are to come ; but they are only moments, moments taken from an active life, moments meant to fill our souls with gladness and with courage.

It is good for us to come into the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, to turn aside from the glare of the world’s self-seeking into the dim devotional twilight of the lonely chapel, from the hurry and bustle of workaday life into the quiet of the peaceful church. Fixing our eyes on the strong and steady shining of the tiny lamp that never ceases from its loving vigil, we shall learn the certain way to Christ, and come to know how false and misleading are the broken lights that are always leading our feet astray and deepening the shadows that are on our path.

It is good for us at all times to visit the Blessed Sacrament, but it is especially good, as the sun sinks in the west, to come with the fruits of the day and offer them to our Lord. Sometimes we shall have joy and success, sometimes failure and chagrin, to lay upon the altar, but whatever our gift, it will be precious for the love which has prompted the giving. Each one of us has

to bear his burden, now through sunshine, now through shadows, occasionally in gladness, oftener in sorrow ; but bear it we must, and bear it we should, for Christ. He will sweeten our joys beyond the telling, if we bring them to Him for His blessing ; He will lighten the dull weight of care that bears down on the heart, if we bring Him our burden of sorrow. Come, therefore, when the day, with its conflicts, is over into the temple of Christ, and hearken to the words He shall speak to your heart ; for the silence of the holy place is throbbing with eloquence ; it is vividly alive with the presence of God. He has balm for the souls in pain, pardon for the souls in sin, comfort for the souls in sorrow, and infinite tenderness for those who are living only for Him, and He has untold love for all ; and He will accept your gift, be its nature what it will, as a token of your love and adoration, and He will love you most fondly in return.



The End of the Blessed Sacrament

"I am the Light of the world."

"I am the Life of the world."



THINGS divine are frequently the most simple. The Nativity of Jesus was in the plan of Divine Providence the great event in the history of creation. It was foretold immediately after the Fall of our first parents and the loss of Paradise. The Prophets at various times were sent to remind the people of it. The Jewish nation prayed centuries for its consummation. John was born miraculously sanctified to prepare the way for it. What a long and elaborate preparation ! How simple the event ! Jesus is born in a stable in the sacred stillness of the night. The nation is asleep. Not even the Precursor is present.

Similar to the Nativity in its simplicity is the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, the perpetual renewal

of the Nativity. The event was of the greatest importance in the divine economy of man's salvation. Accordingly, it was foreshadowed by the manna in the desert, by the bread the angels brought to the starving and discouraged Elias, by the miraculous multiplication of bread to feed the five thousand followers of Jesus in the desert. Christ foretold it plainly and emphatically to the enthusiastic Galileans and His disciples, although He knew that they would murmur at it and abandon Him on account of it. For the realization of that old, oft repeated promise, Christ chooses a most solemn occasion in the great city of Jerusalem. It was the grand joyful feast of the Pasch. The Jews came from near and far. The Easter lambs were bought by the thousands and brought to the Temple to be sacrificed by the priests. Friends and relatives met, assembled, sang their Psalms, and celebrated the festival according to their ritual. While this was going on Jesus, in His own quiet way, ignoring the multitudes, without any public proclamation or demonstration, in the presence of the Twelve, abolished the festival, the Easter lamb, the whole of the Old Testament, by taking bread and saying: "*Take ye and eat: This is My Body,*" and taking the chalice and saying: "*This is my Blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins.. Do this for a commemoration of Me.*" These few creative, living words establish the whole new Church. The Blood for the sins of men is there. The Bread of eternal life is there. The eternal priesthood is there. The Eternal Victim is there. What sublimity in this simplicity!

The Apostles listen in silence, offer no objections, and ask no questions. They believe in Christ, the Son of the living God, who has "the words of eternal life." They accept with gratitude, they receive the consecrated Bread and Chalice with reverence and devotion. A new union, a complete union with Christ is established. They live, and Christ lives in them. Their silence and faith is a lesson for us, a lesson for all who believe. They who believe in the Nativity of Jesus Christ must also believe in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ. Both mysteries rest on the same solid, divine foundation.

The few words the Master used to establish the priesthood express clearly one of the chief ends He had in view in bringing the great sacrifice, of remaining with us in that humble, hidden, obscure manner, entrusting Himself to the rude hands of His sinful subjects, and obeying their words of consecration,—“*Do this for a commemoration of Me.*” He gives them all, and asks in turn to be remembered.

The Holy Eucharist is essentially a memorial. “He has made a memorial of His wonderful works, the merciful and loving Lord. He hath given food to them that fear Him.” St. Paul thus understood the Blessed Sacrament. Quoting these holiest words of the Last Supper, he adds: “*For as often as you shall eat this Bread and drink this Chalice, you shall shew the death of the Lord until He come.*” St. Thomas of Aquin, the angelic expositor of the Blessed Sacrament, and the angelic composer of that most beautiful Office, gives us the very same interpretation. In the first lesson of the second nocturn, we find the expression of his deep thoughts well worthy of our special attention: “God in His goodness,” he teaches us, “bestowed upon His Christian people boundless gifts which confer upon us an inestimable dignity. The great nations of old made themselves gods according to their own heart, but no nation could even imagine a deity so closely united with itself as our true great God is united with us. For the only-begotten Son of God assumed our human nature to make us partecipate in His divine nature. He became the Son of Man to make us sons of men and sons of God.”

“The second indescribable gift,” says St. Thomas, “which elevated us to a new dignity was the Crucifixion. The Son of God having taken our nature, and having made it divine and precious in the sight of heaven, gave it back to us. He gave us His Body for our reconciliation, and His Blood to wash away our sins. To make all future generations remember and understand these gifts, which make us children of God, Jesus left as a memorial His Body and Blood, under the appearance of bread and wine, to be received by the Faithful. “*Deus, qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili passionis tue memoriam*

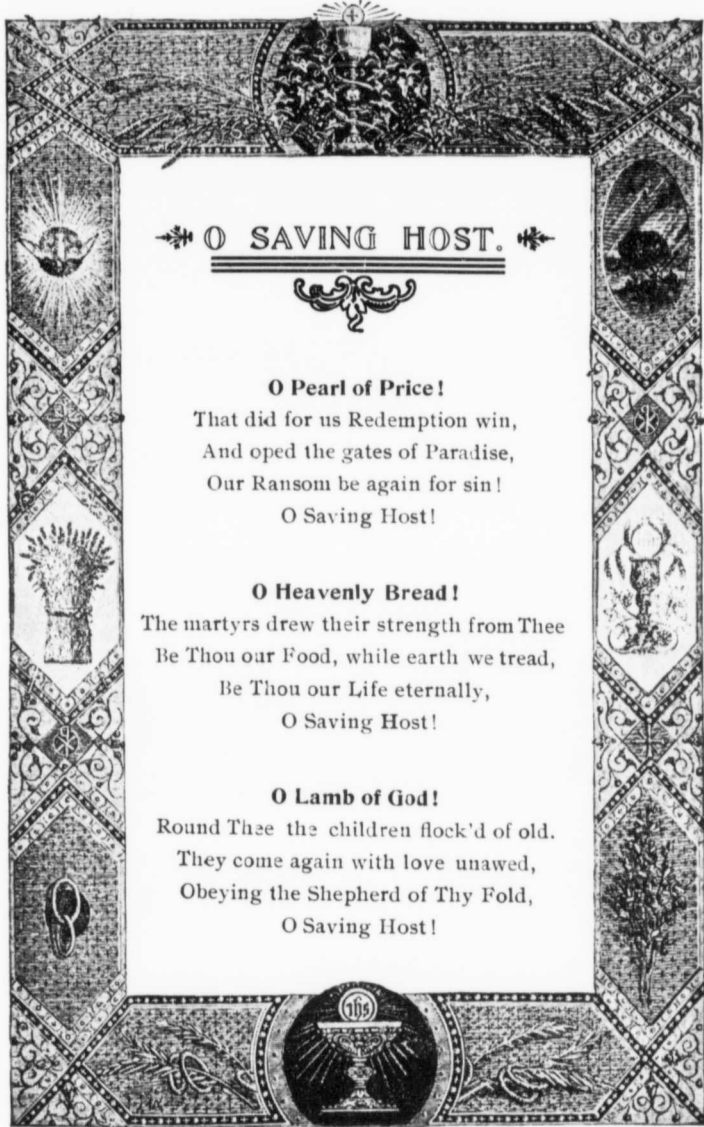
reliquisti," we sing as often as we give Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.

It took the wisdom of God to devise a memorial so simple and effective ; it took the omnipotence of God to erect a memorial so great and lasting as the Blessed Sacrament. The memorials erected to the memory of human heroes, the pyramids in Egypt, the palaces of kings, the statues and monuments in parks and public places, are local, obscure, cold, and dead. The memorial of Jesus is universal, understood by all, life-giving, and loved. It is like the sun in the distant sky, sending his rays millions of miles in all directions, unfolding the beauties of nature to the human eye. The sun is Jesus in the tabernacle, and the rays of that sun are the members of the priesthood.

The Apostles, and the priests ordained by them, renewed the mysteries every morning. After Consecration, the sacred Host whispers, as it were : "*Do this in commemoration of Me.*" They remembered Him during the day, and being filled with that knowledge of Christ, they showed Him to others by example and doctrine.

The heart of man is naturally religious, being by its origin the image of Christ. Hearing Christ and His religion, it finds in it something pleasing, something familiar. The gift of faith helps to grasp it more fully. The neophytes believed firmly. They received Jesus not only by faith, but in reality. This confirmed their faith. They are enlightened and become a light. Through them the light spreads. The home was reformed. It was made a Christian home. Young men and maidens are led by it away from home, as the Wise Men were led by the miraculous star. It leads them to a poor convent. They are happy and praise God, because the light is there. For all, young and old, married and single, Jesus is the one great, only Ideal. All study Him, all meditate on Him, all try to imitate Him, all try to live as Jesus lived, to die as Jesus died, to triumph as Jesus triumphed. That light of Christ conquered the darkness of paganism, that light of Christ changed the face of the earth. It passed from generation to generation with undiminished brightness.

"To be continued"



❖ O SAVING HOST. ❖

O Pearl of Price!

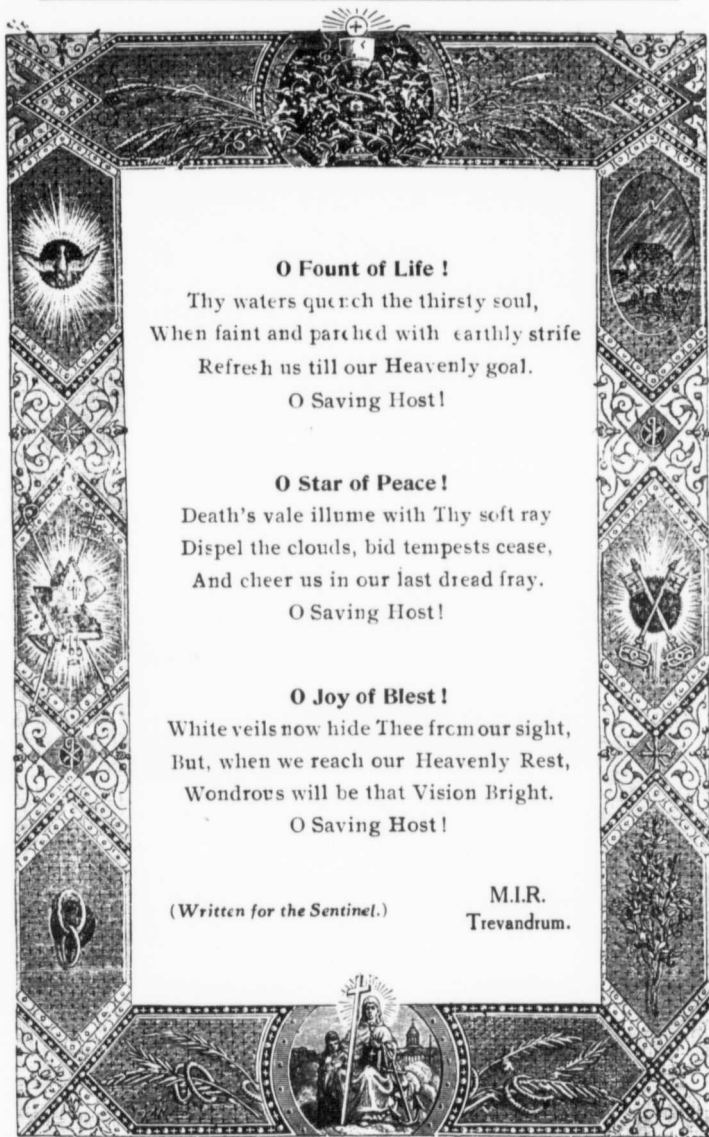
That did for us Redemption win,
And oped the gates of Paradise,
Our Ransom be again for sin!
O Saving Host!

O Heavenly Bread!

The martyrs drew their strength from Thee
Be Thou our Food, while earth we tread,
Be Thou our Life eternally,
O Saving Host!

O Lamb of God!

Round Thee the children flock'd of old.
They come again with love unawed,
Obeying the Shepherd of Thy Fold,
O Saving Host!



O Fount of Life !

Thy waters quench the thirsty soul,
When faint and parched with earthly strife
Refresh us till our Heavenly goal.
O Saving Host!

O Star of Peace !

Death's vale illumine with Thy soft ray
Dispel the clouds, bid tempests cease,
And cheer us in our last dread fray.
O Saving Host!

O Joy of Blest !

White veils now hide Thee from our sight,
But, when we reach our Heavenly Rest,
Wondrous will be that Vision Bright.
O Saving Host!

(Written for the Sentinel.)

M.I.R.
Trevandrum.

A Convert of the Holy Eucharist.

A TRUE STORY.



FOR a long time I called her Miss Charity. Not knowing her true name, this epithet, to my mind, suited her well. Later, when I grew to know her better, I still clung to the old name. And now, after this touching incident has occurred, she herself cherishes the title. So "Miss Charity" it shall be. Of "Miss Charity" I might tell you many stories: how she assisted the poor in all manner of ways; how she worked early and late in the various enterprises created to meet the current needs of the church; how she was identified with every good work in the parish. But these are incidents such as are found in all localities. I prefer to tell you of another in her history — a secret; and yet so beautiful and edifying a fact that I know even she herself would not object to my relating it.

Let me first mention one important point: "Miss Charity" was not a practical Catholic. Marvel as you may, it is nevertheless true. I remember when I first heard of her negligence. I was quite astonished, knowing that her sisters, who made their home with her, were particularly faithful in their devotions. They, it seemed, by unusual piety would make reparation for her indifference. For years, they confided to me, "Miss Charity" had not attended Mass, and of course had not gone to Confession. In the knowledge of these facts, her great goodness of heart seemed a marvel to me. I pondered it again and again, recalling the beautiful incident related in the life of our Divine Lord, when he rewarded the charity of the Samaritan woman with the inestimable gift of Faith. Would He do less for this poor soul who had strayed from His sheltering fold? We shall see.

Her sisters, solicitous for her conversion, had "Miss Charity" enrolled as a member of the Altar Society

established to supply the various articles required for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries and the other needs of the sanctuary. Every month, as the Spiritual Director offered the Holy Sacrifice for this privileged society, her spiritual needs, with those of the other members were especially remembered. And yet, month after month, year after year, passed on without the least change. Christmas, Lent, Easter, Forty Hours' Devotion, Missions — all the seasons of special grace came and went. None moved her to repentance. Was the Sacred Heart unmindful of her needs! Or had the measure of His mercies been exhausted? Her faithful sisters wearied not, persevered in spite of such discouragement.

On one occasion I was enthusiastically admiring some needle-work "Miss Charity" had just finished. This was something of which "Miss Charity" was quite proud. So particular was she that none but herself could launder her work to bring out all its perfections. It was the manner, in which she had accomplished this latter that I especially remarked, contrasting it with the inferior work upon the altar linens. I was sacristan. My comments interested her. It was a pity, she thought, to have the altar linens spoiled for the want of a good laundress.

I thought no more of the matter. A few weeks later she made a proposition. She wished to help with the linens. She would launder the few that required special care. I was delighted. However, I demurred. Had she the time to devote to it? With her characteristic generosity she waived my objection. It would be a pleasure for her. And so the next week she began her labor of love. To the "few special linens" she gradually added the others, until she prided herself upon the fact that every linen used in the service of the altar was the work of her willing hands. One evening when I called as usual for the linens, "Miss Charity" met me in a manner much altered. Her spirits were depressed. All her enthusiasm had vanished.

"For the last time," she remarked as she handed to me the weekly supply.

Naturally, I was surprised, — I was puzzled. The question trembled upon my lips. "Miss Charity" anticipated it with the answer.

"I *want* to do it ; but I simply cannot. No ! no !" she hastened to reassure me, reading my unexpressed opinion that her husband (a non-Catholic) had suddenly put a stop to her good work ; "no one has made any objections. It's just myself. Perhaps after awhile, when —I—am—"

She paused, awkwardly. Then, unable to resist my apparent disappointment, she resumed impulsively :

"Come ! I will tell you. I had determined it should be a secret always. But I cannot bear that you should misjudge my motive. It is just this : I am not worthy to do such holy work. I had not thought of it before. But to-day—to-day, when I was proudly regarding the linens I had just finished, I thought of my school days in the convent ; of the linen room, where the nuns made the altar linens, and where they were so carefully and skillfully laundered every week as a sacred duty. At first I used to beg leave to help, because I loved the work and I was always happy to be about the sanctuary. Then after a time I grew to be really useful. But I was good and pious in those days ; now it is so different. I cannot do it. It seems like a sacrilege for me to handle the holy linens when I never go to Mass."

I was much affected. I tried to reason with her, to encourage her, to suggest that she start in again and be a practical Catholic so that she would be worthy to continue the work she had so generously begun.

It was useless. The habit of missing Mass was too strong, she declared. So I left, thoroughly disheartened, even though she promised to contribute weekly the cost of the linens.

A few months passed. "Miss Charity" did not refer to the incident. I knew her too well, however, not to observe that she was unhappy.

We were preparing for a great feast — the Feast of *Corpus Christi*, and, being the parish of the "Most Blessed Sacrament," we were to celebrate this festal day in

an especial manner, preparing for it by a *Novena* and following it by the *Devotion of the Fourty Hours*. Our Spiritual Director of the Altar Society, solicitous for its full solemnity, had envited an eloquent missionary to address us, and everything was advanced to promote fervor and devotion.

As the great day approached I began to bethink me of the altar. It must be in festal array. The very finest linens and laces must be spread for the Eucharistic Throne. It must look its best. Ah! I regarded the linens with regret. If only "Miss Charity" had continued her work of mercy! If only she would do just these this *one* time! The wish made me bold. I determined to risk a request.

But "Miss Charity" was obstinate. I could not persuade her. I was leaving her more discouraged than I had ever been in all my life, when, just at the threshold she took the linens, promising to do them simply as a favor to me, because, as she said, she could not resist my appeal. I remember that I was so elated that I went at once to the chapel and offered before the tabernacle a fervent thanksgiving.

With those linens and laces "Miss Charity" surpassed herself. It seemed as if she realized the solemnity of their mission, and wished them to appear in all their fitness. And how proud she was over my enthusiastic admiration. I began to grow hopeful of her conversion. Perhaps she would come to Mass next morning (Sunday). But no such thought occurred to her. Her case evidently was hopeless.

The eve of the feast approached. We had had a busy happy day preparing the sanctuary for the morrow, when the Sacred Heart would leave His silent little prison-home and enthrone Himself in the golden splendor of the ostensorium. On my way home for tea I stopped to congratulate "Miss Charity" on her exquisite work. She was very happy; more than that—she was quite interested.

"Would you not like to see the altar?" I ventured. "It would be especially beautiful with the flowers and the lights."

She demurred. Yet I could see the yearning in her eyes.

"Shall I call for you on my return? You might be in and out of the chapel, you know, before the people begin to gather for devotions."

She was loathe to promise, though she finally did so, and was awaiting me when I reached her home.

The chapel was quite deserted when we entered, enabling us to go directly to the altar. As "Miss Charity" proudly regarded her work, I studied her countenance. There was nothing to encourage me; nothing but human pride, self-satisfaction. I was beginning to fear her heart must be proof against inspiration. Finally, having satisfied her desires, she genuflected and crossing herself prepared to leave.

Meanwhile, many persons had come. The chapel was half filled. "Miss Charity" seemed embarrassed as she met their glances. Still she made no attempt to slip into a pew, going rather directly to the door.

Was it chance! I could never be persuaded to regard it other than divine planning that our zealous Director should that same moment enter with the missionary, and seeing "Miss Charity" pause to greet her. For her there was nothing to do but stand as he presented the missionary, remarking the while upon "Miss Charity's generous labors for the sanctuary.

There was a happy light in the eyes of the old missionary when he heard these praises.

"How dear must you be to the Sacred Heart, my child," he said, "when He selects you for so holy a duty! And how you must love the Blessed Sacrament to respond so generously to His gracious invitation! Ah! do not make little of your sacrifices" (as "Miss Charity" was about to protest). "Generous, loving souls are always humble. Rather, my child, be grateful to the good God Who has blessed you with the greatest of all devotions—love for His Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar. Many a soul prays long and fervently to be favored as you have been. Do you, my child, pray for others, that the Heart of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament may be better known and loved by all. And

may God bless you and keep you ever faithful in your labor of love!"

The ways of God are wonderful — truly wonderful. How often has He drawn a soul at a moment when all seemed lost! And so with "Miss Charity." Year after year had been squandered, grace after grace resisted, warning after warning unheeded, counsel after counsel despised. Now a few simple words of a priest—a stranger ignorant of the state of her soul; a few simple words of commendation, of encouragement, of blessing, and lo! what *years* were unable to accomplish is realized in a *moment* of divine love. The heart that could find within its depths love for all save for the God of love is suddenly flooded, stormed, conquered with the infinite love of the Heart of Christ!

The priests passed on, one, at least, unconscious of the effect of his inspired words. "Miss Charity" turned her steps, re-entered the chapel, scarcely conscious of her actions. The sermon began. It was an appeal for the Sacred Heart: "To-day, if you shall hear My voice, harden not your hearts." The eloquent missionary pleaded for some little return of love to the Sacred Heart, a Prisoner of Love in our tabernacles. "Miss Charity" was won completely. Before leaving that night she knelt before the missionary and humbly confessed her faults and negligence of seventeen years. Then, once more before the tabernacle, she poured forth her generous heart in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, Who had so blessed her, begging Him to prepare her heart that, like the linens spread in all their beauty and spotlessness, she might welcome Him on the morrow into a soul of purity and love.

And next morning, when after long, long years she knelt once more among the happy privileged communicants and received into her heart the Bread of Life, surely she may be pardoned if, glancing toward the altar, she looked lovingly upon the beautiful work of her hands, praying for the first time the prayer the missionary bade her offer: "May the Heart of Christ in the Most Blessed Sacrament be praised, adored and loved with grateful affection at every moment in all the tabernacles of the world even to the end of time!"

Never indeed had the beautiful prayer been uttered with more fervor than by this ardent convert of the Holy Eucharist.

ANNA M. GILLIN.

ST. ANNE,
Mother of the Blessed Virgin.

(*Frontispiece.*)



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



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

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