

*Mass for Religious Communities at the Cathedral.*



**A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.**

*If the Blessed Sacrament were better known, earth would be bright and Heaven nearer.*  
E. FABER.

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**No. 3**

## THE ANNUNCIATION

In silent pray'r, she knelt alone,  
A Jewish maiden, pure and fair ;  
But soon she hears, despite her fears,  
The words of Gabriel, standing there :  
Ave Maria !

Ave Maria ! Then with thee,  
The Lord of all didst deign to be ;  
Like thee was none,—God's chosen one—  
From stain of earthiness most free :  
Ave Maria !

The Angel's words we bless to-day,  
For Mary is our hope and stay ;  
In her we rest when doubts molest,  
And shadows cloud our exile-way :  
Ave Maria !

Ave Maria, " Full of Grace " ;  
The light of all our erring race,—  
Our prayer to thee must ever be,  
In joy and grief, in ev'ry place :  
Ave Maria !

AMADEUS, O. S. F.

## The Eucharist and the Rosary. The Fifth Glorious Mystery.

### THE CORONATION of the BLESSED VIRGIN.

#### Pledge of Future Glory.



HERE are many sweet pictures of the Heavenly Home-life that come to us in our quiet pauses at Jesus' feet, but none can be quite so encouraging to us as the one in which we see our humble Mother, with hands folded on her breast, and the lovelight in her eyes, as she bends before her Son to receive her crown. Deep down in her heart, she again sings her Magnificat, and then looks in the face that made life so beautiful for her in the days at Nazareth. She has never once disappointed Him, and we rejoice to see her crowned.

What is Mary's most beautiful reward in heaven? Is it the royal powers with which she is invested, the universal acclamation of the elect, the crown of glory which she wears? No, her most beautiful reward is God, Himself. Her body, so fair and pure, receives from the humanity of Christ, of whom she was the tabernacle, a majestic splendor that elevates her above all the angels and saints.

O Virgin most holy, we do not pretend to equal thee in glory, but nevertheless faith commands us to rely on the Word of God when He promised that He, Himself, would become our recompense. One day, we shall see Him, Face to Face, we shall possess Him with eternal and ineffable joy.

I who am so miserable, can I ever expect such happiness and such glory? It is as if God thought that astonishment would make me doubt His word, for He adds to His promises, gifts in relation to the infinite object toward which we tend. Saint Thomas chants of this great act of bounty in a hymn found in his Office of the

Blessed Sacrament, "O Sacred Banquet in which we partake of Heavenly Bread. The soul is filled with grace, our Saviour's passion is commemorated, and God gives us the pledge of future glory."

The Blessed Eucharist is the pledge of eternal glory, and the eternal glory which crowns our terrestrial life is Holy Communion. It is a sacred nourishment; it strengthens the supernatural life that we receive in Baptism, that is perfected in Confirmation, and restored by Penance.

It is the principal office of the sacerdotal ministry; it crowns it as the act consummates the power. Holy Communion is the ineffable union of the soul with God, it is to marriage what the reality is to the symbol. The Blessed Eucharist does not only contain similitudes with eternal glory, it has moreover identity of object. It is ever God who gives Himself, Who resides in us, Who penetrates us, and who vivifies us. The only difference is in the manner we receive this august Sacrament. In Heaven, we receive Him without a veil, here below, under the sacramental species that hide His humanity and His divinity. But it is always the same God. The Divine Essence resides in the Incarnate Word really and substantially in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. And since the Word cannot be separated from the Father nor from the Holy Spirit, therefore the Father and the Holy Spirit are with Him. The sacred movements of Divine Life take place in the souls of communicants here on earth as they do in the souls of the blessed in Heaven.

The glorified body of Jesus Christ, that radiant sun which will dazzle our eyes during all eternity, after its all powerful heat will vivified the dispersed elements of our body, yes that same sacred body of Jesus Christ we possess in Holy Communion. As yet, it does not preserve us from corruption as it will in Heaven, but it is a pledge of our future resurrection. Shall those only who receive the Blessed Eucharist enjoy an eternal glory? No, all those in whom God sees an aptitude for this sacramental union, but to the latter He will only say, "Let them live", while to the former, Let them have life in superabundance."

O Holy Banquet, I have not sufficiently thought of thy sublime grandeur. Henceforward, I shall not approach Thee without singing with the Prophet, "O Lord how lovely are Thy Tabernacles. My soul longs for thee" I am going to Thee my God to regain my rights to Heaven, to increase my happiness for Heaven, and to receive the mark of a glorious resurrection. To me, shall belong that superabundant life which Thou hast ever promised to these who receive Thee worthily.

The longest life in the service of God is well repaid at last by Jesus' welcome words, "Well done" But what must I do to deserve this welcome? I must keep my soul in readiness for the Communion rail, I must be faithful to the duties that make up life's responsibilities, and that in spite of opposition, monotony, and heaviness of spirit. I must work on conscientiously because I am working in union with the dear God who closes Himself within the narrow bounds of the Tabernacle through pure love of me; I must struggle on against temptation and sin. I must rise above all disappointments and discouragements. I must keep my face set steadily toward the Home where Jesus is waiting just as silently as in the Tabernacle until the day when in His Infinite Mercy, and because of His dear Mother's intercession for my poor soul, I may hope to hear the thrilling words, "Well done."



The innocent heart of a little child,  
 Forms a living lily-chalice  
 Far fairer to the Saviour mild,  
 Than a gold and crystal-palace.

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Suffer  
Little Children

To Come Unto Me.



**T**HE Master's command vibrating throughout the old Pagan world, where children, whose purity was a never ending reproach to its licentiousness received but scant consideration; the Master's command echoing adown the christian centuries teaching respect for those little ones whose angels always see "the Face of My Father who is in heaven;" the Master's command resounding anew today through the voice of His Representative: Suffer little children to come unto Me; do not prevent them sitting at the Holy Table; right it is that the Bread of Angels should be eaten by those little mortal angels."

And now that His vicar has promulgated the decree, Jesus the Master, rejoices in His Tabernacle, for in future "from the mouth of children He will receive perfect praise."

How Jesus' heart went out to these little ones during his mortal life! How He loved to gather them round Him! With what infinite tenderness He blessed and caressed them! On one occasion when His disciples

questioned Him concerning His kingdom, He called a little child to Him, and placing it in their midst said : Unless you become like unto him you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Whoever shall be as humble as this little one shall be the first in My Kingdom ; whoever shall harbour a little one like this in my name, shall harbour Me ; but woe to whoever shall scandalize one of these little ones who believe in Me, it were better for him a mill-stone were hung round his neck and he cast into the sea."

Though Jesus no longer walks visibly among men, but quietly abides in the solitude of His Tabernacle, that great love of His for those little ones knows no diminution. On the contrary, He seems to long even more eagerly for their nearness, and yearn, oh ! so intently, to come and live in their hearts before the bloom of their innocence be tarnished. The air we breathe is so full of viciousness, the purity and innocence of children so frail and delicate, that, unless we bring them early to the Master who calls them and whom naturally they trust and love, the consequences may be sad indeed.

The Scripture says : It is good for man to bear the yoke from his childhood." We venture to say it is better still for children to learn to love the Eucharist and see how good God is ; and that it is through these communions made in childhood that they will acquire this knowledge and see : " How sweet is His yoke and how light His burden."

In our times so infected with modernism and its baneful consequences, we owe much to that mighty army of whitesouled pleaders. They are our saints. And as Bossuet says : " Let us respect the saints among us, we owe all to them ! God's anger vanishes when His eyes rest upon them, like a fond father who seeing his children among his enemies stays his hand. Nothing is so efficacious as prayer lisped by guileless children ; children as innocent and pure and artless as when God first looked upon His work and said : " It is well. " What then shall not the communion of children accomplish ?

Let us not dispute about their ignorance. The heart learns more quickly and easily than the mind ; moreover this so called ignorance is something as full of mystery,



"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."



as of charm. They do not analyse God, so much the better for themselves, for God gives Himself to those " who look upon Him, only to look upon Him.

Ah ! let them come to the Eucharist, those little ones ! They are so fair, so pure ; real lilies of the valley ! Solomon in all his glory was not decked as one of them. Where, think you, will the Immaculate Host rest more fittingly, more securely, or more gladly, than in the chalice of their virginal hearts.

Answering Jesus' appeal who calls to them with loving heart and wide-open arms, thousands of these little innocents will run to Him ; thousands of communions made that otherwise would not ; thousands who will die before twelve years of age, and who would never have received Jesus, will bear Him with them, to increase their happiness and glory throughout eternity.

Will those communions of the little ones, be less fervent than those of their elders ? Who would dare affirm it? As if fervor depended solely on knowledge ; as if innocence, candor, spontaneous love and purity of heart were not the best dispositions, and, in the long run productive of more fervent christians, more strong persevering Eucharistic champions.

Mgr Gilbert recently said : Our Holy Father has reminded Christians by grave documents of the exact and traditional doctrine of Communion. " Can we deny that, on this point, we are still enveloped in an almost Jansenistic atmosphere ; can we deny that general opinion regarding Communion, frequent Communion, Communion of children, the proper age for First Communion is more or less variable, inexact, sometimes even absolutely false, and often deadly, since it deprives souls of their necessary nourishment and strength.

In theory we say that the sacraments act in us, principally, through their accompanying grace, but in reality, would it not seem that the majority only look for this result, from the active part played by the recipient ? Owing to this erroneous view, holy Communion is considered as a reward for our virtues and efforts, as the judicious attribute of accentuated progress in perfection. The opus Operantis—that certainly I do not intend to disparage—makes us forget that Communion is the most

excellent repairer of grievous sin, its remedy and its antidote, as well as the nourishment, strength and life of the supernatural being ; in consequence of this forgetfulness those who need Communion most, are the very ones, most likely to forego it, through fear more servile than filial.

Those entrusted with the bringing-up of children, know very well, that at nine, eight, and even seven years of age, some of them are already capable of sin. Now if, at that age, they have sense enough to discern evil and sin surely, it is only logical to conclude they have also sense enough to discern grace and good. If a very young child can knowingly displease God by a voluntary act, undoubtedly that same child can knowingly and by a voluntary act approach Him and be united to Him.

What better than the grace of the Sacrament, or the presence in them of the Blessed Trinity and Our Lord, can preserve their hearts from evil and sin, uplift them if they fall, increase their faith and divine capabilities? This does not gainsay the benefit of education, of instruction, of a well-ordered preparation ; but, that the interior education of the conscience, by the Presence and the Grace of God, is more powerful, than any human means however wise and laudable, cannot be denied without impunity.

Moreover will not the impression made on parents be still more profound ? Are not the little ones those who speak most eloquently and forcibly to Parental hearts.

If solemn First Communion, at twelve years of age, often makes the most irreligious shed remorseful tears, how much more touching, will not be the sight of these angelic little ones, obliged to reach up to the Holy Table to receive Jesus their God and Friend, and give Him their first love-kiss. Will not the scene produce even more salutary effects, and gladden the Master's heart by the return of many a Prodigal : " And a little child shall lead them."

Be blessed, glorious Pontiff, for having drawn from the treasury of your Apostolic tenderness, such great graces, such wonderful favors.

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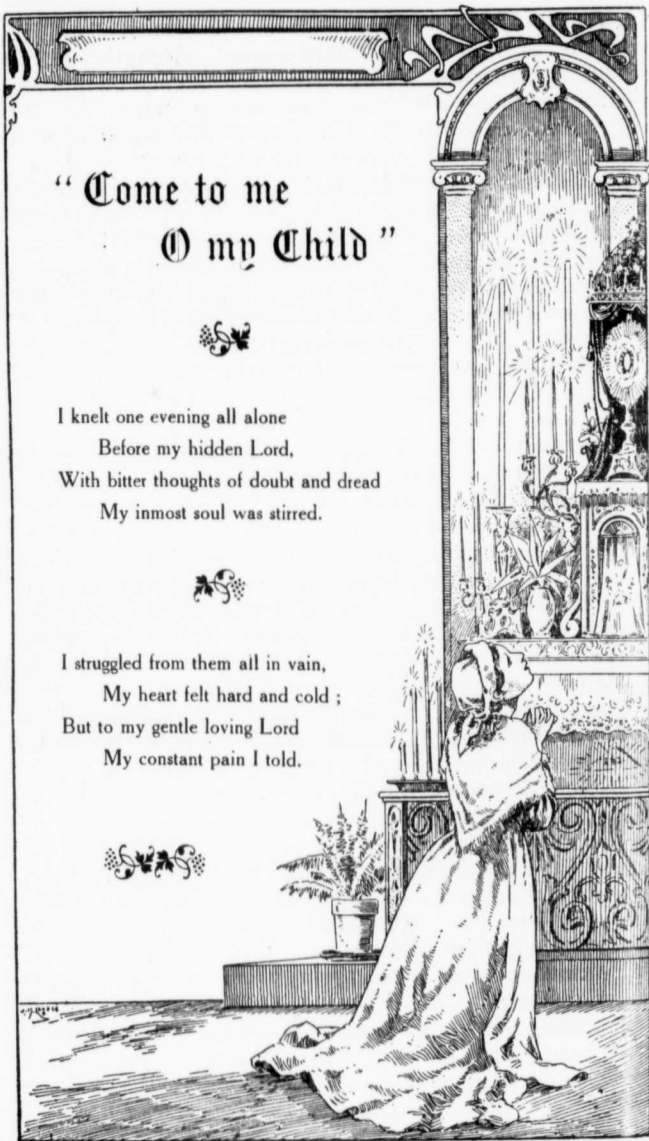
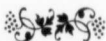
“Come to me  
O my Child”

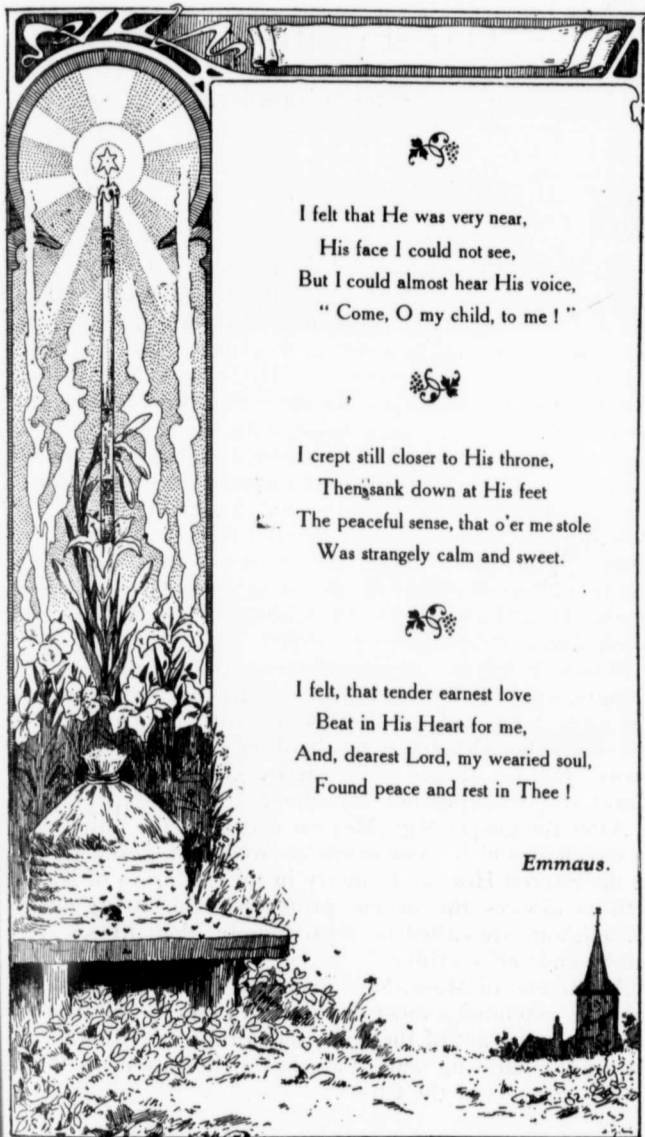


I knelt one evening all alone  
Before my hidden Lord,  
With bitter thoughts of doubt and dread  
My inmost soul was stirred.



I struggled from them all in vain,  
My heart felt hard and cold ;  
But to my gentle loving Lord  
My constant pain I told.





I felt that He was very near,  
 His face I could not see,  
 But I could almost hear His voice,  
 "Come, O my child, to me!"



I crept still closer to His throne,  
 Then sank down at His feet  
 The peaceful sense, that o'er me stole  
 Was strangely calm and sweet.



I felt, that tender earnest love  
 Beat in His Heart for me,  
 And, dearest Lord, my wearied soul,  
 Found peace and rest in Thee!

*Emmaus.*

## Our Frontispiece

### *Mass for Communities at the Cathedral (Montreal Congress)*

**I**F Montreal can be called the city of bellfries it can also be called the city of Religious Communities ; of those noble heroes, men and women, whose apostolate is as widespread as the needs of humanity.

Thursday, Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin all the members of the different communities, were invited to the Cathedral to assist at Pontifical Mass : " Mass for Religious Communities." His Grace Mgr Begin, Archbishop of Quebec pontificated. The church beatifully decorated, the sanctuary filled with Bishops, and the immense nave thronged with fully 5,000 Religious presented a very imposing and most impressive sight. Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, Sulpicians, Oblates, Redemptorists, Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, etc., by their very presence related the history of the past and of the future, as did also, the devoted Sons of De La Salle, of the Holy Family, of St Gabriel, of St Viateur, of Holy Cross, etc.

Wrapt in fervent prayers thousands of Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame ; of the Sacred Heart ; of the Grey Nuns ; of the Providence ; of Jesus and Mary, led one's thoughts back to the days of Marguerite Bourgeois, Jeanne Mance, Marguerite d'Youville, Madam Barat and other peerless founders.

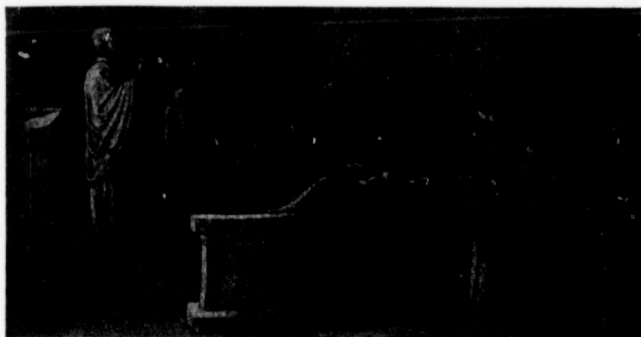
After the gospel Mgr Heylen ascended the pulpit and in eloquent and fervent words showed that Jesus hidden in the Sacred Host as formerly in the seclusion of Nazareth, is always the divine prototype, the living model all religious are called to reproduce in their lives of humility and self-sacrifice.

At the end of Mass, Mgr Bruchesi, in his usual graceful way extended a most cordial welcome to all present.

The closing act of the ever memorable event was the Cardinal's blessing and paternal exhortation to those loyal " Servers of the Cross."

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## HOUR of ADORATION

### Jesus Assisted by the Cyrenean.

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

*Et cum ducerent eum invenerunt praetereuntem quempiam hominem Cyreneum, nomine Simonem, venientem de villa, patrem Alexandri et Rufi. Hunc angariaverunt ut tolleret crucem ejus ; et imposuerunt illi crucem portare post Jesum. . . .*

And going out, they found a man of Cyrene, named Simon, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and of Rufus. Him they forced to take up the cross to bear it after Jesus.

(Matt. XXVII, 32 ; Mark XV, 21 ; Luke XXIII, 26.)

#### I. — Adoration.

The cross was a heavy weight, above all for a man already exhausted by so many torments. The Jews feared that He would succumb and thus escape the ignominy of the cross. Therefore they decided to relieve Him of it. But, then, who would undertake so odious a task ? The cross was very heavy, and what a dishonor to carry it for a condemned criminal ! No soldier would step forward to offer his services.

At this moment, a stranger returning from the country, entered the city. It was Simon of Cyrene, the father of Alexander and Rufus. When asked by the executioners to take up the cross, he refused, and so they put it on his shoulders by force. Thus Jesus was relieved, if not entirely, yet in part.

Everything in Our Saviour's Passion, even to the most minute circumstance, was foreseen, was regulated by the designs of Divine Wisdom. It was, in effect this supreme Wisdom that caused Simon the Cyrenean to arrive precisely at the moment when Jesus, falling from fatigue and exhaustion, could no longer sustain His burden. It led him to the spot first to give Jesus the help so necessary for Him, but also and principally to give us solid instruction.

Simon the Cyrenean here represents all Christians. To carry the cross, behold the vocation of the true disciple of Jesus Christ. "*Whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple.*" And what is this cross that the Christian is, by his vocation, obliged to carry? The Cross is everything that makes us suffer, everything that crucifies us in body, soul, faculties, and above all in our will. It is all that makes us renounce self.

With regard to the *body*, it is sickness, indisposition, labor, fatigue. As regards the *soul*, it is spiritual dryness, frightful and continued temptations, the struggle against the passions, anxieties, and scruples. For the *heart*, there are abandonment by friends, desertion, anxieties, separations, the loss of those that are dear to us, ingratitude, heartaches. For the *will*, there are its own impotence and weakness, the character of those around us and of our Superiors, little contradictions often harder to bear than greater ones, little family pin-picks which, happening at every instant and unexpectedly, wear us out more sharply than the real assaults which we might expect; and then our own temper, our character, imperfections, and defects. All in us contributes to our carrying our crosses for ourselves and putting them on our shoulders. There is no duty of our state, no little event in life that may not bring us a portion of weariness and suffering.

And this cross of life we meet wherever we are. The world is a great cross factory, of which God is the Master, and all mankind are the workmen. It is found on the throne, in the hovel of the peasant, as well as in the palaces of the rich. "*Dispose and order all things according as thou wilt, and as seems best to thee,*" says the *Imitation*, "*and thou wilt still find something to suffer either willingly or unwillingly, and so thou shalt always find the cross. For either thou shalt feel pain in the body, or sustain in thy soul tribulation of spirit. . . . The cross is, therefore, always ready, and everywhere awaiteth thee. . . . Turn thyself upward or turn thyself downward, turn thyself inward or turn thyself outward, everywhere thou shalt find the cross.*"

It is our Father in heaven who every morning, chooses it for us, and lays it on our shoulders. Why does God wish to make us suffer in this way by burdening us with the cross? God never acts but for the good of His creatures.

1. God imposes the cross on us, *because we are sinners*. Sin, being the choosing of the creature instead of the Creator, is an injury done to God. Now, God who is by essence, justice and sanctity, owes it to Himself to oblige us to repair this injury. Again, sin being a satisfaction either of the mind, or of the heart, or of the senses, indulged contrary to the will of God, it follows that this satisfaction must be expiated by some suffering of either the mind, the heart, or the senses. This is the only way to reestablish infringed order.

2. God imposes on us the cross, that we may resemble Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ glorified His Father and redeemed man by suffering. Jesus wills to continue in souls by suffering, His own reparation and redemption. In giving the cross to Simon, He gave it to all the predestined. He Himself, God as He is, entered into His glory only by suffering, as He say Himself: "*Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?*" With still greater reason, because "*the disciple is not greater than his Master,*" ought not we, cross on shoulder, make the Way of the Cross with Jesus, climb up to Calvary, if we desire to enter into the joy of the elect. The Divine



Saviour has taken care to tell us this. He will refuse to recognize as His disciple any one who will shake from his shoulders the yoke of the cross : "*He that taketh not up his cross, and followeth Me, is not worthy of Me.*" We must be like the God-Saviour, the Man of Sorrows, in order to share in His kingdom and inheritance : "*If we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified with Him.*" The cross is the condition *sine qua non* of salvation. None are admitted into heaven but they who strike at the gate with a cross.

3. God imposes on us the cross, not only because it is the only means of salvation, but still more because *it is the measure of the joy and happiness that we shall possess in heaven.* The Divine Saviour has said it : "*That the seed may produce fruit, it must not rot in the ground,*" and our soul, like the earth, has need of being ploughed up in order to become fruitful. Yes, suffering is the gold that soon enriches the Christian. In the scales of Divine Justice, on one side a weight of glory and happiness. In heaven, the places are given to merit, and the merits come chiefly from the cross. They who attain to the best are they who once bore the heaviest crosses. Behold why Jesus and Mary are in the very highest places, surrounded by glory that no human creature can ever reach.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

The Roman soldiers were obliged to force Simon to carry the Cross of the Divine Condemned. The man unwillingly undertook so repugnant a task, murmuring against the condemned, and cursing his unlucky meeting. It is only Thou, O Jesus, faithful Friend of souls, who willingly bearest the cross for others. By merciful providence however, Our Lord calls not only Simon to the help of His Heart, but penetrates him with a strong grace for his salvation. Scarcely was Simon under that Cross which was to save the world, than he became another man. The living picture of patience that he has before his eyes, the calmness of the Victim, bind him irrevocably to the Saviour. His heart, so near to the Heart of Jesus, could not be slow in opening to love.

Not only did he become the disciple of Christ, but still more, an Apostle for his own family, his wife and two sons becoming fervent and celebrated Christians.

"Thus it happened that Simon Peter, not being where he should have been, another Simon took his place. It will be an eternal honor for the latter to have been associated so closely to the grand act of Expiation," How great courage, joy, and gratitude the ineffaceable remembrance of such assistance must have given him all the rest of his life !

How many Christians envy Simon's good fortune ! Ah well, that wood, which forms the spiritual fortune and honor of that poor stranger, that incomparable good is but the figure of that other good, a thousand times more precious, which is called a cross, a suffering. And this gift of the Sacred Heart, Jesus gives us daily. How many poor souls since Simon's time have been led to the light of Faith by the cross ! How many poor souls wandering along the road of pleasure and upon the point of being lost, have regained the way to heaven by the cross ! How many hearts that have forgotten God have found Him again by the cross ! How many have been preserved from the errors of passion by the cross ! The best guarded heart is, indeed, that guarded by trials ! How many sins have been shunned through the cross ! How many saints in heaven are indebted for their salvation to the cross ! Only an angel could rehearse to you what you personally owe to the cross. Make an examen, and lovingly thank Jesus for all the crosses of your life. They have been so many benefits for the salvation of your soul.

Yes, acknowledge it before the Saviour who, for love of you, bore on His shoulder the wood of your salvation, and on His Heart the heavy cross of your faults,—the cross is a gift, a pledge of His divine love. God chastises those whom He loves. This is of Faith. Doubtless, this will always be a scandal for the man of flesh and blood. He will never be able to comprehend the love that strikes and tortures. And yet the cross is, indeed, the love of the Father who strikes and cuts, in spite of the tears of his child, the gangrened member of the loved one

that the malady may not kill him. Yes, Jesus, I believe in the love that crucifies. If the cross were not a benefit never would Thy Divine Father have laid it upon Thy shoulders, and more than that, have planted it so cruelly in Thy Heart.

But the Divine Saviour is not satisfied to walk before us, Cross on shoulder, to induce us to follow. In an excess of love, He has willed to abide with us on this earth of suffering, to aid us Himself by His example and succor to carry our own cross.

Yes, Jesus has remained in the Blessed Sacrament to be our perfect exemplar. He is ever walking before us laden with the cross of ignominy, which He bears with incomparable patience, smoothing the roughness of the way for our feet to tread, encouraging us not to flee, but to embrace the Cross with ardor.

Still more, He desires to render us until the end of time, — and with what perfection! — the same service that a man had rendered Him for only a few moments on the way to Calvary. He wants to be Himself our Cyrenean! He wants to help us bear our cross! What do I say? He desires to take for Himself all its bitterness, and to leave to us only its sweetness and merit. For this end, He leaves the tabernacle to enter into us, to live in us, to communicate to us His strength, His courage, His love of suffering, His life. How easy it is, then, to tread the hardest roads to heaven when Jesus is our leader! How light the cross becomes when it is the Saviour Himself who helps us to carry it! "Oh!" says Ven. Père Eymard, "how penance and mortification and sacrifices lose their bitterness when we have received Jesus Crucified!"

How thank Jesus-Hostia for so much goodness? How often has the Divine Saviour, in the words of Scripture, consoled you like a tender mother! Never were your tears dried so quickly as when you shed them before Jesus-Eucharistic, shut up in His tabernacle, or better, in your heart. It is because He alone can know our trials, and He alone is able to soothe them.





## Looking through the Lattices

(canticles 11. 9.)

"**B**EHOLD He standeth behind our wall." But the barrier between our Lord in His veiled presence and ourselves is not a drawback, an obstacle to union with Him—inseparable indeed from the present condition of things—yet an obstacle for all that. It is distinctly willed by Him as a necessary part of our trial, a wholesome discipline, a purification of love. It has in it all the privileges, advantages, blessings that in this life belong to pain, and can be won by pain alone. It is a present blessing as well as a pledge of blessing to come.

"Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed" (*John XX*) It is a pledge of that clear, full vision, "re-served in heaven for you, who, by the power of God, are kept by faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time. Wherein you shall greatly rejoice, if now for a little time you must be made sorrowful.... That the trial of your faith (much more precious than gold which is tried by fire.) may be found unto praise and glory and honour at the appearing of Jesus Christ : Whom having not seen, you love ; in whom also now, though you see Him not, you believe, and believing shall rejoice with joy unspeakable" (*I Pet. I.*)

"We see now through a glass in a dark manner : but then, face to face." (*I Cor. XIII*) How will that face to face vision be the brighter for the dimness now ! — How will the joy of that moment, when we part forever with faith, be intensified by what that faith has cost us in the past !

But meanwhile the Beloved is behind the wall. And He is there with all the sympathy for our difficulty which His perfect knowledge of it enables Him to have. "Jesus needed not that any man should tell Him, for He knew what was in man." He knows the weariness of praying on against apparently unanswered prayer; against the pain of physical restlessness, the labor of thought, the irksomeness of concentration, the perpetual gathering together of the forces that are playing truant in a thousand fields, recalled for a brief space only to be off again more wayward for their capture. All this He knows. And our remedy is to remember that He knows it. He who has appointed prayer to be the channel of grace, means such prayer as we can bring Him. He does not ask impossibilities. He does not place us amid distracting work all day long and expect us to shut it out by an effort of will, the moment we kneel down to pray. Nor even to shut it out by repeated efforts sometimes. He would have us turn our distractions and weariness, not so much into matter for self-reproach, or humiliation even, as into a loving, trustful plea for His pity and His help. This is a prayer. Lay the tired brain, the strained muscles, the aching head—lay them all down at His feet without a word, just for His eye to rest on and His Heart to help and heal.

There are times when physical lassitude, cold or heat, an importunate thought, a trial with its sting still fresh, baffles every effort to fix the mind on the subject of prayer, and concentrates the whole attention on what for the moment is all-absorbing. Times harder still to manage, when mind and heart are so absolutely vacant and callous that there is no rousing them to action. This reflection will sometimes be helpful then—What should I have to say were I in the presence of the one I love best in the world; with whom I am quite at my ease; my friend par excellence; to whom my trials, difficulties, character, the secrets of my soul are known; that one in whose concerns and welfare I take the deepest interest; whose plans and view are mine, discussed again and again together; in whose company time flies and the hour of parting comes too soon—what should I find to say?



Looking through the Lattices

Say it, make an effort to say it to Him Who is in the tabernacle yonder.

O Jesus, hidden God, "more friendly than a brother" — I believe most firmly that you are present, a few feet only from where I kneel. You are behind a little wall, listening for every word of confidence and love, thanksgiving and praise. Listening when my heart is free to pour itself out to You, as the brook to the river in the days of spring. Listening more tenderly when the stream is ice-bound, when I kneel before You, troubled, wearied, anxious about many things, yet dry and hard, without a word to say. Make my heart so perfectly at ease with you, O Lord, that it may be able to turn to You even in its coldness and inertness ; to confide to You naturally all that most intimately concerns it ; to be content with this, when discontented with all else, with self most of all—that You know all men "and need not that any should give testimony of man, for you know what is in man."

MOTHER MARY LOYOLA.

\* \* \*

### *Frequent Communion*

" Communion, *frequent Communion, very frequent Communion, daily Communion* ; behold the grand, the sovereign resource held out to our weakness by the compassionate bounty of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It would seem that in proportion as the torrents of impiety and of unbelief mount up from the depths of the infernal abyss and threaten to submerge the world, the infinitely kind and compassionate Heart of Jesus wishes, on its part, to inundate mankind with a deluge of graces and of love.

" Come and *draw with joy from the sacred fountains of the Saviour* . . . Come and *cleanses yourselves more and more in those purifying streams*. Come to this fountain of living water that springeth up to everlasting life in the hope that you may, one day, arrive at the *torrent of pleasure* and of the most pure delights, that *river* seen and sung of by Holy David *which refresheth the city of God*.

Rev. J. McDonnell S. J.



## The Sister's Story



HAT a delightful place the old home-  
stead was when some fortunate chance  
brought dear Sister Celestine from her  
peaceful retreat at St Simeon's to spend a  
few happy hours with us ! Her ways were  
so winning and gentle and her conversa-  
tion so agreeable and refined that no one ever  
meet her without being charmed — even  
her very presence inspired one with elevat-  
ing and noble thoughts. In our hearts her visits are link-  
ed together like the beads on the rosary she loved so  
well and we can look back now and recall of them noth-  
ing but peaceful and happy memories. Once when we  
found ourselves together in the great old-fashioned sit-  
ting-room and she had just finished some sweet story of  
Christmas time we were so well entertained that we  
begged her to "tell us just one more." Now children,  
"she said, seeming to forget that we were all long past  
childhood's day, "what shall I tell you? I believe I've  
told you all I know long ago." Just then, dear cousin  
Nelly anticipated our wishes by saying "Aunt Martha,"  
— how well I remember her, her hands full of sewing —  
"please tell us what just made you think of becoming a  
Sister of Charity?" The Sister's face looked sad a mo-  
ment as though a tender chord had been touched in her



heart, but the grave look soon disappeared and she began : " Well, my children, it was indeed a strange dispensation of Providence that first drew my thoughts and affections from the world. We were all very happy here at home and our lives were contented and peaceful still at times I used to find myself thinking of the distant future and wondering in what way I was to fulfill the designs of the Almighty in my behalf. It was in this very room one stormy winter's night, we were all sitting around the great blazing hearth and grandfather, in his cosy corner was telling us a story of years long gone by in dear old Ireland. Oh, such a night as it was ; the wind was piling up the snow in great drifts and each blast shook the old house in every timber ! Many a frightened glance we stole at the black night from the window, and just as grandfather had finished his recital and arose to bid us his good night and God bless you—a piteous cry for help sent its thrilling echo to our very hearts. Quickly, John, some poor creature is perishing, said mother as she helped father hurry on his great coat, in a moment he was out in the darkness and storm. It was not long before he returned supporting with one arm a poor haggard creature and carrying in the other a little child— oh ! what pitiful objects they were; they both seemed ready to perish ! Never can I forget the look of intense gratitude the poor mother gave me when she saw I had made her child warm and comfortable. In a little while she told us her sorrowful story — with her husband and little child she had left the hill sides of Wicklow— where a hard hearted landlord had evicted them from their cottage home and had come to America. Soon after landing in the great city, the husband and father, whom she had loved with all the affection of an honest Irish heart, sickened and died and she was left helpless and penniless in the land of the stranger. Through the charity of some fellow countrymen, the remains of the poor husband were decently interred, and she was furnished means of reaching the Catholic colony of Fair Haven where she was assured she would meet sympathetic hearts and obtain some means of gaining a livelihood. By some unfortunate mishap she had left the

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train at the wrong station, and had started on foot with the babe in her arms through the blinding storm to reach the village. Night overtook her, and she was on the point of giving up all as lost, when the light from this very window gave her courage to drag herself through the deep drifts and call for help as she sank exhausted in the snow.

"As she was telling her sad story, our tears and sobs mingled freely with her own—even father, stern as he always was, turned aside frequently to hide his emotion. Well children, to make a long story short—the stranger, worn out by sorrow and hardship, never arose from the bed into which our hands had placed her that night, and she gave up her soul to God, calling down His blessing on us and giving the little boy to our keeping.

"It was a sorrowful day when we laid poor Mary Farrell to rest in the village church yard; my very heart went out to the little orphan so strangely sent to our keeping. I made him my special charge, and happy indeed was I to see him growing nobler and handsomer day by day. Never from the time he began his innocent prattle, would he retire at night until I had told him again of his dear mother so glorious with angels of Heaven and how she would one day meet him at the Golden Gates. With his great blue eyes fixed upon me, he seemed to drink in every word. He was the pet of all the household—grandfather used to stroke his golden curls and tell him quaint old stories—even the farm hands forgot their rough ways and softened their voices in his presence. When I used to take him over to the village chapel on Sundays the children would gather about him after Mass and speak words of endearment, and the old folks would pat his little hand and speak many a fervent "God bless you child". Soon the day of his first communion arrived, and when I took him home from the chapel with me, the old house seemed filled with sunshine and happiness—how well I was repaid for all the care and attention I had bestowed upon him! But soon we noticed his cheeks growing pale and his blue eyes dull, and grandfather with a sad shake of the head said one day: "The boy is not long for

this world" He was so different from other children and sooner than we expected the summons came, and when his little life went out after a short illness, sadness and sorrow filled our hearts, and gloomy indeed would the old homestead have been, did we not know that the sweet little bud had blossomed gloriously in Heaven.

"Then my life's work was plain to me—I had brought one little heart to love God—I was perhaps an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty to help in keeping one precious soul from being contaminated by the world's sinful breath and why should I not now dedicate myself to the care of the orphaned and the afflicted! "Now, my children, you know how wonderfully God makes His will known to us and what made me first think of becoming a Sister of Charity."

D. E. M.



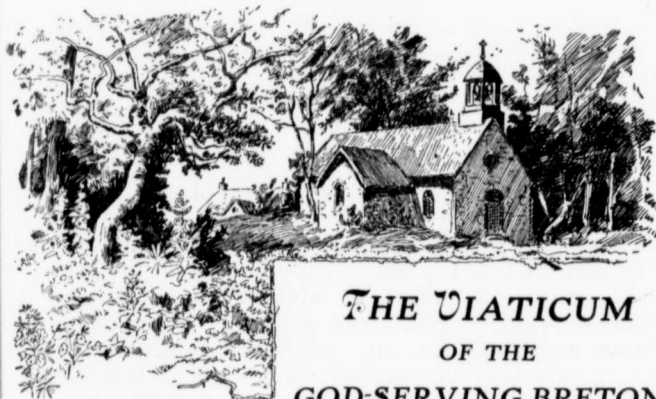
### *To Our Subscribers*

WE extend most cordial thanks to our many zealous friends, who responded so willingly to our invitation, and worked so energetically and successfully to increase the circulation of the Sentinel. To them, as well as to us, the result is most gratifying, because it means, that Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, will become better known and consequently better loved.

As a slight token of our gratitude to those loyal partisans, and to stimulate them to — if possible — still greater efforts, we gladly extend the time-limit of our valuable premiums until further notice.

### **NOTICE**

Subscribers in arrears will greatly oblige in remitting as soon as possible. By accepting this notice and complying with it, they will facilitate matters, and save us needless expense, as well as waste of valuable time.



**THE VIATICUM  
OF THE  
GOD-SERVING BRETON**



HERE was beauty in that brown old moorland off in peaceful Breton where men are simple-hearted enough to find Vestiges of God in every sprig and sprout; in every star and cloud; in every joy and grief.

The evening breeze was gently tapping the heath as it passed through that extensive tract of land carrying on the highway faint delicate odors of sweet scented shrubs that fenced the acres.

The breeze, on that particular evening, seemed unusually busy at work, as if anxious to extract all the odor there was in every leaflet, bud and flower, leaving them like so many swinging censers scattering sweetness with every movement, all in greeting to Jesus who was soon to pass that way.

At a short distance, on a little artificial peak overlooking the moor, one might see a wayside Calvary. The Crucified Figure had been hewn from a block of granite by a novice whose ideal was certainly not reproduced either to his own satisfaction or to that of a few knowing observers; still, in looking into the noble face one

must have been struck by the expression of resigned suffering and sorrow so often found in productions of the Middle Ages. The reclining head, on that particular evening, seemed to focus the rays of the setting sun and in its sympathy and warmth to look pityingly upon the golden-haired boy sobbing at the foot of the mound.

The child was alone, and a grief-burdened little form it was kneeling there on the gravelled steps that led to the cross. A glance at the scant, patched outfit and the bare feet told of the boy's poverty and of the parents' hard struggle to procure anything much beyond a sufficient store of bread and meat and a Sunday suit. Artists might say that the boy was beautiful, for they detect true beauty, whereas the fastidious folk of the twentieth century would probably appreciate him as "A tanned little country youngster".

Well, when this tanned little urchin raised his head from its listening attitude and saw the beautiful figure of Christ, with its expression of mingled grief and patient endurance, he was dazed for a moment; then, the longer he looked, the more confident he was that he could ask anything of that God whose look so strangely profound, seemed to feel with him in his first great sorrow.

With his innocent eye he sounded the depths of the mysterious pity which Jesus has for sorowing man and his bruised little heart seemed to understand so well that he unhesitatingly breathed a prayer of simple resignation to the Adorable Will.

The sun was gradually sinking and the shadow of the great granite cross was gradually lengthening along the green sward at his side. The flowers in the moorland were slowly closing their petals and preparing to receive the night's dewy deposit. The child bent again and listened. . . . Suddenly, a faint sound was heard. . . . Was it a tinkle? . . . Off he rushed across the meadows, along the broad roadway, down the village slope. Here he paused to take breath and after another quick glance down he dropped on his knees in adoration of the little white Host that was coming his way.

An aged priest carried the Blessed Sacrament and, following at a reverential distance, were the peasants

from the surrounding farm-houses. As soon as the group approached the child arose and went timidly to the priest whispering: "I hate to ask you, Father, but could you please come just a little bit faster, Papa is going fast." The old priest sighed and, pressing the Sacred Pyx still closer to his loyal heart quickened his steps. Soon the little group had passed off the main road, and turned toward the home where the boy's father lay dying.

The usual liturgical greeting: "Peace be unto this house" was answered by a sob from the broken-hearted mother, who pointed to the bed upon which lay a man



in the prime of life. A painful illness had left its trace upon the brave man's face. His expressionless eye told of indifference to all that the world holds dear and the pallid lip and cheek proved that the great, manly heart would soon cease to beat. The bent form of his wife, "the little mother" as he had endearingly termed her, revealed the intensity of her grief at the very thought of the mysterious "Home-going." His young daughter, the pride of his life, had crept as near the foot-board as she could and seemed to be bent upon sobbing her young life away.

The peasants were deeply affected by the scene and clustered silently near the door-way. Their eyes wandered from the dying man to the poor woe-wearied mother and daughter, then to the venerable grandfather who stood at the priest's side. The only active figure in the scene was our little moorland lad who was doing his utmost to bring his father back to consciousness.

"Papa, papa; won't you try to wake up?" But the dying man answered not. The priest feared this silence.

The grandfather then approached the bedside and smoothing his voice into tenderness said: "My son, the dear good God has come to you."

The daughter drew his clammy hand within her own and kissed it reverently.

The dying man opened his large, sad eyes and looked about him. The presence of the surpliced priest explained all.

"Little mother," he faintly whispered, "prop me up a minute." She took his limp head between her palms and raised it from the pillow.

The beautiful liturgical prayers then began in the presence of the God who came to prove His love for the soul upon whom He must soon exercise His Justice.

"*Domine non sum dignus*" broke the silence and the Sacred Host was reverentially placed upon the dying man's tongue. With hands crossed upon his breast he lay back unconscious of all save the presence of Jesus in his heart.

The peasants dispersed one by one, too deeply affected to break the silence by a farewell word.

"Little mother" faintly murmured the dying man, "I am happy! I can go now! Help me just a little I must not meet my God like this, I must be up, help me!"

There was no question of resisting the authority which had never before been resisted, and all together—grandfather, mother and daughter lifted him to the straw-plaited arm-chair and drew it near the window.

The care-worn figure bent lower in adoration, with hands crossed upon his breast he conversed with his God.

"Daughter, where are the little ones?" was the first break in that solemn silence.

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Two timid awe stricken little figures appeared holding each other's hand.

"Kneel down, darlings, Papa has something to say to you." Down went the little forms, hardly realizing the great sorrow hanging over them.

"Children," said the noble, kind-hearted man, "God has sent for me, I must go Home. It is hard to leave you, young as you are, but I count upon Providence who sends the sun-ray to the wayside flower, and the grain of



millet to His little sparrows. Love little Mother dearly, never grieve her tender heart or cause her tears to flow. Remember, there is an ocean of sorrow in one tear-drop from a mother's eye."

He paused, for his strength was leaving him. He was nearing the dark entry through which we all must pass.

"Do not forget me, little ones, when I am gone. Pray, oh! pray that God may be merciful, that I may reach the heaven of eternal rest."

Grandfather raised the window and a puff of fragrant air swept over the sinking form.



"It is easy to die here", whispered the grateful heart. Turning once more he perceived his wife weeping bitterly her head resting on the grandfather's shoulder.

"Little Mother, don't, please, don't cry. I am glad to die. My day is done. I am confident that, despite my sins, God will receive me."

She presented the crucifix and he kissed it long and lovingly. Then, looking for the last time into his wife's face, he said :

"Little Mother, you have made my poor little home a place of rest, contentment and happiness. You helped me to cling to God in the dark, cheerless days. . . . now, the light is coming. . . . 'tis He. . . . Goodbye, God bless you !"

The *Requiescat in Pace* must have had a deep meaning all its own to the "little mother" as she looked into the still features and thanked God for these last comforting words.



*Lewiston, Me.* Mrs. & Mr. James Donovan.—*Cornwall, Ont.* Mrs. Grace Gordon. — *Trevandrum, British India,* M. Brito.

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