

Communion.




THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

Vol. XVIII. No 6.

Montreal.

June, 1915.

“My Delight is to be with Men.”



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Let glad hosannas fill the air,
And tuneful choirs sing;
Let pious people kneel in prayer
And gladsome joy bells ring.

Let nature yield her stores of wealth
From every land and clime;
Let youth in beauty's bloom of health
Ten thousand echoes chime,

To Him who on our altar lies
And lovingly again,
Says to thee: “Son, my love ne'er dies;”
“My delight's to be with men.”

* *

May some new nations learn His ways
And to His worship throng,
To greet Him with their hymns of praise
Ten million voices strong;

For He is God, the very God,
From whom all goodness springs;
By whom the nations thrive or nod —
Most beauteous Being of Beings!

F. W. GALLAGHER.

TWO BEAUTIFUL FESTIVALS.

The feast of Corpus Christi and the Sacred Heart are but one week apart. Both festivals stir up in our souls the holiest emotions and impulses. The distinction and difference between devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and devotion to the Sacred Heart is explained in Gallifet's "The Adorable Heart of Jesus." "In instituting the feast of the Blessed Sacrament," says the writer, "the object was to render to Jesus Christ, abiding amongst us, the adoration, the gratitude, and the love which are so justly due to Him in this ineffable mystery. It is in order to satisfy those obligations that the Church has instituted the festival of the Blessed Sacrament with its solemn octave, with procession, decorations, and all the pomp and magnificence with which this feast is celebrated. But in that of the Sacred Heart the principal object of its institution is to make reparation to Our Lord for the insults His love has received in the Holy Sacrament through the ingratitude of men — a reparation which Jesus Christ desires should be directed to His Heart, which is, as it were, the source and the seat of this love." Nearly every devotion practised in the Church has a twofold aspect, the one material and visible, giving a title to the devotion; the other spiritual and invisible, which is the implicit object of the devotion. In the devotion to the Sacred Heart the exterior or visible object is that Heart united to the Person of the Divine Word made flesh. The spiritual and invisible object is the ardent and all-absorbing love of Jesus.

As the heart of a man represents to us, in an ordinary way of speaking, his sentiments, his virtues, his good qualities, his whole interior, so the adorable Heart of Jesus is a representation of all that Godhead to which it is united. It symbolizes His whole interior, with His thoughts and acts; His patience, His humility, His zeal, His meekness — in a word, all His virtues.

"When we love Thee sincerely, O Lord Jesus, then we shall be happy; when Thy sweet Heart, hidden under the sacramental species, is more beautiful in our sight than all else, when we shape and mould our lives according to the example of the Sacred Heart, the peace and joy and happiness will be ours. Teach us, sweet Heart of Jesus, from Thy tabernacle to serve Thee as Thou deservest, to love Thee above all things, to work for Thee bravely and generously, solely because of Thy love and not for Thy gifts. Oh, what happiness may I not promise myself if I but cling to Thy most generous Heart, and use my best endeavors to faithfully serve and love Thee. With St. Ignatius I pray: 'O Lord Jesus, give me but Thy love and Thy grace; more than this I do not ask.' My Jesus, I love Thee with my whole heart and above all things. Let me live but for Thee; let me die in Thy grace."

"Which is the month of the Blessed Sacrament?"

We might answer that no special month out of the twelve has been set apart for this devotion, since the Holy Eucharist, being the center and focus of all Catholic piety, claims every month and every day as Its own. But since June holds in its cycle of thirty days the beautiful feast of Corpus Christi, it may be looked upon as the month peculiarly consecrated to the Most Blessed Sacrament. The objection may, however, be raised that June is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. And so it is. But where do we find the Sacred Heart? Is it not in the Blessed Sacrament? So, if June rightly belongs to the Sacred Heart, it rightly belongs to the Blessed Sacrament also, and we may safely say that June, most lovely June, is the special month of our Eucharistic King.

Supernatural Life and Communion.

“Amen, Amen, I say unto thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” Jesus was speaking of baptism, which, by means of water, the outward sign, and by the Holy Spirit descending invisibly but really into the soul, bestows upon us new life, supernatural life, the life of grace, and makes us children of God, of the same nature as He, because this second birth “proceeds not from the flesh nor from the will of man, but from God.”

Thus by means of baptism we make our first supernatural communion, the communion of grace, which instils in us the divine life in essence and in substance, leaves in our flesh the principle of future immortality, and in our soul that of the vision face to face and of the possession of God in heaven.

This supernatural life we may lose by sin, but we cannot lose the right which we have acquired to recover it, which baptism confers upon us in marking us with an indelible sign.

In His ineffable mercy God has ordained admirable means not only for restoring supernatural life to us, should we have the misfortune to lose it, but also for increasing it always and unceasingly within our souls.

All the sacraments are instituted to this end; they are the marvellous channels by which the divine nature communicates itself to human nature.

One of the sacrament, however, is beyond all comparison superior to the others: this is the Holy Eucharist, the sacramental communion. It gives us, surrenders to us, and places at our unqualified disposition the very Author of grace, the origin and source of all grace, the humanity and the divinity of the Word: Jesus, God and man.

Do not seek to understand the mystery; but let us, with greatest joy, receive the revealed teaching. In every

consecrated host Jesus is wholly present, without diminution, without division of Himself; all His divinity, all His humanity, His whole person, and all the graces in which He abounds: all is contained in this little host, which is placed upon your lips and which descends into your heart.

Jesus is there, for you, as wholly for you as if there was none but you, as if you were alone in the world. This host is yours only, and completely yours. And this host is Jesus, and it is the whole of Jesus. He becomes incarnate in this host, for you. By it He comes to you, He sacrifices Himself in you and for you. How can we fail to be filled with enthusiasm in the presence of such marvels? — before such “excesses” and such prodigality of love?

Let us consider this actual and supernatural presence of Jesus in the human soul.

Could one possibly fail, being possessed of a spark of faith and a heart which is not of stone, to be penetrated to one’s innermost being by the profoundest sentiments of adoration and gratitude and love?

Could one fail to open one’s soul to the utmost to Him who longs to fill it?

Could one fail to detest all that is evil? Not only all that divides us from God, but all that could offend or displease Him?

Is it possible not to despise all the vanities of this world as dust, to fear them as a danger?

Is it possible not to aspire to goodness, virtue, humility, purity, patience and prayer?

Can we fail to cling with all our strength to grace, to the divine life, and to all the supernatural blessings that proceed therefrom?

Can we fail to consecrate to Jesus a love without reserve, without limit, without end?

Can we fail, in short, to cry to Him, with the Apostle, with all the force of our life and all the energies of our being: “Who shall ever part me from Thee?”

And, on reflecting that it is not once only, not one day, in passing, that Jesus thus comes, but often, always, each day if we will, and until the hour of our last breath

then it is no longer enough to feel joy and love and gratitude; but we should be seized with a holy longing to sing for ever the infinite goodness and mercies of the Lord; not only with our lips and tongue, which have touched His sacred body, but with our whole spirit, with all our heart and all our will, with all our might, in all our thoughts, words, actions, works, and with all our life, by all the powers and faculties of our moral and physical being.

Yes, "If we knew the gift of God" we would long for Holy Communion as the supreme grace; we should aspire to it as to the sovereign good!

A day on which we had not received communion, would seem to us like those gloomy days of winter when the sun has not shone.

And the thought of souls that live without communion, would move us with compassion far greater than that which we should feel, at the sight of unhappy creatures perishing of poverty and hunger!

And if the impossible were to happen, and we were told that never in this world should we again receive communion, we should feel like dying of sorrow and regret!

The God-Man.

When we gaze with love and awe and bashful loyalty upon the Blessed Sacrament in His Monstrance on the throne, we know that it is Jesus Himself who is behind those mysterious veils. Jesus is God and man; but He is especially and pre-eminently present there in His Human nature. This is the prerogative of the Blessed Sacrament. It is man abiding with them, to govern and console them. It is God, sweetly and familiarly present not as God only, but as God-man. He is finding His "delights with the children of men" and in the same impassible and glorious Flesh in which, according to our view, He would have come among us and been one with us, if Adam had never fallen, and sin been a name and thing unknown upon the earth.

Parents and the Frequent Communion of Children.

The attitude which Catholic parents should adopt with regard to the Pope's directions may be summed up in four words: they must obey them, study them, help to carry them out and preach them by their own example.

1st. Simple Obedience. — Even if every vain fear is not dissipated, have confidence in the Church and in those who act in her name. This is your attitude towards the doctor to whom you entrust the care of your child's health; and yet he can be deceived. The Church is infallible, and the priest, the confessor, has received the mission and the grace to guard the child's spiritual life and insure his spiritual progress.

2nd. Intelligent Obedience. — Study well the motives by which the Church is actuated; read the writings which will enable you to understand the necessity for frequent Communion and its fruits, and which will dissipate the prejudices against it, still so widespread. Once the question is regarded from the proper point of view, the greater part of your objections will vanish of themselves. The whole doctrine is contained in two propositions:

a) It is the most earnest desire of Jesus Christ and of the Church that all the faithful should receive Holy Communion daily. Holy Communion is the normal food of a Christian in the state of grace;

b) The chief fruit of daily Communion is to enable us to triumph over concupiscence and to preserve us from mortal sin.

Hence it results that, whilst daily Communion is desirable for all children, there are many for whom it is an absolute necessity, and this in order to preserve their innocence especially at the critical period of their lives when they are passing from youth to adolescence.

3rd. Efficacious Co-operation. — To efficaciously carry out the Holy Father's wishes, parents should come to the assistance of their children, so as to strengthen their good will.

It does not suffice to render a mere formal homage to the Church's commands; you must facilitate their fulfilment, doing all in your power to make this fulfilment possible and acceptable to the child. The children's frequent Communion may, perhaps entail some sacrifice upon the parents. No one will deny that to rise earlier than usual, to make some alteration in the ordinary hour of breakfast, to be obliged at times to accompany the children to the church, are things that may not always harmonize with certain arrangements of a worldly nature. But is this a lawful excuse for endangering the welfare of young souls.

4th. Example — It is not for children only that the practice of frequent Communion is desirable. We can well understand how deplorable it would be if they could say their elders neglected it. Therefore go frequently to the Holy Table in order to encourage the young by your example. In this matter, as in every other, example is more powerful than preaching — practice is better than precept.

FR. LINTELO, S. J.

How to keep Jesus in our Heart.

It is not enough to possess our Lord in Holy Communion; we must know how to retain Him and preserve Him in our hearts. We enjoy with much sweetness a treasure which it has cost us much to obtain; thus our Lord desires to render His union with us perpetual.

How can we keep Jesus with us? By being courageous and resolved to suffer. Mary began a life overflowing with sorrows, the very moment the Incarnation was accomplished. The life of our Lord on earth was one long grief. If you wish to be made conformable to Him, do not hope for exemption from suffering. Jesus finds in you many enemies who are opposed to His kingdom; He comes to assist you to combat them. You must then, live in a state of continual warfare with the world and so as not

to betray the love of God, with yourself. If your soul be light and frivolous, she will, give herself up to vanity and the attractions of pleasure; but if your sole object is to please your Divine Mater, tear yourself away from the seductions of this world. Say, 'I have found Him whom my soul loveth; I hold Him and I will not let Him go.' All the joys of this world shall not shake my heart; Jesus Christ shall reign there for ever.

To courage add vigilance. Life is a warfare; watch and prepare your armour. The soul which is founded on holy thoughts becomes invincible. The mind becomes strong in meditating upon the great truths of the faith; it is strengthened to resist the terrors and troubles with which the devil assails our understanding. Let your vigilance be founded upon a humble fear and sweet confidence in the goodness of our Lord.

Yes, I will watch, my God, to preserve Thy Divine Presence. I know it is easily lost, even before we discover its departure; for Thy holy Mother who loved Thee so tenderly, lost Thee in returning from Jerusalem. And yet with what anxious solicitude did she not keep watch? But in leaving Mary, Thou didst design to give me this great lesson, that whenever we wish to find Thee we must seek Thee in the temple — that is, we must return to the holy Tabernacle, — or rather, we should never leave it. When Mary lost Thee, Thou wert not to be found in the worldly assemblies of the City. They did not find Thee amongst Thy relations and friends.

Mary, plunged in grief at Thy absence had great difficulty in finding Thee again. How, then, shall I preserve Thee, if I am careless of Thy glory, indifferent to Thy holy presence on the altar, little affected by Thy wondrous love! Lord, it shall not be so with me; my soul desires no consolation here below: I think of Thee — that is sufficient; and the thought of Thee in your tabernacle, is my delight.



Procession of the Blessed Sacrament

"Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By."

A hundred thousand welcomes, dearest Jesus!
The glad tears from our eyes now overflow,
That here today Thou art to pass amongst us,
Thy blessing on Thy people to bestow.

Hosanna in the highest! Son of David!
As once amid the hills of Galilee
Thou passed along, blessing all earth's weary —
Ah, poor and sick and weary, Lord, are we.

Ah! unseen angels tremble now before Thee,
Oh Heart that still is yearning for our love,
What can we do to welcome, give Thee greeting,
Our love and loyalty to Thee to prove?

Oh, hear our supplications, mighty Healer,
Our souls are sick — we need Thee, Bread of Life;
Our one forgiving Friend, Who never fails us,
Our refuge ever in the time of strife.

We bow in adoration, Living Victim!
Making atonement ever for our sin;
Love Divine! all that we have in heaven!
Ah! come, then, rest our lowly hearts within.

Jesus of Nazareth, passing by, oh! hear me,
Like the blind beggar by the way, I cry;
The crowds press on, though I may not come near Thee;
Forget me not, dear Lord, when passing by.

THE BAVARIANS.

We are told on reliable testimony that the Bavarians look upon the war they are waging, as a fight for the security of religion and have entered on it with the fervent enthusiasm of Crusaders. Their fears may perhaps be groundless, but they believe that if the French Freemasons succeed in their efforts, their country will be plunged into the same religious persecution that has been suffered in France up to the outbreak of the war.

The special correspondent of one of the foremost Catholic periodicals of Europe writes, that Bavarian soldiers on the march, frequently present rather the appearance of a religious procession than a warlike movement. In many instances was witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of priests solemnly carrying the Blessed Sacrament at the head of the troops while the soldiers recited the Rosary aloud.

Religious fervor is not confined to the men who are risking their lives in battle. In every parish church in Germany there is an hour's exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every day and on these occasions the churches are thronged with fervent suppliants. The practice of daily Communion, too, in the case of adults and children has grown to an almost incredible extent.

Blood and blood.

I shall never forget the first Mass celebrated in my wagon which is our church. We had what was necessary, but no table, and for that had to use a stretcher stained with blood. And when the Blood of Christ rested on this improvised altar, I could not help associating in my thoughts the Blood of Christ and the blood shed by the sons of France and offering them together for the success of our arms. The blood of France is flowing in torrents, and it is to be hoped that this blood will be the seed of a new and christian France.

Desire Fulfilled.

O, how happy, how intensely happy I would be if only I could press through the rings of saints and angels, if only I could pierce the calm majesty and divinè magnificence of that vast city of God and with Mary gaze uninterruptedly upon the benign countenance of my loving Lord, upon the beautiful features of Him Who did so much for my poor soul, yea upon the features of Him Whose tragic death for my salvation is commemorated daily in the holy sacrifice of the Mass. O, if such a favor were only granted me, even for an hour, what gifts would I not implore, what graces would I not seek! Gifts of body and soul — greater powers of mind and heart in order to love my God more adently — greater earnestness in His holy service — no longer would I be careless in my confessions and holy Communions, no longer would I be tardy in coming to holy Mass — greater zeal for the welfare of the souls of those around me, for the welfare of the souls of my parents and my relatives, of my friends, both Protestants and Catholics — graces, to enable me to withstand all the enemies of my soul — grace to overcome my pride, my anger, my evil tongue — grace to avoid the occasions of sin, to forsake evil companions and evil places, all these would I beg dear Jesus to grant me.

And yet if I pause for a moment's reflection, am I not astounded to find that my desire can really be fulfilled? True it is, I cannot pierce the clouds, but Jesus Christ Himself has supplied a means whereby to remedy this defect, to bridge over the great gulf separating me from Him. He has instituted the mysterious Sacrament of the Altar. He has consented to remain night and day in yonder little tabernacle, only a few steps distant from my house. There He waits for me — yea, even calls me to come and visit Him; to ask Him for all the gifts and graces I may need. There He is, just as truly as He sits surrounded by His saints and angels in Heaven, inviting me to come and tell Him all my troubles, encouraging me to make known to Him all my joys and sorrows. Will I refuse such a gracious invitation? Will I turn a deaf ear

to that beautiful call of my loving Redeemer; "Come to Me, all ye who labor and are heavy burdened and I will refresh ye?"

The Ciborium of St. Casimir, in Poland.

In 1345, robbers stole from a church a ciborium full of consecrated hosts. Finding that it was not of gold, as they imagined, they threw it away into a marsh, near the road. At once, the marsh appeared as if on fire; bright flames shed a dazzling light all around, without interruption.

Being ignorant of the cause of the prodigy, and fearing that it might be a threat from heaven, the Bishop ordered a fast of three days; after which he proceeded to the spot at the head of a large procession. Having prayed fervently, he perceived the ciborium and brought it back to the church with great pomp. To commemorate the miraculous event, St. Casimir had a magnificent chapel built on the spot where the ciborium had been found.

SANCTIFY THE MONTH OF JUNE.

Go to holy Communion every day during the month of June, if possible; if you cannot go every day, go as often as you can, at least every day that you hear Mass. Offer each Communion as a Communion of reparation to console the loving Heart of Christ, wounded in the Sacrament of the Altar. Do this especially on the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 19, the great day chosen by our Blessed Lord Himself for the Communion of reparation.

Assist regularly at the daily devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart. If they cannot be held in your parish church, have the devotions every day in your homes.

On the feast of the Sacred Heart renew the act of consecration with your entire family. A plenary indulgence was granted for this yearly renewal by Pius X, June 5, 1908.

HYMN OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT

(From the Irish)

Not more numerous are the angels in the King's own heavenly land,
Not more numerous the saints who around His footstool stand,
Not more numerous are the creatures who have come from God's
[right hand,

Than the praises,
Each tongue raises
For the Sacrament Divine.

Not more numerous are the drops in the mighty tidal sea,
Not more numerous are the fishes in its bosom floating free,
Not more numerous are the grasses or the sands upon the lee,

Than the praises,
Each tongue raises
For the Sacrament Divine.

Not more numerous are the cycles of King's perpetual years,
Not more numerous are the raptures that Christ's love reserves for
[tears,

Not more numerous are the splendors of the Paradisal spheres,
Than the praises
Each tongue raises
For the Sacrament Divine.

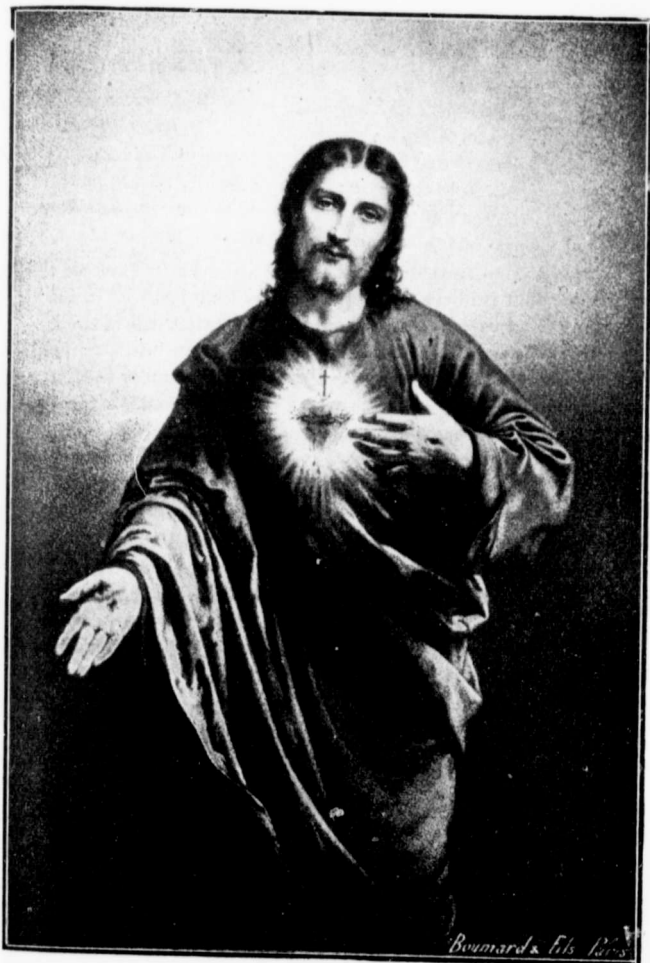
Not more numerous are the stars that irradiate the night,
Not more numerous are the lauds that His priests to Christ recite,
Not more numerous are the streams in the great sea that unite,

Than the praises,
Each tongue raises
For the Sacrament Divine.

Not more numerous are the letters that the Book of Life doth show,
Not more numerous are the leaves that in God's green forest grow,
Not more numerous, the sweet voices that heaven's choirs shall ever
[know,

Than the praises,
Each tongue raises
For the Sacrament Divine.

Dennis F. McCarthy.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

I. — ADORATION.

"I have a burning thirst to be honored by men *in the Blessed Sacrament.*"

Have we ever given these words serious attention? Have we ever remarked that it is in the *Blessed Sacrament* that Jesus invites us to seek, to find and to honor His Divine Heart? that it is in the Host of the Real Presence that the Heart of Jesus lives, beats, animates the Adorable Person of the Word? That it is there under the Sacred Species that that Heart loves us with a real, a personal, a true and passionate love? — that it is in the Eucharist, the Master-piece of God's love for His creatures, that that "Heart feels a burning thirst to be honored by men?"

Let us try to understand that Heart which revealed Itself at the Last Supper. "With desire have I desired to eat that Pasch with you." — exclaimed that suppliant Heart, which can no longer be silent: "I feel a burning thirst." — There, it was love declared; here, it is love demanded. Both spring from one and the same desire: — He loves and, because He loves, He desires to be loved. By the manifestation of His Heart, infinitely rich, He has stooped to beg for the miserable love of such ingrates as we!

Can we refuse Him our love after His having revealed His Heart so full of life, so near to us, so longing for our homage?

To that meek and humble Heart let us offer our adoration "*in the Blessed Sacrament.*"

THANKSGIVING.

If our heart is a little touched by the abandonment in which the Sacred Heart is left "*in the Blessed Sacrament,*" we should ask It what means to employ in order to make some effort to slake Its thirst according to Its desire. Let us hear our Lord's own words: "Share My joys, compassionate My pains. Tell me thy own joys, and confide to Me thy troubles."

Yes, let us fully understand that it is our confidence, our inmost thoughts that the Sacred Heart of Jesus desires, His joy is made up of all that glorifies His Father, of all that secures the salvation and sanctification of souls, His joy He seeks in us, in our virtues, in our sacrifices, and, most of all, in our love.

Ah! experience has proved to us that Our Lord is divinely generous, and His great Heart is always making return in overflowing measure. Let us bless It. Let us satisfy the desire of that Heart, of a Father, of a Brother, of a Friend. Let us go to It in our joys. Let us place them under Its protection, and may It be always our first, if not only confident. Let us tell Jesus how delighted we are to know, to believe firmly that His Heart is perpetually waiting in the Sacred Host, to receive our adoration; that It enters our breast every time we present ourselves at the Table of Union; that It deigns to need our zeal, our devotedness, not only that we may honor It individually, but still more that we may make It known and love in the Blessed Sacrament.

Let us vow to Him all the gratitude of which we are capable for the immense love that He shows us in making us the elect of His Heart, called to the delights of His conversation, as Saint John, to the Last Supper.

REPARATION.

Even the most legitimate joys are not without their tinge of sorrow. We are in a valley of tears, and the Heart of Jesus, living in the Blessed Sacrament, bears with us and for us, and infinitely more than we do, the sadness and bitterness of earth.

"I rarely find any one to make me some return," — Yes, *He*, our sweet Saviour "daily extends His hands to a people that reject Him." — His Heart suffers, and yet He looks far less for consolers than for sorrows to console... The intense desire of His Heart, His burning thirst, is to help us to sanctify our trials, whatever they may be, arresting upon our lips the complaint and the murmur, encouraging us to accept them, even to bless them, with humility, compunction, resignation, and abandonment to His good pleasure.

Let us listen to Jesus sighing: "I rarely find any one..." "No one comes to the Sacrament of my Heart!" — They are, indeed, few, O Adorable Victim, few who can compassionate thee or who find their own consolation in laying at Thy feet, that Thou mayest raise it to Thy Heart, the burden of their sorrows and miseries. — "*Rarely any one!*"

Where are the souls whom the Heart of Jesus has laden with favors, with repeated and multiplied invitations to visit Him and to receive Him in the Sacrament of heavenly consolations? — "*Rarely any one!*"

Let us weigh all the truth, all the bitterness, the full extent of that gentle reproach: "*Rarely any one!*" — Is it adressed to us also? — Ah! let our soul be annihilated in humble confusion for not having sufficiently understood, honored, and loved the Heart of Jesus "*in the Blessed Sacrament,*" for having sought too anxiously and tasted too eagerly the false joys and the vain consolations that creatures give.

Let us make reparation. — Let us form practical resolutions to repair lost time by more profoundly compassionating the Divine Abandoned-One of our tabernacles, by trusting in Him more absolutely, and, finally, by greater and more faithful assiduity in recurring to His Heart on all occasions.

PRAYER.

The Real Presence of the Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist and Its appeals to our love, urge us "to make It some return." But at the same time, we have the deep and humiliating sentiment of our own impotence and insufficiency to pay to It the tribute of love claimed by so many ineffable advances made by Our Lord.

Let us not fear, however; we may supply for our poverty by the plenitude of good flowing from His Heart. So many poor souls who groan and often succumb under the weight of their trials, and that alas! without merit, because they are ignorant or neglectful, of the helps that they would infallibly find in the asylum of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist.

Let us give and consecrate ourselves for ever to that sweet Heart, in such a way that our greatest happiness may consist in rendering It love for love whilst honoring It "*in the Blessed Sacrament,*"

Let us carry away with us the grace of this hour of adoration, saying with Blessed Margaret Mary: "O my Jesus not being able to remain in Thy presence, do Thou come with me, to sanctify all that I shall do, since all is for thee."

In your devotions to the Sacred Heart, consider It present and living "in the Blessed Sacrament."



The Tabernacle.

How beautiful is the silent patient life of that prison-house of love. Everything about our Lord has such endurance! It does not come and go like a transient flash of grand lightning, deepening the darkness of the night. It is not a visitation which is over before we have realized it. But just as He stood quietly among His apostle in the amazing beauty of His Resurrection, and said, "Handle Me and see," so does He abide with us in the Blessed Sacrament, that we may get to know Him, to outlive our tremulous agitation and the novelty of our surprise, and to grow familiar with Him, if we can, as our life-long Guest. There we can bring our sorrows and cares and necessities at all hours, when there is no ceremonial of the Church. We can choose our own time and our visit can be as short or as long as duties permit or as love desires. There is an unction and a power in the mere silent companionship of the Blessed Sacrament which is beyond all words. Members of religious communities accustomed to sleep under the same roof with the Blessed Sacrament, know the feeling of anxious loneliness and the sense of some unsatisfied want when they are away from home.

The ways of visiting the Blessed Sacrament must be as various as the souls of men. Some love to go there to listen; some to examine their consciences, as before their judge; some to speak; some to confess to Him as if He were their priest; some to do homage as to their King; some to study Him as their Doctor and Prophet; some to find shelter as with their Creator. Some rejoice in His Divinity, other in His Sacred Humanity, others in the mysteries of the season. Some visit Him on different days by His different titles, as God, Father, Brother, Shepherd, Head of the Church, and the like. Some visit to adore, some to intercede, some to petition, some to return thanks, some to get consolation; but all visit Him to love, and to all who visit Him in love He is a power of heavenly grace and a fountain of many goods, no single one of which the whole created universe could either merit or confer.

FABER.

A Whisper from the Sacred Heart.

"Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out."

It was the feast of Corpus Christi, and the feast of Corpus Christi in a busy Lancashire town means a great deal. It is not that the creaking ropes or the dreary iron cages of the coal mine are still; it is not that the great factory whistle is silent, or that you will not meet at morning, noon, and evening the familiar crowd of workers, lighthearted and cheerful, yet withal grave and earnest men and women. The busy life of the streets goes on as usual, but there is the joy of a feast-day in every Lancashire Catholic's heart; the thick sultry atmosphere is lightened by it, and the sky seems never so bright as on this joyous feast of our sacramental God. I will not say it is not so, on such a day wherever men labor and are burdened, whether they be rich or poor, for these are ever the objects of His predilection, who Himself was poor and a worker.

It had been my invariable custom to turn my steps northward to old surroundings on the approach of Corpus Christi, and this year I had persuaded a dear friend and brother journalist Philip Henderson, to accompany me. Philip was the soul of generosity, so like the Philip in the Gospel, and yet so unlike; for a hard, uphill career had driven the practice of religion from his life. Still there was much natural virtue in him.

A few months previously he had begun a series of articles in a well-known monthly on "The life of the Poor in our Towns and Cities," and I represented the advantages to him of leaving his "dear London slums" to study the great social problem in the North. So we left the scorching streets of the metropolis and found a home for a fortnight in one of the most Catholic of Lancashire towns.

The first week had passed pleasantly enough, for to Philip, brought up in a quiet Sussex village, where alone he would return at Christmas and midsummer from his busy life in the great city, many of the sights of a manufacturing town were novelties. On the previous Sunday

Philip had insisted on accompanying me to the eleven o'clock mass and the evening Rosary and Benediction, partly, no doubt, with the view of pleasing me, and partly in search of "copy." The simple piety of the congregation had impressed him, for, being of an earnest disposition himself, he could tell at a glance how deeply in earnest they were. All the same, I had not expected so prompt an answer to my suggestion that together we should go to the high Mass and procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Twenty minutes walk brought us to the poor quarter of the town, where the Church of the Sacred Heart was situated. Whilst I knelt in a side bench saying my Rosary, Philip stood near the holy water font reading the monthly Apostleship Calendar. In a very few minutes my ear caught the sound of subdued whispering coming from his direction. The tones of his questioner's voice were well known to me. He was in the clutches of old Peggy, and I as turned my head I clearly saw from the piece of white paper she was flourishing in her hand that she had only one end in view. How often I had stood the fire of her questioning myself years before!

"Dost know 'ow to write?"

"Yes."

"Dost know 'ow to write a letter?" with strong emphasis on last word.

"Yes Peggy"

"Well, wilt write me a letter to t'Sacred Heart?" And then the sheet of white paper would be flourished, a pencil produced, and Peggy would limp over to the Intentions Box, underneath the large crucifix.

With her eyes turned on that beloved Form, she would begin her dictation. "Dear Sacred Heart," speaking every word slowly and distinctly as if the Divine thorn-crowned Head of the Crucified One were bowed in listening attention.

The substance of her letters was always the same — the cure of some sick woman or child living "up our court," a good husband for her "little grand-daughter Lizzie;" work for her "drunken son" and one grand parting petition, rest for the souls in purgatory and conversion of England to the "owd faith." Surely the Divine Lover

of souls would hear these unselfish words ringing loud and clear above the "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus," of the angelic choirs, and our sweet Mother Mary would turn her pleading eyes upon His Face, wishing that the prayers of men would ever rise to Heaven as did the prayers of this poor Lancashire woman.

"Hast finished?"

"Yes Peggy."

"Then put, 'yours truly, Owd Peggy,' at the end and write on t'back, to t'Sacred Heart of Jesus." With a fervent aspiration the precious missive found its way into the Intentions Box, and Peggy's simple faith told her that that was a post-office where letters never miscarried, for the angels are the postmen and the Postmaster-General is the Sacred Heart Himself.

All this was the work of a few minutes, and as old Peggy went to tell her beads in her favorite corner Philip came and knelt beside me with a calm shade of thoughtfulness on his face, as if he were speculating on the answer that would be given to this letter by Peggy's invisible, and to him unknown, correspondent. The Holy Sacrifice began: "Cibavit eos ex adipe frumenti, alleluia, et de petra, melle saturavit eos, alleluia, alleluia," and as we may stand on the seashore when the wind is rising and watch the waves approach us more and more rapidly, swelling as they advance, so at the Introit the whirlwind of God's sacramental love seemed to dart from the altar and make the interior of that humble house of prayer reverberate with joy.

Philip followed the Mass with deep attention. He watched every movement of the sacred ministers and when the church was hushed to silence by the Elevation bell, his head gradually bent lower and lower, and, as he afterwards told me, an unaccountable feeling of peace came over him, and all thoughts of "copy" vanished before a new thought — "I must recommence my life's work." The "Ite Missa est" given, the last Gospel said, we knelt awaiting the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Even Father Faber fails when he endeavors to describe a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, but a procession where the God of Love is attended by His poor and toiling

brethren alone, where the only riches are the priceless riches of hearts laden with faith, hope and charity, would require an angel's knowledge to describe!

The children's voices intoned "Sweet Sacrament," and the earthly triumph of the Lord of Host began. It was the good Shepherd attended by His flock, the Master with His disciples, it was Jesus surrounded by His dearly beloved little ones, the Bread of Angels and the Friend of Sinners.

As the procession passed us I rose with others to follow, unmindful for the moment of Philip, intent on paying my unworthy homage to my Lord and Saviour. We advanced slowly down the two aisles, and the rough prints of the Stations of the Cross looked down on us from the walls, recalling to many a heart the price of the triumph we were celebrating. The sanctuary was reached all too soon, and as the priest laid his precious Burden upon the altar my eye wandered instinctively to the bench I had left. Philip was not there.

It was indeed a triumph, a victory and a triumph, as I saw him supporting old lame Peggy on his arm — the last to follow in the footsteps of her "dear Sacred Heart," in the Sacrament of his Love!

The Benediction followed and as we left the church I knew an unseen miracle of grace had been performed in the soul of Philip. We walked some distance in silence, making our way through little groups of people exchanging greetings and chatting pleasantly of a thousand things with the pure joy of a great feast-day in their kindly hearts and on their honest faces.

"Messengers a penny apiece," broke in upon our musings, and we both turned in the direction of a voice now as well known to Philip as to myself. There, seated on the lower steps of a doctor's residence, was old Peggy selling her messengers.

"You can'ave back numbers for a half-penny apiece, sir, April or May."

Once I had tried to convince her that it was an illegal proceeding, but she had just waited for the constable — "t'cheef o't' Police Methody," as she told me next day with emphasis — to pass that way on his rounds, and the

result was that he had decided her Messengers wouldn't do anybody any harm and he bought a copy himself to encourage her. Philip thrust a shelling into her hand and took the proffered magazine adding with a quiet smile, "I think the Sacred Heart whispered to one, and it's all right." The tears came into the gentle eyes, and we turned away from the apostle of that Master who is so "passionately in love with men" that those who lead others to Him, however poor and ignorant they be, shall have their names written in His Heart, never to be blotted out.

The silence was broken and the story was soon told how Peggy had had only one favor to ask that morning — that the Sacred Heart would just whisper a word of comfort to those who needed it on such a happy day; how the earnest words of the old woman had rung in his ears throughout the Mass, calling up the religious aspirations of his early years, and how when I had risen to join in the procession he stifled all his doubts and misgivings and followed last with one prayer in his heart and on his lips: "Sacred Heart, whisper to me and teach me the truth." We returned to London on the following Saturday, Philip's mind now bent on responding to the light granted him. Together we sought out a holy, self-sacrificing priest and after hearing the story he gladly promised to instruct my friend in the doctrines of holy Mother Church. What happy days those days of preparation were. Happiest of all, that Christmas morning when he and I knelt side by side at the altar-rails to receive our sacramental God — Peggy's invisible correspondent.

All this happened years ago, and Philip Henderson, journalist, is now Father Philip Henderson, the friend of the poor and outcast, buried in the heart of the great city. Whenever we meet to talk of those old days I see his dear face grow bright at the mention of old Peggy, and he will repeat over and over again: "But the Sacred Heart always gives more than He is asked to give; old Peggy asked for a 'whisper,' but He has given a 'call' into His vineyard. Blessed be His name and may our names be written with old Peggy's in His Sacred Heart never to be blotted out."

Small Things.

Great occasions of heroic virtue are rare in life and we have not the courage to embrace them. We become disheartened and, under pretext of not being able to do anything for God, do we not give up the life of piety? Jesus applies the remedy to this temptation in His Eucharistic life, says Pere Eymard. There He teaches us that it is above all, in small things that sanctity is exercised. His annihilation and the absence of the exterior life, teach us that the interior life, entirely made up of acts of the heart, of ejaculations of love, of union with His intentions, is what is most perfect. Oh! God loves with predilection the humble, the lowly who live at His feet, under the heavenly influence of His Heart! The life of prayer, however, does not exclude zeal for the salvation of souls. The interior soul knows how to labor in her recollection. She acts interiorly upon the exterior, as Jesus who, without showing Himself to our eyes, makes His presence felt. The sinner who invokes Him, feels the sweetness of His Heart. From Jesus to the soul, there is established a current which no one sees, a dialogue which no one hears. No one perceives that labor of Jesus in the depths of the soul, but how real it is. Oh! let us make our zeal, our love like that of Jesus, all hidden, all interior!

Never look upon as lost the moments that you pass at the foot of the altar. It is when the grain is buried in the furrow, that its fecundity begins. Eucharistic converse — behold the seed of the virtues! In our day, devout souls are not wanting for every work of zeal. They are very much praised, sometimes too much. Pray that their heart may be in accord with their outward zeal. Ask that these souls may nourish themselves on prayer.

Let your virtues become amiable and attractive to the neighbor, and for that you must clothe them with the sweetness of Jesus Christ. Nothing is so amiable as simplicity, the absence of pretention. The virtue that hides itself, that goes along silently, is blessed by all. Patience that comes from the heart without showing

violence, charity-simple and as it were, natural — these are the fruits of the hidden life, nourished by the reception of Jesus Christ and the contemplation of the examples of His Eucharistic life.

“No Time”, no Excuse.

“I would gladly do so,” some one will say, “if I only had time.” My answer is, first; your excuse is a bad one; you have no time, because you do not wish to have time. Whoever has the good-will finds time for Holy Communion. I wish, however, to remark at once that I am far from wishing to urge anyone to go to Holy Communion, if thereby he would be obliged to neglect the duties of his calling and position in life; but at the same time, I should like to point out that anyone who divides his time properly and makes a conscientious use of it, will always find that he can go to Holy Communion. It does not occupy much time! We waste hours in idle conversations, in eating and drinking; we even find time unhappily for sin; have we none at all for God? What we lack is not time, but good-will. Anyone who is in the habit of going to Mass on week days can make his preparation during Mass, and need spend only a quarter of an hour in thanksgiving, and even this quarter of an hour is not time wasted from his work, for it is a matter of common experience that we work better and with greater industry after going to Holy Communion.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

The Feast of the Blessed Sacrament is, in one sense, as old as the Church. The festivals of the early Christians, consisting merely in the celebration of the Mass, were really solemnities in honor of the Eucharist; but as late as the middle of the thirteenth century Holy Thursday was the only festival dedicated to it in a special manner. Our present feast of Corpus Christi began in 1264, deriving its origin primarily from a revelation to the saintly prioress of a Belgian Convent.

From her childhood Sister Juliennę had been distinguished for her extraordinary devotion to the Sacrament of the Altar. In her sixteenth year, when ever absorbed in prayer before the Tabernacle, she appeared to see the Moon, quite full and round with the exception of one gap on the circumference. It was finally revealed to her that this Moon was an image of the Church, and that the gap indicated the lack of one feast which should be established in honor of the Blessed Eucharist.

A commission of renowned theologians examined the revelations and as a result of their deliberations the feast of Corpus Christi was established in 1264, in the diocese of Liege, where the convent was situated.

One of these theologians, Jacques Pantaleon, then Archdeacon of Liege, later became Pope under the title of Urban IV. The Bishop of Liege, with many others, applied to him to extend the feast to the Universal Church. Pope Benedict XIV relates that, while the Pope was hesitating, a striking miracle happened that brought him to a speedy conclusion. A priest had experienced some doubts concerning the doctrine of transubstantiation. One morning he was saying Mass, when, just after the Consecration, blood gushed from the Sacred Host, leaving on the corporal an ineffaceable stain. Pope Urban took the trouble to verify the prodigy personally and in consequence published a Bull on the eighth of September 1264, ordering the feast of Corpus Christi to be celebrated everywhere. This ordinance was solemnly confirmed

by Pope Clement V, in the Council of Vienne, and Clement's successor, John XXII, decreed that the feast should be celebrated with an octave and that the Blessed Sacrament be carried in procession.

Before Communion

Lord to Thy Eucharistic Feast, how shall I dare to come?
Reflecting on the evil deeds my guilty soul hath done:
No good have I to offer, my soul o'erflows with sin!
How shall I then invite Thee to take Thy rest within?

O Mary, lend Thy stainless heart—incline unto mine aid,
Once more in that pure home of love, let Jesus now be laid;
My icy soul would chill Thy Babe far more than Bethlehem's cave,
Where though Thee to a sinful world, Himself He freely gave.

Yes, sinless, spotless Mother, 'tis meet that Thou shouldst come.
Prepare the dwelling, Thy lov'd Son desires to make His home;
The world's cold frown but made Him press closer to Thy heart;
Then come to me, and from my soul His grace will ne'er depart.

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O Jesus, My Love, My King, I offer Thee Thy sinless Mother's
Heart with its perfect dispositions at the moment of Thy Incar-
nation and in all Her Communion. Come to me now by her, as I
come to Thee by Her. With Her Heart let me receive Thee, Queen
Immaculate, My own dear Mother please prepare my heart to
receive Jesus.

The Forgiving Heart.

We say that we love the Sacred Heart. We wish to be numbered amongst the friends, the lovers of Jesus. But, whilst we cherish any feeling of revenge, of bitterness, whilst we refuse to forgive from our hearts all who have injured us, never can we call ourselves the friends of our Divine Saviour, who forgave His murderers as He hung dying on His cross, and pleaded for their forgiveness with His Eternal Father; nay, more, made excuses for them.

The Sacred Human Heart of Jesus is our model in all things. Let us, then, draw near to Calvary, to the Altar and learn from the example of that most merciful Heart how we are to treat those who have wronged us or injured us. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Ah! surely with these words of the dying Saviour, repeated every morning at holy Mass, ringing in our ears, we shall not dare to cherish feelings of vindictiveness, to refuse to forgive. Jesus, the man-God, the All-Holy-One, dying in unutterable torments, pardons the guilty wretches who have crucified Him, excuses them, and plead, for their forgiveness with His Father in heaven. And we miserable sinners, shall we refuse forgiveness to our enemies? Ah no! Let us kneel at the foot of the Cross, or rather at the foot of the Sacred Altar, that perpetual Calvary, where Jesus dies every day for the salvation of a sinful world, and there let us tell our dying Lord that henceforth and forever we shall banish from our hearts all unkindness, all bitterness, all rancor; that we pardon wholly and unreservedly those who have injured us, no matter how deeply; that not alone do we pardon them, but that we are ready and willing to do them good, to succor them in their need. Never again shall we know what it is to cherish enmity towards anyone.

Acknowledging the mercy of the Sacred Heart by which our countless sins have been forgiven, in all humility let us offer this utter surrender of all vengeful feelings, as an act of love and reparation to that Heart so constantly and so deeply wounded by sinners. Let us resolve that

we, at least, shall never cause that dearest, sweetest Heart a pang by our bitter unforgiving thoughts and actions.

Let us do this and the peace of the Sacred Heart, that peace which passeth all understanding will inundate our hearts and souls. As we have forgiven those who injured us, so shall we ourselves be forgiven, and thus forgiven we shall attain to the possession of those eternal joys concerning which St. John tells us that those who enter into them, "shall no more hunger nor thirst, neither shall the sun fall upon them, nor any heat, for the Lamb, which is on the throne, shall rule them and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life... And night shall be no more: and they shall not need the light of the lamp, nor of the sun, because the Lord God shall enlighten them and they shall reign for ever and ever."

IT WILL BE TOO LATE

Ah! if we had the eyes of angels seeing our Lord Jesus Christ present on the altar and looking at us, how we should love Him! We should wish never more to be separated from Him; we should wish to remain always at His feet. This would be a foretaste of heaven; all the rest would become insipid to us. But it is faith that is wanting. We are poor, blind creatures: we have a mist over our eyes, which faith alone can clear away. When Jesus sees pure souls coming to Him with eagerness, He smiles on them. He wishes only our happiness; He has His hands full of graces, seeking to whom He may distribute them; alas! no one cares for them. Wretched are we, not to understand these things. One day we shall understand them well, but it will be no longer time. It will be too late, too late!

Mass — Communion

What Catholic is there who does not know how the four great wants and duties and worships which the creature owes to the Creator, the petition of his infirmity, the intercession of his brotherly affection, the thanksgiving of his startled speechless gratitude, the intelligent joyous acknowledgment of God's absolute dominion, are supplied to him, with an infinite worthiness equivalent to the worth of the Creator Himself in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass? The perpetual Real Presence of Jesus with His faithful, His perseverance in the obscure tabernacle, and His frequent benedictions, which preside over evenings of our toilsome days, just as Mass so beautifully fills the morning with its light and love, so that it is Jesus all day long, courting our society, and mingling with us with an intimacy we get to understand less and to prize more, the longer it is vouchsafed—surely this is enough to supernaturalize the whole world, to make hard things easy, and dark things bright, and throw an invisible armor round us which will charm our lives against the weapons and the wiles of hell... But what shall we say of Communion? All idea of familiarity with God, of intimacy with the invisible world, of the spiritual union of heavenly love, fail us here. The creature, trembling, bashful, eager, backward, frightened, delighted, is bidden to kneel down and feed, (not figuratively or by faith), but with an awful bodily reality, upon His Incarnate Creator. And this eating of the Creator by the Creature is the highest act of worship which he can perform. We need not stay to follow out the many-fountained grace of a good Communion, nor to see how it branches out into every faculty of the soul, every power of the mind, every affection of the will, every delicate sensibility of the conscience carrying with it secret blessings multiform and manifold, and insinuating even into flesh and blood and bone, the seeds of a glorious resurrection.

And this miraculous feast on our very Creator may be, and He loves it to be our daily bread.

Official Souvenir of the Eucharistic Congress.

The official badge of the Canadian Congress of the Priests' Eucharistic League to be held in Montreal July 13, 14 and 15, 1915, is now ready for distribution.

It consists of a Maltese Cross and coat of arms of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, which shows the Blessed Sacrament solemnly exposed on a background of royal ermine surmounted by a crown. On either side of the monstrance are seen angels wrapped in adoration. The arms are surrounded by a wreath of maple leaves, emblematic of Canada. The wreath, emblem and cross are in bright and rose gold finish.

The cross is attached to a ribbon in papal colors, yellow and white, bearing the inscription in gold leaf letters: Canadian Congress of the Priests' Eucharistic League, Montreal, July 13, 14, 15 and the dates 1890-1915 as this is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the League in Canada.

The whole presents an appearance defying all description and it is hoped that every Catholic in Canada will secure one of these badges, not only to wear it at the time of the Congress, but to keep as a most beautiful and lasting souvenir of an Assembly which will fill one of the brightest pages of Canadian history.

While these official badges have been manufactured at a considerable expense, nevertheless, it has been decided to dispose of them for the nominal sum of 25 cents, by mail, 30 cents. Each badge is enveloped in parchment and may be secured at the Office of the Eucharistic Works, 368 East, Mount-Royal Avenue, Montreal, P. Q.

The word Eucharist means "a good gift;" but as in human life a great love often brings a great sorrow, so Christ, Who follows our human ways, with Himself brings His Cross.