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THE SENTINEL  
OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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Christ the Consoler.

Come unto Me; leave sin and fearsome doubting  
There waits for thee thy Savior's loving Bread  
Condemn thee? No! My Heart for thee is yearning  
Come unto Me, and I shall give thee rest!  
I call to thee; canst thou not hear My pleading?  
My pardon and My Love I have to give;  
Delay not, for My Heart for thee is waiting;  
Come unto Me, and in My loving live!  
There is no stain I cannot cleanse and whiten;  
There is no life, or Heart, by care depressed:  
I cannot with my Love forever brighten;  
Come unto Me and I shall give thee rest!

BRO. AMADEUS, O. S. F.



→ *Thoughts for November* ←



(Written for the Sentinel.)



NOVEMBER, that month so sad yet filled with so many sacred memories is once more upon us. No month could be more fittingly consecrated to our beloved dead; even nature itself seems to mourn with us; the trees but recently throbbing with life and beauty now are desolate and bare, no rustle of leaves re-echoes the wind playing amongst its branches; those leaves now lie in heaps of golden brown, to be swept at will, by wind and storm; truly a veritable type of the mortality of earthly life; the flowers that from the coming of early spring lifted their heads towards the heavens in praise to their Creator, no longer adorn field or valley; the very air speaks of death so chill and bleak it is, and darkening shies tend to impress upon the mind the desolation of this sad month.

Holy Mother the Church drapes her altars in sombre hues, and reminds us: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead"

O there are many for whom this reminder is not necessary their dead are always with them in spirit but, there are others who perhaps, in the stress of life, have forgotten the loved ones with whom they spent so many happy hours and thought not the grim reaper "Death" would snatch so soon from their love and friendship.

But death waits for no one, rich or poor noble or lowly; when the allotted time had passed they were called to

give an account of their stewardship to the Master in whose vineyard they had laboured; a Master ever kind and generous nay even loving and merciful; but who now demands as judge a record of the life He had given them.

The time of mercy is over, justice now holds sway, and till the last farthing due Infinite Justice is paid, they must suffer in the cruel fires of Purgatory.

They know they are not ready to be admitted to the Royal Court of Heaven and they linger in pain crying out: "It is but just."

O you who have lost one dear to you over whose sick bed you bent in anxious fear and solicitude; could you but see their terrible suffering now, what would you not do to hasten the happy day of their deliverance.

Hear them plead for help: "O you who have forgotten to pray for your beloved dead—not through gross neglect, or indifference, but because time the healer of all sorrows, gradually rendered their memory less vivid—make amends during this month specially consecrated to the dead."

Perhaps you mourn a loving father or mother who watched over you from the first moment of your existence and whose last earthly hours were filled with solicitude for you, left to fight life's battle alone: or a fond husband or wife, sister or brother in whom all your affections were centered.

O those days of heartrending grief when that beloved form no longer responded to your fond words or loving caresses; that still sadder day when that dear one was laid to rest and your only consolation was that beautiful thought. "We shall meet again."

Yes, we shall meet again sooner or later! Our time will also come, and our Eternity begin. Eternity! that



will unite us once more to our beloved dead. Eternity! where no parting tears are shed.

O let us profit by this month to either redouble our efforts, or to become more generous. Let us attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass often, if possible daily; pay a few minutes visit to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and there breathe a fervent prayer in their behalf.

Let us offer up our communions to our Eucharistic Lord that through the merits of His precious Body and Blood, their last remaining stains may be washed away; beg and implore Jesus through His infinite mercy to have pity on them; and God whose justice alone permits their suffering, but whose mercy longs for their release will bless and reward those who assist them.

Pray especially for those poor souls whom no one remembers, who linger day after day with no hope, until their last debt is paid. Often offer a prayer or some mortification, during the day in behalf of the abandoned souls.

Prayer for the souls in Purgatory is a sublime act of charity; an act of charity bringing a reward to the giver far greater than mind can conceive. The Holy Souls even though they cannot help themselves, can beg God's grace and blessings for others, and when they are delivered from Purgatory and enjoy the bliss of Heaven, then ceaseless prayers of thanksgiving for their benefactors shall win for us many graces, and when our time comes to be purified from earthly stain, God, the "God of Love", shall in His inexpressible love and tenderness, have pity upon us also who in life forgot not his admonition. "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead"; and in the measure we now mete unto others, so shall it be meted, unto us.

CARMEL.

## *Imelda the Model*

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FOR young children who are being prepared for their first communion, there is no reading more appropriate, or more edifying, than that of the life of Madeleine Lambertini, who was born of an illustrious family of Bologna, in the year of 1321.

Her eyes had scarcely opened to the light; her tongue had not yet become unfastened, when her parents observed with astonishment that at the names of Jesus and Mary, her tears ceased to flow, and her sufferings appeared to be soothed.

When she became older, she would disdain the games and amusements enjoyed by other children of her age, to retire to a small oratory, which she had decorated with her own hands; and where she would remain for a long time in prayer. Indifferent to the luxuries which surrounded her, and to which she appeared to attach no value, she thought only of throwing off all ornament and entering the cloister. This desire was so manifest, that her family could offer no objection to that which appeared to be truly the will of God.

When she had reached her tenth year, the little girl was taken to Voldipetra, and placed in a convent conducted by holy women, who followed the rule of Saint Augustine and Saint Dominic. She received the monastic habit; which she was permitted to wear until she had reached the age required for the taking of the solemn vows.—It was at this time that she changed her name of Madeleine for that of Imelda.

In a short time she became a source of edification to the community. Even the oldest religious regarded her as their model. There were none more submissive, or more faithful to duty. The rigor of her self-imposed penances was sufficient to enliven the zeal of the most tepid. But all her virtues were surpassed by that most touching love which she professed for the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. She would voluntarily have spent her days and nights before the Tabernacle, oblivious to the necessity for food or sleep.

When she assisted at the Holy Mass, and particularly at the moment of the Consecration and at the Communion, it appeared as though her heart would burst from the confines of her feeble body, and cast itself before its Divine Spouse. And when she found herself alone in her pew, deprived of the heavenly manna, the tears would course down her cheeks.

"Oh! I beg of you", she would say to her companions, "tell me, tell me, how can we receive Jesus into our hearts, and not die!"

Notwithstanding her fervor, the superior of the convent did not believe it her duty to shorten the allotted time. The age fixed for the first Communion at that time being fourteen years; and Imelda was then only eleven.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, she renewed her endeavors about the time of the feast of the Ascension, but her confessor was inexorable. God permitted this resistance, no doubt, to render more striking the miracle with which it was His Holy Will to favor the saintly child.

The day of the feast arrived; the bells pealed forth joyfully; the religious filed into the chappel; the Holy Mass began. Imelda wept silently, uniting her sacrifice to that of the Adorable Victim; and when the sisters advanced

to kneel around the holy table, she alone remained at the back of the choir.

"O my Jesus!" she sighed, "Thou dost wish that Thy little servant be consumed by the ardor of her desire! Is it because I am only a child that Thou refuseth Thyself to me? Yet, Thou hast said to thy Apostles: 'Let the little children come unto me'. O Jesus! I implore Thee, give me one small particle of the bread of life, or let me die, for I cannot live without Thee!"

It was impossible for the Divine Spouse to resist a voice so pure—an appeal so touching.

While the little child prayed and wept, a sacred host escaped from the ciborium, and rising, moved through the air until it rested above the head of Imelda, who contemplated it in ecstasy. The sisters who were witnesses to this miracle, and who were at first unable to believe the testimony of their eyes, had in the meantime advised the priest; who approached with a paten, upon which the Sacred Host permitted itself to be placed. The will of God had been made manifest; and the priest, with great respect then took the sacred species in his hands and gave Holy Communion to the rapturously happy child. The Lord himself had ordained that Imelda should receive her first Communion.

Her body bowed, her hands crossed upon her breast, her eyes closed, she appeared to be insensible. But the radiant smile that played about her lips, bore testimony to the happiness she enjoyed. They could hear her murmuring— "My beloved is mine, and I am His!" He has brought me into His store house, He has surrounded me with his love.... I have found Him whom my heart loveth. I hold him, and I will not let him go!"

The sisters remained in admiring silence, not daring to disturb her rapture; but seeing that she continued to

remain prostrate, they became uneasy. They called; they prayed; they even commanded; but Imelda, that model of obedience answered not. They raised her—she was dead.

Dead at eleven years. Dead of the love of God, and at the moment when he had approached her for the first time.

O fortunate Imelda! Little sister of the Angels! protect all little children who are about to receive the Holy Eucharist, and send down upon them from the high heavens, a ray of the love that embraced and consumed your innocent heart!... Preserve them from the unhappiness of receiving Holy Communion with indifference, and thus being deprived of the sweetest joy of their lives! And finally, obtain for them the grace of perseverance in faith and virtue.

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## Guard of Honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

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If nameless fear the soul oppress,  
Or past shadows cast a blight;  
Deep in the Sacred Heart  
Shalt thou find sweet peace and light.

The members of the Guard of honor are to to be congratulated on their splendid work during the past month. Forty new names were added to the Society's Register, some members pledging monthly, others weekly or daily adorations.

The members were requested to become *Promoters* by procuring ten new members. Forty or fifty Promoters are needed to spread the Eucharistic Kingdom and it is to be hoped that the members will offer themselves generously for this work. Surely, they will never regret it.

Often, like the prophet Elias, were we told in the instruction, we are tempted to discouragement and even to despair. Those moments of trial come to each one of us, moments when the valor and the bravery that hitherto helped us in the many battles we fought, fades away like the dying light of the day, and in the darkness of night, we fall unable to see the path before us. Then, in the quiet of the sanctuary, our heart pours out its grief and anguish. Jesus, the heavenly Physician, knowing our necessities, utters the word spoken by the angel to Elias: "Arise and eat," and in the fulfilment of that command is found the means which enables us to retain that courage which is so characteristic of the true child of God.

That food which we are bidden to eat, the precious Body and Blood of Jesus, is the only efficient antidote against the evils that beset us, the world, the flesh and the devil. Holy Communion has been and ever shall be the shield of the innocent, and God's greatest pledge of love for the penitent sinner. What gives the priest to uphold the dignity of his sacred calling, and courage to walk without faltering in the footsteps of His Master? Is it not the daily union with the Holiest of the Holy? the priest being of the Eucharist the Consecrator and the Guardian. What keeps so pure the hearts of the Virgins consecrated to their Heavenly Spouse? Holy Communion. What sustains those numberless souls struggling on the battle-field of life from falling at the hands of their enemies? Holy Communion shields them from all attacks and strengthens them to vanquish all their enemies. And those

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little Ones, the "Lambs of the Fold," what but Jesus, the "Essence of Purity" can keep pure and unsullied the souls of children, where Jesus so greatly desires to dwell?

Holy Communion is a necessity, a Food without which we cannot hope to live a life of grace and purity. Saints and sinners alike require it, and the soul is languishing when deprived of its beneficial qualities.

Let Holy Communion be the sole aim and desire of our lives. In joy or grief, in health or illness, let us have recourse to Jesus in the Eucharist. And especially in sadness of spirit when discouragement is weighing heavily upon us let us come to Jesus, let us unite ourselves to Him in fervent Communion. In fine, let Jesus under the Sacramental Veils be our strength in life, our hope in death until He becomes our joy forever in Heaven.

If all look dark and hidden, and  
Through the clouds thou canst not see;  
Say: "Jesus in the Eucharist  
I place all my trust in Thee."

*Marguerite Feldmann,*

Cor. Sec'y.



If Jesus deigned to participate in His mother's life, to hang upon her breath, to be quickened by her blood and be fed by her substance, what an honor will you consider it that He should sustain you, become your food and pass into your life? Truly the mother's love which Jesus received so abundantly, He imparts to us in even greater abundance in Communion.



Young Victor's Thanksgiving.

ANY pious persons are not satisfied after Communion, to remain like Mary Magdalen seated at Jesus Feet in wrapt attention. In order to be satisfied and not worry their Confessor and confidential friends with their fears of being abandoned souls they must feel sensible fervor during all the time of their thanksgiving, and sensible affection also, talk to our Lord without intermission and, as it were, lay down the law to Him: recollected silence would be a real penance for them.

The following fact related by a saintly Bishop, actor therein and witness thereof, might be of practical benefit to them: A young Idolator, of the Isle of Samoa, in Oceania having been converted about sixteen years of age by Mgr. Elloy, Bishop in partibus of Typasia, coadjutor of Mgr. Bataillon, both Mariasts; received at Baptism the name of Victor which seemed to presage the numerous victories he was to win.

When the day of First Communion drew nigh, Victor went to the saintly Bishop who was then only a simple missionary and questioned:

"Father, is it really true that to morrow, I will receive in my heart our Lord Jesus Christ?"

The Missionary fearing a temptation against faith enquired: "Do you doubt, my child, of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist?"

"Oh! no Father! but how will the Son of God come from glory into the heart of a poor savage who has adored false gods: as I will tell Him when I have received Him."

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His doubts at rest, the Missionary advised: "When you will have received Him, you will say to Him: My God, I love Thee and I want to love Thee always; then you will listen to Him in your heart and when He has finished speaking you will repeat:

"My God, I love Thee and I want to love Thee always." Victor followed this wise counsel. After Communion he was seen absorbed in deep contemplation; his face radiant, his lips murmuring a few words from time to time and thus he apparently would have remained for hours had he not been notified it was time to depart.

Three weeks after this memorable day Victor went to the Missionary and said: "Father, I would like to go to Communion again."

"You know my child," the Missionary answered, "that those of your age only go every month. Why do you ask to go before?"

"Father, since my First Communion I said often: 'My God, I love Thee and I want to love Thee always;' and He spoke to me, I heard His voice in my heart; but since two days He no longer speaks and I want to receive Him again."

A thanksgiving continued during three weeks had inflamed his heart, and imparted a courage such as St. Cyprain attests in the First martyrs, because they were so well nourished with the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, and though shown in less perilous circumstances the heroic firmness of Victor was not less admirable.

The Missionary was going to Australia a thousand miles away, and wanted a companion, so he asked Victor to accompany him. Victor laid the proposal before his widowed mother. Her love could not stand the separation; she reminded him he was her only consolation, that to please him she had consented to become a Christian, that she depended on him, and many other reasons maternal love so well knows how to plead.

Victor loved his mother dearly; still he looked upon it as his duty to accompany the Missionary so he replied: "The Missionary has a Mother also in France; if he had not left her you, and I would not be Christians."

God's grace and Victor's courage triumphed; his mother gave consent. It would be hard to say how devoted Victor was to Mgr. Elloy, but as is often the case, this deep affection was to be the cause of a severe test; fortunately he had drawn strength through frequent Communion, strength sufficient to enable him to bravely make the greatest sacrifice of his life.

Another Missionary asked the newly consecrated Bishop, to give him Victor as a guide, in an Island whose language and customs were unknown to him. The separation would be almost as difficult for the Bishop as for his dear son. Nevertheless the thought of God's glory overcame all earthly considerations and induced the bishop to lay the request before Victor.

When the bishop ceased speaking, Victor remained silent. Not wanting to grieve him the Bishop hesitated and left him free to decide as he pleased: "Father that is not the way you generally speak to me. You used to say: Victor do this and Victor did it? Why do you act differently now."

"Well my son, since you are so generous, I won't take away the merit of your sacrifice; go with the missionary."

Victor burst out sobbing; his tears fell fast, he could not speak. The deeply grieved Bishop in an effort to console him countermanded the order.

But Victor quickly conquered his emotion, and to show how whole-heartedly he submitted replied: «Father, my tears are not my will.»

And he went and three months afterwards won his final victory, his eternal reward.

**Subject of Adoration**  
*Where dwellest Thou?*

*Ubi habitas.*

—  
ADORATION.

Two disciples of John the Baptist hearing him say of Jesus, who was passing by "Behold the Lamb of God" leave their master and follow Him.

Jesus turning and seeing them following Him says to them "What seek you?" "Rabbi, Master, where dwellest Thou?" "Come and see", answers Jesus.

Where dwellest Thou? Jesus dwells in heaven, He also dwells on our altars, and wishes to dwell in our hearts by coming to us in Holy Communion.

He desires to make them His permanent dwellings by His sanctifying grace.

The altar is only His temporary abode, the fixed and final dwelling place He seeks is that of our heart.

Let us adore Jesus, fostering in His merciful Heart the loving desire to enter into our own poor hearts, to reside there by His grace, and there to seek consolation and happiness.

"My delights are to be with the children of men."

THANKSGIVING.

What an honor Jesus bestows on us! How exceedingly great is His love for us! He tells us that He is going to heaven in order to prepare a place for us, where He will await us in His Father's house.

He wishes us to pass together with Him in endless joy and bliss the long days of eternity.

Meanwhile He dwells continually with us throughout our mortal life. Everywhere this wide world over His House may be found beside our own. There He dwells, night and day, always at home, when we call upon Him. His greeting is always one of gladness, He never finds our visit tedious or untimely, and never sends us away empty but fills us with His heavenly consolations.

He consents, nay more, He ardently desires to follow us whithersoever we go during the long day, by coming into our hearts in our morning Communion.

May such condescension, such touching kindness awaken in our souls feelings of liveliest gratitude.

## REPARATION.

Jesus dwells with us, He dwells in us.

He never departs from us, even for one instant.

He seems to have nothing else to think about except what concerns us. And do we think of Him? Alas! how few can answer "Yes"!

After welcoming Him into our heart in Holy Communion we leave Him alone there, all the day long, absorbed as we are by a multitude of trifling occupations and cares. Coming and going we pass His churches without ever a thought of stepping in for a moment if only to greet Him and thereby show that we do not forget Him.

We allow ourselves to be so thoroughly engrossed by the bustle of business, the craving for distractions, and the allurements of pleasure, that days, months and years steal by unnoticed and we never give a serious thought to our progress on the royal road to heaven, to the Home of Jesus, our true Fatherland. In our folly we bind ourselves to this transient earthly abode of ours, and neglect to make ourselves worthy of being admitted to our Father's House.

Allowing that we Christians, who strive to remain faithful to the end, do not wholly forget God, yet how true it is that many of our fellowmen grope through life without ever lifting up their eyes to Heaven.

## PRAYER.

O Jesus, I know where Thou dwellest, I know the blessed house of Thy residence. I know in some slight degree how much it has cost Thee to dwell there with me. I know since Thou hast said it—that Thou deignest to find Thy delights among the children of men, redeemed at the price of untold labors and sufferings.

O Jesus, grant that we may understand the honor Thou bestowest upon us, grant we appreciate more and more the benefit of Thy presence.

Give us the courage and strength to pluck from our hearts whatever might displease or offend Thy eyes when Thou dost visit us in Holy Communion.

Grant us, O Jesus, a taste for heavenly things; enkindle in us the desire to cleanse our souls from all evil, to banish worldly cares, so that nothing may hinder our progress towards the eternal dwellings of heaven.

D. N. P.  
S. S. S.

## Unknown

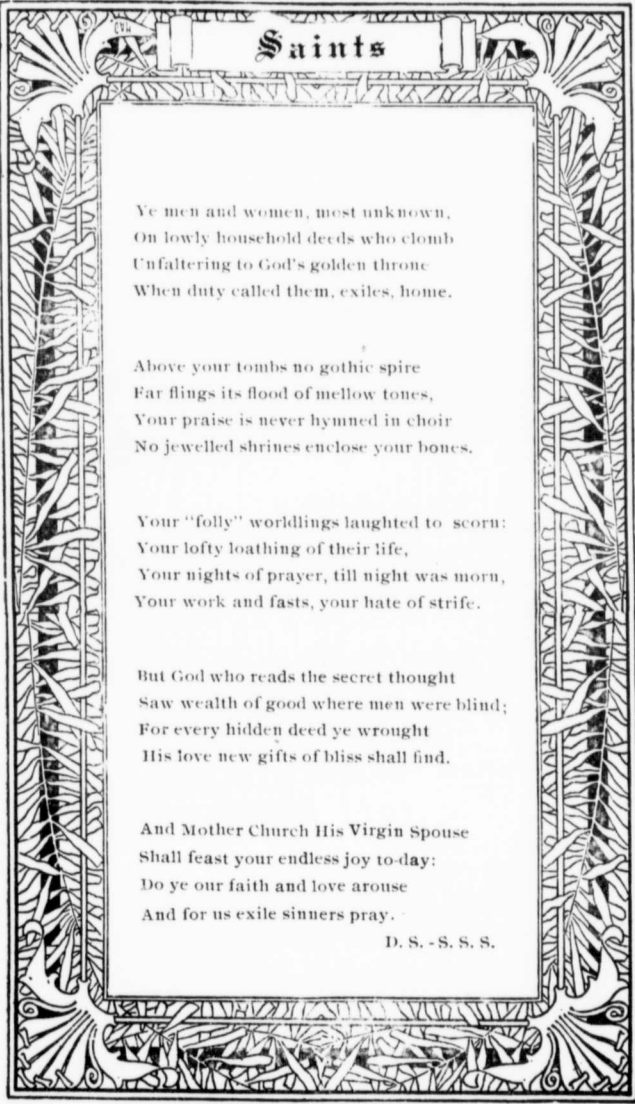
Great saints whose lives unknown to fame  
Inspire no thrilling heart of song,  
Who left to earth nor deed nor name,  
We sing this day your glorious throng.

Ye stood not in life's market place,  
From man to claim your virtue's need;  
Your wondrous gifts of heavenly grace  
On husks of empty praise to feed.

Ye, Martyrs strong, whose willing blood  
For Christ gushed forth, neath pagan skies  
Whose seed forgotten, rife with good,  
Was sown where Christiana peoples rise.

Confessors bold, by word and deed,  
Who struck in hearts engulfed in night  
That spark of faith they scarce did heed,  
But which soon blazed, a saving light.

Chaste brides of Christ, whose snowwhite  
[souls,  
Untouched by tainting breath of sin,  
In cloisters bloomed, where virtue stoles  
The heart with beauty hid within.



## Saints

Ye men and women, most unknown,  
On lowly household deeds who clomb  
Unfaltering to God's golden throne  
When duty called them, exiles, home.

Above your tombs no gothic spire  
Far flings its flood of mellow tones,  
Your praise is never hymned in choir  
No jewelled shrines enclose your bones.

Your "folly" worldlings laughed to scorn:  
Your lofty loathing of their life,  
Your nights of prayer, till night was morn,  
Your work and fasts, your hate of strife.

But God who reads the secret thought  
Saw wealth of good where men were blind;  
For every hidden deed ye wrought  
His love new gifts of bliss shall find.

And Mother Church His Virgin Spouse  
Shall feast your endless joy to-day:  
Do ye our faith and love arouse  
And for us exile sinners pray.

D. S. - S. S. S.

## ❖ THE HOLY SOULS ❖



“Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.”

*Job XIX-21*

The Catholic Church is often accused of being too severe with her children—of being even cruel towards them in seeking to control their action in things which seem to be outside the sphere of religion, and depriving life of much of its charm. True, our Holy Mother will not lower the standards she has received from Christ to suit our whims, but for all that, we know that she looks after our dearest interests from the cradle to the grave, and as her setting apart the month of November as a time of special prayer for the souls in Purgatory shows, her tender sollicitude follows us beyond the grave itself. She who is accused of standing between us and those we love, affords us the means of giving them most effectual and unselfish assistance, when, after their departure from this life, they meet the requirements of the holiness and majesty of God by a sojourn in the purifying flames of Purgatory. If the doctrine of the communion of Saints were known to those who dislike the Church because of her strictness which they mistake for hardheartedness, they would soon cease to accuse her. They should find little difficulty in exchanging a religion which asks them to be contented with inscribing: “I believe in the resurrection of the body,” or something to that effect on the tombstones of their relatives and friends; for the religion which allows them to follow the dictates of their hearts, by enabling them to give real assistance to relatives and friends as often as they choose to do so.

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The tender solicitude of Holy Mother Church then, is easily defended. But, if we, her children, were accused of cruelty—of cruelly neglecting our suffering brethren in Purgatory, few of us could prove our innocence. The fact is, that were it not for the Church's yearly reminder, many would never think of purgatory. Each and every one of us can arraign himself before his conscience and plead guilty of more or less forgetfulness of the Holy Souls. This forgetfulness may truly be termed cruelty, if we have neglected relatives and friends, for whom, when alive, we professed unbounded love and who died perhaps with our promise to pray for them still in their ears. But it is not too late to assist them. Though we never forgive ourselves, we can repair the past by redoubled diligence in the future.

The sight of those in distress brings out what is best in us. In the present great war, for instance, the people of Berlin are said to have raised funds for the relief of the English stranded in Germany, while the Londoners did likewise for the Germans. There are none in greater distress than the souls in Purgatory. They too, are in need of what is best in us—our wealth of compassion, to be shown them by shortening their stay in that place of torture. Their sufferings are extreme. Of course there is a view of Purgatory which considers less its pains than its being a place of tender love and sublime hope. The souls are represented as comparing their sin-spoiled beauty with the great purity of God, and plunging voluntarily into the purifying flames, to make themselves fit to come again into His presence and enjoy Him forever. But this view does not deny the frightful sufferings endured in these purifying flames. Purgatory has been justly called a hell which is not eternal. In fact, the Holy Souls suffer the same pain of sense, the same strange

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feeling which makes five minutes seem like so many years, the same sense of helplessness and the same lonesomeness as the damned themselves. And these sufferings are being endured day and night, year in and year out, just as truly as Europe is just now undergoing the horrors of war. No doubt the war occupies a great part of your thoughts. Now, when on going to bed, you think of the soldiers asleep in the trenches, think also of the Holy Souls in their fiery beds. When, on awakening, you think of the men who will greet the rising sun for the last time, think also of the souls who are entering on another twenty four hours of frightful suffering which may seem to them to be so many years. With regard to the victims of the war you do not stop at an occasional thought, you would like to assist them, you even do something by contributing to the funds collected for the families of the men who have gone to the front. You should be so disposed towards and do as much and more for the souls in Purgatory. The means of assisting them are at your disposal—the Mass, Holy Communion, prayer, especially the Rosary, the Sacramentals, alms-deeds and others. Use these means as frequently during this month and for the rest of your life as you would use some power of effectively aiding the victims of the great war. Pray particularly for the soul of the late Pope, Pius X; and should he be already the companion of the angels, as many think, your prayers will add to his glory.

*A. J. V., S. S. S.*



## A Multiplication of Hosts



On Sunday the 4th of August, 1905, the solemnity of the Feast of the Sacred Heart which had been transferred, for some local reason, was to be celebrated in the chapel of the Religious of Gethsemani, at Victoria, in the Argentine Republic and many had gathered there very early for confession and Communion.

The Chaplain was to offer the mass and consecrate enough Hosts for the assistants, outsiders and pupils, but the parish priest became suddenly ill and the Chaplain was obliged to go and celebrate mass in the parish church.

On his return to the chapel, he at once saw he would not be able to give communion to all those present, so resolved to satisfy as many as possible by dividing the ten Hosts then in the ciborium.

The Religious who had invited the faithful to the chapel for communion and who now realized the Chaplain's embarrassment was in great distress. Not to deprive those generous souls who had come so far, and waited so long, she decided to make them approach the Holy Table before the pupils, who could more easily satisfy their devotion another day.

At the same time she repeated unceasingly and with a fervor born of the urgency, this prayer, that only a lively faith could dictate: "Lord Christ, Thou Who didst multiply the loaves in the desert, multiply also the Hosts in the ciborium so that those good souls who desire to receive Thee may not be disappointed".

Meanwhile the time to give Communion was at hand. After reflection the Chaplain had concluded it were better

not to divide the Hosts in two, as it might leave a bad impression on those none too highly spiritually educated people, but to give whole Hosts to those who came first, and afterwards announce there were no more.

But wonder of wonders! as he distributed the Hosts he noticed they did not diminish. He thus gave to thirty five Communicants and still eight Hosts remained in the ciborium.

As soon as the Chaplain entered the sacristy the Sister followed him and eagerly asked:

How was that done?

The Holy Species multiplied themselves he answered in an awed reverential tone.

And the Sister knew her prayer so full of faith and trust had been answered.

More than once she insisted and questioned the Chaplain anew, but never did he waver in his assertion, or doubt the wonderful multiplication of the Sacred Hosts.

And all concluded, how unspeakably good is the Heart of Jesus.

Let us urge souls to receive Jesus in Communion; it is His ardent desire, His expressed wish. When shall we rightly understand how true this is.



Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, wrapped within the color, weight and other appearance of bread, may be said to be asleep as far as moving or speaking is concerned. Jesus is quiet, but He is with you and wants you to call Him if the storm is upon you.



➤ LAURENCE ◀

## A little Flower of the Desert.

(Continued.)

Two days later, I was again beside the little invalid. I found him lying on his bed as usual. As soon as he saw me he sat up, and with a joyful and smiling countenance said:

"How good you are, *Black-robe*, to come so soon again to see me! Do you know during these days I have been thinking always of you and of the beautiful things you have told me? Oh, tell me some more, for you know so much, and you give me so much pleasure."

"I have come for that, my boy. I will satisfy your wishes at once." And taking a seat beside him, I showed him a Crucifix, asking him:

"Do you know who this is whom you see nailed to the wood?"

The child took the Crucifix in his hand, gazed at it with attention and replied:

"I do not know. But is He a man? Oh! why was this done? What evil had He done to deserve this torment? Poor creature! How much He must have suffered?"

"Yes, He is a man, but He is not only a man, He is also the Son of God."

"What?" said the child in amazement; "He is the Son of God, and He was treated thus? But why? You told me the other day that God is very good, that He wishes to do good to men, because they are His children whom He Himself has created. Oh! was this, perhaps, a bad son and He put him on the cross?"

"No, this Son was not bad; He was very good. He did good to all, healed the sick by only laying His hand on

them and even raised the dead to life. He was the best and the most lovable of men."

"Why then did they put Him on a cross? Who was wicked enough to lay hands on the Son of God and treat Him so?"

"It was done by wicked men, and the love He bore them induced Him to die on the cross for all men. By the sin of Adam, paradise was shut and no one could have entered it, if the Son of God had not opened it again to us. In order to re-open it, He came into this world, where He underwent the death of the cross to blot out the sins of all men and merit for all an eternal reward."

"And is that really true?"

"I assure you, it is exactly as I say."

"O dear Son of God," began the boy, clasping the Crucifix in his hands, "how good You are! Why would you suffer so much? This is too much! to die so cruel a death that men might be happy for ever. I love you, O Son of God! Give me a peaceful death, when I die!" and he kissed it reverently.

Then he turned to me, and in appealing accents, said:

"Oh! let me keep this image!"

"Yes, I give it to you, and may it remind you of the great love the Son of God had for you also in dying upon the cross."

"I am very grateful."

"Pray to Jesus for me also, that I too may rejoice one day with Him in paradise!"

"But how is this? He is dead and yet He can hear my prayers?"

"Yes, because three days after, He rose from the tomb, and now lives gloriously in Paradise, surrounded by many blessed spirits. He will never die again, but will live with the Father and the Holy Spirit, where evil is no more,

but only every good, to-day to-morrow, for ever, eternally."

"And you have already been to that place?"

"No, but I hope to go there."

"Then how do you know all these things?"

"I know them," I replied, "because God has revealed them to us, and the Son of God Himself confirmed them when He was living in this world."

"And you believe them?"

"Certainly, I believe them! Ought I not to believe the Son of God who came down from heaven on purpose to teach us the way to paradise? And do you not believe them?"

"If you tell me to believe, I also believe, because you are good and would not deceive me."

"This Son of God, who is called Jesus Christ, has also said that he who does not believe His words shall be judged and condemned for ever to hell, that is to say, the place where all evil is suffered, for ever."

"Oh! I will not go to hell, with the black monsters. I wish to go to paradise with the Son of God and with you. I believe, yes, I believe whatever you tell me to believe."

"Very good; you must then believe that Jesus Christ, before going up to heaven, instituted seven sacraments, which are the outward signs by means of which God gives His grace to men. They are so many channels which bring the waters of His grace. One is *Baptism*, which makes us children of God, brothers of Jesus Christ, and heirs of paradise. Without Baptism no one can enter paradise."

"My father told me that I received Baptism when I was very little, but I do not remember it. Am I also a child of God and a brother of Jesus Christ?"

"Certainly, and you have the right when you die of going to paradise, so long as you have not grievously offended God."

"I do not know whether I have offended Him, but—my father would know."

"If you had offended Him, all that is required is that you should repent and ask God's pardon. Jesus provided for this also, and for this end instituted the sacrament called *Penance*, or *Confession*."

And thus, one after the other, I instructed him about all the Sacraments. When I explained to him in what the Sacrament of Confession consists:

"How good is Jesus," he observed. "Oh, who would not love Him! Why have I not known Him sooner? I would have loved Him with my whole heart! But for the future I will love Him always, because He is my Brother, because He died for me," and so saying he wiped away the hot tears from his eyes.

He was very happy when he heard that in a short time I would give him Confirmation, that before he died he should also have Extreme Unction; but what touched him most was the Catholic doctrine of the sacrament of the Eucharist. I see him still, as if he were here, opening wide his eyes in astonishment at my explanation, and I seem to hear him again exclaiming:

"How is that? Jesus our food? The Son of God our food? Oh, how beautiful! Jesus in a little bread? How wonderful it must be to see it! Oh! how small Jesus must be! And He allows all to receive Him? even me?"

"Yes, He not only allows it, but He desires it, and obliges us to receive Him, saying: 'I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever. My Flesh is meat indeed and My Blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in me and I in him, and he that doth not eat It shall not have life in him.'" These are His words. As you see, He urges us to receive Him,

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He wishes it, He desires it, and threatens to deprive us of paradise if we do not!"

"You believe this? Have you, perhaps, seen Jesus in the bread?"

"I believe it as if I had seen Him, because it is His word that tells me, and His word can not deceive us."

"As this is so, I also believe, because you too would not deceive me; I know you wish for my good. Oh! how beautiful this is! And when will you bring Jesus to me?"

"If you are prepared and really desire Him from your heart, I will bring Him soon, very soon!"

(To be continued.)

\* \* FAVORS \* \*

THROUGH

VENERABLE PÈRE EYMARD

*Chicago, Ill.*

My husband became quite ill and I promised three Masses in honor of Père Eymard, if he recovered without a serious operation. In two days he was completely recovered, and I now enclose \$1.00 to pay for the first Mass—I'll send \$2.00 more before the first of the year to complete my prayers of thanks to Père Eymard, hoping that he will keep my husband and myself under his protection and pray to God for us now and always, and also help us to get an engagement to work this season.

*A Subscriber.*

*White hall, Michigan.*

In return for favors I have received through Ven. Père Eymard—enclosed find \$1.00 for a Mass to be said in Honor of Père Eymard for his Beatification. I have



applied Père Eymard's picture when afflicted with various ailments—and have always experienced relief through my prayers to him.

*A Subscriber.*

*Granby, P. Q.*

Please publish my thanks to Ven. Peter Julian Eymard. After promising to become a subscriber to the Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament. Thank God my health is much improved.

*Mrs. J. D.*

An old lady subscribes to the Sentinel in thanksgiving for her cure.

A mother asks prayers that her son may become a sober man.

*Waterloo, Que.*

A little boy recovered from a serious illness. I wish to have his recovery published in Sentinel, feeling, I may thank Venerable Father Eymard for it.

*A Subscriber.*

*Schenectady, N. Y.*



Dear Father, I was laid up with Rheumatism in my right arm and by placing a picture of the Venerable Pierre Julien Eymard and promising publication. I was cured in a few days.

*Mrs. M. S. K.*

About four years ago I was taken ill which left me with bronchitis or a smothering sensation both winter and summer, so I promised good Father Eymard if he would help me I would publish it, and every time I felt the least ill effect, I would remind him and it would pass away. Hear-felt thanks to good Father Eymard.

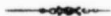
*A Subscriber.*

My little girl was threatened with fever and I applied the picture of Père Eymard with the promise to publish in the Sentinel and she got relief and to-day is quite well again.

 AMONG the LILIES 

If we are "clean of heart," our faith will be vivid, especially our faith in the Blessed Sacrament; as was the case with St. Thomas Aquinas, the angel of the Eucharist. But it is precisely the reception of the Body of Christ that keeps us pure, or restores to us once again our personal purity, so much so, indeed, that it would almost seem as if the white species of the Sacrament had some immediate effect upon our bodies, as He has upon our souls who is hidden beneath those appearances. The origin of the Eucharist accounts for the efficacy of its effect: It is the virginal flesh of God made Man, conceived and born of a Virgin Mother, and consecrated and administered to us by a celibate priest. "It is the boast of the Catholic religion," as says Cardinal Newman, "that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this but that it gives us Jesus for our food and Mary for our nursing mother?" Remark that he says, "the gift of making the young heart chaste"; for Christian chastity is not a mere negative virtue of youth and innocence, but a positive purity according to one's state in life; and having once made pure the youthful heart, of course, the Holy Eucharist can keep it so. It is his daily intimacy with the Blessed Sacrament that helps the priest to keep unsullied "the whiteness of his soul." In sooth, we may say of Holy Communion what a poet of today has said of the dewy kiss of a little child—

"It makes the sudden lilies push  
Between the loosening fibers of the heart."  
And the Lamb of God "feedeth among the lilies."



❖ HOLY SOULS ❖

Again we welcome November, though its days are dull and drear,  
 Again our hearts are gladdened and filled with holy cheer.  
 Ere October's rosaries are ended, ere Mary's month is fled,  
 We greet with sad, sympathetic love, the month of our lonely dead.

The Church, our holy Mother, bids us hearken to the call  
 Of the poor, weak, helpless prisoners compensating for their fall.  
 It is in our power to aid them, to lend a helping hand,  
 To shorten the term of exile ere they reach the promised land.

They may suffer untold anguish, midst chastening flames intense,  
 They may plead for our assistance, their burning thirst to quench.  
 Surely they, who are our loved ones, have on us a twofold claim  
 To release them from their bondage and let fall the binding chain.

We know the Heart of Jesus broke and bled for these dear souls,  
 That upon our Altars daily His precious blood still flows,  
 They themselves are poor and helpless, so of us some aid implore,  
 Let us plead for them with Jesus, there behind the Altar door.

If we love the Heart of Jesus we will help these souls in need,  
 And render soothing ointment by each, thought, each word, each deed  
 Best of all the precious moments to gain for these souls rest,  
 Is the moment of Communion with our God upon our breast.

M. CREAMER.

At the Communion Rail

Now that the blessed practise of frequent Communion is happily gaining ground a few suggestions as to the manner of receiving the Sacred Species will be useful to not a few readers, says the Queen's Work. To begin with, there is the way of managing one's lips and tongue when

receiving. Some persons have an awkward manner, which embarrasses the priest, and endangers the Host. They hold the tongue too far back, or lower the head so that the priest cannot see where he is placing the Blessed Sacrament; or they stiffen the tongue and stretch it out so far that there is danger of dropping the Host entirely. Other Communicants move the head nervously forward at the moment of receiving, or withdraw the tongue too quickly. All these things are quite wrong and put the Sacred Host in peril.

Then, what is the proper way?<sup>2</sup> One should keep one's head and eyes slightly lowered until the priest comes near. Then, still keeping the eyes cast down, tilt your head a little upward, extend your tongue until it rests quietly upon your lower lip, with its tip protruding a trifle beyond the edge of the lip, and wait for the priest to place the Host upon it. He will press the Host lightly upon your tongue, the moisture of your tongue will hold the Host safely and you must then gently and quietly withdraw your tongue, close your lips and swallow the Sacred Species, without any sudden or jerky motions, but reverently and calmly as befits so great and holy an action.

Then, leave the Communion rail (it is not necessary to genuflect as you go, for you carry with you the King of Kings), and return to your place with the inward and outward reverence and recollection, which should spring naturally from the thought of the great action you have performed. Keep your eyes modestly lowered as you go, and let your veneration speak in all your actions, as becomes a man or woman who has received the very Body and Blood of God made Man.

How often does one hear Protestants or unbelievers comment upon the behavior of the faithful in receiving Holy Communion. They look with anxiety sometimes,

to see whether you really believe that Christ is present there. So that your outward reverence and devotion in receiving is to their eyes a declaration of your faith.

One should swallow the Sacred Species as soon as one comfortably can, lest by keeping the Host too long in the mouth, it should dissolve and lose the appearance of bread. If the Host adheres to the roof of the mouth, loosen it with your tongue—if you cannot do so at once wait quietly for a moment and then try again—there is no need of being disturbed at an accident which happens without our fault.

Finally, we should remember how precious are those first moments after we have received, and not allow any distracting thought to enter into our soul, where the King of Glory has come to dwell. In a quarter of an hour the Sacred Species will very probably vanish away, and then Christ's bodily Presence ceases within us.



How munificently will God reward those who under every darkest disguise, knew Him and felt for Him and fought for Him always as their King.

