



• THE TRIUMPH OF PALMS •

From a painting by Deger.



The Communicant



S the intending communicant opens his eyes betimes, the words of the angel will occur to him appropriately, "Arise and eat!"—a simple thought that fills the minds with the weightiness of what is before it. This may ring profitably in the ear as we dress and take our road to the church. We can hear, also, the invitation to Zaccheus: "Make haste and come down, for on this day I shall lodge in thy house." Nothing indeed is more expressive of true devotion than that ever-recurring scene of the communion: a peaceful tranquillity, modesty, humility, retirement, displayed in its quintessence.

At early morning, in some tranquil church, when the busy world without is hurrying to the storm and stress of the long day, the sight of the faithful pressing forward to the railings is itself (to vary Steele's phrase) "a pious education." There is shown a gentle ardour, a modest approach; while the faces of those who have received are illumined with a sort of divine inspiration. "If to behold the divine beauty of the human countenance," says the author of *Mores Catholici*, "be at all times sweet to minds contemplative, where can this pleasure be enjoyed so fully as in the church! Those raptures of love mixed with sorrow at the solemn moment of communion give a su-

blime expression to the features . . . Grief almost always ennobles the countenance. The instinct of our primitive destiny seeks another dignity besides that of sorrow. The true condition of man is the reparation of his misery : this form never appears clothed in its most beautiful terrestrial, excepting when it takes the expression of this mystery of sorrow and grace, when it receives the imprint of a divine joy, penetrates to the abyss of our sufferings."

Indeed anyone who, when serving Mass, has stood by the priest when he is administering communion, will have noted an extraordinary and edifying spectacle in the upturned faces, wellnigh transformed by an almost divine light ; with, in some instances, a kind of rapt anticipation — a gentleness and patience — a look of a world beyond. The spectacle, for those who do not communicate, seems even to renew a scene from our Saviour's life. He is passing by, as if about to work a miracle. We might fancy ourselves in the streets of Jerusalem, and should seize the opportunity to call to Him with the blind man, " Jesus son of David, have mercy on me !" There is indeed no actual difference between the two scenes : and wise are they who embrace the opportunity and call upon the Son of man for aid and relief in their difficulty.

It is a quiet week-day morning in some unfrequented chapel where scarce half-a dozen are present. This slender attendance may have the significance of a crowd after all in the *largeness* of devotion in a single pious heart. We may have one such soul kneeling beside us who, as it were, has stolen modestly to the railing, and return with an edifying absorption — unconscious almost of all around her. As she drops into her place again beside us, may we reflect, with a certain awe, that we are more nearly concerned ; that here is a living tabernacle that has just enshrined our Lord ; and that at the moment is going on beside us, within touch almost, secret and all but divine colloquies between her Lord and the soul He has thus visited. Truly we feel this is holy ground, and if we are impressed with the sanctity of his neighbourhood we shall find in it even a more reverential form of the spiritual communion. As the Mass goes on, and the moment approaches, we may borrow from the liturgy of the Sacri-

fice itself those close nervous prayers which are so appropriate to our own case.

Thus after the *Pater Noster*, we may recite the *Libera*, or prayer for deliverance : *Deliver us, we beseech Thee, O Lord, from all evil of soul and body : and by the intercession of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin and of all the saints, mercifully grant us peace in our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.* After this the *Agnus Dei*, addressed directly to Him who is presently to be received ; and then the powerful prayer : *Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, who by the will of the Father hast by thy death given life to the world, deliver me by this, Thy most precious body and Blood, from all my evils and all my iniquities : make me always adhere to Thy commandments, and never let me separated from thee. Amen.*

On approaching the rails, another passage from the early part of the Mass will suggest itself : *Take away, we beseech Thee, O Lord, our iniquities, that we may be worthy to enter with pure minds into the Holy of Holies.*

Then, too, may be repeated the words used by the celebrant : *I will take the bread of heaven and call upon the name of the Lord.* And so with the words : *Let not the taking of Thy Body, Lord Jesus Christ, which I, unworthy, presume to receive, lead me to judgment and condemnation, but out of Thy benignity may it avail to the safety of my soul and body !* Another wholesome practice is to vividly excite the imagination, and figure ourselves waiting, on the bed of death, for the arrival of the Viaticum, and fancy that it is to be our last time of receiving.

How appropriate, too, and forcible would be the prayer and versicle used at the Benediction : *Thou hast given them bread from heaven, containing within them every delight.* And this also :

O God, who, in this wondrous Sacrament, hast left us the memory of Thy Passion : grant, we implore, that we may so venerate the sacred mysteries of thy Body and Blood, that we may ever feel within us the fruit of thy redemption !

The words of the priest as he holds up the ciborium are truly powerful and appropriate : *Behold the Lamb of God ! Behold Him who takes away the sins of the world !* Then speaking in the name of the communicant : *Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof ;*

but only say the word and my soul shall be healed !

At this moment one may well recall the scene of institution of the Sacrament. There is seen our Saviour seated at the table. His voice is heard — His who, the day before He suffered, took bread into His holy and venerable hands, and lifting up His eyes to heaven said, *This is my body*. We, you, all, are the disciples. He is now seen drawing near.

The words used by the priest when receiving are these of the centurion when he welcomed our Lord to his house. This worthy, humble soldier never dreamed that his simple salutation was destined to be oftener repeated than any form of words known on this earth ! It was, indeed, an extraordinary compliment or reward for his devotion and humility. As every morning comes round in every quarter of the globe, his humble words, *Lord I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof ; but only say the word and my soul shall be healed*, are recited millions and millions of times over, in this holy association with our Lord's presence. He has thus acquired a permanent companionship never to be interrupted on earth.

This declaration should be in the heart of every one, and really expresses more than the longest prayer. There is the extremest humility and profound gratitude ; a hope and confidence in our Lord's great goodness. There is pleading for our shortcomings ; a reminder, too, of the promise, " Ask and you shall receive." So we repeat, " Say but the word and my soul shall be healed,"

The words which accompany the administration are : *The body of our Lord Jesus Christ keep thy soul unto eternal life* — a prayer that the Lord, as He has entered, would keep close and vigilant watch over us until eternity begins.

With equal appropriateness, when all is finished, and the priest has ascended the altar, we may repeat Simeon's words : *Now, O Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant in peace, for my eyes have this day seen Thy salvation ; and there is a short prayer said by the priest as he replaces the ciborium in the Tabernacle, which may be appropriated by the communicant : What we have taken in the mouth, O Lord, may we receive with a pure heart, and from a gift that is temporal be it to us an eternal remedy.*

Or there is a noble passage in a Homily of St. John of

the Golden Mouth, which has a sort of living reality. 'When thou seest it set before thee, say thou to thyself: "Because of this Body am I no longer earth and ashes, no longer a prisoner, but free. Because of this body, I hope for heaven, and to receive the good things therein — immortal life, the portion of angels' converse. This Body, nailed and scourged, was more than death could stand against; this body the sun saw crucified and turned aside his beams. This is even that Body, the blood-stained, the smitten." What thrillings words! what a majestic pealing chime! And again for the moments after communion, we may borrow his stirring words: "And when, filled with this Sacrament, we depart into the other world, with what confidence we shall tread the sacred threshold fenced round as with a golden armour! And why speak of the world to come, since here this mystery makes earth become to thee a heaven! Open for once only the gates of heaven, nay the heaven of heavens, and what is there, the most precious of all, this will I show thee lying upon the earth. Seest thou not that what is more precious than all things is seen by thee on earth, not seen only but touched, and not only touched but eaten."

It is wonderful in what a multiplied and varied development this perpetual presence of our Lord is manifested, and in how many gracious ways we are drawn to the Tabernacle. We may thus be in contact with Him, if we will, in every act and stage of our course.



The Saints of the Desert

IN times when the Church had rest from persecution it was but natural that peace should enervate the minds of Christians. The Church's net gathered of every kind : ' from dissolute Corinth and the learned schools of Athens and Marseilles they flocked to the Church ; Christianity penetrated into the wagon of the wandering Tartar and the hut of the wild Numidian ; the obstinacy of the Buddhist, the fanaticism of the Persian fire-worshipper, the superstition ingrained in the hot blood of the proverbially passionate African, and the subtlety of the Alexandrian, were all to be subdued under the yoke of Christ. We must expect that amongst these many would, during a time of long peace, be exposed to fearful temptations. We must remember that they were living in the world, and that a world of heathenism' (F. Dalgairns's *Holy Communion*).

It is not therefore surprising to find, as time went on, men who fled from contact with the world in order to seek in solitude that life of communion with God which it was well-nigh impossible to find in the midst of their ordinary homes. To the Christian soul solitude has the strongest attraction. None have ever made great progress in perfection who have not more or less broken away from society in order to be alone with God. 'The next object, then,' says F. Dalgairns, 'upon which the eye rests after martyrdoms ceased is the record of the wonderful lives of those kind simple solitaries. It is not too much to say that the Christian spiritual life was formed by them : all its reality and dread of self-deceit, its hatred of pomposity and its simple naturalness, even in the highest supernatural states ; its good humour and most tender charity for the faults and failings of others, — in a word, all that distinguishes the monk from the fakir comes to us from the Saints of the desert. Open the pages of Rodriguez you

will find that the rules for self-examination and for wrestling with temptation, which guide us even now, come from these dear solitaries. After all our books on meditation we might still go back with profit to the fervid ejaculations and the artless effusions of these simple hearts in the desert. Strange that it should ever have been thought that many of them seldom or never communicated. One reason, perhaps, for this mistake is the erroneous view conveyed by the word desert.'

This yearning for solitude, to break away from a world sunk in idolatry and wickedness, was first felt and carried out in the deserts of Egypt, whence it spread into Arabia and Syria; and those expanses of silent solitude became peopled with thousands of pious souls who had abandoned everything in order to be alone with God. Some dwelt in cloisters, under the government of a superior or an abbot; some in caves or in rude huts which their own hands had constructed. Those who dwelt in community, as well as those who lived in solitude, supported themselves by labour, giving themselves up to prayer and recollection, to mortification and the exercise of all the Christian virtues. In the monasteries were found hospitals for the poor and the sick, and churches in which those who were priests amongst them distributed the Holy Sacraments. The holy solitary Apollo lived with five hundred monks near Hermopolis in Egypt, not far from the spot where Mary and Joseph dwelt with the Infant Jesus during their flight.

Many more lived in caves upon the surrounding mountains, and these came to the churches daily to receive Holy Communion, content and satisfied with this heavenly food until the following day. This case of daily Communion is, however, an exception to the general rule of the fathers of the desert, who communicated ordinarily on Saturday and Sunday only.

We find many instances of priests who visited the monasteries for the purpose of saying Holy Mass on Sundays; and the monks also were in the habit of visiting the nearest village or town in order to receive Holy Communion. Never did the road, however long, appear to them too far or too weary.

The holy Abbot Paphnutius, at ninety years of age,

took a three hours journey every Saturday and Sunday to the nearest church. St. Arsenius dwelt thirteen hours' journey from any church, and yet he visited it to communicate. To those recluses who never quitted their retreat a priest would bring the Holy Eucharist. Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrus, the famous Church historian, who has preserved to us many beautiful and marvellous facts out of the lives of the holy anchorites and monks of the desert, relates of the holy solitary Mares, who for thirty-seven years lived in a little dilapidated hut not far from Cyrus, that, being on one occasion permitted to visit him in his cell, after a long discourse upon the things of God the holy old man opened the desire of his heart that he might once more assist at the celebration of the Divine Mysteries. At once Theodoret complied with the wish of the Saint, who was now ninety-nine years of age, and had led always a most pure and blameless life. He commanded the sacred vessels to be brought, and, as there was no table in that poor little hut, he offered the most Holy Sacrifice on the hands of his deacons. This favour so filled the heart of the venerable anchorite with joy that, in his own words, he believed heaven to have come down to him.

St. Auxentius, who lived upon a wild mountain in Chalcedon, his cell being built of wood in a cave, exhorted all solitaries who came to him for instruction to receive Holy Communion every Sunday. St. Basil relates that, in the case of the distance being too great for such constant visits to a church, the holy anchorites were permitted from time to time to take the Holy Eucharist back with them into their cells. It is related of St. Simon the Elder, an anchorite, that he took the resolution to eat no food during the long fast; and, having carried out his resolution, he was discovered by the priest Bassus lying on the ground, without giving a sign of life. At once Bassus moistened his lips with a sponge, and placed the Holy Eucharist in his mouth. Quickened by the heavenly food, he rose up; after which he received the Holy Communion daily, and could not live without it. When later on he ascended a high pillar, spending his life thereon in prayer, Bishop Domnus went to him, and by means of a ladder brought him the Holy Eucharist. Another anchorite,

Simon the Younger, who also for many years lived on a pillar, received the Holy Eucharist by miracle, became a priest, and said Holy Mass upon his pillar. St Onophrius lived for seventy years in the very depths of the desert, receiving Holy Communion every Sunday at the hands of an angel. The Saint informed Paphnutius that angels communicated other hermits.



THE ANNUAL RETREAT

At the Church of St. Jean Baptiste.

THE annual retreat for the parishoners of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste opened on Sunday evening, March the 12th, and continued for two weeks. The first week was devoted to the women, the second week to the men.

The retreat for the women was conducted by the Rev. Thos. Walsh, C. M. DD., and that for the men, by the Very Rev. Patrick McHale, C. M. D. D., president of St. John's Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y. From every point of view the retreat was a great success. Despite the inclement weather which prevailed throughout the entire week of the women's retreat, Dr. Walsh was greeted with large audiences which overtaxed the seating capacity of the church. The instructions of Dr. Walsh were listened to with the closest attention. He did not aim at eloquence or flights of oratory, but imparted, in a simple manner, to his hearers the solid and sound doctrine of the Church on the revealed truths of Christianity.

The closing exercises of the women's retreat which took place on Sunday afternoon, March the 9th, at four o'clock, were solemn and impressive, and will no doubt remain a lasting memory in the minds of all who took part in them. The whole congregation united in the reading of an act of consecration to the Holy Sacrament. The altar was ablaze with lights and tastefully decorated with plants and flowers, while high above all, reposed the

Infinite One in His Sacrament of love, ministering to the solemn ceremony all that the thought of the divine Presence naturally awakens. The reverence and fervor manifested gave one a sensible effect of the deep and abiding peace, which at the moment of the benediction seemed to take possession of every heart. We are sure the great number who made the retreat went away consoled and comforted, and at the same time fortified with courage to fight the battle of life with patience and perseverance to the end.

The retreat for men began Sunday evening, March the 9th. The opening sermon by Rev. Dr. McHale upon the value of a human soul, was a remarkable discourse. In clear, concise, clean cut words he painted the beauty of a human soul fresh from the hand of the Creator with the dew of holy baptism still upon it, and then the effects of sin upon its purity, its cleansing in the Sacrament of Penance. With a few master strokes he drew a vivid picture of the soul as it is regarded by the mere man of the world, the merely business man, the man who knows about science and nothing more, the politician whose whole aim is a calculation of expediencies in reference to the selfish life of the nation, and the philosopher who deals only with the ideas that fall within the category of space and time.

He closed by describing, in touching language, the Saviour's redeeming love for every soul, no matter how sin-laden or how distant it might be from the path of righteousness. The divine voice ever pleads for its return.

Dr. McHale's first sermon at the opening of the retreat formed a fitting prelude to all that followed. Night after night, during the entire week, the congregation of men that assembled to hear him, were stirred and moved beneath the power and earnestness of his discourses, in which he unfolded more and more the beauty, happiness and peace of a life of grace, the misery, horror and wretchedness of a life of sin.

To all who listen to Dr. McHale's preaching the fact is plain, that he has made himself familiar with the potent words of the English language, bringing them forth as the thought requires, and with a skill that makes the truth they convey sink deep into the mind. The whole

aim and drift of his preaching seems to be, to lift men to the height of the grateful prayer, "Father, it is good for us to be here." This may be truly called the burden of his message. After listening to one of his sermons one is moved to apply to him the significant metaphor—wrestler with the souls of men. His simple picture of the worldly life which absorbs the whole thought of many men, was an overwhelming refutation of the theories upon which that life is based. The almost startling contrast which he drew of the utter emptiness and folly of life given over to the world and its fleeting pleasures, and the richness and joy of the spiritual life was the weapon by which he drove out, into infinite night, all the hideous denials of the reality of the love, and mercy of God and the immortality of the soul.

On Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, the retreat was brought to a close with appropriate exercises. As in the retreat of the previous week the act of consecration to the Holy Sacrament was read by the whole congregation. This was preceded by the renewal of the vows of baptism, after which Dr. McHale bestowed the papal benediction. The fervor and earnestness manifested upon this occasion bore witness to the effects of the retreat. We trust and pray that they will be lasting. One thing is certain, the sermons and instructions of the two worthy priests who preached the retreat will not soon be forgotten. They brought with them, as it were, the contagion of the love of the heart of Christ.

Special Notice

MISS E. LUMMIS, who has edited the SENTINEL since 1896, has now found it possible to place in the hands of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament the literary as well as the financial management of the magazine. The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament will devote much attention to the improvement of the SENTINEL, will secure a staff of American writers, and will, as soon as possible, overcome the delay incidental to the publication of two editions of the magazine. Miss Lummis cordially thanks the readers of the SENTINEL for the good will and kindly encouragement which has continually been shown by them, and wishes to the new management of the SENTINEL entire and increased success.

WHAT THINGS?

“Art Thou a stranger and hast not known the things that have been done in these days? To whom He said: “What things?”—*Luke, xxiv. 18, 19.*

SOME of us, may-be, are deterred from visiting our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament by a false conception of what a visit should be. We suppose that the occupations which fill our heads and our hands from morning till night must all be laid aside at the church door and sternly forbidden entrance, much in the same way as we bid our dog lie down in the porch and wait for us. We read that St. Bernard thus dismissed all secular thoughts, and we conclude—though his biographer does not say so—that they returned at the end of his prayer, *and not before*. Selfmastery such as this demands an effort to which few of us feel equal. Do what they will, the mind of the doctor and the lawyer will run more or less upon their anxious cases, the student's head will be full of his examination, the mother's of her household cares. These thoughts if indeliberate will be at least persistent, and if quite deliberate will become sinful. In either case they render prayer an impossibility—hence we stay away.

Now do we find this view of prayer borne out by the practice of God's servants? Of David in perplexity and trouble we read: “And the Philistines coming spread themselves in the valley of Raphaim. And David consulted the Lord, saying: Shall I go up to the Philistines? and wilt Thou deliver them into my hand? And the Lord said to David: Go up, for I will surely deliver the Philistines into thy hand. . . . And the Philistines came up again. . . . And David consulted the Lord: Shall I go up against the Philistines? . . . He answered: Go not up against them.” 1

Of David in a mood of joy and thankfulness we are told: “And King David came and sat before the Lord,

1 2 Kings v.

and said: Who am I, O Lord God, that Thou shouldst give such things to me?" (1)

See, too, the simplicity and confidence of Ezechias on receiving the threatening message of Sennacherib: "And Ezechias took the letter from the hand of the messengers, and read it, and went up to the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord." (2)

A common complaint is that daily worries and anxieties so invade our minds that our prayer has no chance. But is this our feeling about a talk with a trusty friend—a man of sound judgment, wide experience and influence, on whose interest in all that concerns us we can count with certainty? Should we say: "I had half an hour with him this morning, but my mind was so full of that affair I could find nothing to say;" or: "I had it all out with him this morning, and am ever so much better already?"

Why not deal thus familiarly with our best Friend? If Ezechias could spread out his letter before the Lord in that old Temple, which was but a shadow of the better things to come, why may not we carry our good news and our bad before the pitying human Heart of Christ, with us all days on purpose to hear every day, and, if we will, every hour of the day, all we have to tell Him, and hearing all, to help in all?

Had our Lord said to us: "I will prosper any spiritual concerns that you commend to Me, but really you must look after your own temporal affairs, and I shall count it an irreverence if you bring such things into My presence"—had He said this, there might be some excuse for the pains we take to shut Him out of the cares and business of everyday life.

But has He said this, or does all we know of Him go to prove the exact contrary? Did He count it an irreverence when the sick were thrust upon Him at every step; when a paralytic let down from the roof and laid at His feet stopped His teaching; when messengers came one upon another to draw Him here and there for some temporal need: "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick;" (3)

1 1 Par. xvii.

2 Isa. xxxvii.

3 John xi.

"Lord, come down before that my son die?" (1) Did He refuse the invitation at Cana? And if for a brief space He delayed the miracle designed from all eternity to manifest His tender interest in the joys as well as in the sorrows of home life, was it not obviously to show how Mary's heart beat in unison with His, and to honour His Mother's prayer?

"Lord, come and see," said the weeping sisters as they led the way to the grave. Look at Him between them, listening now to one, now to the other, as they tell the history of the past three days—how they had watched and waited for Him, and counted on His coming, and He came not. See their tearful eyes. See the eager Heart, longing for the moment when He may reward their trust and turn their mourning into gladness.

What should we have felt and said that day at Bethany if, after raising Lazarus, He had turned to us and made Himself our listener, placing Himself, as was His wont, at the complete disposal of the one who wanted Him? Should we have felt shy of trying to interest Him in the details of our life, in our little joys and troubles? Or would our hearts have opened out to Him, and simply emptied themselves in His presence?

Do we want an ideal visit to Christ? Let us seek it in Nicodemus' talks by night; in the centurion's urgent pleading for his servant; in the unburdening of soul that we see in Zaccheus and in the sisters at Bethany. And let us frame our own visits on such models. If a big worry threatens to invade prayer, why not take it straight away into prayer, giving it the place and time it wants, making it the subject-matter of our intercourse with God, and so turning a hindrance into a help!

Of course we must do all this with reverence and a certain amount of watchfulness, or our prayer will be no prayer at all, but distraction pure and simple. But if we put our case before our Lord and talk it over with Him, representing our difficulty, asking His advice, listening to His whispered word in answer, our time of prayer will be what He wants it to be—a time of rest, and light, and strength.

Some may say that this so-called prayer is very unsuper-

(1) *Ibid.* iv.

natural, and that the results of such a compromise between prayer and distraction will not be very satisfactory. It may be so ; we can only reply that there are times without number when this is the only method of getting results at all, and that our Lord's method of dealing with His own and theirs with Him was *eminently natural*.

No, surely our difficulty is not due to want of sympathy on the part of Christ our Lord. It can only come from our failing to recognise the full purpose of the Incarnation and its bearing on every detail of human life. Had His act of Redemption been His one motive in coming amongst us, He might have come straight from His throne at the right hand of the Father to the cross on Calvary. But the proof of love greater than which no man can give did not satisfy Him. He wanted as "First-born amongst many brethren," (1) as Head of the human family, to place Himself in intimate communication with it on every side, to touch as far as might be every point, every experience of human life, entering personally into its mysteries of joy and fear, and love and sorrow. And so we have the years of infancy and childhood and youth, and — precious above all — the blessed years of the public life, when "the Lord Jesus came in and went out among us," (2) proving by every word and act His besire to be associated with us His brethren, His right to His name of predilection — *the Son of Man*.

He it is Whom we find waiting for us when our turn comes to pass across the short stage of life on earth. He calls us to Him, calls us by our name, one by one. He bids us take Him to our hearts as the nearest and dearest of our friends, Who alone can stand by us when all others fail. He bids us cultivate His friendship, and try it and prove it. And He promises that we shall find Him what all have found Him who have put their trust in Him — what Martha and Mary, and Paul and Bernard, and Teresa and Margaret Mary have found Him — the "Faithful and True," (3) "Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever." (4)

(1) Rom. viii.

(2) Heb. xiii.

(3) Apoc. xix.

(4) Acts i.

THE SPOILED STATUE

(The following story is told of the statue of David, at Florence, by Michael Angelo.)

IN a fair and ancient city,
 'Neath the blue Italian sky,
Where rich treasures art has gathered,
 As the years rolled swiftly by .
Treasures vast of painting, sculpture,
 Rare mosaic, carving strange,—
Stands a statue that has witnessed
 Four long centuries of change.

Long ago a block of marble
 To that city fair was borne,
Marble free from stain or flaw mark,
 Pure as pearly cloud of morn ;
And the rulers sought a sculptor,
 Bade him carve a statue grand,
That it might adorn that city,
 Fair as any in the land.

But the sculptor's hand, unskilful,
 Marred the beauty of the stone ;
It was cast aside as worthless,
 Left unheeded and alone ;
Covered o'er with dust and rubbish,
 Vanished all its beauty rare ;
So it lay—spoilt, ruined, wasted !
 Lay through many a weary year.

Till a young and unknown sculptor,
Passing by, with thoughtful brow,
Saw the stone, and said, "An angel
Hides within it even now."
"Take the stone, and free the angel,"
Said the rulers, half in scorn.
Many a day the artist labored,
Until one fair summer morn,

Saw the statue stand completed ;
And the rulers proud declared
He had found the hidden angel
In the marble once so marred.
And in place of highest honor
Glad they set the statue fair ;
While the city rang with praises
Of the sculptor's skill so rare.

Read ye not a deeper meaning
In this tale of long ago—
Story of a soul's salvation
From the depths of sin and woe ?
Made by God in perfect beauty.
Crown of all His Eden bright ;
Ruined, lost by sin and Satan,
Hidden far from love and light,

Till the Great, the Heavenly Artist,
Cleansed away each soil and stain ;
Carved and shaped, until in beauty
Shone God's image forth again.
Then the Master's hand removed it
To the place prepared above,
While the heavenly city echoed
Praises to redeeming love.

BOSSUET

LAMARTINE'S SKETCH OF "THE EAGLE OF MEAUX."



It is, perhaps, as a pulpit orator Bossuet is best known to the English speaking world. The dignity and grandeur of the office of the Christian preacher have never been more eloquently described than in Lamartine's sketch of Bossuet, the true prince of the French school pulpit eloquence. We quote, for our readers, this exquisite selection from Lamartine's "Memoirs of celebrated Characters."

"Of all the eminences which a mortal may reach on earth, the highest to a man of talent is incontestably the sacred pulpit. If this individual happens to be Bossuet—that is to say, if he unites in his person conviction to inspire the commanding attitude, purity of life to enhance the power of truth, untiring zeal, an air of imposing authority, celebrity which commands respectful attention, episcopal rank which consecrates, age which gives holiness of appearance, genius which constitutes the divinity of speech, reflective power which marks the mastery of intelligence, sudden bursts of eloquence which carry the minds of listeners by assault, poetic imagery which adds lustre to truth, a deep sonorous voice, which reflects the tone of the thoughts: silvery locks, the paleness of strong emotion, the penetrating glance and expressive mouth—in a word all the animated and well varied gestures which indicate the emotions of the soul—if such a man issues slowly from his self concentrated reflexion, as from some inward sanctuary: if he suffers himself to be raised gradually by excitement, like the eagle, the first heavy flapping of whose wing can scarcely produce air enough to carry him aloft; if he at length respire freely, and takes flight; if he no longer feels the pulpit beneath his feet; if he draws in a full breath of the Divine Spirit, and pours forth unceasingly from this lofty height to his hearers, the inspiration which comes to them as the word of God—this being is no longer individual man; he is an organ of the Divine will—a prophetic voice.

“ And what a voice ! A voice which is never harse, broken, soured, irritated or troubled by the wordly and passionate struggles of interest peculiar to the time ; a voice which, like that of the thunder in the clouds, or the organ in the cathedral, has never been anything but the medium of power and Divine persuasion to the soul ; a voice which only speaks to kneeling auditors ; a voice which is listened to in profound silence ; to which none reply save by an inclination of the head or by falling tears—these mute applauses of the soul ! a voice which is never refuted or contradicted, even when it astonishes or wounds ; a voice, in fine, which does not speak in the name of opinion, which is variable ; nor in the name of philosophy, which is open to discussion ; nor in the name of country, which is local ; nor in the name of regal supremacy, which is temporal ; nor in the name of the speaker himself, who is an agent transformed for the occasion ; but which speaks in the name of God, an authority of language unequalled upon earth, and against which the lowest murmur is impious and the smallest opposition a blasphemy.”



Holy Thursday at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste.

THE Holy Thursday celebration, at the Church of St. John the Baptist, was carried out with all the solemnity and beauty that the ritual prescribes for this day. The fact, that it was on this day our Blessed Lord instituted the Eucharist, makes it the festal day of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. The edifice was filled from altar to door with devout and reverent worshippers.

The floral decorations of the Repository were beautiful, and manifested artistic taste, as well as appropriateness. All day long a stream of men, women, and children made its way to the Shrine of the Most Holy. The fervor and faith of so many hearts was an edifying sight to behold.

In the afternoon, at four o'clock, the Rev. Jos. McMahon, preached an eloquent and inspiring sermon, fitting in with the spirit and significance of the day.

What the different Parts of Mass Should remind us of.



HE *Confiteor* denotes the repentance and preparations we ought to have when we assist at the holy mysteries, and puts us in mind of many faults we have committed, for which we ask pardon from God.

The *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* puts us in mind of the hymns and praise which the angels sung at Christ's nativity.

The Collects signify the prayers which our Lord made in the temple when He went with His Mother and St. Joseph to Jerusalem, there to worship His Heavenly Father.

The Epistle resembles the preaching of St. John the Baptist.

The Gradual, the penance which ensued among the good people upon that preaching.

The Holy Gospel betokens the holy preaching of Our Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Offertory denotes the great promptitude and fervent affections of a deliberate will which our Saviour had during His whole life, offering Himself to God, His Father, for our redemption and to suffer death for us.

The *Orate Fratres* and the Secret prayer signify the retreat of Our Redeemer, when He retired into the Desert of Ephraim, where He treated secretly with His disciples about His death and passion.

The Preface and *Sursum Corda* signify His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, where the devout people received him with great acclamations of joy, saying "Hosannah in the highest."

The Canon represents His prayer in the garden, the agony and sweating of blood He endured, and how all His disciples left Him.

The sundry crosses the priest makes over the Host and Chalice before and after the Consecration are mystical representations of the many grievous torments which Christ endured in the accomplishment of general redemption.

The Elevation of the Host and Chalice denote the lifting up of Christ on the cross ; and in as much as the Host and Chalice are exhibited apart, the ceremony declares the separation of Christ's soul from His body, and His blood from His veins.

The division of the Host into three distinct parts shows the three substances of Christ, viz : the divine of His person, the spiritual of His soul and the material of His body ; and whereas one of the said parts is put into the Chalice, and as it were, buried therein, thereby is signified Christ's body in the sepulchre ; likewise its mingling with the blood demonstrates that the divine personality was never separated, either from His soul in the descent into hell, or from His body lying in the sepulchre.

The *Pax* and *Agnus Dei* makes us call to mind that Our Saviour (being the innocent Lamb without a spot) has reconciled us to God, His Father, by His death and passion ; accomplishing His triumph at the resurrection, being the true Paschal Lamb.

The priest's benediction, given at the end of the Mass, represents the particular recommendation where Christ did recommend His Church at the rendering of His soul into the hands of His Heavenly Father.



It ordinarily happens that God permits those who judge others to fall into the same, or even greater faults.

* * *

O Mary, every step of thine upon earth is either a lesson or a benefit ! Queen of Heaven, Mother of Mercies, in thee is life, joy, and hope of the earth !

* * *


God respects not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are ; nor the rhetoric of our prayers, how elegant they are ; nor the music of our prayers, how melodious they are ; nor the logic of our prayers, how methodical they are ; but the sincerity of our prayers, how heartsprung they are.



MINE FOREVER

(Concluded)

By Susan L. Emery.

N indescribable expression of love, of fear, of joy, of pain, swept over Emily's face. The roseate flush was on her sunken cheek, the love-light in her eyes. She leaned forward, as if hearing some one speak whom they heard not. Then she exclaimed: "Oh, *who* said, 'Mine forever'? Some one said it, and everything then was perfect joy. Mother, tell me who said, 'Mine forever'."

"My darling!" the mother cried, all other thought obliterated by the memory of her daughter's early blighted life, "no one said it. No one on earth could say it. None but God could say that, my child."

To their astonishment, Emily responded determinedly: "I never can be happy with John, then, and he need never come back to me: He would only have to leave me, and I cannot endure these partings and separations any, any more."

After this they no longer tried to hide her bereavement from her. Slowly but surely her young strength returned, but those about her questioned whether human eyes would ever again see a happy smile on her beautiful face. In her widow's dress she came at last up the very aisle of the old meeting-house where she had gone so lately, the loveliest of brides. But, though they sang, with kindest intention, "Bright fields beyond the swelling floods" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," no one could see a ray of hope light up the face where a sudden and terrible shock had left enduring traces of a seemingly irremediable pain.

Neither memory of past delight nor anticipation of future heavenly meeting brought any change to the fixed and passionless countenance of the White Rose of Rutland. Her chief solace she found in repeating to herself, in dull monotony, over and over, some fugitive lines that had met her wandering and idle gaze in her father's weekly religious paper :

“ Serene I fold my hands, and wait,
Nor care for wind, or wave, or sea,
My barque shall ride the sea of fate,
Assured my love shall come to me.”

One day a doubting Thomas asked Miss Abigail where the complete answer to her famous prayer was, and when poor young Mrs. Winthrop was ever going to do great works for God with all her riches, — riches which, to the stricken child, truly seemed but dross.

“ God's ways are not our ways,” Miss Abigail answered, stoutly, “ and our times are in His hand. When He is ready to work His own work, no man will be able to hinder.”

Emily used to go daily alone to the cemetery at the Five Corners, and sit long and silently beside the new-made grave in the Winthrops' ancient burial place. The tall New England elms sheltered the little maid-widow beneath their lithe and swaying branches ; and, as the poet writes of the sorely-tried Cowper, so with her worn and aching soul it became true that “ quiet shadows from the trees refreshed her like a slumber.”

The dates on the headstones were the oldest still recognizable in all New England. Plymouth had none older, nor had Cambridge. Often her eyes rested on one moss-grown, bent, low stone, with this singular inscription : “ The Word is Answered.” Many had questioned its meaning, but in vain. To her, with that haunting, persistent, fixed echo, “ Mine forever,” ever ringing in her ears, it seemed perfectly comprehensible. Somebody in that far-off Puritan past had suffered like her ; like her had been haunted by a vague, beautiful, dim memory ; had heard, even as she had heard, an ecstatic voice speak out of a great darkness, and, at last, had remembered, and had replied. But time, as yet, brought back to her

clouded brain no memory of what had happened on her bridal afternoon. So the Indian summer came, and the good Lord indeed wrought His own work in His own time and way.

The yellow leaves were drifting slowly down through the yellow and balmy air. The little widow crept closer to her bridegroom's place of rest, and traced out, tenderly and slowly, letter by letter, with her wedding finger, the pathetic inscription graven on the stone :

“ Lieutenant John Winthrop, U. S. N.

Born in this town ;

September 3, 1840.

Married and died :

June 21, 1860.

“ Who hath known the mind of the Lord ?

Or who hath been His councillor ? ”

Her eyes wandered again to the far older stone and its inscription : “ The Word is Answered. ” Then she murmured, sadly : “ Mine forever. Oh, if I could only remember ! If only some one would answer my word for me ! ”

Then a strange thing happened. Quiet footfalls on the path behind her paused gently at her side. She looked up, and a young face was before her, sweet and fair and joyous as ever her own had been, but with something else upon it, a wonderful expression of unfathomable and unutterable peace. The face drew Emily and won her, though the peculiar garb bespoke a character absolutely unknown to her except through books and by hearsay. Dim remembrances of old-time prejudices came to her mind for a moment, and then completely disappeared as a sweet voice spoke. The Little Sisters of the Poor had but recently opened a home at Rutland Centre ; it was their first visit to Rutland, and with them angels of consolation and mercy came. The young sister was accompanied by an older one, a German, and it was the younger who first spoke.

“ We saw you all alone here, and we thought you had known sorrow. So we ventured to come in, to beg of you for the many poor and sorrowful people in our care. ”

“ Tell me about them — and about yourselves, ” Emily asked, with aroused curiosity, and the Sisters, sitting

down beside her, told her something of their daily life-work, and of the tremendous anguish that often came before them, the sin and bereavement and destitution and neglect.

"How can you bear it all?" Emily exclaimed at length, forgetting herself and her own pain for a little while.

The elder Sister, who had been looking from the youthful face in its widow's cap and veil to the inscription, "Married and died, June 21," said, tenderly: "Jesus, our Spouse, helps us. We do it all for Him, Whom we dearly love."

Her words sounded very strange to Emily, used from her childhood to Protestant phraseology only. "What do you mean?" she asked, earnestly. "What did you call the Saviour? Tell me what you mean."

The younger Sister bent forward, with great pity for the child-widow shining on her beautiful face, and with holy fervor she exclaimed: "Oh, He is mine forever! Nothing on earth but my own fault can part my Lord from me."

God's time had come at last. With this sudden revelation of One, Who from everlasting to everlasting is not Father or Brother or Friend only, but Lover and Spouse, Who can never change or die, the cloud fled from Emily's recollection, and she remembered her bridal day. To the full the word was answered. She knew who it was that had spoken it, and she heard the Divine Voice speak also in clearer tones than his. No suffering was added to her months of anguish; no tears came with the long-sought knowledge. The light of a joy beyond all possible earthly joy came to her.

"Teach me," she said, as humbly as a simple little child could say it, "teach me to find that everlasting Lover, Who can never die nor go away." And from that hour the Sacred Heart of Jesus drew this daughter of the Puritans to His unfailing love.

For many years, through Rutland, among the lonely and sad, the suffering and the poor, there went a beloved and loving and lovely woman in widow's dress, a woman who was a great power in Rutland, a great worker of God's works there, and a great servant of His. The old meeting-house saw her no more, and many of the wor-

shippers said at first that it was incomprehensible how the good minister's daughter could leave the fold. They even raised the old query, Did she ever really love her husband? For her face was like the sunshine, so full of a wonderful joy and peace.

All her young life she had leaned on some one kind and noble. First her parents had been her guides and best companions; the lover of her lifetime was to take their place, and she would have some one to love her and take care of her as they had done. She had never known sorrow till that crushing blow had fallen, proving to her how baseless was the fabric of her beautiful earthly dream. After that, the All-Sufficient One showed her where alone her lasting strength could be.

It was her husband's wealth that brought comfort to the thousands whom she helped, and that built the beautiful chapel of St. John the Beloved, where the Sacramental Presence of the Lord abode, not far from the place, forever hallowed in her memory, where, at last, the word was answered. Near by, after her parents' death, she made her home, and there Miss Abigail, who till then had watched her steadily in her daily round of prayer and holy labor, came one day to her, and said: "My eyes see that my prayer to the Lord is certainly answered. Hereafter, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

It was but the first fruits of an abundant harvest, there where Emily had gone weeping in sore despair. Yet she always counted as the real first fruits him who lay asleep in the old burial place, and whose act of perfect resignation to God's will in the face of the death-trial proved him to be one who belonged in his integrity to the soul of God's true Church. What mattered it to her who misunderstood her? She had learned to give up everything to God only, and He, her God and her all, was forever hers.



One Religion is not as Good as Another

THE eloquent Paulist, Rev. A. P. Doyle, defines faith "as a divine influence that comes into our souls, making us accept all the teaching that Christ has revealed to us." Taking this as the basis of one of his recent sermons, he goes on to show how absurd is the thought in the minds of many people to-day that it makes no difference what one believes so long as one does what is right, or one religion is as good as another, for they are all roads leading to the same place.

These ideas, "the father says," are directly antagonistic to the spirit of Holy Church and to the virtue of faith. Our blessed Lord came down from heaven, lived on this earth and died on the cross to teach a certain set form of doctrines, and therefore everything that He has taught is essential, is important. How can one religion be as good as another? For example, Holy Church teaches that there are three persons in God; another religion teaches that there are not three persons in God. Can both be right? If one is right and pleasing to God, the contrary is displeasing to Him. So one religion cannot be as good as another.

Take the question of the Blessed Sacrament. We believe in the real presence, and for that reason when we go into the Church we bend the knee to the ground; for that reason we spend hours there in prayer. If Christ is not in the Blessed Sacrament, for us to go down on our knees before mere bread is horrible idolatry, which God has so strongly condemned. Either our Lord is in the Blessed Sacrament or He is not, and one belief is pleasing to God and the other is not; therefore one religion is not as good as another.


"Such expressions are directly opposed to the virtue of faith, and St. Paul says, "Without faith it is impossible to please God" and our Blessed Lord says, "He that believes and is baptized will be saved; he that believes not will be condemned." Therefore it does make a vast difference what one believes.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

THE *Irish Messenger* in its instruction on prayer points out the difference between prayer as we commonly regard it, and the spirit of prayer. Very usually, by prayer, we understand the vocal prayers we say or join in, as, for example, our morning and night prayers, the rosary, and other devotional prayers. In contradistinction to these verbal forms of prayer, the spirit of prayer, rather implies a frame of mind or devout existence of a soul that consciously or unconsciously lives in God and for God — frequently runs to Him as the center of its existence, its beginning and its last end — is united to Him by grace — feels that its indisputable obligation is to refer all to Him, to live, to work, to die for Him, and to make all other interests secondary to His service. Such a soul feels sweetly but powerfully constrained to have frequent recourse to prayer. This inclination begets frequency, the frequency gives facility, and the facility is rewarded by constant currents of Divine grace enabling it to surmount obstacles otherwise seemingly insuperable. Gradually it realizes how absolutely true is the promise of our Blessed Lord: "Whatsoever you ask the Father in My Name, He will give it to you." As a consequence it flies to prayer in all sorrow, or difficulty, with the unquestioning confidence of a feeble or frightened little child to its mother. Hence, too, it steeps everything in prayer — the woof and web of daily thought, word and work, it dyes with the hues of prayer. It begins nothing, continues nothing, and ends nothing without prayer. "Through God, with God, and in God," all things must commence and terminate with Him and for Him. Under this influence of prayer the least thing possesses infinite value — without God, the whole universe does not count even as a grain of sand. So, too, through prayer it confidently hopes for everything, even should a miracle be needed. "Everything you ask for in prayer, believing you shall receive," Matt. xxi. Nor does this unwavering confidence extend to personal needs only, or exceptionally,

to spiritual favors or difficulties — with equal reliance it depends through the power of prayer, for requests made for others, as well as for self, in things temporal as well as in the spiritual order. And though betimes it feels humanly disappointed, it is assured that it is never deceived, for the withholding of the petition, or its denial, is for the best.

Means to an End

 POOR, trembling soul, if you are sure at heart that it will be all right by and by ; that God who watches the sparrow's fall, regards you with tender solicitude and will give you power to endure, though he cannot free you from the sufferings which you dread, you are armed against rebellious thoughts, and the peace that passeth understanding will steal into your soul with its sigh of sympathy. Life is so short and eternity is so long that we can afford to take what comes serenely if it will insure the future. You are poor, and, alas, there is a whole crowd of ills which accompany poverty ! — dead dreams, unsung songs and plans which will never come to fruition ; but if God has decreed it, give such cheer as you can to every day's struggle, and get from your little life all the happiness it contains. It is as easy to go to heaven from a bed of straw as from a bed of down. The journey is a short one, and after you pass middle life the minarets of the celestial city are always in sight. Do the hard duty as best you may, assured that God's approval is not purchased by what you carry in your purse, but by what lies hidden in your heart.

How to Accept Praise

SOME of us have yet to learn to accept praise and honest appreciation with grace and generosity. How often we behold the most liberal giver prove a niggard receiver ! We freeze up with a cold wave of mock humility or forthwith explode with all manner of absurd protestations, rebukes or solemn declarations of opposition. Yet to each

of us it is really a sweet morsel, a very foretaste of divine rapture. Then why not be honest and thank God that we are so favored, and be glad that we are accounted worthy to receive a word of praise, a smile of approval, a message of appreciation ?

The Standard of human Friendship

IN a true friendship there is no thought of service as service, or of duty as duty. That pure and unselfish love, which is the soul of all friendship makes service of any form or in any direction, an unalloyed pleasure. The question never is, What does my friend require of me ? but it always is, What can I do for my friend ? Not, How much must I give to my friend ? but rather, How much will my friend consent to receive from me ?

Nor is there any thought of laying a friend under obligation by any service performed for him. We only love him the more for the enjoyed privilege of doing for him. Moreover, there is no special fear on our part that we shall fail in proving our friendship for a real friend or that we shall offend him by any inevitable lack of faithful service towards him. We do not, in fact, worry over the details of duty towards a friend ; for we know that we love him, and we are sure that fact carries everything with it, since " love is the fulfillment of the law."

Nor do we worry over our friend's possible understanding and judgment of us ; for " there is no fear in love ; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath punishment ; and he that feareth is not made perfect in love." And this standard of human friendship is pointed out to us by God as the pattern of the relation He desires to have between us and Himself.



Helpful Thoughts.

We hear much about the "higher life." The best prescription for obtaining it is to use our knees for prayer, our eyes for watchfulness, our purses for liberal giving, our tongues for kindness, and our hands and feet in hard work doing Christ's will.

* * *

Of what are you thinking? was asked a savant who on his deathbed had become reconciled to God. I am thinking, he replied, with emotion, that hell is full of talent, and heaven of virtue.

* * *

The lark traverses the sky, he goes and comes, he mounts and descends, with unwearied voice and a ceaseless canticle. And we, made by the hand of God, endowed with intelligence, stamped with His image, pass entire days without a word of praise or thought of gratitude.

* * *

The troubles we expect are seldom as black as their shadows indicate.

* * *

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark after its first transgression, has been driven beyond recall by the harsh words of an unforgiving spirit.

* * *

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.

Each of us is bound to make the small circle in which he lives better and happier ; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the greatest good may flow.

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If all who profess Christianity were to practice the virtues it inculcates for a single day, it would be hard to find an infidel the day after.

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There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence ; so much there is in the way of doing things.

St. Anthony's Shrine for the Deaf

BALTIMORE, Md.

IN the little chapel of St. Francis Xavier's School for white Deaf Mutes, located at 903 McCulloh Street, three Public Novenas are made every month by the little Deaf and Dumb inmates, on the *first, tenth* and *twentieth*, for the intentions of all who have contributed to the support of this School which has never received any aid except that which has been given by friends.

A Mass is offered every Tuesday for the same intention.

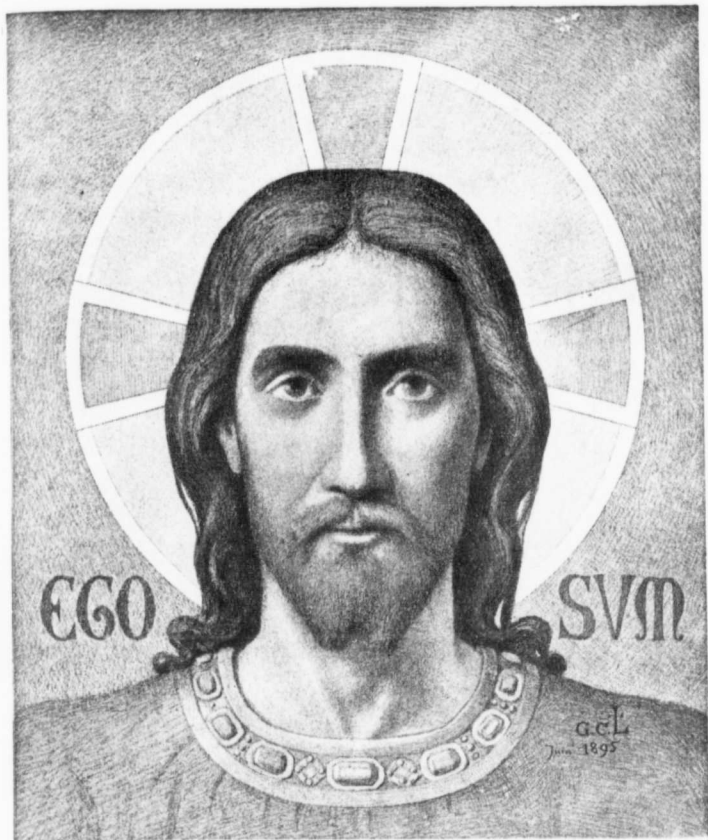
There is also a Shrine in honor of the Infant Jesus. Two Novenas a month are made for the intentions of Benefactors in this little Shrine, on the *fifth* and *fifteenth*.

The School is in need of many things to render it more efficient and so to advance the cause of Catholic Education amongst the Deaf. The School has twenty-seven inmates, seven boys and twenty girls, ages from three years up, and was founded in 1898, with the Approbation of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

Address : Mother M. Joseph,
903 McCulloh Street,

St. Francis Xavier's School for the Deaf.

N. B. — The Mother-House and Novitiate where applications for Admission to the Order are received is located at 416 W. Biddle St, Baltimore, Md. In the Sacred Heart Chapel there is Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament day and night.



CHRISTUS VINCIT REGNAT IMPERAT
AB OMNI MALO PLACEM SUAM DEPENDAT

= The Christ Saviour =

From a drawing by Georges Cl-Lavergne