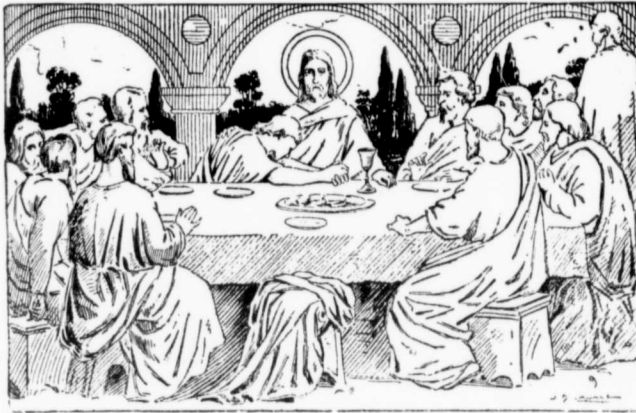


MONUMENT OF MGR DE MONTMORENCY-LAVAL. QUEBEC.



The Precious Blood.

O Precious Blood of the Sacred Feet,
 That wandered oft in Galilee;
 O wash my soul in that fount so sweet,
 That gushes forth eternally!

O Precious Blood of the Hands of Jesus,
 Opened wide for my embrace,
 Cleanse the world in that stream so precious,
 And save from woe the human race!

O Precious Blood of the Heart of Jesus,
 Cleft in twain for love of me;
 Bathe my soul in that fount delicious,
 Until I die for love of Thee,

ANNALS OF ST. JOSEPH.



Little Nellie.

The Child Communicant.

The following narrative is true in every detail and was written by one of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd Convent, Cork, Ireland, where the events transpired: "Suffer the little children to come to Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

On the second of February the Sweet Babe of Bethlehem visited us, and culled for His Father's home in paradise, one of our fairest blossoms, little Nellie Organ, a child of predilection, whose short life of four years and five months was a tissue of wonderful graces. When her mother died of consumption her father who was a soldier stationed at Spike Island could not take charge of his children so the two girls Nellie and Mary, the latter aged nine, were brought to us by the Civic Authorities.



ELLIE was born on the twenty-fourth of August 1903 and baptized on the thirtieth of the same month by Reverend Denis L. Egan, in Trinity Church, Waterford.

Her Father William Organ and her Mother Mary Ahern were practical Catholics. Besides the two girls consigned to our care were two boys; one of whom is at Upton and the other in the Industrial School, Passage West, Co. Cork.

When Nellie who was the youngest of the family came to us we saw she was suffering from the dread disease that had killed her mother and isolated her pending the Doctor's examination. He considered her case so serious that he sent her to the hospital where she remained until the twenty first of July. On her return to us she became the pet and idol of the other children and that in spite

of her dreadful fits of crying which every one then attributed to temper but which, later on, we found came from great physical suffering.

There was an inexplicable charm, an indescribable spirituality about the child which seemed to set her apart from the others — as if she belonged to God alone. Commenting on her rare beauty and large luminous black eyes some one remarked: "She will be either a great



saint or a great sinner." But He who had pleaded: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me," had her safe in His keeping and had chosen her for His own.

As contrary to expectations her health did not improve we were reluctantly forced to send her to the Sacred Heart Infirmary. A little cottage in a secluded part of our garden reserved for isolated cases. Her disease developed so rapidly that the Doctors declared her cure hopeless. Here it was that the love of the Sacred Heart manifested itself in such a striking manner for this little lamb whose one longing was to receive Holy Communion.

While at the Infirmary, during the Sister's absence, she was taken care of by one of the elder girls. This girl not being very strong was unable to rise for mass. Imagine her surprise when entering Nellie's room the latter said to her : " You did not receive Holy God to-day ! I'll tell Mudder on you." Afterwards whenever that girl could not go to Mass, she used all kinds of subterfuges to pretend she had ; but Nellie was not deceived and when asked how she knew, only replied : " I know you did not receive Holy God to-day."

In the infirmary was a small statue of the Infant Jesus of Prague. Nellie said it had cured her and asking for it clasped it in her arms and poured out her gratitude with touching earnestness. One day as she sat on the floor hugging her treasure she suddenly put it down saying : " Now, you dance for me." " But," protested her nurse, " you know very well it won't." " You shall see " answer Nellie taking up a tin trumpet and blowing it as hard as she could. The nurse continued her work. Suddenly Nellie interrupted her crying out in great excitement " look at little Jesus dancing." The nurse only smiled but could not help remarking the wonderful transformation in the child's face. Her cheeks were flushed, her lovely eyes sparkled as she gazed at the statue, from which she never removed them, only crying out to the nurse and to a child who entered at that moment : " Music, more music, look at little Jesus dancing " and she continued blowing her trumpet with renewed vigor. After a little while she became quiet and half sighed : " He's stopped now."

The Infirmary knew nothing of the occurrence ; but towards night sent for the girl who had had charge of Nellie during the afternoon to inquire what had excited her so much. Being told what had happened, in spite of its strangeness, she was forced to believe especially as two witnesses vouched for its truth.

Meanwhile though the devoted Infirmary took special care of her precious little charge and nursed her with a mother's loving tenderness the disease continued its deadly work. Knowing the end could not be very far off, the gentle sister in language suited to Nellie's tender years and guileless soul led her step by step to the knowledge and love of God.

One First Friday, the Blessed Sacrament being exposed she took Nellie to the chapel and told her Holy God was there, and that He had come down from heaven to show His love for us. From that moment, child as she was, she seemed to realize the great mystery of love and centered all her thoughts and affections on Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and on Exposition days, although no one told her that Our Lord was exposed she would always beg to be taken to the Chapel, to Holy God, where she remained quite content with hands joined and eyes fixed on the Sacred Host.

Nellie's name for our dear Lord was Holy God. She never spoke of the Blessed Virgin or the Saints apart from God but always in union with Him, as for instance: "Holy God's Mother"; "Holy God's Saints."

Her sanctity was soon spoken off everywhere even outside the Convent. The Bishop hearing of it telephoned us he would come and confirm her that very day. As she was too weak to kneel or even sit she was carried to the chapel and confirmed in the Infirmarian's arms. After the ceremony her love for God increased so wonderfully that she became in reality: "a little soldier of the cross"; Holy God's little soldier as she called herself.

Her sufferings were excruciating yet her patience never failed. The Infirmarian taught her how to unite her sufferings to those of Jesus crucified and wonderful as well as pathetic was it to see this frail mite of four heroically carrying out the sublime lesson without a moan. She loved to hold the crucifix in her hands and one day showing it to one of the nuns she whispered: "See what Holy God has suffered for me."

Whenever Nellie's health permitted the Infirmarian left her to hear Mass and receive Communion then returned and made her thanksgiving near her bed. For some days the child watched her intently and one morning startled her by saying "Mamma (she always called her Mamma) Holy God has given you to me to be my own Mamma." Another morning she pleaded with touching simplicity: "Mamma! go to the chapel and when you receive Holy God come and kiss me." Very well Nellie. If you are a good girlie and rest quietly while I am away, I shall return with the dear Lord in my heart and kiss you.

Angels alone saw what transpired in the soul of the angelic child that day ! All we know is that from that moment her desire to receive Holy God became more intense. Ah ! she sighed, the dear and Holy God ! I wonder when He'll come to my heart ! I long for His coming " I want Him ! "

One evening she said to Rev. Mother, when you receive Holy God to-morrow, will you bring him to me ? " Astonished at the question and at a loss how to answer Rev. Mother simply replied : I will ask Holy God to love you very much Nellie, and after Mass I will come and see you. "

Nelly was overjoyed and informed all who came to see her that " Mamma Frances would bring her Holy God to-morrow morning. About four o'clock next morning she awoke the Infirmarian to get things ready because you know, she said Holy God is coming to me to-day. This Infirmarian had recently been given permission to keep the little sufferer in her room on account of the constant care and attention needed if her life were to be prolonged.

With what joy Nellie watched and waited for the promised early visit of Mamma Frances. But, when she saw her enter without Holy God she burst into tears. Doubtless the Angels gathered them up very carefully, those tears shed by love despoiled of its treasure.

Holy God could resist no longer. His desire was to dwell in the heart of this infant lover. Her tears prevailed, her love was accepted, and Holy God signified His desire to dwell in her soul. After this she did not again ask for Holy Communion. She became very thoughtful, and when we said, " Nellie, what are you thinking of ? " she would reply : " I am thinking of Holy God. I'm longing for Him. I'm longing to go to Him. " On one occasion she told us that Holy God said she was not yet good enough to go to heaven. The Jesuit priest who conducted the community retreat paid frequent visits to the wonderful child and, finding that she well understood what Holy Communion was, saw no obstacle to her making her First Communion.

The following incident will show how well she understood what she was doing. One day, mother Magdalen

had the little one in her lap, and said to her, "Nellie, you will soon be one of the God's little angels. You never committed a sin." "Oh, yes Mother, I did," said Nellie, "I told a lie once."

The Bishop willingly gave permission for her First Communion. When the child heard this, her joy was so great that she was almost unable to breathe, and her little frame trembled with excitement.

I will have Holy God in my heart, then! she exclaimed. Her First Communion took place on December 6th, the First Friday of the month. In the Infirmarian's arm she was brought to the chapel, and at Communion time, in presence of the religious of the Community and of all the children she received "Holy God" for the first time.

A heavenly light, which was noticed by all, even by the children shone over her countenance. She made her thanksgiving as composedly as we could ourselves, her little hands devoutly joined and her lips moving in earnest prayer. A hush fell over the chapel during that thanksgiving and many of the Sisters as well as the children were affected to tears. While she was being carried out of the Chapel, the First Communion hymn was most piously sung by the children.

Two days after, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception she again received "Holy God," and the same heavenly light overspread her countenance. In the afternoon, she was made a Child of Mary, and during the ceremony her attention and devotion were remarkable. She was anointed two days after this reception. Our Nellie was now almost a daily communicant. One night she kept nurse awake with her continual "I want Holy God. Will it soon be morning Mamma?"

"Try to sleep darling," said the Sister. Father Houlihan will not be here for a long time yet."

"Go get him, Mamma, and tell him I want Holy God. Does he live in the garden?"

"Oh, no, darling, he lives far down in the town and I could not get him now." At last morning dawned much to the relief of Nellie and her nurse, and our chaplain gave her Holy Communion. After her little thanksgiving she asked to be turned toward the wall, so that she "could talk to Holy God." Hours afterwards when one

of the Sisters went to see her she found her still in the same position, her hands joined in prayer. Suddenly the little one turned around exclaiming, "Oh I'm so happy!" Her face was radiant with joy.

One day, our Mother said to her: "What will you ask Holy God for me when you see Him in Heaven." "I'll ask Him to be very fond of you" answered Nellie. In her childish chats with nurse, she used to say that she would go to Holy God in her First Communion dress. Her delight was to admire the little white socks and shoes which she said she was to wear. Her idea of death was that she would fly up to God in nurse's arms, and for days before that happy moment she could not bear to have nurse out of her sight, lest she should go without her. On every First Friday and days of exposition, she would ask to be taken to the chapel, and there she would remain quite content with eyes fixed on the Monstrance, and her hands joined in prayer. Almost her last visit to Holy God's house was on Christmas night. She assisted at the midnight Mass, received Holy Communion, and lay almost motionless in nurse's arms, her hands clasped and her eyes on the tabernacle during the three Masses.

As her sufferings increased, it was pitiable to see the heroic efforts she made to bear her great pain patiently.

Once the little sufferer noticed the tears welling in Rev. Mother's eyes: "Mother," she asked, "Why do you cry? You should be happy because I'm going to Holy God. After Christmas, she was enrolled in the Apostleship of Prayer and from that time she prayed constantly for our Holy Father, for the Church, and for sinners. Once, Rev. Mother, promised she would have a Mass said for her deceased mother. After three days, she asked whether the Mass had been said, and if her Mother would meet her in heaven.

During the last week of her illness, when she was unable to receive Communion, tears of regret were mingled with her prayers.

It was touching to hear the little one make acts of contrition, which she always did after the least fault. She had great devotion to pious pictures, to images of the angels, and especially to that of the Divine Infant, which she always wanted placed opposite her crib. She

took care that the light before it should never go out.

Most wonderful was her intelligent devotion to the Passion of Our Lord. If nurse complained of a headache or other pain, she never thought of offering her a word of sympathy, or of saying that she would pray for her,—only “What is the matter, Mamma? See what the Holy God suffered for you on the Cross.”

Every one longed to sit by her be side and listen to her wonderful sayings. The Thursday before her death, she surprised nurse by saying, “Mamma, sit down there,” pointing to a seat near by; “Tell me, Mamma, how are you feeling to-day?” Nurse replied, “Very well, Nellie. “But tell me, Mother,” the child went on “do you feel nearing Holy God? I do?”

Strange, she always said she would die on a Sunday, “Holy God’s” day. The Rosary ticket she drew was for the Feast of the Purification, February second, which fell on Sunday. On that day at about four o’clock in the afternoon, the Blessed Mother came to claim her Divine Son’s little lover.

For several days previous Nellie suffered great agony, but always said; “This is nothing to what Our Lord suffered on the Cross for me.” Though in evident pain, she lay perhaps an hour, her eyes fixed on something at the foot of the bed, and hot tears flowed down her cheeks. Occasionally a little cry would escape her lips, and twice she tried to rise as if to go toward the something on which she was gazing. Her lips moved as if in conversation with some one, and her eyes followed with wonder that something which seemed to hover over her bed. After a while, the look of intelligent amazement left her face, and the shadows of death settled upon it. The innocent soul left the frail body and fled to the embrace of “Holy God,” to be forever with the Angels of Paradise. “Of such is the Kingdom of God.” Nellie was four years, five months and eight days at the time of her death.

Conversions of non-Catholics through the Holy Eucharist.



WE often hear or read that Protestants ascribe their conversion to the true faith to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Our dear Lord hidden beneath the appearance of bread, drew them by a sweet mysterious force into the true fold, His holy Church. "Come to me," this invitation of the Good Shepherd, rang ever clearer in their ears, "Come to me, I will console you : I will satisfy the longings of your soul, you who unconsciously yearn for Me, as the hart pants after the fountains of water. I am He who has said : "I am come a light unto the world : that whosoever believeth in me, may not remain in darkness. (John 12, 46.) Come to me, to my Church, and I will give you peace, that peace, which the world cannot give." These loving invitations of our Divine Savior are beautifully illustrated in the following example.

HERMANN COHEN.

Hermann Cohen, the son of a rich Jewish banker, was born Nov. 10, 1821, in Hamburg, Germany. In his early youth he showed an extraordinary talent for music, and made such wonderful progress in the art, that at the age of twelve he was prepared to give a public concert. Later on he went to Paris · then he traveled through England, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. Everywhere he had the musical world at his feet. But in the depths of his soul he felt gloomy and sad. He lived according to his whims, a slave to his passions and was, as he himself asserted, a prey to restlessness and discontent. Saint Augustine well knew the human heart, when he wrote : Thou hast created us for Thyself, O God, and our heart cannot rest, until it rests in Thee."

One evening during the month of may in the year 1847, Hermann directed the choir at May devotions in the Church of Saint Valerie, Paris. When the moment of Benediction arrived, he experienced, according to his own words, "a singular and indescribable emotion." The

next time he was present the impression was much stronger ; involuntarily he bowed his head and sank



upon his knees before the Blessed Sacrament. The grace of his merciful Shepherd had powerfully attracted him, and soon to accomplish what it had begun.

HIS CONVERSION AT THE ELEVATION.

In August of the same year Cohen went to Ems to give a concert. The first Sunday after his arrival he assisted at Mass. And here our Divine Savior received him among His own. Regarding his extraordinary conversion, we will quote his own words.

"I went to Mass. As usual the ceremonies captivated my attention ; and little by little, the singing, the prayers, the Presence—invisible, yet real—of a superhuman power, began to agitate me, trouble me, make me tremble, in a word, divine grace was pleased to operate in me with all its strength. At the moment of Elevation, I felt suddenly burst from my eyes a torrent of tears, which ceased not to flow in delightful abundance. O moment forever memorable for the salvation of my soul ! I still retain thee in my mind with all the heavenly sensations thou didst bring me from on high !

"I remember having wept sometimes in my childhood, but never, no, never before had such tears been known to me. While I was inundated by them, I felt arising from the depth of my breast, torn by pangs of conscience, the most stinging remorse for my past life But this was soon followed by an unknown peace which, like a comforting balm, overspread my soul, bringing me the assurance that the God of mercy would pardon me, would turn His eyes away from my crimes, would show mercy on account of my sincere contrition, my bitter sorrow. Yes, I felt He was showing me favor, and that He would accept, in expiation of my sins, my firm resolution to love Him above all things, and to consecrate myself to Him forever. On leaving the church, I was already a Christian. Yes, as Christian as it was possible for me to be, not yet having received Baptism !"

During the same month, on the feast of St. Augustine, Hermann was baptized, and on the feast of Mary's Nativity approached the Holy Table for the first time. What joy and bliss overwhelmed his heart at this happy moment ! Concerning this he later on remarked in one of his sermons : —

" My brethren, I invite you all to partake of this Feast. Since it has passed my lips, every other nourishment pears insipid. Young people of the world, I know your

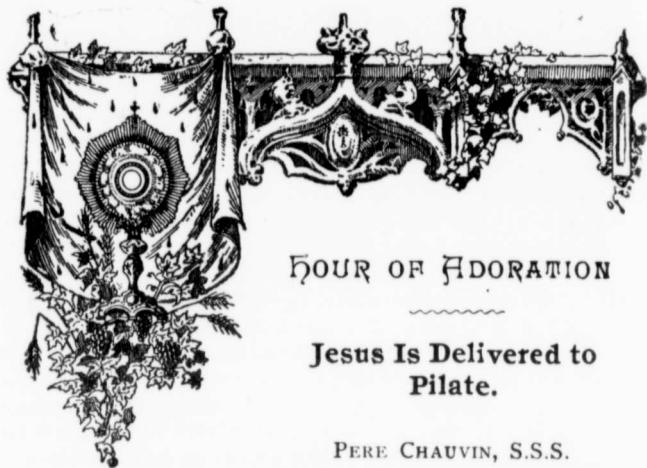
deceitful delights ! I know your brilliant assemblies ! They dazzle for a moment, and then fade away in mortal sadness. I have tasted all your joys, and I call you to witness, and you are forced to acknowledge to me that they leave after them only disappointment and disgust ! Yes, since I felt flowing in my veins the blood of the King of kings, all the grandeur of the world appears to me contemptible. Since Jesus Christ has come to dwell in my souls, your palaces are to me only wretched hovels. Since I have resolved to seek light in the Tabernacle, all the wisdom of the world is to me simply folly. Since I have been seated at the nuptials of the Lamb, your festivals are to me as poison."

This loving adorer of the Blessed Sacrament composed many hymns in honor of the most Holy Eucharist. In the preface of his work he thus addresses our Lord :—

"O most adorable Jesus, may my hymns and canticles mingle with those which are sung in Thy honor at Paris ! For it was in that great city, that hidden under the Eucharistic veils, Thou didst reveal to me the eternal truths. And the first mystery Thou didst make known to my heart was Thy real Presence in the Most Blessed Sacrament

"The hours of the day were too short to satisfy my desire of meditating upon Thee : I gathered about me companions burning with the same love for Thee, and we spent entire nights in the church. A holy priest encouraged and led us on. In the evening he placed Thee upon the altar and morning dawn still found us upon our knees before Thee. During these night of celestial bliss, Thou, O my Jesus, didst draw me to Thyself with such irresistible power, in such a sweet, tender and enchanting manner, that the last thread binding me to the world was severed, and I hastened to throw myself into Thy divine arms, that henceforth I might live for Thee alone."

Cohen entered the austere Order of the discalced Carmelites and at his profession received the name "Augustine Marie of the Blessed Sacrament." He celebrated his first Mass on Easter Sunday of the year 1851, and during the same week preached his first sermon, the subject of which was "frequent Communion." He always had a special preference to speak of the Most Holy Sacrament and did so in glowing terms of love and fervor.



HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus Is Delivered to Pilate.

PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Et surgens omnis multitudo eorum, vincientes Jesum vinctum adauferunt eum a Caïpha in prætorium et tradiderunt Pontio Pilato præsidi.

“ And when morning was come, all the chief priests and ancients of the people took counsel against Jesus, that they might put Him to death. And they brought Him bound and delivered Him to Pontius Pilate the governor.” (MATT. XXVII, 1. 2.)

I. — Adoration.

The Sanhedrim resolved to lead Jesus to Pilate and present Him as a violator of the law of Moses, but still more as a State criminal, a disturber of the people, and a pretender to royalty. Go in spirit to Jerusa'em and, on your knees, contemplate your Divine Saviour dragged to the palace of the Roman Governor.

Before allowing Jesus to leave the Council Hall, they took care to load Him with new bonds. Who knows whether the people who, after all, loved Him, would not rise up to deliver Him? And again, Pilate seeing Him at his tribunal in the veritable condition in which they were accustomed to present their worst malefactors, would, perhaps, be more disposed to judge Him worthy of death.

The Divine Saviour, pushed on violently by His guards, is dragged through the streets of Jerusalem to the prætorium. To see this crowd of furious men around Our Lord, one might think it composed of the dregs of the people. But no, in the midst of it is the Supreme Council of the nation, the princes of the priests, the doctors of the law, and the most notable personages of the city, in one word, the Sanhedrim. According to the words of

the Gospel, they left their seats, and went in a body, the High Priest at their head, to the palace of Pilate: "*And the whole multitude arose, the princes of the priest with the ancients and the scribes and all the assembly, and led Jesus bound to the house of Caiaphas.*" This is the first time that Jerusalem witnessed such a spectacle. In no place of the Jewish annals do we see the chief men of the nation associating with servants and executioners, and going to demand of the judge the condemnation of the accused. By thus conducting the Saviour to the prætorium, the Sanhedrites realized, though without knowing it, a part of the prophecy to which Our Lord had Himself alluded: "*Tradent eum gentibus — The priests, the scribes, and the ancients of the people will deliver Him to the gentiles.*"

And why do they come themselves to deliver their Victim to the Roman Governor? Why are they not satisfied with sending Jesus well guarded to Pilate and with Him the documents relating to His accusation? No, their cause is too unjust to allow them to trust calmly to the proceedings of the Roman Procurator. They fear lest Pilate, detecting their fraud, should set the Innocent at liberty.

They must at any price have the life of Jesus and, if they cannot justly obtain His condemnation, they will compass it by overpowering numbers. Again, who in their presence would dare take in hand the defence of the Accused? They alone will have the right to speak, and thus they can fearlessly confirm their unjust accusations.

"*And it was morning; and they went not into the hall, that they might not be defiled, but that they might eat the Pasch.*" To touch the profane threshold with their foot would have been for them a defilement, but to deliver an innocent man to the Roman Governor, to deliver Him through the passion of homicidal vengeance and hatred—that sat lightly on their conscience! In this we easily recognize those of whom the Saviour had said: "They strain at a gnat, and they swallow a camel."

Adore, O my soul, thy Divine Saviour dragged through the streets of Jerusalem with cords tightly bound around His arms, His waist, His neck. Contemplate Him, His face bruised and livid, His eyes lowered, His head uncovered, goaded on with kicks and the blows of a stick, bowed under the most ignominious treatment. The King of heaven and earth—a Captive, a Prisoner!

Adore Him, hidden now under the Eucharistic veils. He is still under the dominion of men, good and bad His hands, which have wrought so many miracles, are always in chains, powerless to defend Himself when danger arises. All His members are bound in the Eucharist. He is a captive, but a willing Captive, a Captive of love.

Under the bonds of the Sacrament, as well as under those of the Jews, Jesus is the All-Powerful. A word from His lips, or

an expression of His will would reveal Him to the world in all His glory and splendor.

To your knees, then, before the Captive of the Sanhedrim ! To your knees before the Captive of the altar ! The Son of God is there. Adore, O my soul, and annihilate thyself before His infinite Majesty !

II. — Thanksgiving.

Jesus allowed Himself to be conducted as a lamb to the slaughter. He accepted His chains to free us from those with which the demon draws us into hell, namely, the occasions of sin. How many souls, though filled with a great desire of never more offending God, are, nevertheless, borne to evil by the force of habit ! Jesus accepted His bonds to obtain for these unhappy sinners the grace to break theirs. What mercy ! What goodness ! Who can reveal to us the greatness of Jesus' Heart ? Who can comprehend the height, the breath, the depth, of Christ's love for us ?

As the Redeemer longs for the salvation of all men, both Gentle and Jew, He is going to suffer for both that He may be able to impart to all the fruits of Redemption. It is for this reason He permits the Jews to deliver Him to a pagan tribunal. He accepts, likewise, all the bad treatment, the blows, the varied cruelties, without allowing a complaint to escape Him, nor any sign of weariness, sadness, or indignation. He offers Himself to His Father as a victim of propitiation for our sins and, during this painful journey, His tender Heart rejoices at the sight of the souls who will reap the fruits of His sufferings and be saved.

Undeceive yourselves, then, all ye who are leading Jesus to Pilate. You are thinking, perhaps, of satisfying your own hatred. Blind as you are, you are but furthering His love for man. All your efforts to make Him die on the Cross, do but realize His own designs and procure for Him the kind of death which, independently of your will, He has freely chosen.

I thank Thee, O Divine Saviour, for having for my salvation taken anew these chains. I thank Thee for all the steps which Thou didst take from the tribunal of Caiaphas to the prætorium. It was Thy love for me that sustained Thy tottering limbs, that furnished Thee with strength not to succumb beneath the weight of fatigue. I thank Thee for all the efforts Thou didst make, for all the injuries, all the blows, endured with so much love during this painful journey. I thank Thee, O tender Saviour, for having wiled, in order to deliver me from sin, to appear, Thou the infinite God and Creator, at the tribunal of a creature to be judged by him ! I thank Thee for having loved me so far as to deliver Thyself to the death of the Cross !

What shall I render Thee, O Jesus, for so much love ! All that I am, all that I have, would never suffice to repay the least step

Thou didst take for me. How thank Thee, then, for all the sacrifices Thou didst take for the good of my soul? This impotence on my part gives all the greater pain to my heart. Deign to accept my good will to serve Thee and my ardent desire to belong to Thee forever.

In testimony of my supreme gratitude toward Thy Divine Father, who delivered Thee to the Gentiles for my salvation, allow me to offer Thee to Him as Thou didst permit the Jews to present Thee to Pilate.

Eternal Father, I offer Thee Thy well-beloved Son, laden with chains as He was led to Pilate! I offer Him to Thee chained anew in the Sacred Host, with all His merits, His thanksgiving, His reparation. May I offer Thee whatever is most worthy, most precious, and most dear!

III. — Reparation.

This journey was for Jesus a new cause of suffering, humiliation, and fatigue. According to Saint Bonaventure, there were no insults, ill-treatment, nor affronts that the priests, the executioners, and the people did not make Him undergo during it. Everything around Him distressed and afflicted His poor Heart.

The people whom He had seen hungering for His words and rapt in admiration—the people to whom He had explained His law and His doctrine—the people whom He had loved and served during His whole life—this same people, urged by curiosity, deceived by appearances, now saw in Him only a blasphemer instead of a prophet, a hypocrite instead of a saint. What sorrow for His tender Heart, which felt for them such compassion!

He had to walk handcuffed and bound, a rope around His neck, in the midst of the insolent guards and cruel soldiers who had so ignominiously outraged Him during the night. What humiliation!

And the Princes of His people, His judges, or, rather, His executioners, are there around Him. Looking into the depths of their hearts, He beholds their fixed determination to condemn Him. Ah! what a distressing situation for the gentle Jesus! By a refinement of cruelty, which Jesus understood only too well, they had chosen for Him the kind of punishment at once the most cruel and ignominious.

They might have done away with Him secretly, but that would not have satisfied their malice. They wished to give to His condemnation an infamous character, therefore, they demanded that He should be crucified. He who was condemned to the cross, had to be scourged beforehand, to carry his own instrument of punishment, to be fastened thereto, and to die slowly in the most cruel torments. This death was reserved for slaves and the greatest criminals. It was so horrible that the cross was in the eyes of the Jews a sign of malediction.

But it was, they thought, the best means in this case of destroying in the mind of the people the reputation and the teaching of this pretended prophet. Condemned to the lowest punishment by all that was wise, enlightened, and great—who could hesitate with regard to His guilt?

To obtain His condemnation, also, they shrank from neither lies, calumny, nor threats. Oh, how the Heart of Jesus must have suffered under such infamy! All Israel despised its Messiah, its King, its Saviour! Pilate had reason to say to Him: "Thy own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee up to me."

And on this sorrowful journey, not a charitable hand to support the Victim worn out by fatigue, not a glance from a friendly eye, not a tear of compassion, not a heart to console Him by a thrill of love! But the piety of holy persons assures us that the Blessed Virgin, hearing what had happened to her Son, went out early that morning to meet her Well-Beloved and share His sufferings.

She had to wait long at the gate of that accursed hall in which Jesus had been judged worthy of death. Now she knows that her Son has been condemned, and that they are going to lead Him to Pilate for the confirmation and execution of the decree. O God, what was the agony of that Mother's soul! Who can imagine the effect of such a meeting on Mother and Son? What looks passed between them! What grief wrung their hearts!

Pardon me, O Jesus, for having made Thee suffer so inhumanly, for I cannot forget that it is my sins that cost Thee so much humiliation and sorrow! How often have I not preferred the satisfaction of my passions to Thy law, to Thy love!

From the bottom of my heart, O Divine Saviour, I wish to make amends to Thee for the unworthy treatment offered Thee on the way to the prætorium. I offer Thee, also, honorable amends for all the irreverences Thou hast met in the new journey which Thou hast undertaken through the ages in Thy Sacrament of Love. Pardon the souls in purgatory who are at this very moment expiating their failures in respect toward Thy Divine Sacrament.

Mary, my tender Mother, permit me to offer to my Well-Beloved, in satisfaction for my faults, the agony felt by thy heart at the sight of Jesus so unworthily treated. Deign to offer Him in my name the true consolation which thy maternal and tender compassion afforded Him at this painful moment of His life. Infuse into my heart some of thy compassionate love, that I may be able to console the Heart of Jesus for all the outrages He daily receives in His Eucharistic life!

IV. — Prayer.

Fallen humanity has been, and will always be the enemy of God. Jesus still fails not to come every day in the humble form of the Sacred Host to instruct and to save. But in spite of all

His merciful advances, the world is ready again to sign His death-warrant and to preside at the execution of the Son of God. The kings of the earth have at all times united with the Jews to fight against God and His Christ. The same prophet David, who foresaw this, foretold also that the Lord would laugh at them and their criminal conspiracy, and that the Messiah, though condemned by all, would become the true King, the true Monarch of the world upon the holy Mount of Sion, and that He would make known and impose His law upon all nations.

And, in truth, despite the Sanhedrites and Pilate, God did laugh at their plotting, and Jesus is recognized as King throughout the world, although at this very time He seems to be losing ground. We might think that all the demons of hell have been let loose to engage in a frightful campaign against the rights of the Son of God. Multitudes of the wicked long to lead Him to new prætoriums, there to obtain His dethronement and condemnation to death. But Christ risen, dies no more. He will set up His kingdom over the whole world, "*I will reign in spite of my enemies.*" But in accordance with the plan of Divine Providence, souls that desire not the death of Jesus, but His reign, must hasten the day of His triumph by their prayers.

He must reign, O Father, He must reign over the hearts of all Thy redeemed! He it is whom Thou didst send to save us. He must reign over all society. His right to do so is so much the greater since, to remain with us on earth, He had to sacrifice His glory in heaven.

O good Saviour, may legions of priests every morning bring Thee along the journey marked out by Thy love, which starts from heaven and ends in the Host! May they conduct Thee to those new palaces, those souls, the end, so ardently longed for, of Thy journey! Not to Pilate, but to hearts burning with Thy divine love, may they deliver Thee daily!

Give to all Christians who have the happiness of frequently renewing the Pasch with Thee, a sincere desire to shun everything that could sadden Thy Heart. May they never imitate the Jews who, to prepare to eat the Paschal Lamb, thought it sufficed to observe certain exterior practices, yet feared not to commit serious faults! May the high and mighty of the world, princes, kings, emperors, and other chiefs of nations recognize Thee, at last, for their King, and may they follow Thee wherever Thou art borne with all the honors due to Thee!

Jesus, my only prayer, the only desire of my heart is: *May Thy kingdom come!* Hear and grant it! I ask it through Mary.

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross on some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim, saying each time this ardent prayer: *May Thy Eucharistic kingdom come!*

My First Communion of Long Ago.

By REV. JOHN FRANCIS McSHANE.

"I have tasted sweet pleasures," an old priest said,
 "In my four score years that are past and dead;
 But the sweetness, my dears,"— and his head bowed
 low,
 "Was my First Communion of long ago!"

"How I thrilled with the pow'r of a new born
 priest!
 How I've said daily Mass with the joys increased!
 How I've had duty's pay,—yes, but none thrilled so
 As my First Communion of long ago!"

"O the planning and hopes for that happy time!
 The retreat and confession and grace sublime!
 Both the body and soul pure as mountain snow!
 For my First Communion of long ago.

"And at last it did come,—really came all fair!
 Both the present and future in joy joined there!
 And we marched, — ready, yes, e'en to heaven to go!
 At my First Communion of long ago



*" Dear old father and mother were there to take
Of my chalice of sweetness. Pray God to make
Me a priest just as fair as the heav'nly glow
Of my First Communion of long ago.*

*" How my ros'ry I prayed with my beaded tears
For my parents and pastor and many dears,
That in death we would meet, grander joys to
know
Than at First Communion of long ago.*

*But joy really came when dear Father said:
' O behold, children dear, here the Living Bread !
Take and eat ! Now it's yours ! '—And the tears
did flow,
At my First Communion of long ago."*

*" Then dear Father spoke tearfully words of praise,
Gave us food, strength and joy, light for life's dark
ways,—
Gave us all we can have on this earth below,
At my First Communion of long ago."*

FORGIVEN.

By T. F. R.

*" My sins are numbered as the stars, my God,
That fill the heavens on a cloudless night.'
" E'en be it so, fear not ; My Precious Blood
Is as the dew that blots the stars from sight !"*



A Sure Way of Pleasing Our Dear Lord.

I am positive there is not one among our Promoters, Subscribers or readers who does not want to please Our dear Lord, to increase His glory and to make Him know and loved in the Sacrament of His Real Presence, where love holds Him Captive for our sakes. So I am going to tell them, one and all an easy and infallible way of gratifying this laudable desire as well as sowing a seed that will blossom a hundred-fold in glory to God and untold good to their own soul and that of those near and dear to them.

And that secret is to work to extend the circulation of the Sentinel everywhere.

Believe me ! Take my words to heart ! Try and enlist at least one new subscriber in the Sentinel, that booklet pledged to the Master's Eucharistic Service ; that booklet whose sole "raison d'être" is to be His Herald, His beacon-Light. Speak of it in season and out of season, of its glorious mission, its sublime object and don't desist until you have won at least one new champion for the Eucharist which every reader of the Sentinel must sooner or later become.

God's blessing be with you in your crusade, the noblest in the world, and render it fruitful for His greater honor and glory and the salvation of your own soul.

THE DIRECTOR.

Let us pray for our beloved deceased.

Ireland: Mrs Eliz. Chadnick.—*San Francisco, Cal.:* Miss Maria Louise Roach.—*Chicago, Ill.:* Mrs John Lane.

Thanksgiving

For a miraculous cure obtained through St. Gerard's, St. Anthony's and St. Ann's intercession, after having promised to have the recovery published in the SENTINEL.

The Beatification of Joan of Arc.

Our Readers have already heard of the great things which took place in Rome, April 18 th. Nevertheless, they will be pleased to read a report written on those feasts by one who was present at the solemn functions in St. Peter's on that glorious day.



T was a grey morning for many hours after the dawn — sullen almost, when the first detachments of Italian troops filed into the slope leading to the Basilica and in points of vantage under the Colonnade, and still melancholy as it was the three main streets leading to it began to be peopled with the first groups and hundreds and thousands. And when you had watched these for a while, wondering whether even the space outside St Peter's would contain them all, and then turned round again you were surprised to see that the piazza was still but sparsely populated nor had it shaken off its lethargy — the stone saints seemed asleep as they stood upon the circular parapet of the Colonnade, the Apostles were dim over the immense façade, and the cross above the dome was hardly to be seen through a mist which was almost a cloud.

* * *

But it all changed gradually and the attention of your smaller self soon began to be distracted by the minor features of the scene. You could no longer hear the splashing of the fountains for the din of talk—there were forty thousand people round you, and if many thousands of them were silent and recollected many thousands more were speaking volubly in French. In vain you strained your ears to catch a few words of your own tongue, or even of Italian— even the itinerant vendors of books and pictures spoke or rather shouted their few words in a fearful French of their own. And how animated the immense space had become! The Borgos were still black with the coming thousands, and there was some pushing

and jostling as they forced their way a few yards nearer to the still closed doors, the endless streams of vehicles were being piloted slowly through the crowds, half the trams of Rome seemed to be clanging their bells round the piazza Rusticucci. Now all was life and movement and variety. You were in the midst of a French multitude of priests, nuns, men and women of all ranks of life, growing every moment more eager, until at last you noticed a movement near the basilica, and knew that the multitude had begun to pass through it.

* * *

And while you had been observing all this below the day had been changing too—there was the bright sun flashing on the exultant torrents of the fountains, lighting up the majestic sweep of the colonnades, giving a tint almost of gold to the granite of the ancient obelisk; the stone saints had almost come to life, the cross shot clear and firm into the blue above the dome. There was a feeling of spring and sunshine and youth in the air, which you must have felt even had you been a pagan—and which, indeed, has formed the burden of most of the twenty chroniclers sent out last Sunday morning to describe what they saw in the Piazza of St Peter's. They are eloquent, too, these chroniclers, in their descriptions of what art as well as nature has done for the place upon which Michael Angelo and Raphael and Maderno and Bernini have left their immortal mark, and they can colour their phrases picturesquely as they dwell on the merely human aspects of the Vatican on this morning of April 18th, 1909. But above the doors of St Peter's this morning hangs a large sheet of drab canvas hiding from your eyes for the moment a beautiful and impressive picture, and what the chroniclers with all their eloquence have described for you is as like the hidden reality of the scene as that drab canvas is like the picture behind it.

* * *

You must look deeper—and as you look the early mist becomes darker and darker until there is no St Peter's before you, no saints, or fountains or colonnade, but in

the place of the great church rises a little hill, and over there on the left where you dreamed you had seen the



eighth pillar of the colonnade begins a long strange building opens internally, and farther up in the very centre of it stands the name granite shaft that you thought stood in the piazza which does not exist. A few

days ago they crucified there with his head downwards a wretched old Jew called Peter under the shadow of that obelisk, and buried him over on that hill, and to-night Nero has made torches of the miserable bodies of some of Peter's despised followers for a Roman holiday ; you can almost touch some of these poor Christians as they are led in chains to be baited by wild beasts, the very ground at your feet is soaked with the blood of the martyrs. Then all that passes—Nero's circus is levelled, and above the tomb of the crucified Jew rises a timid shrine where a few timid Christians gather to pray, passing silently by the pagan temples and tombs around them—passing century by century, growing more numerous and more confident, at first mostly slaves but now including pilgrims from all parts of the Roman Empire, until at last comes the Roman Emperor himself, doffing his royal robes and carrying on his own shoulders the first stones of that immense temple which is to be St Peter's, and with him is Peter himself in his successor St Silvester, and after them Pontiffs, Kings, prelates, pilgrims, century after century, in an everlasting triumphal procession, singing the praise of God in his saints ! For that is really the meaning of St Peter's as we saw it last Sunday morning.

* * *

The multitude have entered through the ancient bronze doors, but before you follow them you may look at the now uncovered standard hanging from the Loggia. On it you see a peasant girl, surrounded by her sheep, startled from her prayers by the sound of strange voices and the vision of the Angel Michael handing her a sword and bidding her save her country ; a few steps further on within the vestibule you see her again, surrounded by her enemies and being burned as a witch, and then you enter the noblest temple in the whole universe. Above in the double rows of niches the saints look down on you, far away under the golden dome the circle of lights that have burned night and for centuries marks the place where the bodies of the Apostles are assembled as if in eternal Council round their Head, and high above them hang rich standards showing the shepherd girl, on a white steed and clad in shining armour, entering Or-

leans at the head of her victorious troops, or standing in the cathedral of Rheims while her King is being crowned; and a little farther on the representations of the miracles that have been wrought through her intercession.

* * *

You saw between forty and fifty thousand people this morning in the piazza outside—they are all here now and many thousands more and their voices are raised in in a marvellous unison until the whole basilica reverberates with their hymn of hope and gladness:

Je suis chrétien
Voilà ma gloire,
Mon espérance,
Et mon soutien,
Mon chant d'amour,
Et de victoire.

But the singing ceases suddenly, and the great multitude see a prelate in the sanctuary ascend a small pulpit to read a solemn Decree of the supreme authority of the Church proclaiming that Joan of Arc has been numbered with the Blessed in heaven. His words are lost to the thousands, but they are heard by all the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, by the seventy French Bishops, and the scores of English and other Bishops in the sanctuary, by the crowds of distinguished persons in the tribunes near the altar of the Chair, and as they cease their meaning is made clear beyond all misunderstanding to everybody present, for at the same moment a veil falls from the centre of the glory over the altar, the whole apse glows with myriad light, and in the centre of them stands the figure of the Blessed Joan of Arc, clothed in shining armour, clasping her standard, and entering into the ecstasy of the Blessed; the bells ring out the glad tidings to the whole city; the Bishop of Orleans, Mgr Touchet, attended by his ministers, advances to the foot of the altar, and after a *Te Deum*, such as has perhaps been rarely heard even in St Peter's, begins the first mass celebrated in honour of the Blessed Joan.



Visits to the Blessed Sacrament



HE Blessed Sacrament contains all the wealth of God's infinite love ; all the priceless merits of His passion ; it contains the gem of all gems ; the Incarnate God Himself. As St Alphonsus says, " let us not envy the blessed in heaven, since on earth we have the same Lord, with greater wonders of His love."

And this priceless treasure is without bonds, infinite, immeasurable. Created riches, no matter how magnificently generous God has been in their bestowal, can be exhausted ; but the uncreated treasure of the tabernacle is inexhaustible, lasting for all time and for eternity, containing help and comfort indescribably greater than could possibly be needed by all the sons and daughters of Adam. Untold thousands have drawn from this fountain of sweet saving water ; and still there is no diminution of its contents. As for the future, no matter how many generations still unborn shall go to it in their need, in their sorrow and suffering, still shall the water of everlasting life rise to the parched lips, and bathe with endless flow the fainting soul that seeks for it as the " heart panteth after the fountains of water."

If we only knew the depths of the riches and graces that rest in the tabernacle, if we only realized the intense desire Jesus has to help us, we would spend much more of our time before the altar. In the words of the Psalmist, we would " go over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the House of God : with the voice of joy and praise. Nor should we want words with which to address Him, for with each one of us would the words of the Psalmist be verified, " Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips and my mouth shall declare Thy praise."

Some may say that they feel no fervor in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, that their minds wander, and worldly thoughts crowd out all higher aspirations. Yes, this may be true, but the very fact that we come to church and try to pray is more pleasing to Jesus than we can possibly realize. If the thoughts persist in wandering

it is well to take a book and read some of the beautiful prayers written especially for visits to the Blessed Sacrament. And then if it be God's will, we shall leave the Church feeling that spiritual peace and joy that only the Lord can give. and even if this feeling be absent, still we shall have gained graces that will come to our assistance later when we may sorely need them. Many a trial born with resignation, many a temptation nobly resisted, many an act of self-sacrifice, have been made possible because of five or ten minutes spent in adoration before the tabernacle, it may be months or years before.

Of course visits to the Blessed Sacrament are not commanded under pain of sin; but there are cases when a wilful neglect of all opportunities to make these visits approaches very near to sin, for it may be the deliberate rejection of an easy means of gaining grace to help us resist temptation. One day during the public life of our Lord, when He was preaching to a great concourse of people, a woman who was suffering from an incurable disease approached the Divine Master and touched the hem of His garment with the hope of being healed; at once her prayers were granted. Without doubt there were many in that immense multitude who needed help, spiritual or temporal, just as much as this poor woman did; yet she alone seized the opportunity afforded by the presence of Jesus. We have this same Saviour with us all the time. Five, ten, or fifteen minutes' walk will take us to Him, and then in sweet communion with the Prisoner of the Tabernacle we can thank Him for all He has done for us, tell Him all our sorrows and troubles, ask His help, and let our soul give silent expression to those aspirations of love and adoration that His presence will inspire. We cannot, it is true, see Him face to face, but if our faith be strong and our love warm this will be no obstacle.

These precious moments spent before the tabernacle will be a faint fortaste of heaven, where the adoration, thanksgiving and supplication we now offer to the invisible Lord: hidden to our earthly sight, will be changed into an unending hymn of praise and glory rising triumphantly to the visible Lord sitting glorified at the right hand of God the Father for ages and ages without end.

H. C. SCHUYLER.

I Want to Go Where Jeſuſ Iſ.



T the Eucharistic Congress of Paray le Monial, the bishop of Autun related the following incident which had been told him by his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan of London :—

One day a protestant minister, who by the grace of God was powerfully drawn towards Catholicity, but could not resolve to take the decisive step, had come to London. He was the father of a family, and was accompanied by his five years old daughter.

He took the child first into a Catholic church, where her attention was immediately attracted by the perpetual lamp which burned before the Tabernacle.

“Father, why is that lamp burning there?”

“That signifies, my child, that Jesus is in this church, just behind the little golden door which you see upon the altar.”

“Father, I would so much like to see Jesus.”

“But the door is locked, my child. And besides Jesus is hidden by a covering, so that you could not see Him.”

But the child kept repeating : “I would so much like to see Jc.s.s.”

They then entered a Protestant church, where there was neither lamp nor tabernacle.

“Father, why is there no lamp here?”

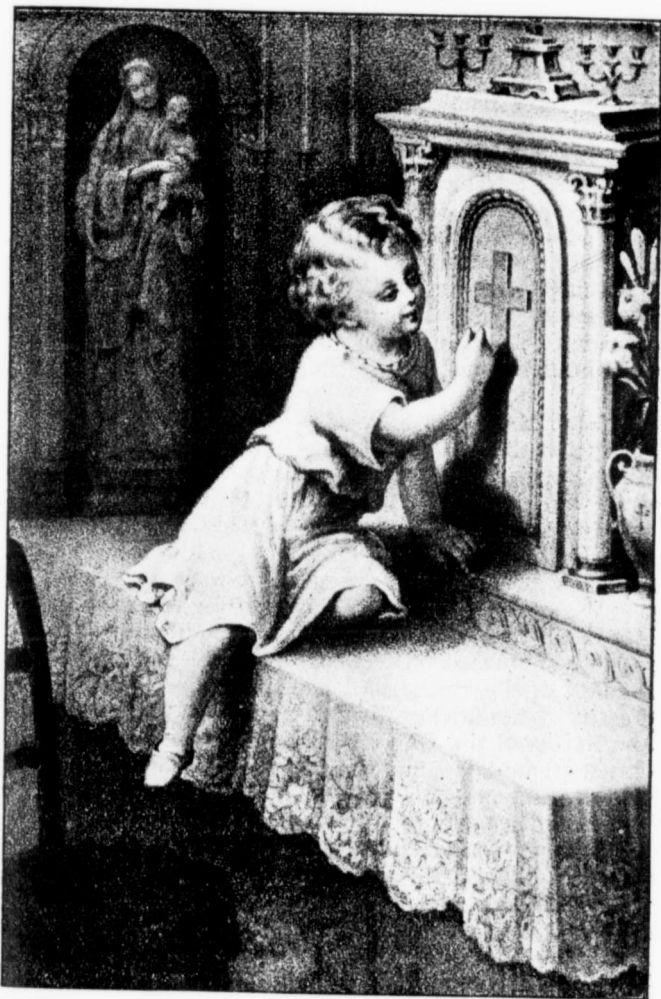
“Because Jesus is not here, my child.”

The child opened her large innocent eyes in astonishment, then became silent and thoughtful. From that time forward she would listen to nothing but about the Catholic church, and there was a struggle whenever she was taken to a Protestant place of worship.

She always protested, “I want to go where Jesus is.”

These words made a deep impression upon the father. Like his child he began to feel that it is well with us only where Jesus is.

But he must renounce his own church, and publicly enter the fold. This would bring to him and his family financial ruin. He must sacrifice his salary of \$5,000 a year, the only support of his family. He however braved the sacrifice and his wife did likewise. They returned to the true religion, saying with their child : “I want to go where Jesus is.”



I WANT TO GO WHERE JESUS IS.

LAVAL MONUMENT.

(See frontispiece)

ERRECTED at Quebec on the twenty-second of June, 1908, this monument is a masterpiece of our distinguished French-Canadian Sculptor, Philip Hebert. Though classical in design the epoch it represents is well characterized by its base-reliefs: Religion; the Bishop blessing the first Religious Works on the banks of the St Lawrence; Louis XIV greeting the Bishop; the Baptism of Garakontie. A granite shaft supports the Prelate who is clothed in pontifical robes.

Brilliant celebrations drew an immense crowd to this monument, loving memorial erected by national subscription to the pioneer Bishop of Canada, Ven. Francis de Montmorency-Laval on the second centenary of his death.

Solemn Mass was celebrated by His Eminence Mgr Sbaretti at the foot of this same monument the morning after its unveiling. Near the altar and within the monument were more than twenty Archbishops and Bishops and a number of Priests, while outside were thousands and thousands of every class and condition to whom Mgr Roy addressed these memorable words:

"We are assembled here this morning to finish at the foot of the Altar the series of Religious and Patriotic feasts inaugurated on Sunday by a solemn homage to the God of the Eucharist. The magnificent monument erected by the filial gratitude of a Nation to the Founder and Father of the Church of New France, and consecrated yesterday, amid the splendor of never-to-be-forgotten ceremonies, to-day lends its gigantic base to the altar sacrifice, and its comices of stone and figures of bronze to its original and picturesque setting. In an instant the hands of the venerable representative of Pius X will offer almost within the arms of Mgr de Laval, the Host of praise and thanksgiving, the heavens will open and Christ the Redeemer come down.

Verily this is no common sight! Yea! a sublime and consoling picture for heaven and earth to gaze upon. A Nation's homage to the God of Nations, a glorious Te Deum in which even nature joins.