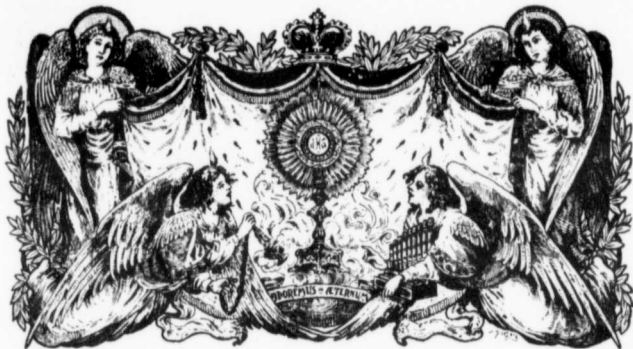


THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAÜS  
After a painting by Plockhorst.



❖ "EASTER" ❖

BY WILLIAM GARVIN HUME.

WHAT shall we bring unto Thee, mighty God,  
 As Thou dost rise triumphant from the tomb ?  
 Not myrrh and frankincense, and rich spikenard,  
 Or spices such as Mary brought  
 When at the sepulchre she sought.

Not dead, O Lord, but gloriously risen  
 Do we behold Thee on this Easter morn ;  
 And breaking through sin's dark and gloomy prison,  
 We greet Thee, Lord, our risen King—  
 What shall we bring? What shall be bring?

What need to bring Thee lilies pure and white,  
 Unless our hearts be free from ev'ry stain !  
 Or roses with the dew of morning bright,  
 If deeper than the roses' hue,  
 Our hearts are stained all through and through !

Our hearts, alone, we bring to Thee today—  
 O plant therein the roses of Thy love :  
 This boon of Thee, O Christ, we humbly pray—  
 That gardens fair our hearts may be  
 Of Easter lilies of Purity.



## The Hidden God.

THERE is no use denying that with the exception of rare intervals, our intercourse with God in this life is more or less laborious and difficult. This is only saying that Heaven is not yet come. Faith was meant to be a trial, and a trial it certainly is. The evidence of sense is against us ; the levity of imagination is against us ; the inconstancy of our desires and of our will is against us when we kneel down to pray.

“ Behold He standeth behind our wall.” We know He is there, close as the priest in the confessional, with attention to every word we say. Yet, for all that, the words and the confidence come slowly. It is hard to prolong a conversation that is all on one side, and this, so it seems to us, is the case in prayer. Useless to tell us that our faith is at fault. That in the presence of the Pope, we should be all attention. Where the conditions are so different, there can be no parallel. The voice, the look, the question and answer, the surroundings — all these are wanting. Such admonitions irritate us by their injustice, and we look away wearily for help elsewhere. But where to look ? We cannot alter the present state of things or fix our wandering thoughts and unstable heart. No, but we can accept all things as they are in truth, and in the truth find a remedy.

“ Behold He standeth behind our wall.” But the barrier between us is not a drawback, an obstacle to union with Him — inseparable indeed from the present condition of things — yet an obstacle for all that. It is distinctly willed by Him as a necessary part of our trial, a wholesome discipline, a purification of love. It has in it all the privileges, advantages, blessings, that in this life belong to pain, and can be won by pain alone. It is a

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

"We see now in a dark manner: but then face to face." "I shall see Him, but not now." How will that face to face vision be the brighter and the sweeter for the dimness now! How will the joy of that moment when we part for ever with faith be intensified by what faith has cost us in the past!

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## Easter Morning.

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When He arose

The watchers saw the scars that told them how  
He suffered on the cross. Upon His brow  
There still remained the wounds that bruised  
Him so,

And told of all His agony and woe.  
O resurrection miracle! The night  
Of that low grave was conquered when the light  
Of Easter morning broke.

As He arose

So I may rise in victory to-day,  
Breaking the bars of sorrow all away,  
Leaving the sackcloth of my tearful tomb.  
To live indeed and like a lily bloom.  
O triumphing of gladness over strife!  
My soul must know the resurrection life  
When Easter morning breaks.

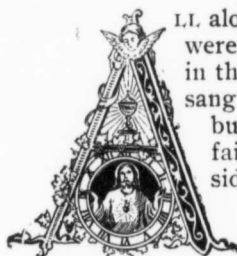
CHAS. H. TOWNE.



## The Easter Vision OF THE BROTHER SAGRISTAN

— o —

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.



LI. along the Connecticut valley the snows were melting in the mild spring air ; up in the balmy heavens the robin and lark sang clear ; in the woods the trailing arbutus was blooming as fragrant and fair as its Plymouth Rock sisters beside the sea, and the sturdy little hepatica and frail wind-anemone nodded joyously to each other. Do we think the birds and flowers know nothing about Easter ? Oh ! any body can see them keep it, who has eyes to see ! All nature is singing glad anthems to tell that Christ is risen with the spring. In the great city the stately churches were flooded with melody from organ and flute and viol, and the surpliced choir chanted glad and gay *Alleluia ! Alleluia !* Magnificent Altars were ablaze with manifold brilliant tapers, while glorious white lilies bent their fragrant chalices towards the one fairer chalice which the Precious Blood of the Risen Redeemer made more wonderfully fair than any pen can sing or pencil paint.

In the famous Jesuit church of the Gesu, famed throughout the old primatial city for its decorations of extraordinary loveliness, men said one to another : Brother Rodriguez has surpassed himself to-day. The church was never so divinely beautiful before. " And at High Mass the good Brother, hidden in a secluded nook behind the pulpit, looked with dim and dazzled gaze at the grandeur. It had grown to its perfection slowly, all night,

under his practised eye and skilful hand, straight from his artist brain and holy heart of love ; and he prayed beneath his breath. " My Risen Jesu ! this is all for Thee. Surely I never worked like this before. All praise to Thy Sacred Heart ! Is any church of Thine, to-day, more beautiful, and Hast Thou any Sacristan more favored and more glad than I, unworthy though I be ? "

A strange thing happened then to Brother Rodriguez, the like of which also, in all his long and arduous career as Sacristan, had never before befallen him. Already, that day, he had served three Masses, and he had been awake all night, besides ; but that was nothing unusual. Then, as usual also, he had crept for High Mass into that quiet corner where no eye could see him, that he might for one brief hour, after his many hours of Martha-like devotion, take the part of Mary, and sit in loving silence at Jesu's feet.

He fell asleep while the choir was singing the Easter sequence, and by the way, he always stoutly maintained that he was not sleeping and that good Father Baptiste, going up the pulpit stairs on his way to the sermon, only saw his eyes closed because he was so moved by the Easter sermon joy. And when he opened his eyes again, the singers were still tossing the " *Amen, Alleluia* " back and forth to each other and up to radiant Heaven. So you see if he were really sleeping, it was for a brief space only. In either case, the glorious sanctuary of the Gesu vanished from the enraptured gaze of the Brother Sacristan, and the jubilant chant of boys and men died away in the fragrant air. He saw a little maiden, holy and fair, though lame and hunch-backed. She was picking anemones and hepaticas and the fragrant pink and white, hairy buds of the trailing arbutus ; and she was saying, as she went, over and over again, only this : " For my Risen Jesus ! " But such intensity of love and faith was in it, that Brother Rodriguez cried out in his sleep—or in his ecstasy—very humbly : " Give me, o my Lord Jesus ! give me the heart of a little child. "

What singing he heard !

The sweetest boy-soprano who ever sang at the Gesu, never sang like that. The dear child made no answer, and it seemed to him they needed none. She only went

on gathering her flowers and repeating, untired and most tenderly ; " For Thee, My Risen Jesus ; for Thee for Thee ! "

He saw a simple table draped in snowy white, with two wax candles burning ; white curtained windows, holy pictures, and the early field flowers of the spring-time lavished every where. He saw the little maiden scatter them on floor and table with love like to the angels. Then he saw, on a plain linen cloth, on an opened corporal, a pyx case, and he knew that the Real Presence of the loving Christ was there. And it seemed to him it was midnight before Easter, and the little maid was Christ's Sacristan, like Magdalene, all alone, all, all alone, with her Blessed Lord.

Holding the last few fragrant sprays of Mary's flowers, the spring arbutus, close clasped to her faithful heart, she knelt at last before the table, her loving labors ended. There was silence now, no singing, no grandeur, and no glory. But he thought he heard the Lord's voice say " Maria ! " and it seemed to Brother Rodriguez that Heaven was in this place. He thought the little Sacristan knelt down as the clock struck midnight, and he thought she still knelt there, and he saw her, through all the Easter brightness of that night of which it is written : " The night shall be as light as day. " Yet, suddenly, he saw that holy place no longer. Again he heard the famous boy choir of the Gesu chanting *Amen, Alleluia !* And suddenly he saw the beauty of his own sanctuary, that his own loving heart had designed and accomplished, flash fair and glorious again upon his dazzled eyes. Was it a dream ?

On Easter Monday, Father Baptiste came in with another Father just returned from giving a mission. " I brought him to see the Easter decorations, Brother, " the Superior said pleasantly. Father Van Kirk had nothing of this sort at all, where he spent Easter. "

" No Brother, Father Van Kirk continued. I was in the Connecticut Valley, near your native home, and mine though further south. I had a sick call and was detained all night in a farm house ; and I had a little maid of thirteen years for my Sacristan, with a humped back but an angel's face. I believe she watched all night before our Lord,







## THE MIRACULOUS HOSTS AT BRUSSELS.

**A**TACHED to the beautiful church of St. Gudule, in the city of Brussels, is a chapel which stands on the spot where the following miraculous occurrence with the Most Holy Sacrament took place :

In the year 1370, a very rich Jew of Enghien having won a sum of money from another, by name John von Loeven, who had become a Christian, persuaded him to deliver over to him several consecrated Hosts. After the false brother had examined many churches in order to carry out his devilish design, he decided upon the church of St. Catharine as that in which he could perpetrate the deed of darkness with least difficulty. On a certain night, therefore, he contrived an entrance into it, broke open the tabernacle, took out the ciborium, in which sixteen Hosts were contained, and brought it to the Jew. Now this fellow, overjoyed at having the God of the Christians in his power, called his wife and son and several other Jews, and threw the ciborium with the consecrated Hosts on the table for derision, and there he allowed them to lie. Soon after the Jew, by name Jonathan, was murdered by unknown hands. His wife and son, out of dread lest fresh misfortune should befall their house, carried the holy Hosts to Brussels, and committed them to the hands of their brethren. These assembled together on Good Friday in their synagogue, insulting the Blessed Sacrament in every possible manner, and at length, throwing it upon a table, they stabbed it with knives; when lo! blood flowed in quantities from those holy Hosts, and, seized with terror, the recreants at once sought how they might free themselves from so fearful a mystery.

In their embarrassment they had recourse to a Jewess who had become a Christian, and entreated her to carry the All-Holy to Cologne. The Jewess promised to do this, but during the night she was seized with so great fear



that she resolved to discover the whole to her parish priest. She then did what she had promised. Now at that time Wenceslas, King of Bohemia, reigned in Brussels. When he therefore had heard of this sacrilegious robbery he caused those wicked Jews to be arrested, and, accord-

ing to the laws of the time, to be burned. This happened on the eve of the Ascension of our Lord, in the year 1370. In expiation also of this sacrilegious robbery, and for a perpetuation of the memory of the miracle, the prince gave orders for a yearly procession of the holy Hosts, which should take place on the Sunday after the glorious Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ. Three of these pierced Hosts were carried in a golden jewelled monstrance, the offering of many princes. This monstrance may be seen to this very day in the Salazar chapel, at St. Gudule's, upon the altar of the miraculous Sacrament. A citizen of Brussels, by name Giles Van der Berghe, built a chapel upon the very spot where the synagogue of the Jews had stood, and founded three Masses weekly, to be offered therein in honour of the Most Holy Sacrament. Upon a stone over against the altar is inscribed the deed of the Jews. The chapel fell later into the hands of Count Salazar, whence the name which it bears at the present day. Through a concurrence of events it has happened in these later times that this chapel should become the centre of the Confraternity of the Perpetual Adoration and that of the pious union for the supplying poor churches with necessaries for the service of God.

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Sweet is Our Lord in thought, sweet in the pages of the holy gospels, sweet in the shadowy symbol or the devout picture, sweet yet more in the holy crucifix, but sweeter beyond comparison in the Adorable Sacrament of His Love. Wherefore the Church sings, in the words of her saint :

Jesu ! the very thought of Thee  
 With sweetness fills my breast ;  
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
 And in Thy presence rest. — OAKELY.

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Dearest Lord, teach me to be generous, teach me to serve Thee as Thou deservest. To give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labor and not to seek reward, save that of feeling that I do Thy will.

ST. IGNATIUS.



## LOVE FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT REWARDED

**T**OWARDS the close of the sixteenth century there lived in Naples a nobleman, by name Horatio Grannopoli, who made it his constant care and duty to promote the honour and adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. A portion of his patrimony he devoted to the erection of beautiful altars and the adornment of the tabernacle. It was with pain that he observed how in many parish churches the King of Heaven was allowed to abide in dwellings all unbefitting the Divine Majesty, and that He was so often carried to the sick without suitable state. He did not hesitate to beg from door to door in order to collect a sufficient amount of capital, the interest of which should furnish all these poor churches with befitting ornaments and wax candles. Unmindful of his high birth, with but the honour and glory of God in view, he traversed the whole city. Great personages, bankers, captains, received his visit, and his first words invariably were, 'Praised be the Most Holy Sacrament!' Then he begged an alms for the altars of our ever-present Lord in His poor churches. In this manner he collected a considerable sum together.

One morning, as he was leaving the church of St. Joseph, he observed a well-dressed man of noble appearance, who was quite a stranger to him, step out from a neighbouring palace. At once he accosted him, and begged of him an alms in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, as he had begged others. But the nobleman, struck with astonishment, replied with a mocking smile, "It is a mistake, my friend; I am an Englishman, and my name is Thomas Acton. The religion I observe is not the same as thine, and I shall take good heed that no alms of mine shall be used for the worship of a piece of bread." Full of tender compassion, Grannopoli bowed to the Englishman and departed. But the latter, calling him back, begged that he would not feel pained by his reply, assuring him

that he was struck by the splendour and beauty of the processions, but that it was beyond his power to believe in a God present in the Host. Then he presented him with a purse containing fifteen dollars, with the signification that this should not be spent in the glorification of the Blessed Sacrament, but should be employed in supplying his own necessities.

Grannopoli took the money with thanks, but remained in doubt whether or not he might apply this sum to his pious purpose. He consulted therefore the Cardinal Archbishop Cantelini, who gave him the necessary permission, saying at the same time, 'Let us pray our Lord that this alms may obtain for him light and the gift of conversion.'

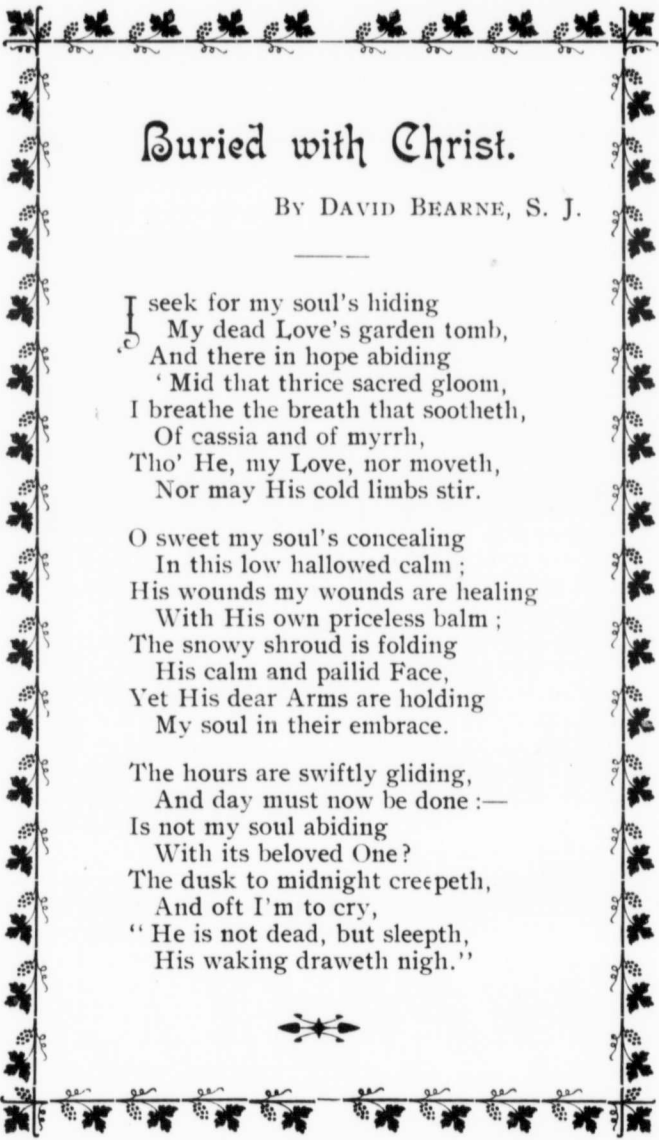
A full year had passed by when the Englishman was taken ill of a fever, and brought to death's door. One morning this news reached the ears of Grannopoli as he was accompanying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. At once he recalled to mind the generosity of the man, and how his gift had been employed in the glorification of the Blessed Sacrament. Full of confidence in the compassion of our Lord, he betook himself to the parish Priest of St. Joseph's, in whose parish the sick Englishman lay, begging him for love of God to attempt the conversion of this poor heretic. The parish priest was willing, but first took counsel of the Archbishop, who not merely permitted, but commanded him to make use of every means to draw him into the Catholic Church. After many difficulties he succeeded in making his way to the bedside of the dying man; but success did not attend his steps. 'I know well,' said the sick man, 'that you desire to have my body after my death, in order that you may bury it and be well paid for doing so. But you are mistaken; you will never gain me over. In the English Church I have lived, and in the English Church I will die.' The good priest replied, 'I have no interest but in the salvation of your soul. The Catholic faith alone is true and necessary for the saving of your soul; without it you are lost.' Then he placed before him reasons for his consideration; but all in vain. The poor heretic gave little heed and no weight to all his reasoning, and the priest left him with little hope.

In the mean time the sick man became daily weaker

and his death nearer. One day he fell into a deadly faint, and for hours showed no signs of life. Full of grief, the good priest had given him up for lost, when, contrary to all expectation, the dying man rallied, and sent for him. As soon as he entered the room, 'Sir Priest,' said he, 'I am resolved to follow your advice. I desire to be a Catholic; and if I die, as I expect, I wish to be buried in your church of St. Joseph.' Surprised and overjoyed at this sudden change, the servant of God lost no time in teaching the sick man the most prominent mysteries of the faith and in receiving him into the Catholic Church. He confessed and received absolution. After which he begged the priest for Holy Communion in these words: 'Now I believe with my whole heart in the Real Presence of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, and I regret that I so long rejected this belief; nevertheless I have this consolation, that I have never caused at any time an injury to the Most Holy Sacrament.' With deep devotion and lively faith he then received Holy Communion.

Thomas Acton lived some hours longer in the full use of his faculties. His longing desire for Holy Communion revealed to others that something extraordinary had taken place in him. The parish priest begged him therefore to disclose this last secret. The sick man replied, 'At the moment when I sank into a faint I saw through the window of my room an angel appear before me, with what seemed to me to be a note of debt in his hand. A second angel followed him with a bouquet of most lovely flowers, which he gave into my hand with these words: "If thou wouldst enjoy true happiness, thou must enter the Catholic Church." Now I understood that the note of debt referred to the fifteen dollars which I one day gave as an alms, and without the least intention of doing honour to the Blessed Sacrament; I understood further that those pieces of money which I had given with a good heart were represented by those flowers, which flowers were a loving invitation to me to enter the blooming pastures of Paradise. My resolve was taken; and I promised God without delay to become a Catholic.' So spake the dying Thomas Acton, his words being often broken by acts of contrition, desire for heaven, and love of God. In these pious dispositions he gave up the ghost.

E. M. SHAPCOTE.



## Buried with Christ.

BY DAVID BEARNE, S. J.

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I seek for my soul's hiding  
My dead Love's garden tomb,  
And there in hope abiding  
'Mid that thrice sacred gloom,  
I breathe the breath that sootheth,  
Of cassia and of myrrh,  
Tho' He, my Love, nor moveth,  
Nor may His cold limbs stir.

O sweet my soul's concealing  
In this low hallowed calm ;  
His wounds my wounds are healing  
With His own priceless balm ;  
The snowy shroud is folding  
His calm and pallid Face,  
Yet His dear Arms are holding  
My soul in their embrace.

The hours are swiftly gliding,  
And day must now be done :—  
Is not my soul abiding  
With its beloved One ?  
The dusk to midnight creepeth,  
And oft I'm to cry,  
" He is not dead, but sleepth,  
His waking draweth nigh."





## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

### The Institution of Communion

#### I. — Adoration

**W**E adore Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ and greet Thee, and as we think of our many Communion each bringing in its turn, strength, sweetness, peace and consolation ; we greet and bless Thee as the adorable Institutor of this admirable sacrament, — this marvel of goodness — Holy Communion. In spirit we enter the temple and contemplate the harmonious succession of its institution.

We adore Thee, o Lord Jesus Christ who seeing thy disciples sorrowing over the impending separation, and knowing that neither they nor those who in the future would believe in Thee, could live Thy life, keep Thy commandments, or bear persecutions, if Thou didst not leave them a means absolutely supernatural and divine ; if Thou didst not remain with them, not only exteriorly, but by a spiritual union, that they should be in Thee, and Thou in them, that Thou shouldst be their food, their life, and their daily sanctification.

We adore Thee, o Jesus who didst not consult Thy wisdom to find a means best proportioned to conciliate Thy dignity with the exigencies of the human senses ; Thine adorable wisdom indicated the sacred species, or appearances of bread and wine which on one hand would cover Thy adorable Person and render it inaccessible to material agents ; and on the other would deliver us from any repugnance when it would be question of eating Thy Body and drinking Thy Blood.



## THE SENTINEL.

We adore thy allpowerfulness in accomplishing the supernatural marvels necessary for this prodigious institution ; the Gospel says : " Remembering that He came from His Father, " that is to say that He is God — because God alone could institute Communion.

After the legal repast of the Pascal Lamb, Jesus, Thou didst't take unleavened bread lifting Thine eyes to heaven, gave thanks to Thy Father, broke the bread in several pieces blessed it and presented it to Thine Apostles saying, " Take ye and eat " for this is my body." Then taking wine Thou didst't bless it also and presented it to Thine Apostles saying " Take ye and drink for this is my blood." At that moment the bread and wine was changed into Thy Body and Blood. Thou art in the midst of Thine Apostles in Thy human form, Thou art in Thine own hands under the Sacramental form of bread and wine. We adore Thee, o Jesus, in Thy sacred and venerable hands, the first Host consecrated, to be given in communion.

### II. — Thanksgiving

Jesus, who, giving Thyself as nourishment to man, didst't commence and finish the great work by thanksgiving. Thy sacrament of love is called Eucharist that is to say, excellent thanksgiving. Thou didst't render thanks to Thy Father that Thou hadst't received all life, all power from Him ; that He allowed Thee to satisfy Thy love for us, by giving Thyself to us to make us worthy of our Heavenly Father by the holiness of our lives.

Thou didst't offer thanksgiving that Thy Father allows Thee, in giving Thyself to us, to satisfy the love Thou bearest us.

Joy is in Thy heart because Thou hast accomplished the master-piece of Thy love ; it flows into Thy words, " I will no longer call you servants, but my friends, because all I have received from my Father, I have communicated to you." " My little children, I will not leave you orphans : Live in me live, in my love."

Thy thanksgiving, o Jesus, enters the soul of Thine apostles, dispelling the sadness caused by Thine approaching separation. They know Thou wilt remain with them all days, until the end ; Thou say'st to them " Do

## OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

this until my new coming in memory of me." Those words which have perpetuated Thy ministry, have perpetuated for us the gift of the Eucharist ; it is by their virtue we have partaken with so much joy and happiness of our first communion, by their virtue we have found on our route daily strength necessary for all trials and temptations. When we look back and see our past all starred with this adorable manna whose virtue has prevented us giving way to weariness, or being vanquished by our enemies.

Thanks giving be to Thy Sacred Heart so good and compassionate. Thanksgiving to the Saviour who has given us this bread of strength in fear that we should fall by the way-side. Let us love and desire to receive this Sacrament of communion, which Christ our Father so infinitely good, was so ardently desirous of giving us. Jesus we unite our thanksgiving to Thine, and that of Thine Apostles.

### III. — Reparation

At this table Thy condescending love goodness and mercy, united their infinite resources to accomplish this master-piece in our favor. Alas ! at that table of love we respond by sins which bear the awful traits of avarice, ingratitude, coldness, hatred and betrayal. The awful sadness which fell on Thy heart, O Jesus, had its source in those sins : we offer Thee reparation with the faithful Apostles. Yes, the first time Thou wert received in communion, there was a sacrilege — Judas had been loaded with thy favors, he was an Apostle, Thy minister, and had performed miracles in thy name. What does it teach us, if not, that sacrilegious communions may still be found at Thy Eucharistic table, where Thou daily renewest the prodigy of Thy love.

We offer Thee reparation with humble and contrite hearts for the crime of Judas, we unite our reparations to Thine and that of Thine Apostles.

We offer Thee reparation for the anguish which filled Thy soul, when the traitor tortured and oppressed Thy Heart, O loving Master.

Jesus, Thou didst wash his feet, give him part of Thy bread consecrated specially for him in sign of affection,

#### THE SENTINEL

Thou didst't warn him secretly to spare him ; but seeing his obstinacy Thou didst't threaten him, pursue him, stigmatize him, we offer Thee reparation for his cold insensibility to all.

We offer Thee reparation, O Jesus, in Thy sorrow and indignation, and in the awful agony of the crime which disturbed Thy peace.

It was not only for Judas Thou didst't suffer, o Jesus, in that hour, but for those who in successive centuries would perpetuate this criminal ingratitude towards the greatest manifestation of Thy Divine Love — And will we not protest with Thine Apostles, will we not be filled with indignation and sorrow at the outrages inflicted on Thee in the sweet sacrament of Thy love.

Let us enter into the agony of Thy heart, o Jesus, let our hearts like Thine be profoundly stirred with sorrow and loving reparation.

#### IV. — Prayer

Let those words of Thine, sweet Jesus, be our guidance in communion ; " Take ye all and eat," and " Do it in commemoration of me." Yes, take, every day if we can, worthily, or at least let our desires and regrets supply what is lacking. May we receive Thee with the same generosity and sincerity with which Thou gavest't Thyself to us. Why do we faint ? not eating the bread of the strong. Why close our hands, when Thou didst't open Thine so wide ? Why to the bound of Thy heart which precipitates Thee towards us, should our hearts respond only by a selfish timidity a cowardly distrustfulness ? " Take ye all and eat ; " let us do it in memory of Thee, dear Jesus, for Thy honor, Thy love, and the satisfaction of Thy heart ; let us eat to remain faithful to Thee, and to confess Thy Holy Name. Let us eat with purity, generosity and humility : with purity to respond to the zealous care with which Thou didst guard the purity of Thine apostles ; with the humility of which Thou gavest them the example ; with generosity in response to Thine giving Thyself to us and to Thine apostles without reserve and forever.

May we remember Thee, o Jesus, and give ourselves to Thee, as Thou didst't give Thyself to Thine apostles, in the first Eucharistic communion, and as Thou givest Thyself to us in our daily communions.



## THE WONDERFUL BEANS

**E**ASTER-SUNDAY of the year 1795, Abbé Sigourais, Parish-priest of Beauvoir, in Vendée, after having sung Mass and vespers was resting under a prune tree in his garden, round which the spreading vine ; wreaths of ivy, and clematis wove a charming arbour, a secluded spot, in which, amid the beauties of nature he was enjoying a few moments of well-earned rest. He was an old man, large and well proportioned, but age had bent and shrunken his frame, and strongly marked his face, which the sun had bronzed, but from which nothing could efface his habitual expression of gentle goodness. He was counting on his fingers the number of people, old, infirm, or sick to whom he had carried their Pascal-Communion, during the preceding days, the number seemed endless ; when a woman accosted him and said “: Father, Grand-father Lambinet, who is eighty-two years of age, has eaten nothing since morning because he was expecting you to bring him his Easter Communion. ”

“ Alas ! I am sorry answered the priest, I forgot your old uncle, but I will repair my fault by going immediately. ”

“ The road is long answered the woman, the sun about to set, and the route of St. Jean du Mont, is patrolled by a guard of Blues, who if they discover us will surely kill us. ”

“ That won't prevent my going replied the priest, especially as our dear Lord will accompany us. ” In half an-hour he began his long walk through woods and fields carrying in its golden pyx a consecrated Host, and preceded by his altar-boy, who though only fourteen years

of age, was almost full grown in form and bravery, he had fair curly hair, and blue eyes which sparkled like stars in the twilight. Two precautions he had taken before starting, one was not to light the lantern which Lambinet held as a society emblem, by the top of the handle, and the other in crossing the woods to select the routes strewn with deep recesses and little rivulets, why I don't know, perhaps because the lilt of Easter was in his heart, and his attention wandered.



They pursued their way quietly, meeting none of the dreaded guards ; fear seemed to have made the inhabitants keep within the enclosure of their homes. The priest walked very straight, his head only a little low watching for sure footing. He took no notice of any thing else in his path, not even the early spring flowers planted by himself and which were perhaps budding tonight ; all his thoughts were concentrated in silent adoration, they walked thus through woods and meadows.

What a lovely peaceful Easter night it was ; sunset

with its golden coloring reflected in the water the murmuring winds repeating the alleluia of the Angels, here and there a crocus beginning to show its golden face, the budding harvest and growing plants bending low as if in greeting to the Risen King, who, tonight, as of old, passed, so quietly, bringing comfort and happiness to those who sought, who awaited His coming. As the sun was setting the priest raised his eyes, and they rested on a plot of cultivated ground, where the foot path ended, and which appeared, in the uncertain light, half green and half white. The green part was covered by a low growth, the other with high blossoming vegetation gently swaying in the light breeze which came from the river.

"What's that asked the priest, whose eyes were not of the best."

"To the right replied the boy is a farm of American-Alce, or Flax-seed, and to the left one of Beans, kidney-beans in blossom, our way lies through both, Father."

The priest did not reply through respect for the Blessed Sacrament which he was carrying, but when he came to the cultivated grounds, he saw two farmers inspecting their work and trying to judge what the harvest would be, he recognized them as his parishioners and thought which one will be blessed by allowing our dear Lord to pass through his land, he had scarcely formed his thought when it was solved for him by the proprietor of the bean-field advancing and saying crossly, "do not go through my crop, Father, or harm will befall you."

The priest repressed his rising indignation, and extending his hand blessed the man who had spoken; instantly the second who owned the field of flax-seed, with uncovered head said.

"My flax-seed will blossom very soon, but you may walk over it, the good God, you and your altar-boy."

The priest his head uplifted now, almost in total darkness, walked, through the bean crop, the thousand tall Alce blossoming on either side guiding him and making the darkness less intense; he arrived at the farm house around which the snow-drops were in full height of their delicate beauty, and where lived the old man who had awaited from early morning his Easter Communion...

About ten o'clock the priest began his homeward walk, it was moonlight, and the return was accomplished with less difficulty, the altar-boy walked by the priest's side only reaching to his shoulder, his lighted lantern making fantastic shadows in the moonlight, and now and again whistling to keep himself awake ; after walking some



time they came to the farms of beans and flax-seed, the first was deserted ; but at the entrance to the second they saw, a man kneeling, his head turned towards them, his arms folded in the form of a cross, and he called to them in a voice broken by sobs saying

“ Father, Father. ”

The priest recognized him as his parishioner who had threatened him a few hours before.

“ Poor man said the priest, what are you doing there ?

“ I have been crying ever since you passed through my neighbour's farm, I was afraid you would injure my crop, so I forbade you to pass, wretch that I am.

He sobbed so loudly that the priest touched with pity, went close, and stooping over him, embraced him, and tried to console him, and the repentant man said “ Father, I beseech you, please pass through my bean farm to night that I may do penance. ”

To satisfy him the priest and his assistant walked in

the midst of his high blossoming beans, which were bruised and crushed by their passage, and in that same instant exhaled a breath of perfume, as if twenty thousand sweet peas had opened simultaneously, from which the priest concluded something wonderful had happened.


In fact, several wonderful things were observed by those who in that eventful year could harvest. The flax-seed over which the good God had passed grew so high and abundant that never in the memory of man had anything been seen to equal it. Thus was Faith rewarded.

But repentance was almost more wonderfully so. In about two weeks the harm which the feet of the priest and the boy had done to beans branches and flowers of the beanfarm was fully repaired, and when those beans were culled and the shells broken, instead of a thin small white bean, they gathered a numberless quantity, whose shape was rounder and fuller and which bore at the seed-bud a perfectly legible figure of a host surrounded by violet rays, like a large monstrance. Beans of this kind may still be seen in Vendée, and several parts of France, where they bear the typical name of "beans of the Blessed Sacrament."

RENE BAZIN.



## Resurrection.

N angel announced the birth of the Saviour of the world, and an angel first makes known the fact of His resurrection: "He is risen, He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him." The same message of peace which accompanied the announcement of the birth of Our Lord is uttered by Him when, on the evening of His resurrection, He appears among His apostles and greets them with "Peace be to you." This is the message the risen Saviour would have for each of His children on the blessed Easter morn. He has won, through pain, travail and death, the redemp-



tion of sinful man. An infinite penalty has been paid for an offense against an infinite God.

The blood of Jesus, our paschal lamb, has been poured out in atonement, Heaven's gates are now swung wide, and the ransomed souls may enter into life everlasting. The sacrifice was for all, and all nations and men rejoice at each recurring anniversary of the glorious triumph of the God-Man. He died in ignominy, He rises in glory. He has told us that as He rose body and soul from the tomb, so shall our bodies and souls rise reunited at the end of the world. This is the hope of all Catholic Christians.

Whether the resurrection for us shall be a glorious one is for us to determine. Christ died for all, but all will not avail themselves of His sacrifice. We must co-operate with Him in order to partake of the fruits of His resurrection. We must suffer with Christ here on earth in order to rejoice with Him hereafter. The struggle will last as long as life, but he that perseveres to the end shall be saved.

The Church rejoices to-day. She bedecks her altars with rare flowers. Lights, music and incense, gorgeous vestments, elaborate ceremonials, all contribute to the expression of exultant joy over the risen Saviour. She called on her children weeks ago to prepare by penance and prayer for the celebration of this glorious day, and such as have heeded her invitation share in the triumphal gladness of Eastertide. If there are any who are outside this happy circle, who have not yet made their peace with God, a period of grace remains. Let such resolve, with God's help, to fulfil the precept of receiving the Holy Eucharist, which the Church under the severest penalties makes obligatory upon all her children. To conform with this law is, as an author observes, to place ourselves in harmony with the season and with the myriads throughout the world who, with clean hearts, share in the blessed joys of the resurrection.

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We must not suppose that the apostolate of redemption ended on Calvary ; the Heart of Jesus exercises it continually upon our altars.

ST. ALPHONSUS.



God has placed us here to grow, just as He placed the trees and flowers. The trees and flowers grow unconsciously and by no effort of their own. Man, too, grows unconsciously, and is educated by circumstances. But he can also control those circumstances and direct the course of his life. He can educate himself. He can, by effort and thought, acquire knowledge, refine and purify his nature, develop his powers, strengthen his character. And because he can do this, he ought to do it.

AFTER CALVARY.

After your work on earth is done,  
After life's battle has been won,  
Then you will rest.  
Carry your cross to the topmost height,  
And when you stand in God's pure light,  
Then you will rest. BY C. B. M.

If you love God, you will keep His commandments. That is the visible proof of charity. Love cannot rest in words — it must go out into action. If you love God, you will do something for Him. Love is ingenious at finding ways in which to show itself. It manifests itself in acts of praise, in acts of self-denial, in acts of kindness to God's other creatures. Love without works is dead.

They, who frequently receive their God hidden under the eucharistic veils, and who at the same time do not endeavor to reproduce Him in their own lives by making them conformable to His divine life, do not fulfil the end Our Lord had in view when He instituted this sacrament of union and of love. — Abbé de Brandt.

My dearest good ? Who dost so bind  
 My heart with countless chains to Thee ;  
 O sweetest love ! my soul shall find  
 In thy dear bounds true liberty.  
 Thyself Thou hast bestowed on me,  
 Thine, Thine forever will I be.

Our tabernacle is holier than the Holy of Holies, yea,  
 than the Ark itself ; for it contains the most sacred and  
 life-giving flesh of Our Saviour Jesus-Christ. —

S. NICEPHORE.

Sweet Jesus ! by this Sacrament of love,  
 All gross affections from my heart remove ;  
 Let but thy loving kindness linger there,  
 Preserved by grace and perfected by prayer ;  
 And let me to my neighbor strive to be  
 As mild and gentle as Thou art with me.  
 Take Thou the guidance of my whole career,  
 That to displease Thee be my only fear :  
 Give me that peace the world can never give,  
 Ah ! show me always, Lord, Thy holy will,  
 And to each troubled thought, say :  
 " Peace be still."

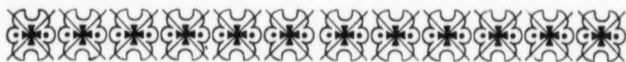
Never cease from giving thanks to Jesus-Christ for the  
 infinite love by which, in order to be your support and to  
 load you with His benefits, He wills to give Himself to you  
 as food ; love this generous Benefactor more by actions  
 than by words.

LANCISIUS.

Oh ! see upon the altar placed  
 The Victim of the greatest love !  
 Let all the earth below adore,  
 And join the choirs of Heaven above.  
 Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore :  
 Oh ! make us love thee more and more.

Our Lord, the good shepherd, gave His life for His  
 sheep that in our Sacrament He might give us His body  
 and blood, and that He might feed with the nourishment  
 of His own flesh the sheep whom He had redeemed.

ST. GREGORY.



## “ MASTER.”

“ She turned hereself and said unto Him, Master.”

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

**M**ASTER ! The breeze of the dawn hath stirred in the  
 leaves of the olives ;  
 Chill lie the dews on the grass, and deep are the  
 shadow, but deeper,  
 Darker the grief at my heart ; and chill, as the dews of  
 the morning,  
 Master ! the tears on my face ; and keen as the breeze  
 in the olives,  
 Jesu ! the fears that assail lest never again I may see Thee.  
 Low have I knelt at Thy Cross, not daring to look on  
 Thee dying ;  
 Gently Thy Feet I have kissed, the Wounds whence Thy  
 Life-Blood was welling :  
 Kissed them, again, when Thy Mother, o'erladen with  
 sorrow and anguish,  
 Held Thee, once more, in Her arms, and, weeping, She  
 gazed on Thee, knowing  
 Bitterness cruel as death ; then laid Thee to rest, as the  
 sunset  
 Ended the sorrowful day ; when night fell at last, and  
 we left Thee  
 Sleeping in peace, for the pain was over for Thee ; for  
 us only,  
 Us who had loved Thee, the grief that time cannot heal,  
 and the burden ;  
 Loneliness drear as the void of the night without star-ray  
 or moon-beam :—  
 Master ! the Sabbath is past, and now, in the dawning,  
 I seek Thee ;  
 Fain would I die, as Thou diedst, yet fain would I live,  
 but to suffer

Daily for Thee, and to share in the sorrow, the tears of  
 Thy Mother ;  
 So may my penance avail, if God shall have pity, to  
 win me  
 Pardon, at last, for my sins, and Jesu ! hereafter, to see  
 Thee  
 Yet once again, in Thy glory, the glory Thy dying hath  
 won Thee.

“ Mary ! ” — The Voice that she loved ? Ah, surely :  
 she turned her, and answered  
 “ Master ! ” Then low at His Feet, in the dew-laden  
 grass, in the dawning,  
 Knelt she, and wept in her joy, for had she not found  
 Him, the Master,  
 Risen again from the death ? The dawning grew bright,  
 and the morning  
 Banished the shadows of night ; the sorrow, the burden,  
 the anguish,  
 Fled as she gazed on her Lord. He spoke, and she  
 answered Him, “ Master ! ”

So, through the night of our life we wander, the breeze  
 of the dawning—  
 Dawn that hath lingered so long !—blows chill on our  
 face, and the shadows  
 Deepen about us, and we, grown faint with our watching  
 and waiting,  
 Long for the morning, and sigh ; the burden that lieth  
 upon us  
 Beareth us down, and we yearn for the joy that shall  
 come when the darkness  
 Fleeth at last, and the Dear One who died for us, rose  
 for us, loves us,  
 Cares for us, pities us ever shall hasten His coming, and  
 gladden,  
 Lighten our sorrowful eyes with the sight of His Face,  
 in His Glory ;  
 Then shall we kneel at His Feet, as the Magdalen knelt  
 in the dawning,  
 Then shall He call us by name, and each one shall  
 answer Him, “ Master ! ”



## On Shining Sands

Written for *THE SENTINEL*. ANNA T. SADLIER.

**I**N that popular summer resort there was a broad walk on which the sun of a summer morning was shining, with its full glory; and an old woman, bent and shrunken of figure, was busied in picking up, here and there, the prettiest or most uncommon of the shells and pebbles, which strewed the shore. She earned a pittance by disposing of her collections to summer visitors, who bought them, as a souvenir of their pleasant hours by the Atlantic and perhaps, still more, for the sake of the aged gatherer, whose clear, dark eyes, scarce dimmed by time, looked out from a mass of wrinkles.

"Now, Glory be to God," murmured the old woman, as she attentively examined a shell, which she had but just picked up and which was, indeed, of singular beauty. It was of delicate, coraline pink within and without of the translucent whiteness of mother of pearl. It had caught and held, as children fondly imagine, the harmonies of the sea, expressed to the listening ear by a murmur of tender, confused, a blending of sounds. The old woman held it that she might hear, while a pleased smile broke over her face.

"The very voice of the sea itself! Glory be to God," she exclaimed, "here or these shining sands, I do be sayin'; that same to myself over and over, for the power of the Creator meets me at every step."

While she thus spoke, half aloud, there lounged up to her a youth, clad in tennis flannels, a broad leathern belt encircling his waist, a straw hat, tipped downwards over his eyes. Her whole attitude expressed boredom, an aim-

less restless manner. He eyed the old woman, half-superciliously, half-curiously :

" To whom were you speaking, just now, when I came up ? " he inquired.

" Well, Sir, I was'nt speakin' to any one, " answered the old woman, apologetically, " I've got into a habit of talking to myself.

" It's odd, you know, " commented the youth.

" It is that ! " assented the pebble-vender, " but it hurts no one and here on these shining sands, I feel as if I were in a manner at home.

" What was it you were talking about, queried the inquisitive youth.

" Talkin' about " responded the crowe, " about the power of God and the wonders of his almighty hand.

" Rum sort you are, " the youth murmured to himself, and aloud " Just as well you were talking to yourself.

" Why so, Sir ?

" Because nobody talks that way now-a-days, and if they did try it on, no one would listen. "

The old woman fixed her dark eyes upon him, full of indignant reproach, which somehow made him uncomfortable :

" When you say every one, " said she, slowly, " in course, you're talkin' about the idle people that comes to the sea-shore in summer and have'nt eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor heart to feel, what a beautiful world, a lovin' God has given them, and for what, but to make us turn to Him and glorify His Name. "

Callow youth that he was, somewhere down in his nature, a spark was touched, which might become a lambent flame, though long dormant under fine clothes and languid airs and idle habits. So that he did not laugh, but only gazed at the shrunken figure of the old woman, very small in that immensity and listened as she went on :

" And, see now, my fine, young gentleman, is it goin' to be the same way with you all your life. Will you spend it amongst them that has never a thought of the God above them, nor a word in his praise. I am old, Sir, very old and yet my days have slipped from me like the sands of yonder sea. It seems but yesterday, I was a slip of a girl, beginning life, here by the sea, full hopes and plan

and as eager mebbe for enjoyment as yourself. Only that I thank God, I never forgot my maker, the youngest day ever I was. Well ! I won't tell you, for it would be too long, entirely, of all that came after, of care and grief and disappointment. Summer followed winter and spring broke, again, and the season came and went, till here I stand, an old woman, where I played as a child. But I tell you, dear young gentleman, that the service of God is the only road to happiness. Remember that word, whenever you look upon these sands shinin' in the sun or whitened by the moon, or out beyond on the troubled face of the sea. Remember the words of the old pebble woman."

With a somewhat, forced laugh, the youth changed the subject to that of the moralizer's waves. He won her heart by admiring the shells and pebbles, of which he purchased the whole stock, paying generously for them.

"God bless and keep you," cried the old woman, "may the blessin' of a poor, old body go with those same shells and pebbles and remember the word I made told to spake."

Well ! the youth went his way and for many a day after that, he followed the glittering round of pleasure and frivolity, with but little serious purpose nor thought of the life to come. But, contrary to his first intention to bestow the shells and pebbles on the first claimant, he kept them in his room, always turning aside inquiry concerning them, till they had come to be known as "the mystery." And he never forgot the old woman's words. They haunted him indeed, at times, till the drew him away by their force, especially when he was back again, in the summer, time, strolling up and down the broad stretch of sand shining in the sun or whitened by the moon and looking out upon the sea.

By a second summer, the figure of the pebble-gatherer had vanished from its accustomed haunts. Either the old woman was dead, or she was unable to pursue her former avocations. Yet her presence dominated the scene and her words sounded with every beat of the waves against the shore and every murmur of the sea breeze over the main.

A few more years passed and the youth, likewise, was missing from the familiar places, which had known him,



the gay world and the gay friends, who had long enthralled him. Afar off, a missionary, preaches oftenest of all upon the seasonable word, and how a word is a winged seed, speeding far and bearing fruit, a hundred-fold. Sometimes, his auditors fancy that he is transported to some distant scene, so vividly does he portray, a wide stretch of sea, its waves, ebbing and flowing over shining sands.

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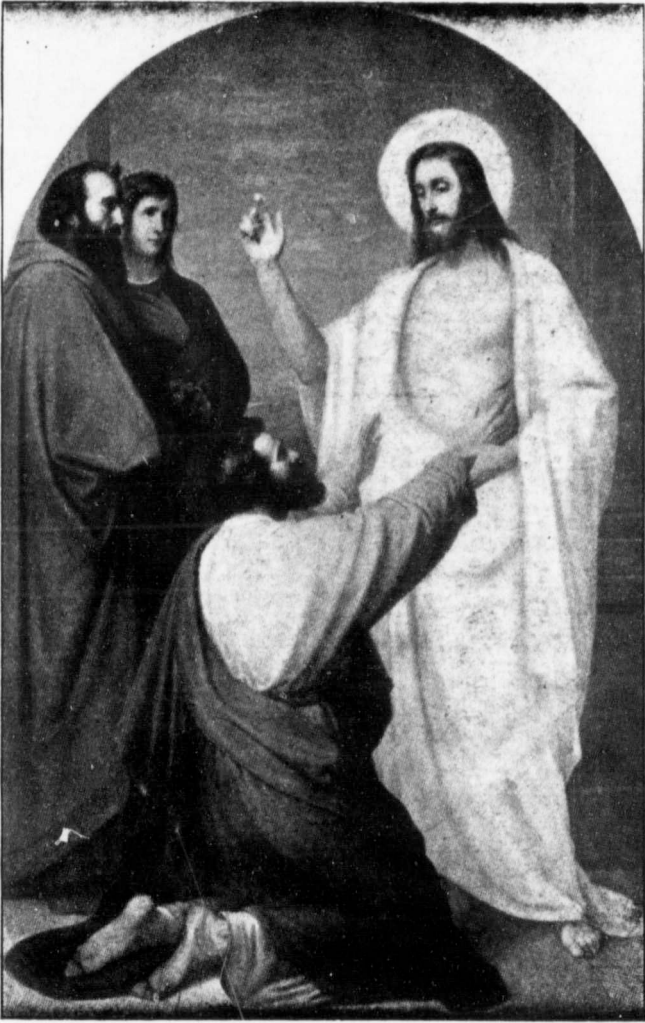
### A STORY OF POPE LEO XIII.

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A very pretty story of the Pope, about whose benignant personality pretty incidents seem constantly to be multiplying, is told by the Rome correspondent of the "London Tablet:"

A big Hungarian pilgrimage was presented to the Pope not long ago. Among the visitors was one with a crabbed and discontented countenance. For a moment it looked as though his purpose could not be other than a sinister one, for just as the Holy Father came to where he was standing he put his hand inside his coat and drew forth — a pair of spectacles. The Pope's hand was being passed from one to another of the pilgrims and kissed fervently by each, but he made no effort to take it when it came to his turn. He just looked at His Holiness with the same sour look he had worn all the time, and the hand was passed to the person on the other side. But suddenly the Holy Father made a motion backward. "No, no," he exclaimed. Then he laid his hand on the little man's head and stroked his face tenderly several times. Perhaps not more than a dozen persons altogether beheld what was passing, but when the Pope's chair had moved on they could no longer see the crabbed little man of a few minutes before. In his place stood another being, with tears in his eyes and a rapt look of surprise and reverence on his visage.





MY LORD AND MY GOD !