

Church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.
Buenos-Ayres.



The Vintage of the Cross

FROM the open Side of Jesus,
From His broken Heart Divine,
Flowed the Blood and flowed the Water,
Like celestial wine.

Water of baptismal laver,
Blessed Eucharistic Blood!
Blood and Water of the Saviour's
Sacramental flood!

By the Water, (saith Tertullian),
God hath called us. Be it known,
By the Blood, we have been chosen
For His very own.

Blood and Water, we adore you,
Gushing from Christ's wounded Heart.
Saints and sinners both implore you,
All your grace impart!

Eleanor C. Donnelly.





The Bread of Thankfulness



He Wonder-worker was passing through the city of Jericho. Its priests and merchants, soldiers and tax-gatherers, were all pushing and jostling one another as they crowded toward the gate of the town in their eagerness to catch at least a glimpse of Jesus of Nazareth as He departed, surrounded, as usual, by a band of enthusiastic disciples. There was one in that surging throng more eager than the rest to see this Friend of publicans and sinners. It was little Zachaeus, the opulent chief of all the revenue collectors in Jericho. But so bitterly hated was he by his countrymen for acting as the willing agent of Roman fraud and extortion that, push or plead as he would, not one of those who lined the city's main thoroughfare was ready to yield an inch of ground to Zachaeus.

"Go back to your toll-booth," they would scornfully cry, "and reckon up your morning's robberies!"

Far too short of stature to see over the heads of the multitude, and repulsed at every point, Zachaeus soon realized that unless he at once found a way to command a view of the street he would miss altogether the coveted sight of the reputed Messiah; for a stir and a murmur of expectation in the throng indicated that the Stranger was drawing near. Then Zachaeus in his quandary suddenly bethought him of a tall sycamore tree that stood by the road leading out of the town. He would run ahead of the multitude, climb that tree, and

thus enjoy an unobstructed view of the Wonder-worker as He came out of the city gate. With Zachaeus to think was to act ; so he made for the sycamore, pulled himself up into its branches, and wholly deaf to the insults, jeers and laughter of the approaching throng, earnestly scanned from his coign of vantage this "Friend of sinners," who had even made a tax-gatherer named Levi, it was reported, one of His Apostles.

It was not curiosity alone, however, that made Zachaeus so desirous of seeing the distinguished Stranger. It was a vague longing, that he would have found hard to express in words, for something higher and nobler than the sordid cares that had hitherto engrossed his life and energies. This mysterious soul-hunger of the despised publican was soon to be fully sated. For just as our Saviour is passing beneath the sycamore He suddenly looks up, sees Zachaeus in his eyrie of green leaves, calls him by name, and, with a winning smile, says :

" Zachaeus, hasten to descend. "

The tax-gatherer, with joyful alacrity, begins to obey, and as he climbs down he hears the great Rabbi, who had not tarried even for a moment with the rich merchant's or proud Pharisees of Jericho, now saying to a social outcast :

" For this day I must abide in thy house. "

The home of Zachaeus is near at hand ; so thither he joyfully ushers his distinguished Visitor ; leads Him to a seat of honor and orders the best in the house to be set forth.

Meanwhile, the multitude, who have wonderingly followed and looked on, now take scandal, and, inspired, perhaps, by the carping Pharisees, begin to murmur, saying that He who calls Himself the Messiah is "gone to be a guest with a man that was a sinner ;" with one perhaps who *was* a sinner but is so no longer. For, as Zachaeus listens to the gracious words that fall from the Saviour's lips, his heart is stirred within him, he sees the disorder of his life and discerns what a snare the love of money has been to him.

So, rising and standing forth before all that company, he says to his Divine Guest :

“ Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor ; and if I have wronged any man of anything I restore him fourfold. ”

It was as if the converted publican would say :

“ Lord, to show my appreciation of Your gracious kindness in being my Guest this day, I am ready to make a sacrifice of what I value most ; so I here make over to the poor one-half the fortune I have honestly accumulated, and that not a penny of ill-gotten gains may remain in my possession, I engage to make four-fold restitution to every man that I have overreached. ”

Thereupon the Saviour blesses and accepts the sacrifices His host is making and, with the words : “ This day is salvation come to this house, because he also is a son of Abraham, ” pronounces over the repentant Zachaeus words of absolution.

The Gospel story of this converted publican indeed stops here, but a pious tradition tells us that Zachaeus subsequently left his toll-booth for good, became a disciple of the Master, and died finally the Bishop of Caesarea.

How richly rewarded in the end was the revenue collector of Jericho for earnestly entertaining that first desire of merely seeing our Lord ! Of what little account, too, Zachaeus made the jibes and jeers of the multitude or the scornful laughter and biting jests of the priests and Pharisees, as he climbed the sycamore in his resolute determination to catch at least a glimpse of the publicans' reputed Friend. The little tax-gatherer had sought but the privilege of seeing the Lord, “ who He was, ” yet how much more than this earnest wish deserved did he receive. For our gracious Saviour, far from quenching, is so eager to bring to a bright glow the smoking flax that he who hoped only to see the Lord had God's eyes of mercy turned upon him, was addressed by name, and even chosen out of all the men of Jericho as His host ; for Jesus *had* to abide in the publican's house ; nowhere else would do. In return, moreover, for the cordial welcome He received, our Redeemer taught Zachaeus the worthlessness and danger of great possessions, strengthened him to cut off com-

pletely, by an act of general renunciation, the occasion of sin ; and, grace following grace, then came the call to the discipleship, and, finally, the promotion by St. Peter, to the episcopate.

To be permitted to show the Lord of all such hospitality was surely a high honor for Zachaeus, and we present-day Catholics are wont, perhaps, to envy the tax-gatherer of Jericho his good fortune. But we need feel no envy. For the opportunity of entertaining our Blessed Lord, which Zachaeus had but once, we have every day. Jesus is quite as eager to be our hearts' Guest now in Holy Communion as He was of old to abide in the house of the publican. It is we who are wanting in hospitality.

Instead of receiving, our Saviour joyfully, as did Zachaeus, do we not often churlishly shut the door in His face ? To prepare for frequent Communion we are not ready to make any of the sacrifices that that little tax-collector made so cheerfully. For instance, if we were but half as eager as he to see our Lord, we would come to Mass on some days besides Sunday. Then, too, if we were not in such craven fear of what others would say or think of us, we would emulate, in our desire to see the Saviour more clearly, a little of that lofty scorn of ridicule and criticism which Zachaeus showed when he mounted the sycamore tree.

Just as the Jericho publican teaches us how to conquer generously the obstacles that would keep us from becoming frequent communicants, he is also an admirable model for us of that thankfulness to God for all His mercies that Christian hearts should feel. Zachaeus showed such solid gratitude for the visit of our Lord that he merited to receive, as we have seen, even greater favors.

Nothing dries up more quickly the fountains of God's bounty than " benefits forgot. " Though, fortunately for us, our Heavenly Father is " kind to the unthankful and the evil," how much kinder must he be to the grateful and the good ! We are incessantly begging favors from God, but how rarely we acknowledge the myriads we receive ! How often, for example, are priests

asked to say a Mass petitioning favors from Heaven, but how seldom one of thanksgiving for benefits received !

Yet we know well how odious ingratitude is. It is the one vice of which men never boast. It is the injury they find it hardest to forgive. We are aware, for instance, how we would eventually act towards a person who day after day received from us manifold kindnesses, yet never made us the slightest acknowledgment of them. Why, the baseness of man's ingratitude was one of the few things that seemed to surprise even the all knowing Son of God Himself. For example, after He had completely restored to health ten wretched lepers, whose loathsome, incurable disease had made them shunned by all, and when but one, and he a Samaritan, came back to thank the Divine Physician, our Saviour asked in pained wonder : "Were there not ten made clean ? Where are the nine ?" so deeply was He wounded by their ingratitude.

Now, we all owe God a debt of thanks like that of the lepers, since our life, health and happiness, every gift and blessing, indeed, whether of soul or body, that we enjoy are free gifts from His bountiful hand. Even the misfortunes, so called, that God has permitted to befall us, we should really thank Him for, since they have purified our souls, detached us from creatures and drawn us nearer to Him. How mercifully God has dealt with others we cannot always determine, but as regards our own selves, when we remember how often we have offended Him by sin, all must own that we have been treated far better than we deserve, since even His chastening hand has ever been that of a compassionate Father.

But if, though keenly realizing our indebtedness to Almighty God, we despair of making Him any adequate return, Zachaeus will teach us how to show our gratitude fittingly. For after surmounting the first difficulties in seeing our Lord, by getting up for Mass, we must then, like the little tax-collector, receive our Lord into the house of our hearts "with joy." If it is a pleasure to our Lord to enter even a cold heart, provided only it is clean, how delighted He must be to receive a warm and joyful welcome when He visits us !

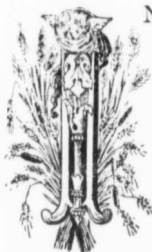
This we shall best show Him by striving to realize what a priceless blessing we have in possessing God Himself as the Guest of our souls, and then by acting accordingly. If it be asked how we should act in accordance with this realization, a further study of the Jericho publican's conduct will teach us. Just as he showed his gratitude for our Saviour's visit by standing up before all his mocking fellow-townsmen to bind himself to bestow as alms half the riches that had been a pitfall to him, and to make ample amends to those he had wronged, we also must aim in our thanksgivings after Communion to be, above all things, practical and, like Zachaeus, show the sincerity of our gratitude at having God as a guest by offering Him some act of generosity or renunciation. In this connection, St. John Baptist de la Salle advises the communicant to "call to mind the thing which he usually finds the hardest in God's service and to reason with himself thus: "Here is God giving Himself to you; will you not give yourself entirely to Him? And since it is that particular sacrifice which He cares for, will you not overcome yourself for His love?"

Besides this practical thanksgiving after receiving our Lord which Zachaeus teaches us, there is the incomparable means of thanksgiving to God for all His goodness which Holy Communion is in itself. Since Jesus lives on our altars mainly to be the Food of our souls, the fitting way of showing our gratitude for His Divine condescension is to receive Him as often as we can. Now, since it is every day that we are recipients of His bounty, daily also, as is becoming, we should give Him thanks, and there is surely no better way of expressing this gratitude than by going to Communion every day.

Finally, if joyfully to receive our Lord as a Guest on one occasion made Zachaeus deserve of old to hear the Saviour say: "This day has salvation come to this house" those surely who entertain in the chamber of the heart this Divine Visitor every day of their lives, will not only merit salvation as a reward, but will experience besides such growth in holiness and deepening of their sense of gratitude to God for all His loving kindness toward them, that our Heavenly Father on His part will be daily more disposed to grant them greater blessings still.

WALTER DWIGHT, S. J.

Little Children and the Blessed Eucharist



N such a Church of Latin Rite custom allowed the Deacon, to give from the Chalice, some drops of the Precious Blood, even to little children. St. Cyprian is my authority, and in one of his works, relates what took place while he himself was officiating at the altar.

Thanks be to God in many of our Catholic families the little ones know about God and the things of God and especially about what goes on in Church, the mysterious Sacrifice offered, the white Host eaten.

They have often heard this white Host spoken of and have been told that some day when they are older they also will receive it. Children of five years, who so to speak, play at saying Mass have they not already more perhaps than many of their elders — a high idea of the Mystery of the Altar? See how seriously they go through their childish functions, note the gravity those erst-while tomboys maintain in their bearing, movements and attention to the ceremonies. Do not disturb them, they are saying their Mass; they are thinking of the Blessed Eucharist and according to their idea honoring it. The simple alb of white paper they wear reminds them that to approach the Tabernacle one must be white or spotless in soul and body.

What a happy thought and a very proper one also, to form, a guard-of honor, of little children around the Eucharistic God when He is borne processionally through the city streets, or in the enclosed grounds of religious communities, or educational establishments. For these Corpus Christi celebrations we bring to the Eucharistic King a legion of innocent young souls from three to five years old who will be His escort during those hours of triumph, of sacred canticles and holy joy; who will carry around Him the mementoes of His Passion; who amidst clouds of incense will scatter flowers before Him; or who will simply follow Him, as the lamb its

Shepherd. At night, figuratively speaking, their soul is perfumed with God ; they fall asleep dreaming of the beautiful things they saw, of the good God whose privileged body-guard they were ; of the flowers they



scattered in His way ; of the radiant Host enthroned among lovely blossoms and myriad lights ; of the invisible Hand that rested in blessing on their bowed heads. Corpus Christi is indeed the Feast of little children !

Other Examples.

But among this pious army of believers ranging from about three years to five, there are some, as the lives of the Saints show, specially favored ; some who see more, who love more and who are more strongly attracted towards the Blessed Eucharist. When St. Magdalen of Pazzi's Mother had received Communion, her little daughter of five, sat in her lap, and rested her curly head on her breast, in order, as she said, to be closer to Jesus. This child of five already knew by heart all the Catechism of the Eucharist. What must have been the thanksgiving of that happy mother feeling her angelic little daughter's head on her heart, the living Tabernacle of Jesus.

Another saint of the same class was Veronica Juliani. She was only four years old when she whispered to her mother who had just received Holy Communion : "Oh ! what a delicious odor, what a fragrant perfume." And she clung to that mother, become to her through her lively faith a living ciborium. But she showed this great faith and her knowledge of the Eucharistic dogma even more clearly on another occasion. When her mother was dangerously sick she begged of the Priest who brought Holy Viaticum, to give our dear Lord to her also. Though deeply touched with her earnest request the priest answered he could not as he had only brought one Host. With the preciseness of a Theologian Veronica replied : "Give me at least a little piece. Each piece of a broken mirror represents entire the object before it ; likewise Jesus is entire in the smallest particle of the Sacred Host. The One you have brought is enough for mother and me."

About the same age had not blessed Margaret Mary a profound knowledge of the divine Sacrifice and of the Real Presence? She was only three years old when she formed the habit of attending Mass daily in the parish Church, on her bare knees and that even in the coldest weather. Once during the most solemn moment between the two elevations she said, or better still, repeated with all the energy of her soul, to the Lord Jesus who came

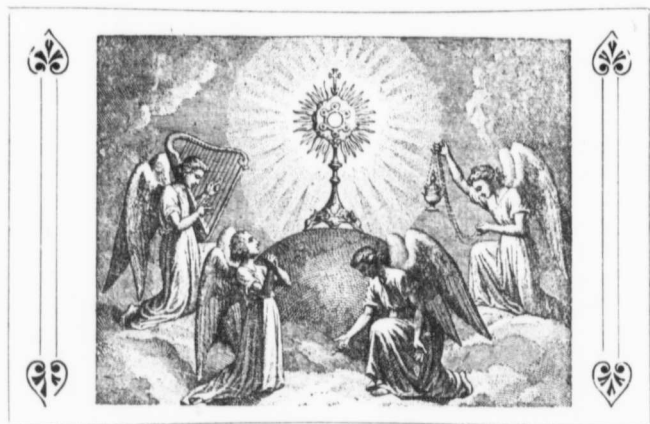
down in the Priest's hands: "My God I consecrate my purity to Thee; I make vow of perpetual chastity." What a glorious welcome for the Saviour, and what a virginal tabernacle He was preparing in the heart of His pupil, the future Apostle of His Sacred Heart.

About this time Blessed Margaret Mary's God Mother wished to have her live with her so that she might superintend her religious education. Her parents consented and Margaret at four years of age, went to live with this noble lady. If at first she missed her own home and her mother's caresses soon her new home became a source of delight, not indeed on account of its comforts and luxuries, but because she was so near the church and at liberty to go there as often as she pleased, and as she never went anywhere else her most prolonged absence caused no anxiety for she was always sure to be found prostrate before the altar. What did she do during the many hours she spent there? She herself scarcely knew; but she knew she loved to be there, that she was never tired or lonesome, that she could have remained there day and night without being hungry; that her only thought was to burn like the candles in God's Presence in order to give Him love for love.

She was there like the lamp that glowed before the Blessed Sacrament, but a living loving lamp; like the sheaf of roses that wafted its gracious perfume to the Tabernacled Christ, but a rose endowed with a free will that made each of her pulsations a breath of sweet homage most agreeable to the watching King.

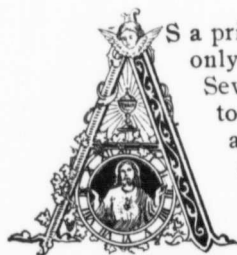
How pleasing to Jesus in the Host were not those long wordless visits of His little lover of four years, and how often during those too short hours did she not sigh and pray for the First Communion day which only dawned for her when she was nine years old.

She hungered for God like Blessed Marie des Anges of the princely family of Fontanella. Marie began to yearn for her First Communion when she was only four years of age; she would have done or suffered anything to hasten its coming; her longing grew with her life so much so that she complained to our Lord of dying of hunger in sight of the Bread of Angels.



Venerable Pierre Julien Eymard

EARLY PRIESTHOOD.



As a priest, Pierre Eymard appeared to live only for the Most Blessed Sacrament. Several times during the day he went to visit Jesus in the Holy Eucharist and lay before Him all his plans and resolutions. He always found time for God and the neighbor. At Chatte and at Monteynard he discharged wonderfully well his duties as a priest, and his memory is still faithfully preserved in those places. He took greatly to heart the welfare of his parishioners, interesting himself in their labors and sharing their joys and sorrows, and his knowledge of medicine, limited though it was, he frequently found very useful among his poor people, who were always his favored charge. He did what he could to help them in every conjuncture, even going so far as

to bestow upon them the clothing of his sister. "I had to hide the money necessary for our household expenses," the pious young girl tells us, "and I thought myself very fortunate when his charity failed to discover my treasure."

When, one day, her brother had given to the poor the last coin he possessed, Marie Anne asked him: "What are we going to eat?" "What!" he exclaimed. "Oh, we still have some cheese! Isn't that enough?"

In five years Père Eymard had come to know all the difficulties attendant on his sacred functions as a priest, and he fully comprehended its duties and its dangers.

During his Retreat of 1835, he heard Our Lord's voice addressing him from the tabernacle in these words: "Pierre, lovest thou Me?" "Lord," he answered, "I dare not say '*I love Thee*', but I will try to love Thee!" And he wrote in his diary: "Oh, how happy I shall be when my heart, detached from everything, shall be united to God alone. I desire to make use of every means in my power to keep my heart free and to correct myself of my predominant imperfection, namely, my pride. These are the resolutions that I have signed with my own blood before the tabernacle." This, indeed, he had done.

That he might not be tempted to show partiality toward any of his parishioners, he would not accept presents from them. He even threatened those that continued to make them to have nothing more to do with them. They knew that he would keep his word, and so they respected the loyal pride of God's servant.

It was easily seen that God, jealous of his soul, willed that he should find all his joy in Him alone, and so He called him to the monastic life. Père Eymard shared the trials and difficulties inevitable to the beginning of every new work for God when, after repeated entreaties, he obtained from the Bishop of Grenoble permission to quit his diocese, in order to enter the Society of Mary. Mgr. de Bruillard, recognizing the will of God, gave the following testimony of Père Eymard: "I am indeed, showing my great esteem for the Society of Mary by permitting such a priest as you to enter it." He shared among the Marist Fathers all the trials of their early

days. Oh, admirable disposition of Divine Providence ! Père Eymard was later on to endure similar trials, but not as a simple religious, but as the leader, the pilot through tempestuous waters.

The Curé of Monteynard now arranged his affairs, and quietly departed from the scene of his early labors as a priest of God. On quitting the village whom should he meet but his sister, who was returning from Grenoble.

"Where are you going!" she asked in dismay.

"I am going where the Lord calls me," was the answer. "Adieu!"

"O my dear brother," she cried with sobs and tears, "I beg of you to stay if only for one day more!"

"No, no, dear sister, that is impossible. God is calling me to-day. Allow me to be faithful to His voice. It would be too late to-morrow."

It was during the octave of the Assumption, 1839, that he was received into the Marist novitiate.

The notes of his monthly and annual Retreats, although intended for his own eyes alone, give us to understand and admire God's dealings with His servant. The grace of the Most Blessed Sacrament is there visible, and he shall find it henceforth moulding his career. Just at present he is all for Mary, but the dear Holy Virgin knowing God's designs over His servant, leads him herself to the Most Blessed Sacrament. Till the day of his blessed death he was accustomed to say "Mary gave me to Jesus!"

To be continued.

Church of the Blessed Sacrament Fathers



(Frontispiece.)

Our frontispiece shows a new Sanctuary of Exposition recently erected in the Metropolis of South America, through the princely generosity of Madam Anchorena.

It is an exceptionally beautiful edifice, both interiorly and exteriorly, a work of art breathing loyal loving homage to the royalty of the Eucharistic Christ.



The Precious Blood of the Sacred Heart.

HOUR OF ADORATION.



Adoration.

"Hic est calix Sanguinis mei : This is the chalice of My Blood."

Such were Jesus' words when presenting to His own the golden cup of His Precious Blood, which He had substituted for the substance of the wine, though retaining the ruddy appearance of the grape, in order not to shock our fastidiousness. Ah ! I know a chalice made of material more precious than gold, enriched with the rarest stones, shining with a far purer brilliancy, a chalice not formed by the hand of a man, a chalice living and loving, holy and sanctifying, a chalice which contains the adorable Blood of Jesus in its reality, in its life, in its constant and indefatigable action—that chalice is the thrice-holy Heart !

I adore that Heart as the furnace in which the Blood of the Son of God was elaborated during the time of His human life, as the reservoir in which it is preserved, as the unfailing source from which it is shed abroad, as the centre to which it incessantly returns only to pour itself out again ! I adore that Heart of the First-Born of mankind condemned to death, as the immaculate vase, fragile and passible, whence flowed all the Blood that was shed through the wounded members of the Saviour, and which was Itself broken by a last blow, that Its remaining drops might be shed for the salvation of the world ! I adore that Heart of the First Born of the Resurrection, impassible and immortal, overflowing with the unalloyed joys of beatitude, and offering to the ravished adoration of the elect the victorious Blood that had purchased them from death ! Lastly I adore It, still the incorruptible vase, but concealed under the material appearance of the Sacrament, blending the semblance of death and humiliation with the realities of life and glory, in order to send up to God from the depths of this earth of sin and indigence the atonement that He expects from it, to pour out unceasingly upon mankind during the hardships of their earthly pilgrimage the elixir of eternal life, and to have always in readiness for them the bath which cleanses from every stain.

I adore in the Eucharistic Heart of My Saviour His true and real Blood in its perfect and incorruptible purity. I adore it in its life independent of every exterior cause, rising above time, its vicissitudes and its decay. I believe in its inestimable price, which renders it worthy of the adoration that angels and men give to God Himself. Why do I believe in its worth? I believe, because it was formed of the purest drops of the Virgin-Mother's blood, carefully selected by the Holy Spirit Himself. I believe, because it has become the Blood the most exquisite, the purest, the most quickening, and the most worthy of existing among all the children of men. I believe, because it was taken by the Word as His own Blood, penetrated by the Divinity even to its least globules and substantially deified. I believe, because it has been enriched by all the virtues of the Holy One of God, by actions to which it has lent its faithful and generous concurrence, by sufferings that consummated its perfection, and by all the merits of the triumphant Resurrection which recompensed them.

O Heart of infinite love, Thou didst appear environed with flames when Thou didst shake off the dust of the sacramental state in order to reveal Thyself in our day! I adore Thee as the extinguishable furnace in which the Blood of My Saviour boils up with glowing fervor, and whence it flows in burning wave to enkindle in all hearts the fire of its love! I adore Thy Blood consumed by all the sacred loves that the Holy Spirit enkindled therein at the moment of its formation, which were increased by the wind of contradiction, and which reached their height in the sufferings of the Passion! I adore Thy Blood, devoured with the hot breath of longing, of hunger, and thirst to be loved in its Sacrament which allows it no repose!

Lastly, O Jesus, in absolute dependence and obedience, I adore the sovereign rights of thy Blood over me, for it is the Blood of my Creator, of my Redeemer, of my Sanctifier. It is the Blood that will judge me for eternity! I acknowledge the absolute necessity that I have of it for I know that without it, there is no salvation for me. I know that it is the indispensable condition of my life, and that, if I do not nourish myself assiduously with it, eternal death will be my portion. I accept the infallible word coming forth from Thy lips, which it empurples: "*Nisi biberitis ejus Sanguinem, non habebitis vitam in vobis!* Except you drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you"

Thanksgiving.

"*Hic est Sanguis meus qui pro multis effundetur* :—This is My Blood which shall be shed for many"

The term shedding, pouring out, by which the Divine Master designates the gift that He makes to us of His Precious Blood, does, indeed, well express the powerful streams, the perpetual diffusion, the universal inundation of His Blood. The showers of spring and autumn do not fall more abundantly from the skies, the rivulets do not gush more quickly from their source, the torrents do not rush more impetuously down the mountain side, the seas

do not extend further their broad expanse of waters, than flows the Precious Blood from the Heart of Jesus under the impulse of Its love.

The Heart of Jesus is the only source whence originate those streams of purity, of life, and of consolation, carried forth by the Precious Blood : "*Haurietis aquas in gaudio de fontibus Salvatoris* : — You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains." He who has received under what form soever, one of those gifts of grace, which are all tiny portions of the Infinite Good, has drawn from the Sacred Heart a drop of the Precious Blood ; for every grace, every help from On High, every celestial gift, is a fruit, a transformed drop of the Precious Blood.

The characteristics that mark the vivifying effusions of the Heart of Jesus, their spontaneity and readiness, their abundance and liberality, their prodigality and magnificence, their fidelity and constancy, are all characteristics of love. Love alone has willed to turn itself into Blood, in order to save us, since salvation could be procured only through the Blood of the Man-God. It was love alone that urged Him to pour it forth. In fine, it is only love that gives gratuitously, that gives without regret : "*Christus dilexit nos et lavit nos in Sanguine suo* : — Christ hath loved us, and washed us in His own Blood"

Let us apply our soul to the source of the Precious Blood that we may taste abundantly of its effusions and bless it in them. The liberal, the prodigal Heart of Jesus shed it by the wound of the Circumcision made in the tender flesh of the Infant of eight days, by the ruddy sweat that bathed the whole person of the Man-God in His agony, by the furrows opened on His shoulders and His breast, by the biting blows of the flagellation, and by the punctures in His forehead and head made by the sharp thorns of the mock crown. Again, did that Heart shed Its life-blood through the cruel wounds dug by the weight of the Cross on His sacred shoulder, and those of His knees from the triple fall on the way to Calvary ; through the gaping wounds of His hands and feet ; and lastly, through the opening in His side made by the lance after death.

All the Blood of the Sacred Heart flowed even to the last drop in those successive effusions.

But not yet satisfied, and desiring to give all at one stroke, He took the Eucharistic chalice and, presenting it to all men of all times, He gave to each the whole plenitude of His Blood ! And when all have satiated their thirst, it still remains in all its fullness, always offered, always fresh, always sweet, always inebriating : "*Calix cui b nedicimus, nonne communicatio Sanguinis Caristi est ?*" — The chalice which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ ? "

Flowing over the Eucharistic cup, the Precious Blood, propelled by the Sacred Heart, runs through the channels of the Sacraments and Sacramentals, finds an outlet in Indulgences, in the institutions of the Church, in the Supreme Pontificate, in the episcopacy and the priesthood, in that admirable economy of actual graces,

which stretches like a net-work over souls, and whose salutary action is everywhere felt!

Not only in the Church Suffering does the Sacred Heart pour out with Its redeeming Blood floods of relief, light and peace, it shoots its luminous jets up to heaven, where they fill the saints with new joys and the Most Holy Trinity with satisfaction and glory.

How is it possible not to taste even to inebriation the invigorating joys of gratitude when we drink at the source of the Sacred Heart, accessible to all, the living waters of the Precious Blood, which love sends forth with eagerness so spontaneous, with abundance so liberal, with perseverance so magnificent: *Et calix meus inebrians quam praeclarus est!*—And my chalice which inebriateth me, how goodly is it! "What can prevent us from intoning with gladness the canticle of thanksgiving: "*Calicem salutaris accipiam et nomen Domini invocabo*—I will take the chalice of salvation, and I will call upon the name of the Lord".

Reparation.

"*In remissionem peccatorum*—This is My Blood of the new testament which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins".

It was for the remission of sins with which Christ charged Himself that He shed His Blood. This determinative reason for the effusion of the Precious Blood necessarily impressed upon it the character of humiliation and suffering, because it was an expiatory punishment imposed and accepted. And the Sacred Heart, the luminous source of every joy, became the dark and sorrowful piscina, in which sinners ought to wash away their stains in the humiliation and sorrow of penitence: "*In die illa erit fons patens in ablutionem peccatoris*. In that day there shall be a fountain open for the washing of the sinner".

Approaching with fear and contrition to the Sacred Heart in the Sacrament which is a memorial of His Passion, we shall see how cruel and ignominious were the effusions of the Precious Blood when the Sacred Victim was capable of suffering; and we shall discern, also, that even now, when endowed with impassibility, It embraces a state of humiliation which forcibly recalls the abasement of His Passion and death. The sight ought to fill us with as much compassion for the sweet and patient Victim of our crimes as contempt for ourselves and hatred for sin.

Certainly, there are some glorious occasions to shed one's blood; for instance, it covers the soldier with a glorious and coveted purple when it gushes from wounds received in defence of "his altars and his fires." But to shed it under the blows of the public executioner, is the very depth of ignominy. Now, Jesus, the Holy One, poured out His in the Garden, prostrate His face to the earth, weighed down by fear and sadness, and upon the Cross, despised and abandoned by His Father, as a culprit condemned by the divine wrath. He poured it out under blows, rods, and nails, like a criminal executed by public justice. His Heart thrilled with indignation under the undeserved chastisement, the cruel

outrage done Him ; but at the same time, He abased Himself in humble resignation, since we had merited them, we whose place He had taken ! Ah, with what excess of love He pours out every drop, He who was so delicate and sensitive, although its effusion was provoked by the barbarous whips, clubs, and nails, by the cruel flagellation, the crowning with thorns, and the Crucifixion ?

The mysterious effusion of the Consecration or of the Eucharistic Communion is not less humiliating, even when celebrated by saints for the good of saints, since it reduces the immortal Christ to the state of a mere potion. But how often, alas ! is It accompanied by indifference, if not by contempt, treason, and profanation ! How often It wins but ingratitude or even hatred ! It is the Blood of the Immaculate Lamb sullied by contact with impurity : "*Sanguinem Testamenti pollutum*". It is the Blood of the Resurrection condemned to bring forth death. It is the supreme outrage which for all eternity renders a man guilty of the "Blood of the Lord : *Reus erit Sanguinis Domini*".

And how many other abuses and profanations, how much contempt and squandering of the Precious Blood by mortal, by venial sin, in the bad or imperfect use of the Sacraments and infidelity to grace !

What injuries, what humiliations for the Precious Blood, a single drop of which is worth more than innumerable worlds, and would suffice to redeem them all were they created ! But what bitter deception for the Heart that poured it out at the price of so many sacrifices so generously embraced ! Reparation ! Consolation ! Compassion for the Sacred Heart which vainly sheds Its Precious Blood "for the remission of innumerable sins !" Contrition, humility, sorrow for our sins !

Petition.

" This is My Blood which was shed for you ! — *Qui pro vobis effundetur*."

These words tell us that the effusion of the adorable Blood at the Last Supper and on the altar, as well as on Calvary, was offered to God as a pacific Host, or an impetratory Sacrifice, to obtain for men all the divine benefits of which they have need in time in order to obtain the Eternal Good.

The Sacred Heart here disclosing Itself behind the double veil of the sacramental Species and the Breast of Jesus, like a living sanctuary in which the Precious Blood, pure and august priest, enveloped in its splendid purple, exercises its eternal Priesthood. It offers to God its prayers in the name of all men whom it has redeemed. It sends up its voice even to the Father's throne interceding for earth and pleading the cause of sinners. At length, it appears before the face of the Father in the lustre of its brilliant charms, in the omnipotence of its love, with the infinite merits of its sufferings, and the rights conferred on it by its victories. How could God remain deaf to the voice of the Blood of Jesus, more eloquent than that of Abel's blood, which cried for vengeance, while that of Jesus asks only for mercy ? Why should the Father not thrill with joy at the voice of His own Blood, for it is

the Blood of His Well-Beloved Son that sounds in His ear. Again, God is the debtor of the Precious Blood. He promised His Son, if He would consent to sacrifice Himself to His justice, to give Him sovereign dominion in heaven and on earth. Now, this means the disposal of all the treasures of grace and glory.

If the Divine Majesty sees Jesus in His glory in heaven, retaining of His past combats only the marks of the Five Wounds, which shine in His hands and feet like brilliant rubies, He beholds Him at the same time humbly poured out in the poor form of some drops of ordinary wine. He sees Him annihilated in dust and ashes, hiding His beauty and glory under the dense veil of the Sacrament, constantly pouring forth His prayer of self-abasement while multiplying His Divine Presence on altars all over this vale of misery and tears.

What an omnipotent prayer is that of the Precious Blood, issuing from the Sacred Heart with such love and innocence, enriched with so many merits, accompanied by self-oblation so perfect, manifested by immolation so entire upon so many altars, and continued both in heaven and on earth with perseverance so unwearied!

Let us, then, always pray in union with the Precious Blood and through the Precious Blood. Let us plunge our petitions into the Precious Blood. Tinted with its hues, so pleasing in the sight of God, purified by its purity, penetrated by its virtues, enriched with its merits, our prayers will surely be acceptable to God and will gain what they ask. "*Te ergo quaesumus, Domine, tuis famulis subveni, quos pretioso Sanguine redemisti!*" — We beseech Thee, O Lord, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood!"

Let us sprinkle ourselves spiritually with the Precious Blood when we pray, and let us pour it over all for whom we intercede, for every oblation sprinkled with blood is agreeable to God. We cannot better enter into the designs of the Sacred Heart than by incessantly drawing from It the redeeming Blood to pour it over the souls of sinners, over those of the just who are combating, and over those that are suffering in the purifying flames.

"The Precious Blood conquers, and it is for God that it makes its conquests. It invades the kingdom of darkness and illumines whole countries with the rays of its brilliant light. It puts down rebels, brings back exiles to their country, and reclaims wanderers. It re-establishes peace, grants amnesties, and wonderfully administers the kingdom which it has marvellously conquered. It is the crown, the sceptre, and the throne of the invisible royalty of God!"

Let us not end this hour of adoration without asking for the grace and taking the resolution ever to make good use of the Precious Blood, by fidelity to grace and the accomplishment of every duty, by patience in suffering and zeal to receive the Sacraments eagerly and fervently. May one of our most habitual aspirations be that which the priest recites at the moment of receiving the Adorable Blood: "May the Blood of Jesus Christ guard my soul to eternal life! — *Sanguis Jesu Christi custodiat animam meam in vitam aeternam!*"

“The Holy Man of Grasse.”



It is no rare thing to find in the life of the great saints and servants of God, among other manifestations of grace with which Divine Wisdom is pleased during their lifetime to recompense their eminent virtues, a clear and definite view of certain coming events, a kind of divination of the future. This manifestation appears most clearly in the life of a great Christian, which I have undertaken to write under the somewhat pretentious title, but one most deserved: “*The Holy Man of Grasse.*”

From the pages that I have already written, I detach the following for the edification of the readers of *L'Eucharistie*. I am inclined to think that they will not be out of place in this Review, and so soon after the Decree *Quam singulari*. They will reveal in “The Holy Man of Grasse” a prophet and, so to speak, “a seer” of that Decree and of all that preceded it.

Clement Roux was born in 1825, at Auribeau, a little village near Grasse, in the Department of Var. At an early age he was placed at the City College of Grasse, where he made brilliant studies. Possessed of every advantage, physical and intellectual, that could win sympathetic friends and open to him a brilliant career, Clement Roux at the age of twenty saw the future smiling before him. But, carried away by his adventurous imagination and by a disorderly love of independence, he dreamed of making a tour of the world. To gratify his taste for travel, he engaged in the royal navy. After a long period of ocean navigation he withdrew from the navy, which did not sufficiently respond to his true vocation, and obtained a post as Professor in a College. He was successively attached to the City Colleges of Algiers, Marseilles, and finally that of Grasse. For almost thirty years he filled these posts with perfect competence and unwearied devotedness.

But if the Professor was worthy of praise, the private individual threw himself without restraint into the life of the world, never refusing any enjoyment it had to offer. There he found rocks on which his faith as well as his virtue foundered. But God was watching over His servant, and after useless offers of His grace, always repulsed, He struck a great blow, the same decisive blow that transformed Saul, the persecutor of the Christians, into Paul the Apostle of Christ.

After this conversion Clement Roux went on a pilgrimage to Rome in order to strengthen his faith and attachment to the Church. When he returned from the Eternal City, the desire to embrace the priesthood and devote himself to the salvation of souls was very strong. But Providence had disposed otherwise. A disease which was to afflict him for over thirty years, that is even till death, partly paralysed him and curved his body in such a way as to render walking very painful. Far from complaining, he thought only of blessing God for it. Besides, the Lord had admirably prepared him to bear the cross of infirmity by infusing into his heart a sovereign love, an exclusive attraction for the Holy Eucharist.

From this time Clement Roux's life was divided into two parts: the one, consecrated to his professional duties; the other, spent in long hours at the foot of the tabernacle, where every morning his soul was nourished by the Bread of Life. When the weight of his infirmity obliged him to resign his position in the college, his every instant, with the exception of the time strictly necessary for sleep and repose, was giving to Our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

This is not the place to say what graces of resignation and sanctification he drew from his constant communication with the good Master, nor what elevated lights he acquired of the Eucharist, of the life of adoration and reparation, but above all of the life of Communion.

Upon this subject he was never silent. His conversation, his correspondence with intimate friends into whose heart he loved to pour the overflowing of his own, bore invariably upon this same theme, the intimate com-

munications of the soul with the Well-Beloved uniting Himself sacramentally to her. His idea of the mysterious and divinely transforming operations of Jesus in the soul of the communicant was so elevated and clear that he would have wished to behold Christians coming *en masse* to quench their thirst in all confidence at the Source of real Life.

I shall extract some passages from his correspondence in which appears what I have already styled in these pages his divination of the future. One must be impressed on reading these lines truly prophetic, by which the servant of God announced the kind of "Eucharistic revolution" that is marking our own day.

"Society," he writes, June 6, 1881, "is rushing with rapid strides toward paganism. Even in Christian souls, faith and the supernatural life are becoming weaker day by day. The young dream only of pleasure, freedom from every yoke, the satisfaction of every desire. How react against all this? What remedy can be opposed to this general evil? *Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi! The Eucharist alone can save the world, as of old the Cross of Calvary of which the Eucharist is the perpetual memorial.*"

"But," he adds, "to go to the Eucharist souls have need to be urged. More than ever is it a case to which applies the *compelle intrare* of the Gospel. Jansenism has been too successful in inspiring fear of the Eucharist. It has succeeded in removing souls from It. The Church calls them back to It. She has never ceased to exhort them to approach Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. But a call still more special, still more solemnly pressing is necessary. *In the midst of the general apathy, the voice of the Vicar of Christ must be raised, saying to the world, crying to souls: 'Go to Communion!'*"

Frequently in his letters he returns to this thought. In some of them he is still more specific.

"Pray, pray," he says, "*that the Pope may resolve to say the word, to send forth throughout the world the all-saving word of command inspired by Jesus, the invitation of the Father of the family to all His children, that they*

may come and sit down at the great Festival of His love wherein *life* is communicated with the Divine Food that they eat."

In another letter, October 2, 1883, he writes :

"I am firmly convinced,—still more, I am absolutely certain,—that Jesus Christ will inspire the Sovereign Pontiff to issue an Encyclical on frequent Communion. When will it be? That is the secret of the King. Let us hasten that lovely day by our desires! *The Pontifical Act will inaugurate a new era of renovation and transformation in the world of souls.* We shall see marvels accomplished under the influence of the sacramental virtue of the Eucharist, for Jesus has said : '*Panis quem dabo—est pro mundi vita—The bread that I shall give is for the life of the world.*'"

This declaration and others similar are repeatedly found in the letters of the "Holy Man of Grasse." Like a true seer, he even goes so far as to say :

"What Leo XIII shall not have done, his successor will do. Watching the general course of events, all point to this turning of souls, which I shall call *official and catholic*, toward the Eucharist, the final term of divine works here below. *The Eucharistic call of the Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial will have as a necessary echo the Eucharistic call of the Roman Pontif, of the successor of Jesus Christ.* Perhaps we shall not witness this new era. But let us *pray, suffer, if necessary, die* that it may arise for the renovation of the world."

These previsions of the servant of God have been realized to the letter. After the appeals of Leo XIII in his Encyclical on the *Most Holy Eucharist*, the Catholic world heard those of Pius X inviting by the Decree *Sacra Tridentina Synodus*, "all faithful Christians of every class and condition" to approach frequently, daily, the Eucharistic Table, thereby inaugurating "the new era" foreseen by the "Holy Man of Grasse."

Still more, in the letters of Clement Roux there also appear the vision, as it were, of the new Decree Liberator *Quam singulari Christus amore*. The following passages are an undeniable proof of this :

“ One of the things that have always distressed me in my career as a professor, above all since, by the grace of God, I had the happiness of returning to the Faith, is the small place that the God of goodness, life and happiness of souls occupies in the mind and heart of little children. At their age, which is the age of innocence, and in which the mind and heart open to knowledge and love, what an injury to them that we do not more earnestly apply ourselves to inculcate in their soul the knowledge and love of God, of Jesus Christ ! And above all, what a misfortune for these poor little souls to be deprived of the sacramental Presence and action of Jesus Christ ! Alas ! instead of Jesus Christ, it is Satan who is the first occupant. They are acquainted with error before knowing the truth, they love evil before loving good—those poor little ones with hearts so well formed to love Jesus Christ ! ”

In another letter, dated August 25, 1889, he wrote again these literally prophetic lines :

“ No, no, dear Father and friend, Jesus will not indefinitely allow the accomplishment of what you so well denominate *“the massacre of the innocents ; The voice of the Church will be raised,* as formerly that of Rama, to take up in the name of Jesus Christ, who loves them so much, the defence of the little children. They, too, will be bidden to the Banquet of the Father of the family. To them also it will be said : “ Come, and eat ! Come, before you lose the brilliancy and the perfume of innocence ! Come, before being sullied by Satan ! Come, before you have opened your heart to earthly affections. ”

The desire of the servant of God is realized to-day. From the height of heaven, where without doubt his soul is contemplating face to face Him whom he adored, received, and loved here below under the Eucharistic veils, he is rejoicing with the Church on earth at beholding the dawn of Eucharistic times, so full of hope.

J. M. LAMBERT,

Missionary Apostolic,

Director of the Work of Priest-Educators.

Love-Song of the Spouse of Christ.

O Lord! were I the threshold of Thy Tabernacle portal,
 The chalice bright of shining gold, that is Thy lowly throne;
 O Lord! were I the silken fringe that girles Thy temple's curtain
 The silver lamp that glimmers before Thee all alone,
 O Lord! were I a bright-hued vase that stands upon Thy altar,
 The fragrance sweet of Jasmine garland that haunts Thy love'd shrine
 Why should I fear relentless night that calls me to my slumber
 Thrusting its cruel barriers between Thy face and mine?

Haste, dark-cloud hours towards the gorgeous sunrise,
 Fly, wild-raven night to the efulgent East,
 Come, O radiant Morn with your sweet consoling rapture
 And bring me my Beloved, and His Heavenly Feast.

O Lord! were I the sanctuary bell, though hushed its tiny tinkle,
 A candle-stick of gleaming bronze, unlit though it may be,
 O Lord! were I the altar lace, or rich embroidered flower,
 The marble stone supporting Thy little Throne and Thee;
 O Lord! were I a dome above the Holiest of Holies,
 A storied window casting a dim religious light,
 How should the call-bells of the night e'er snatch me from Thy presence?
 Or the union of the morning be ended with the night?

Haste dark-cloud Hours towards the gorgeous sunrise?
 Fly, wild-raven night, to the efulgent-East
 Come, O Radiant-Morn, with your sweet, consoling, rapture
 And bring me My Beloved, and His Heavenly Feast.

(For the Sentinel).

M. I. R.
 Trevandrum.





FATHER CARSON EXPLAINS

Dialogue on Early and Daily Communion for All.



(Concluded)



"Oh no—go on, please!" said Mrs. Mary. "I want so much to hear just how the Pope has settled this discussion. Surely one is safe in following the lead of the Pope!"

"Well, the Pope's conclusion is as follows," went on Father Carson. "First, he decides the controversy once for all, as to whether or not every one of the Faithful has a right to daily

Communion. 'Frequent and daily Communion, as a thing most earnestly desired by Christ Our Lord, and by the Catholic Church, should be open to all the Faithful, of whatever rank and condition of life; so that no one who is in the state of grace, and who approaches the Holy Table with a right and devout intention, can lawfully be hindered therefrom!' Notice, only two conditions are required, the state of grace, and a right intention. But what is meant by a right intention here? The second paragraph tells us:

"'A right intention consists in this: that he who approaches the Holy Table should do so, not out of routine, or vain glory, or human respect, but for the purpose of pleasing God, or being more closely united with Him by charity, and of seeking this divine remedy for his weakness and defects!'

“The fourth paragraph tells us that, though it is far better that one should be free from all deliberate venial sins, still, it is sufficient to be free from mortal sins, and to purpose never to sin mortally again. And, ‘if they have this sincere purpose, it is impossible but that daily communicants should gradually emancipate themselves from even venial sins, and from all affection thereto.’

“The fourth paragraph is a very important one, and would bear a great deal of development and meditation. Listen—‘But whereas the Sacraments of the New Law, though they take effect *ex opere operato*, nevertheless produce a greater effect in proportion as the dispositions of the recipient are better; therefore, care is to be taken that Holy Communion be preceded by *serious preparation*, and followed by a *suitable thanksgiving* according to *each one's strength, circumstances, and duties.*’ The better our preparation, the more grace we receive from each Holy Communion. And yet, notice, one must distinguish between what is desirable and to be wished for, and what is absolutely required. No degree of preparation could be too great for such a Sacrament. But all that is required is the serious preparation and due thanksgiving which each one's strength, circumstances, and duties will allow. If they allow one to spend only a very brief time, a short time will do. If they allow more, more time should be given. But each one may suit his daily preparation and thanksgiving to the circumstances of his daily life. Isn't that reasonable and kind?’

“Very reasonable and very kind!” said Mrs. Mary. “What a wise and gracious document this Decree seems to be! And is that all?”

“No. A fifth paragraph says: ‘That the practice of frequent and daily Communion may be carried out with greater prudence and more abundant merit, the confessor's advice should be asked. Confessors, however, are to be careful not to dissuade anyone from frequent and daily Communion, provided that he is in the state of grace and approaches with a right intention.’ Then a sixth paragraph tells the fruits of Daily Communion, and bids priests encourage it: ‘But since it is plain that, by the frequent or daily reception of the Holy Eucharist,

union with Christ is fostered, the spiritual life more abundantly sustained, the soul more richly endowed with virtues, and an even surer pledge of everlasting happiness bestowed on the recipient; therefore parish priests, confessors, and preachers, in accordance with the approved teaching of the Roman Catechism (Part II, cap. 4, n. 63), are frequently, and with great zeal, to exhort the Faithful to this devout and salutary practice.' The seventh and eighth paragraphs refer to Religious Orders and institutes; and the last, the ninth, declares: 'Finally, after the publication of this Decree, all ecclesiastical writers are to cease from contentious controversies concerning the dispositions requisite for frequent and daily Communion.'

"And so you see, Mrs Mary," finished Father Carson, as he lifted his head, and put the book aside. "Our Lord, and the Church, and the Holy Father are all agreed that it would be a glorious and blessed thing if every one of the Faithful would receive Holy Communion every day of their lives that It is given in the Church."

"Oh, goody!" said Mrs. Mary, clapping her hands, "I feel as happy as I did when I was a little girl, and they told me I might make my First Communion! But how far does that Decree oblige all Catholics?"

"It does not oblige them to go to Communion any oftener than they were bound to go before, once a year," answered Father Carson. "But it does oblige them all to own that every one of the Faithful who is in the state of grace and has a right intention, has a right to daily Communion; and that a right intention here, means merely a wish to please God, or to be more closely united with Him by charity, or to seek this divine Remedy for our weaknesses and defects. And it puts it beyond dispute, besides, that Our Lord, and our Holy Father the Pope, earnestly desire every Catholic in the world to use this glorious right of daily Communion as soon and as often as he or she possibly can.

"And now," finished Father Carson, taking up another pamphlet from the heap. "It is too bad I must run off to hear Confessions. I should have liked so much to read and explain to you this other momentous

Decree of our Holy Father on early First Communion. But we will have that some other time and, besides, I gave you the gist of it when we were speaking of Bobby."

"Well, but tell me briefly the principal points," said Mrs. Mary, "I'll know what to look for."

"First," said Father Carson, "the age required for Confession and Communion is the same, when the child begins to reason, that is, the seventh year, more or less. Second, a perfect knowledge of the Catechism is not necessary before First Communion. But it must at least be learned gradually afterward. Third, the knowledge required is 'that they understand according to their capacity those mysteries of Faith which are necessary as a means of salvation, that they be able to distinguish the Eucharist from common and material bread, and also approach the Sacred Table with the devotion becoming their age.' Fourth, the obligation of annual Communion, *which begins to bind children when they have reached the age of reason*, falls back principally on their *parents*, confessors, teachers, and pastors. The father or the confessor is to admit the child to First Holy Communion. Then the Decree goes on to direct pastors to have, once or several times a year, a General Communion, and it urges those who have care of children to have them go often, and daily if possible, to Holy Communion.

"This is a very hasty survey, you see. The rest you must read for yourself."

Mrs. Mary took the two little pamphlets, and stood up to go. "A thousand thanks, dear Father Carson!" said she, "what a revelation the things you have said have been for me!" Then her eyes fell on the heap of books still left on the table, and she caught her breath with a little gasp. "Father!" said she, "when we began to talk, you jested about my being an apostle of early and daily Communion. I tell you honestly I seriously mean to be one, the very best that ever I can! May I not borrow some more of your books, and learn my lesson all the better?"

"As many as you can carry!" cried Father Carson cheerily, "and I'll send Joe along with the rest this vening. I'm proud of you, Mrs. Mary!"

"There goes the fire abroad at last," smiled Father Carson, as he stood at the door and watched the energetic figure, with its armful of books, hastening down the street. Then a sadder light came into his face and he sighed a little.

"Ah," said he to himself, "if they were all only as docile, and fervent, and brave as you, Mrs. Mary!"

REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

What Benediction Means



REPLYING to a questioner, probably a non-Catholic, who desires to know the meaning of the ceremony of Benediction in the Catholic Church, the Rev. James L. Quinn, in the *Catholic Observer*, says:

"By Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament we mean the imparting of a blessing by Jesus Christ Himself, through the instrumentality of the Eucharist in which He is truly present. The service consists of prayer and adoration on the part of the people and the conferring of a blessing on the part of Christ. There is no more touching and solemn ceremony. The doors of the tabernacle are opened. The adorable Host is exposed for adoration. And the Saviour, who is veiled by the outward form of that Host, Himself blesses His children. Earth can furnish no more beautiful picture than that presented in a Catholic church at the solemn moment of Benediction. The vision of St. John is here reproduced—Christ is really present; the altar is His throne; the lights are the glories that surround Him; the incense are the prayers of the saints; the congregation is the multitude that bows before the Lamb and utters its ceaseless 'Holy, Holy, Holy.' The air is heavy with incense. On the great altar countless lights lose them-

selves in the fragrant haze, and are massed together in one golden glory. The rays of the monstrance shine forth as if the Divine Guest had robed Himself in a grandeur unseen before of human eyes. From the organ a soft, sweet melody flows, as if from angelic choirs, until that, too, melts into the solemn silence over all. The people are hushed and bowed, awaiting the Benediction. Slowly as the Sacred Host is raised on high, every form is involuntarily prostrate. In that moment a gentle hand is laid upon our heads; the tender blue eyes of the Nazarene look down upon us; His voice speaks lovingly through the ages, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' And He blesses us as the children of old, who kneel trembling, side by side—we are all His children. In that moment every soul is lifted to heaven, every heart is bared to the glance that saved Peter; at that moment His peace He gives us. Not as the world gives does He give. Such is Benediction. The priest comes to the altar robed in his sacred vestments, he ascends the steps, opens the door of the tabernacle, places the Sacred Host in the lunette or little round case, puts it in the monstrance, lifts the monstrance to a throne over the altar where the Host may be seen and adored by the people, descends to the foot of the altar, incenses the Blessed Sacrament, a hymn is sung, fervent prayers are said, he again ascends the altar, takes the monstrance in his hands, turns to the congregation and silently makes the Sign of the Cross—Jesus Himself imparts the blessing. Dear questioner, should you ever be present on such an occasion turn your eyes to the altar, and say, with St. Peter, humbly and sincerely: "If it be Thou, Lord, command me to come to Thee."

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