

A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.

*If the Blessed Sacrament were better known, earth would be bright and Heaven nearer.*— E. FABER.

Vol. XIV.

February, 1911

No. 2

## THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

When Purity knelt to be purified  
The Lilies that toil not nor spin,  
Stood aghast when they learned how man in his pride,  
Saw false through the shadow of sin.

When Innocence bowed as if tainted by guilt,  
The doves of the temple cooed low ;  
Each asked of the other, " How lingers God's light  
Will the glory of motherhood show ? "

When Ave's sweet tone reversed Eva's sad note,  
The angels caught up the glad song ;  
But man, who had learned his life-song ;  
The Mother-song still singeth wrong.

Our nature's one boast ! thee our Father hath sent,  
That Mother and Child may be known,  
And Earth's Trinity seem as symbol God lent  
Of the Three who are One on His Throne.

## The Eucharist and the Rosary.

The Fourth Glorious Mystery

### The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.



IT may seem strange to us that the life of Mary, on earth, should be prolonged after the sad leave taking with her Divine Son at the Ascension ; and it is hard to think of the long term of exile that followed. Many a faithful servant was called to his reward, but the Mother was kept waiting. She had a special office to discharge towards the infant Church. What a resource the Apostles found in her vigilance, her counsels, her knowledge of the designs of God !

And now the tidings were spreading through the Church that this sacred life could not be much further prolonged. The will of God that had imposed sacrifice for so many years, called Mary to rest. Sinless though she was, she had to die that she might be more perfectly conformed to the likeness of her Divine Son.

After the Apostles had received the Holy Ghost they began their Missionary life. They daily renewed by an intimate contact with the Body and Blood of Our Divine Lord, the strength they had once received.

Mary had now retired from the world and was living an humble hidden life ; her only comfort being in Holy Communion. Mary is the true Model of those who choose the better part ; did not Jesus Himself hide His glory under the Sacramental Species ? We cannot penetrate this Divine Mystery with our mortal eyes ; to try to do so would be a folly. In the Blessed Eucharist, Our Saviour will ever live the same hidden unknown life. So it is with the humble soul ; her most ardent desire is to efface all that could attract others' attention. If she cannot flee to some inaccessible solitude, she hides herself so tactfully that the world cannot draw her into its

current. Jesus, under the Sacramental Species condemns Himself to a life of inaction ; He is motionless, and all the sacred members of His Body are fettered. So it is with the recollected soul ; her eyes are no longer open to the worldly objects that surround her ; her ears are forever closed to the vain and frivolous conversations of men ; she no longer takes pleasure in the things of this life. Her spirit of mortification separates her from all worldly spectacles and from the general agitation of the world, in which, alas ! the better part of our life is often spent.

Under the Sacramental Species, Jesus perpetually immolates Himself to His Father's glory. Her annihilation is an uninterrupted worship in which adoration, thanksgiving and expiation are simultaneously expressed. Here again the interior soul imitates Jesus, she dies entirely to the world so that her life may be a perpetual Victim offering to Our Divine Lord the love and praise that others refuse Him. In the Tabernacles our Dear Lord gives Himself to His Father. The interior soul gives herself truly to God and wishes to belong to Him forever, for He is her sole and only Love. By Holy Communion Jesus penetrates the most intimate recesses of our soul and there establishes a point of attraction towards which He draws us. Creatures try to keep us back but in vain, for the Bread that makes the strong witholds us.





The more frequent our well-made Communions are, the more active our life will be ; but remark here that we speak of well-made Communions. If our Communions do not sanctify us it would be rash to renew them frequently. In order that the Blessed Eucharist may become our daily food it does not suffice to purify our intentions, to free ourselves from all affection for venial sin and to render ourselves masters of our corrupted nature ; We must more-over acquire the habit of recollection and of mental prayer. The Holy Eucharist has power to recollect us, it is true, but we on our part must faithfully correspond to the inspiration of grace. The reward tasted in Holy Communion is an illumination of faith, a ravishment of the soul, a satisfaction of the heart in the possession of Love itself ; the forgetfulness of all in the joy of the Infinite ; the passing of our life in union with the Divine. The profound and sublime rest of all human beings in God.

Admire these wonders, and notwithstanding that we have no right to them, if we desire and ask them through Mary's intercession we shall receive them.

O Holy Virgin, Model of interior life obtain for me the grace to receive the Holy Eucharist with the same fervor as you did whilst awaiting your glorious Assumption. Ask Jesus to draw me to Him and to keep me in His intimate presence so I may be worthy to hear these words from His adorable lips : Dear soul, enter into the Joy of the Lord.

## The Ven. P. Eymard and his Eucharistic Works

(Continued.)

He did not think it right that souls should receive everything from Our Lord without making some little return ; and it was in order to permit them to acquit, in some measure, their debt of gratitude that he founded the Work called "The Eucharistic Weeks, or Lights and Flowers," for the ornamentation of the Exposition Throne. Père Eymard wished everything around the Ostensorium to be beautiful, rich, and sumptuous. He

wanted only pure wax candles and natural flowers on the altar. But all this costs, and he was poor. So he called on those that Our Lord had loaded with His celestial favors, on those that He had fed with His own Flesh and Blood, and he said to them : " To this God who has shown Himself so liberal to you, prove your generosity." He was heard, for never did he want the money necessary for providing worthily for the expense of Eucharistic worship. For model and patroness, he proposed to the members of the "Eucharistic Weeks" Mary Magdalen whose intelligent prodigality was so highly praised by the Master : "*Bonum opus operata est in me*— She hath wrought a good work upon me." The Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII deigned to bless and approve this Work , to which is joined that of "Tabernacle Societies" for the making and repairing of altar-linens.

It is a sweet duty for me to recognize to-day that these two works have taken in this country extension and vigor very worthy of the faith that animates my beloved compatriots.

But our Venerable Father could not ignore the existence of those living thrones that Our Lord prefers to any superb expositions of bronze or marble that may be raised for Him. These thrones are the hearts of little children. And it was, also, to prepare some for Him, there above all where it seemed that none could be found that "The Work of First Communion for Adults" was inaugurated. Chiefly in Paris, the number of those poor little unfortunates who escape all religious instruction, is very considerable. If they did not fall in with some devoted souls on the lookout for them, who would gather them together and teach them to know the good God, they would grow up, live, and die as pagans, even if they did not eventually increase the numbers that expiate their crimes behind prison bars. Our Venerable Father took particular care of these disinherited sons of earth and heaven. His pleasure was to teach them the Catechism himself and, when the day came for their First Communion, it was a great feast in the house, and our Father's heart was glad, for now he had raised new thrones to the Lord !

However ardent may be the zeal of an Apostle, it is necessarily limited. In order to multiply his forces a hundred-fold and extend his field of action, our Venerable Father wished to associate together the parish priests, "For," he said, "the priests are multiplicators." He wanted to unite them by prayer and certain statutes, and to sanctify them by the Most Blessed Sacrament. First, he turned them toward the Eucharist, reminding them that their chief duty is that of personal adoration, that they should by prayer assure the success of their ministry; then he explained that they should afterward descend from the Eucharist to the people, like Moses from Sinai, like the Apostles from the Cenacle, filled with fire to preach the word of God and procure His glory. The "Work of Priest-Adorers," which was born of the intense love of our Father for Our Lord and for his brethren in the priesthood, has been blessed by God beyond all expectation. It numbers to-day something over 100,000 members throughout the entire world. Highly praised by Sovereign Pontiffs, solemnly approved by them, enjoying numerous privileges, and assuring to its members rich Indulgences, the "Work of Priest-Adorers" is surely called to play a dominant part in the sanctification of the clergy.

Père Eymard's esteem for priests led him still further namely, to interest himself in those that had swerved from duty. He desired to erect for them spiritual sanitoriums in which their languishing virtue might take new life. This project he was unable to realize, but his sons have done it for him. Such a sanitorium is in actual existence, and not without great profit to its inmates.

Still more, he thought of the veterans of the priesthood. These gallant soldiers, who had grown grey in the combats of the Lord, touched his tender heart, and he wanted to open for them houses of retirement. "There," he used to say, "they can make a halt before the great journey, and prepare themselves holly to appear before their Judge."

His sons entertain the sweet hope of being able some day to carry out the wishes of their Venerable Founder,

and to group around the Host many who, for long years have drawn from It the graces of their priesthood.

With the foundation of his two Congregations, the establishment of the divers Works of which I have spoken, and the long hours he spent in adoration at the feet of the Master, one might think that all the moments of our Venerable Father's life were absolutely filled. Not so. His zeal, as industrious as it was ardent, made him find time for numerous sermons. Needless to say, the



*Venerable P. Pierre-Julien Eymard.*

Blessed Sacrament was the habitual theme of his instructions. "From that Sacred Treasure, he drew things old and new." Our Venerable Father, after repeating, in the original manner that characterized him, the beautiful thoughts which the Doctors and Fathers of the Church have uttered about the Holy Eucharist, had upon this Divine Sacrament new ideas, profound intuitions, which I may call supernatural.

Allow me to relate a personal remembrance. I was in Paris, and still a young priest. I went with our venerated Père Tesnière, of regretted memory, to Notre Dame, where he was going to preach. In the sacristy, we met Père Monsabré, so widely known for his magnificent Conferences. The illustrious Dominican, who had just given his masterly Lenten sermons on the Holy Eucharist, remarked with great humility to Père Tesnière : "Father, the inspiration of my Lenten course I drew from Père Eymard." This word is sufficient to prove that our Venerable Founder, who certainly was not such an orator as the celebrated Friar Preacher, possessed, nevertheless, a personal knowledge of the Eucharist, which the greatest talents might have envied. But if his thoughts were so profound as to charm the most beautiful minds, they were at the same time so clear as to be comprehended and appreciated by the simple Faithful. Like the evangelical teaching, they appeared to be addressed to all classes of society. And, in fact, the teachings of Venerable Père Eymard upon the Holy Eucharist have been like a revelation for all believing souls. The day on which the Venerable Father's four little volumes, entitled "The Divine Eucharist," found their way into convents, the fervor of religious Communities was renewed and increased toward the God of the Sacrament. And multitudes of the Faithful have drawn from the bold statements and vehement transports of love in his writings an enlightened knowledge of Eucharistic dogma and a powerful attraction toward the hidden God of our altars. The fact, that Père Eymard's works have been translated into all the languages of Europe and spread by hundreds of thousands, tells more forcibly than any words, that they respond perfectly to the actual needs of souls. I do not deem myself rash in affirming that God especially assisted him in his instructions. It so happened that, one day, he read the résumé of a sermon he had delivered the evening before. "Who is this who is saying such beautiful things?" replied the Father. The assistance from above makes us understand how it is that, more than fifty years in advance, we find in his writings, which are none other than notes of sermons never intended for publication, that admirable doctrine

on Holy Communion which has actually been given to the world in the immortal Decrees of Pius X, gloriously reigning. Père Eymard treated the most sublime of mysteries with the skill of a consummate theologian. The verdict *De Tuto* of the Congregation of Rites upon the writings of our Venerable Founder in the process of the introduction of his Cause of Beatification, proves it.

This correctness of doctrine which characterized himself, he desired to see in his religious family. "Learn, study the Blessed Sacrament," he used to say to his spiritual sons, "It is a mine to be worked. Know your trade. Let your hours of Adoration bear their fruit. If any one knows the Eucharist better than we, let us yield to him our prie-Dieu. We are not worthy of our place there."

The eloquent lips of Père Eymard were soon to close. He had built up, almost without foreseeing it, a magnificent monument to the glory of the Eucharist. He had but one more ornament to add to its perfection, and that was one of the most beautiful. In May, 1868, three months before his death, when finishing a fervent address to his Religious on their duties toward the Blessed Virgin, our Venerable Father exclaimed: "Ah, yes, let us honor Mary under the title of Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament! Yes, let us say confidently, lovingly, *Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament*, Mother and Model of Adorers, pray for us who have recourse to thee!" He descended from the pulpit radiant, filled with emotion, overflowing with joy. Not only had he paid to Mary, who had given him to Jesus, a tribute of gratitude by bestowing upon her one of her most beautiful titles, which the Church, as you know, has authentically recognized and enriched with an Indulgence of 300 days, but he had found a new means of glorifying the Eucharist by giving to Its adorers a devoted and enlightened Mother, to form them to their divine functions, while offering them an accomplished Model of the dispositions and virtues they should bring to their Eucharistic service.

The worship and love of *Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament* is ever more and more propagated. She has

now her sanctuary in the Eternal City. Both in Europe and America, we are happy to find altars consecrated to her. There we behold her in an attitude of the most respectful faith, holding her Divine Son, who is offering to the world the Bread of eternal life and the Chalice of everlasting salvation.

In finishing, permit me to express a double wish. The first is that Holy Church may soon accord the honors of Beatification to the fervent adorer, the zealous apostle of the Eucharist, the Venerable Pierre Julien Eymard, and that she will allow us to associate Mary with the Sacramental Christ, by publicly praising *Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament* in a liturgical Office which will take its place in the regular cycle of Marian feasts.

Rev. A. Letellier S, S.<sup>r</sup>S.

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## A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

—♦♦♦—  
By the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C.

In fitful gleams the moonlight streams  
Through chancel windows quaint and olden :  
With lucent wave it floods the nave,  
And glorifies the altar golden ;  
Then fades and darkness rules the night  
Save where the lamp of deathless light  
Shines clear before the white-veiled door  
That guards the Presence evermore.

The while we kneel in mute appeal,  
Of awe and love and worship blended,  
The shadows roll from off our soul,  
All care is gone, all strife suspended ;  
For from the Tabernacle flows  
A flood of grace that drowns life's woes :  
Each moment fraught with holy thought,  
His peace is ours ; all else is naught.

—Ave Maria.



## The Sacrifice of the Mass



Do Catholics ever think that the holy sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in some part of the world every hour of their lives? When it is midnight in New-York, Masses are beginning in the churches of Italy. There ancient altars, at which saints have knelt, are lit up with tapers, and the

Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting holy hands up to heaven. A little later and the bells of a thousand towers in France begin to sprinkle the air with holy sounds; and in every city, town and hamlet, kneeling crowds adore the chastening hand of God, and pray for sinners who despise His ordinances.

Chivalric and religious Spain catches the echoes, and when it is one o'clock in New-York, offers the great sacrifice in countless splendid churches. And then Catholic Ireland, the "Island of Saints," which has during many centuries suffered for the faith, rallies anew around the altars it would never forsake. At two o'clock and after the priests of the islands of the Atlantic—perhaps the Cape Verde—white robed and stoled and wearing the great cross on their shoulders, bend before the tabernacle. An hour later a courageous missionary lifts up the chalice of salvation on the ice-bound coast of Greenland.

At half-past four, the sacred lamps twinkle through the fogs of Newfoundland; and at five Nova Scotia's industrious population begins the day by attending Mass. And now all the Canadian churches and chapels grow radiant as the faithful people—the habitant of the country, the devout citizen, the consecrated nun, and the innocent children hasten to unite their prayers around the sanctuary where the priest is awaiting them. At six o'clock many souls are flocking to the churches of New-York eager to begin the day of labor with the holiest Act of

religion ! Many young people, too, gather around the altar at a later hour, like the fresh flowers open with the morning, and offer their dewy fragrance to Heaven.

An hour later the bells of Missouri and Louisiana are ringing ; and at eight Mexico, true to her faith, bends before her glittering altars. At nine the devout tribes of Oregon follow their beloved black gowns to their gay chapels, and California awhile loosens its grasp on its gold to think of the treasure that rust doth not corrupt.

And when the Angelus bell is ringing at noon in New York, the unbloody sacrifice is being offered up in the islands of the Pacific, where there are generous souls laboring for our dear Lord. And so the bells are ringing on, on over the waters, and one taper after another catches the light of faith, making glad all the isles of the sea. At two the zealous missionaries of Australia are murmuring with haste, eager for the coming of Our Lord, "Introibo ad altare Dei." And all the spicy islands of the East catch the sweet sounds one after another, till at four in the afternoon China proves there are many souls who are worthy of the name of celestial by their rapt devotion at the early rite. Then in Thibet there is many a modest chapel where the missionary distributes the bread of life to a crowd of hungry souls.

At six the altars of Hindostan, where St Francis ministered, are arrayed with their flowers and lamps and the sacred vessels, and unwearied priests are hastening to fortify their souls before Him who is their life and their strength. At nine in Siberia, where many a poor Catholic exile from Poland has no other solace from his woes but the foot of the altar and the bread of heaven. During the hour when New York is gay with parties and balls and theatrical amusements, the holiest of rites is going on in the Indian Ocean and among the sable tribes of Africa, whose souls are so dear to the Saviour who once died for all. At eleven in Jerusalem, the Holy City over which Jesus wept, where He wrought so many miracles, where He suffered and offered Himself a sacrifice for the whole world.

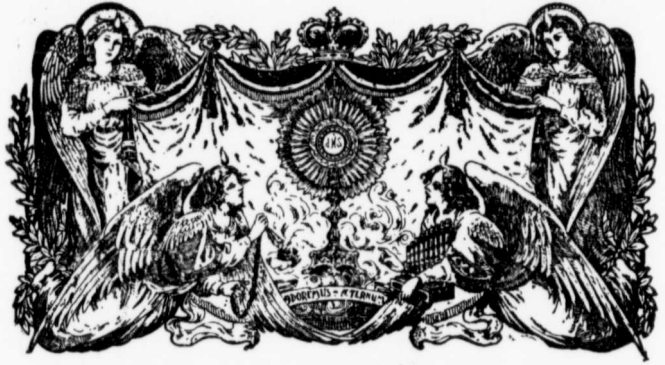
When midnight sounds again in New-York, the silver bells are tinkling again in every chancel in Rome. And

so it goes on ; the divine Host is constantly rising like the sun in its course around the earth. Thus are fulfilled the words of the prophet Malachias : " From the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof, My name is great among the Gentiles ; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered in My name a clean oblation ; for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts."



Every hour we can and should unite ourselves to the Masses going on in some part of the world, thus adding new brightness to God's glory, atoning for the neglect of others and promoting our own sanctification.

*Eucharistic Manual.*




## HOOR OF ADORATION

### *Jesus Meets His Mother.*

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

#### I. — Adoration.

The crime is consummated. Jesus is condemned to death. Mary has heard of it. The poor Mother can no longer suppress her grief. She desires, cost what it may, to behold once more the only object of her affection. Supported by John and accompanied by some pious women, she goes forth to meet her Well-Beloved. Jesus is coming, and soon He passes near His Mother. What an agonizing scene for the Heart of a Son so loving and for that of so tender a Mother ! Mary looks upon Jesus and Jesus looks upon Mary ! These reciprocal looks, like sharp arrows, pierce their soul. What a horrible spectacle for the eyes and the heart of Mary ! She sees her Son bloody, disfigured, covered with mud and spittle, His whole person but one wound. He walks half-doubled under the weight of His cross, the blood flowing from His wounds, His strength exhausted, and staggering at each step. He has but a spark of life, and they are maltreating Him like a beast of burden ! Through the veil of His bodily sufferings, she discovers those of His Heart more cruel still, the burden of the sins of the world, the intolerable weight of man's ingratitude.



And Jesus looks at Mary !—What ineffable joy for her Mother's heart when, for the first time, after laying Him on the straw of the crib, the eyes of Jesus met her own ! It was a ray from heaven illuminating her soul. And how often in the long hours of family life, she had been consoled by the same glance ! But to-day, that glance, although she sees in it the Heart of her Son, is the sword of Simeon transpiercing her soul. It is only through the blood that fills His eyes that Jesus can see His Mother. What has become of His divine beauty ? Where is that sweet smile which once made your mother-heart glow, O divine Mary ? Ah, no human tongue can e'er describe the sorrow of that heart now, for it is great as the sea !

It was Mary's duty, both as Mother and creature, to offer her homage of love and adoration to Him who was at the same time her Son and her God. And as Jesus could not have a better Mother nor a creature more reverential, never were such duties better accomplished. Never had Jesus been loved and adored more perfectly than at this blessed meeting. Had the executioners the cruelty to check in the Mother those last expressions of tenderness toward her Son ? Had they the barbarity to repulse her brutally when, at the sight of her Well-Beloved, she sprang forward to press Him in her arms, to impress on His bloody forehead the last kiss of her tender and desolate affection ? Had she even time to say to Him : " My Son ! " Could Jesus respond to that comforting word : " My Mother ! " However that may be, under the humiliating appearances in which she beheld Jesus, she might say what a devout author puts on her lips in this sorrowful meeting : " In the sad condition in which I behold Thee, art Thou, indeed, my Son and my God ? Is it possible that the God enthroned among the cherubim, is walking here among thieves ? that the God adored in heaven by thousands of angels is at this moment vilified on earth by thousands of men ? that the God who on three fingers poises the earth, is here half-dead and bending under a cross ? Is it possible that the God of benediction should become the accursed of humanity ? Is it possible that the Judge of the living and the dead should be judged by all and condemned to the

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cross ? ” But in spite of so great ignominy, Mary recognizes Jesus for her Son and adores Him as her God. The Son and the God of Mary has, by His resurrection, again become the most beautiful of the sons of men, and He now reigns in heaven as the God of all glory and majesty. And there on a throne next to Him is Mary, gazing upon Him, loving and adoring Him.

For us He comes down from His heaven in a state still more humiliating than that in which Mary saw Him on the road to Calvary. He veils His glorified Humanity and hides from our eyes of flesh every appearance that could cause Him to be recognized as a man. Borrow Mary’s faith and unite with her in unhesitatingly confessing under the humiliating externals of the Eucharist, Jesus, your God and Saviour. He is always the loving Son of Mary. Ask that divine Mother to praise Him for you as He should be praised here below in His Sacrament and above in the splendors of His glory.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

*What Jesus has done for Mary.* Jesus loves Mary as much and far more than ever a child has loved its mother. It was even on account of that love that He reserved for her at that moment the largest share in His sorrows, and permitted her to endure in her heart a real martyrdom. But will she have strength, will she have courage to support the grief of such a meeting? Of herself, assuredly not, but Jesus is there to support her by His grace. Some pious authors go so far as to say that the Host of the Last Supper was preserved intact in Mary as in a ciborium. It would then have been Jesus in Person who was sustaining her on the road to Calvary. After all, nothing is impossible to love.

However this may be, the cheering remembrance of the First Communion of the preceding eve, the immense graces she had drawn from it, the hope of daily renewing it and living constantly during the sad days of her pilgrimage, near her Divine Son become a Sacrament, and above all the hope of enjoying His Presence for all eternity,—did not all this contribute a little to support Mary under those painful circumstances ?

*What Mary did for Jesus.*—Why art thou come hither, O poor Mother? Instead of relieving your dear child, are you not going to redouble His pain? Ah! without doubt, that good Son is deeply afflicted at the sight of a Mother so tenderly loved, but at the same time is He immensely comforted by the public testimony of thy love and compassion. The presence of a cherished one is always sweet to the sad heart. Yes, Jesus can, at last, rest on a compassionate, a beloved countenance, the eyes weary with meeting around Him nought but the expression of cruelty and contempt. At last, may Jesus, while all the world is cursing Him, be conscious of a devoted heart that is saying to Him: "I adore Thee, I love Thee!" And if Mary could have embraced Jesus, what an impression that last kiss would have made upon His Heart! This meeting with Mary was, indeed, a ray of sunshine in the dark skies of His last moments of mortal life.

*What Jesus and Mary have done for us.* Nothing could arrest the journey of Jesus to Calvary, not even His Mother's affliction. To procure our salvation, He hesitated not to grieve His Mother mortally, although He loved her with all His love. It was, also, zeal for our salvation that inspired Mary courageously to support so many sorrows. It was this thought that, in the midst of the heavy affliction which the meeting with Jesus bearing His Cross caused her, reanimated her to follow Him to Calvary there to consummate with Him His sacrifice. It was this thought that sustained her on the streets of Jerusalem when walking over Jesus' Blood, which she adored at every step. And yet, how often she desired to snatch her Well-Beloved from the cruel and infamous punishment that awaited Him! But she had other children whom, above all else, she longed to save from hell.

She knew that Jesus alone was the Victim of sweet odor who could redeem them, and she herself desired the immolation. She ascended Calvary, and there offered it to God as a holocaust for love of us.

One day, before a grief-stricken mother, some one referred to the sacrifice demanded by God of Abraham in the immolation of his own son. At this thought, she



exclaimed hurriedly : " God would never have demanded that of a mother ! " It was the touching cry of the maternal heart. And yet, the truth is, that God did demand of a mother a sacrifice greater and more painful still than that of Abraham. Mary did not say with Hagar : " I will not see the boy die. " No, Mary has a soul larger and more generous. She will accompany her Divine Isaac to the mountain of sacrifice, she will not hesitate for an instant to immolate Him for us.

Had there been no executioner, say the Holy Fathers, Mary would have nailed Him herself to the wood of the Cross, she would herself have shed His Blood even to the last drop, in order to reconcile us through Him with the Father. Who can measure the sufferings endured by Jesus and Mary at this moment ? How wonderfully have I been loved by these two broken Hearts ! And I, shall I not love them ?

### III. — Reparation.

This meeting, though accompanied with intense sorrow was without doubt, full of consolation for Jesus and Mary. Mary in going to the road leading to Calvary, there to meet her Son, wished to give to Jesus a proof of the faithful love which never abandons the beloved object even in the greatest afflictions. It was this boundless love that urged her to accompany her dear Son to Calvary, and there supported her in aiding Him in His painful sacrifice. Mary, too, carried a heavy cross, for she bore in her heart an immense weight of sorrow, which rendered her the most desolate of mothers. She felt all the sufferings of Jesus. All His pains and torments were so many swords that pierced and tore her virginal heart. Still more, she felt her absolute powerlessness to relieve Jesus. Oh, if she could have taken the Cross from Him and carried it in His place ! If she could have plucked those thorns that were so cruelly wounding His forehead and buried them in her own head ! But no ! She was forbidden to give any relief to her Son, and the poor Mother beheld herself unable to do anything whatever for her loved Child.

She endured all without consolation. The Christian, when in suffering, has the great advantage of pouring his griefs into the Heart of Jesus, the great Consoler. But in Mary's case, it is Jesus Himself who is the cause of her pain, and so she has to support the unmitigated load of her sufferings.

This meeting which roused in Mary's heart so great grief, was not less afflicting to the Heart of Jesus. The Saviour saw His Mother, her face bathed in tears, and He knew that her soul was a prey to mortal sadness. He had for Mary, the best of Mothers, the love of the best of sons. What cruel pain for Him to see that Mother, so tenderly loved, plunged on His account into an ocean of affliction ! Ah ! His Cross, is indeed, very heavy, His crown of thorns and His wounds are very painful, but the sharpest of all His sufferings is to behold His Mother experiencing in her heart and for love of Him, the pains of the Cross, the crown of thorns and His wounds.

Mary suffered at seeing Jesus suffer, and Jesus suffered still more at seeing His Mother suffer. "*O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be sorrow like unto my sorrow !*" And if we asked Jesus and Mary why they endured torments so cruel, does it not seem to you that, after glancing at each other, then looking at us with eyes filled with pity and compassion, they would answer : " O ungrateful sinners, it is you who are the cause of our sufferings ! " Yes, it is I,—I humbly confess it. O Jesus and Mary, it was I who forged those swords of sorrow, and who plunged them into Your Sacred Hearts ! They are my sins and those of my brethren, and they have reduced You to the sad state in which I see You. Pardon, O Jesus ! Pardon, O loving Mother !

O Divine Master, Thou didst, indeed, find in Thy meeting with Mary, a compensation for all the injuries and cruelties of Thy executioners ! This compensation Thou art still awaiting from certain souls upon the way of the Eucharistic Calvary, which the impious make Thee tread anew. Like Mary and with her, they are invited to come every day to meet Thee in Thy tabernacles, to protest against the injuries of the wicked. But, alas !

how many, whom this good Mother inspires with the sublime vocation of keeping Thee constant company on the dolorous way of the Eucharist, have not the courage to break certain family ties in order to follow her maternal call !

#### IV. — Prayer.

All mankind, laden with the cross, are directing their steps toward Calvary, but all are not following the same route as Jesus and Mary. The most important thing in life is, then, for the Christian to walk in the footsteps of Jesus, and generously bear his cross even to the top of Calvary. But the road is long and difficult, the cross heavy, and his own strength not great. Jesus was relieved by meeting His Mother. Are we stronger than Jesus ? No, we, too, have need of Mary. Is she not our Mother, our true Mother, since by her sacrifice she concurred in giving us the supernatural life ? Does she not love us as she loves her Jesus ? And when we are bending under the weight of sorrow, is it not her greatest desire to come to meet us, in order to console and relieve us ?

Yes, Jesus, I have need of Thee and of Thy Mother, *my* Mother, patiently to support the sorrows of life, and without fainting to carry my cross up to the height of Calvary.

Make me understand, O divine Son of Mary, that according to Thy desires, Thy Mother must take the greatest part in my spiritual life. Thou hast laid upon her the duty of teaching me to know and to love Thee. Is not her heart the most celebrated school, in which the seraphim themselves may study Thy own Heart ? Thou hast placed in her hands Thy heavenly consolations and Thou hast endowed her glance with that irresistible charm which draws hearts to Thee.

O Mother, fountain of love, grant me to feel the depth of thy sorrow and to mingle my tears with thine !



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### Doctor Jack's Magic.

ANNA T. SADLIER



WHEN Dr Jack Carroll began life, no one would have prophesied anything very remarkable for him. He passed through College with no special distinction, which was a decided disappointment to his father, a highly successful merchant, who would have wished him to enter public life and

aspire to a seat in the Dominion Parliament. It was not in this field, however, that Jack was destined to succeed.

Soon after leaving college, he was induced through the influence of a pious sister to join the League of the Sacred Heart, and from that time he observed the simple practices to which he had pledged himself with an exact fidelity, which was part of his character. He wore a medal upon his watch chain ; he was seen regularly in the ranks of those who approached the Holy Table, with the Badge upon his breast, insignia of the new Crusade upon which the members of the Apostleship have entered. He left a picture of the Sacred Heart in his room and never failed to say short but fervent prayers before it, morning and evening, and to refer to it the various circumstances of his daily life.

It was wonderful, indeed, how the devotion seemed to take root in his strong and virile mind and to send forth shoots in all directions. After mature deliberation, he had chosen the profession of medicine and almost from the first was wonderfully successful.

He settled in a very populous neighborhood, and, in the course of comparatively few years, had made for himself an unusually large practice. He used to laugh his deep quiet laugh when men who had been at college with him as fellow students, in medicine, referred half enviously to his phenomenal success. He always replied that it was because he had a magic of his own the secret spring of which was in the room. But let their curiosity reach what pitch it might he never made any further explanation. For his piety, though deep, was unostentatious, and he did not care to parade it before all comers. In his own mind he always attributed the good fortune that seemed steadily to pursue him, to the devotion which he so steadfastly practiced and to his custom of referring all important cases to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

He was soon possessed of a competency, which enabled him to purchase a house and think of taking a wife and this notwithstanding the fact that his charity to the poor was proverbial and the number of patients whom he attended gratuitously, never to be known till the great accounting day. His name was a household word with the poor of the city, and they would send from all quarters to consult him or to beg him for a visit. And his visits always brought sunshine with them, even to the poorest slums. It was good to see him in some miserable court surrounded by a group of dirty and ragged children his strong earnest face lit with pleasure ; and it was a more beautiful sight still to see the popular young doctor bending over some tiny sufferer upon a wretched bed touching a broken or infirm limb with infinite gentleness bathing a fevered head or smoothing a ruffled pillow.

But a crisis occurred in the successful physician's career, first when he made up his mind to marry and had chosen a charming girl who was certain to make him an ideal helpmate. Such happiness is not, perhaps for earth, or is denied to chosen souls who, like the doctor are called to shining heights. One evening he had returned from a round of calls so wearied that he sat down to table, unable to eat a morsel—merely drinking a cup or two of tea. He was disturbed before he had finished even this slight refreshment. A card was handed

to him, that of a medical man, as he saw at a glance, but the name was altogether unfamiliar.

He rose at once, he would not keep a confrère waiting. In his office he found an old, shabbily-dressed man with bent shoulders and haggard, careworn face. Dr Jack noting these things held out his hand with even more than his customary cordiality and took the withered one extended to him in a warm, strong clasp. He begged his visitor to be seated, but the old man evidently disturbed in mind paced up and down stopping at last and facing his brother physician, as he said :

" Doctor, I am going to ask an extraordinary thing of you, a most extraordinary thing."

" Let me hear it," said the younger man, with his smile, which inspired most people with confidence.

" It is a tremendous thing," went on the old doctor pacing back and forward again, in his excitement.

" Yes, a tremendous thing."

Doctor Jack stood waiting with his hand on the back of the chair.

" I do not belong to the city, explained the man.

" So I fancied by your card."

" Perhaps you will have some idea of what brought me, when I tell you that I come from Ridgeville."

Dr Jack grew a shade paler, as some perception of the other's meaning was brought home to him.

Typhus of the worst description was raging at Ridgeville.

" I am left almost alone continued the old physician, three of the young men are dead, two of the older practitioners are in hospital. There is only one remaining beside myself and he is not strong, may go at any moment; Doctor, I ask a terrible thing of you. I ask you to come."

Dr Jack's hand tightened upon the back of the chair, the air seemed to grow very close in the room.

" It is not only that we are but two," said the old Doctor tremulously, " death does not care for such paltry victims as myself and I might go on indefinitely and see the pestilence through, but—"

And here an indescribably wistful look came into the aged practitioner's eyes, he drew close to his successful

confrère and whispered : " But, doctor, I distrust my own skill, I am old now. I was trained in an old-fashioned school and I have had little chance of improvement. A country doctor's life gives scant time for study and I never made money enough to buy books." There was infinite pathos in his look and tone and the honest eyes that looked into his, were dim with tears, as Dr Jack cried impulsively :

I would trust you in preference to any half dozen of us modern featherweights. But I see there is only one thing to be done. I must go with you to Ridgeville."

The young man's disengaged hand closed around the medal of the Sacred Heart upon his watch-chain, while the other still clenched the arm of the chair, as for support.

This was indeed a tremendous thing which his visitor asked. To give up even for a time, his splendid practice, to give up the home and the wife he had chosen. To go hence from the crowded mart, into the obscure by-way of Ridgeville, where he was a stranger, and, perhaps to share the fate of the other three who had passed from pestilential death-beds into the great silence of eternity.

For an instant he was tempted to draw back and he said with some hesitation : " Unless, indeed, Doctor, you could get someone else to go, some young fellow who is not established yet. The old man's face which had brightened now fell again, as he said almost hastily " I have tried half a dozen of them and some of the older physicians, too. They all had their excuses, like the guests invited to the gospel marriage-feast. I had heard of you, knew something of your career and I thought you might come. But no man is obliged, I suppose, to risk his life, unless the occasion offers in his daily work. I will bid you good-night, doctor, and try somewhere else."

" Stop ! " cried Dr Jack, who was already taking himself to task for cowardice and arguing that since the call had come to him he had no right to pass it on to another. " Stop ! I will go with you. What time does the last train leave to-night ? " " Half-past ten," cried the old man, bewildered, " but you cannot mean to come with me at once, to-night ! "



Dr Jack looked at his watch.

"That gives me just two hours for preparation. It is enough. I think I can leave my practice in the hand of a neighbor,—Dr Willoughby—and I have a few other matters which require attention."

One of these was writing to his betrothed, but he did not explain farther, nor could the old man guess the pain that was gnawing at his heart. He invited his guest to partake of some refreshments, an offer which was gratefully accepted, and then he went manfully about his preparations for departure. He put his practice into the hands of a man whom he knew to be professionally trustworthy and reliable, but who had been his rival, jealous of his success and openly hostile to him personally.

He wrote a brief note, touching in its bold statement of fact to his betrothed, a note which she treasured away, to be read with aching heart and tear-dimmed-eyes in the days that were to come. Then he went up to his room to do his packing and when all was completed he stood before the picture of the Sacred Heart and looked long and earnestly into the Face Divine. He smiled, as he thought of his poor little joke about the magic, which had been the cause of his unprecedented good fortune.

"So this is what you want of me, Sacred Heart of my God," he said "this is what it all meant. You gave me success, a certain amount of wealth, reputation, happiness that I might imperil them all, or, perhaps lay them down. Well, a soldier must be true to his leader, and the path you trod was not rose strewn. I pray, at least, that the magic may follow whither I am going and doing good to those who need my skill. I leave the rest in your hands."

The old man wondered much at Dr Jack's shining face and the air of almost boyish happiness with which he came down to him. He had seen many brave things done in his profession, he had done them himself when they came in his way, but not with this joyousness, this glad acceptance of what was strictly speaking in this day's work of this young man.

He leaned on Dr Jack's steady, vigorous arm, as together, they walk down to the station, the latter carrying

his satchel for him and in all respects acting as a son to his father. Unnecessary here to speak of the days and weeks that followed, the harrowing scenes, the repulsive sights that came into Dr Jack's experience, and of the terrible struggle which he had to maintain against fever in its worst form, aggravated in most cases by poverty, unsanitary surroundings and insufficient nursing.

Golden accounts reached the city of the doctor's almost superhuman heroism, devotion to duty and tireless self-immolation, even after the old doctor was worn out and the other who had remained at his side collapsed. This success in combatting the disease was universally conceded and his brethren of the city laughingly said that Doctor Jack's magic had followed him thither.

At last the plague gave evidence of having worn itself out and Dr Jack returned to write to his betrothed declaring that he hoped soon to be home and that their wedding might not have to be postponed after all. Scarcely had the letter reached its destination when Dr Jack was stricken so suddenly that it came upon the plague-polluted town like a thunderclap, and almost broke the heart of the old doctor who had learned to love his younger colleague as a son.

Nor did the disease take long to finish what overwork had begun. There was never any hope from the first. A priest came and administered the dying man, by a providential coincidence, on the First Friday. In his short intervals of consciousness he seemed to await the end calmly and bravely. He would not permit his betrothed to be informed lest she should run any risk by coming to his bedside. This was a last, supreme sacrifice, but he made it cheerfully, and the aged physician watching at the death-bed was amazed at his fortitude. He himself, had never been a religious man, until he had been brought into contact with the brave young spirit, which was soon to pass from earth. He had but a poor opinion of religion and its professors. But he knew as he sat there that all that was past and that for the few remaining years of his life he would strive to order his life by those maxims which inspired his dying confrère.

"Doctor," said Jack to him in the afternoon of that day upon which he had received the Viaticum, "I used

to make a joke and say that all my good fortune in my practice was due to magic. Do you know what that magic is?"

His voice quivered and dropped till it was inaudible. The old man, who could not speak for tears, only shook his head and gazed mournfully on the unnaturally bright eyes and pale face over which the solemnity of death was stealing.

"I would like to bequeath you my secret," murmured the young man, "and recommend you to try my magic." His voice failing, trailing away into unconsciousness, he yet made one more effort: "It was Devotion to the Sacred Heart."



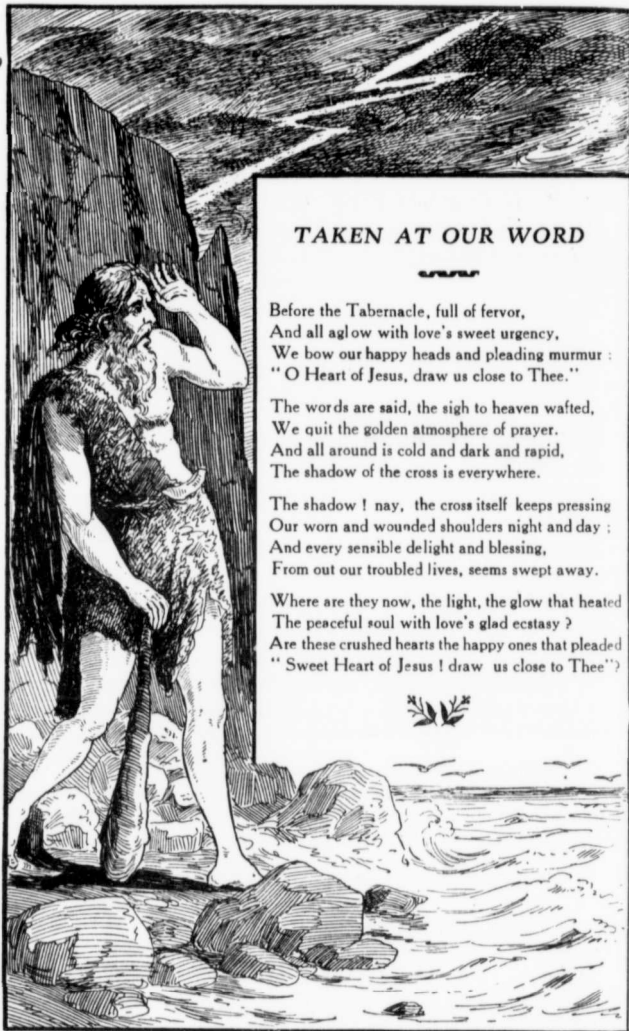
## Our Frontispiece

**W**AS taken during the Congress, in front of the Grey Nunnery, and shows His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli surrounded by his suite and several Bishops. Near the distinguished Prelate stands R. F. Uginet, his Private Secretary, Count Vannutelli, his nephew, and his gentleman of honor. M. Cagiati. Behind him at his right is Mgr. the Prince of Croy and Mr. Thomas Kelly; at his left Mgr. Tampieri and Mr. Charles Le Moyne de Martigny. In the front row, His Grace Mgr. Bruchési, Archbishops Langevin, Bourne and Gauthier can be plainly seen; also Mgr. Heylen, Mgr. Mantes di Oca and Mgr. Albano; in the second, Mgr. Rumeau, Blais, Emard, Morice, Racicot, Labrecque, Larocque, Guertin, Brunault, Archambault, Latulippe with the Reverend Dom. Antoine, Mitred Abbot; of the Trappist Monastery of Oka; and in the background, Canon Gauthier, Dauth, Tharsicius and R. P. Bailly.

### Requests for Prayers

#### Deceased Members

*Halifax, N. S.* — Mrs. E. Kavanagh, Mrs. Doyle.



### TAKEN AT OUR WORD

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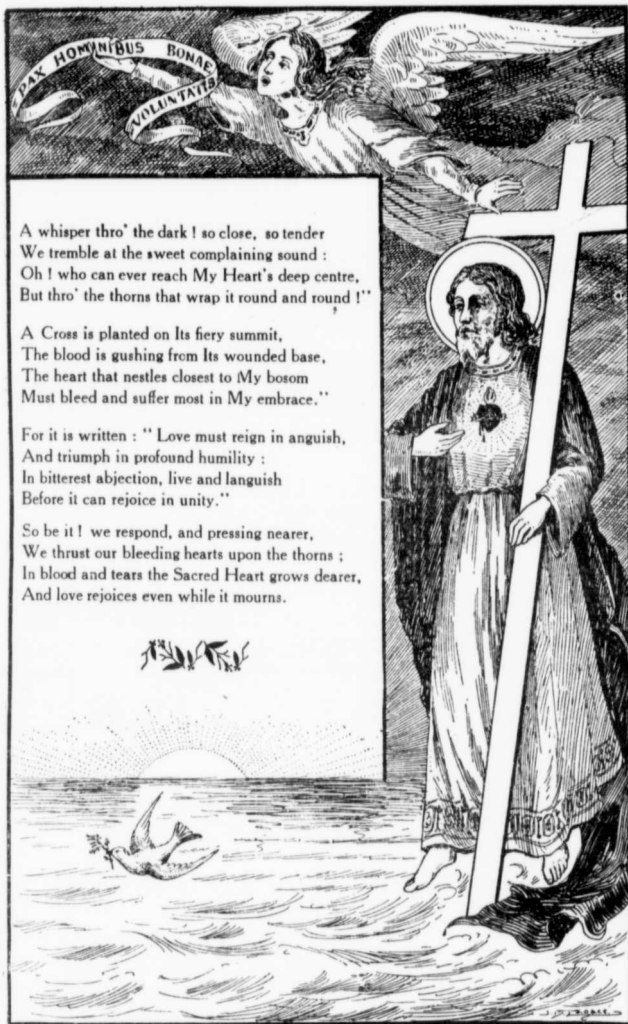
Before the Tabernacle, full of fervor,  
And all aglow with love's sweet urgency,  
We bow our happy heads and pleading murmur :  
" O Heart of Jesus, draw us close to Thee."

The words are said, the sigh to heaven wafted,  
We quit the golden atmosphere of prayer,  
And all around is cold and dark and rapid,  
The shadow of the cross is everywhere.

The shadow ! nay, the cross itself keeps pressing  
Our worn and wounded shoulders night and day :  
And every sensible delight and blessing,  
From out our troubled lives, seems swept away.

Where are they now, the light, the glow that heated  
The peaceful soul with love's glad ecstasy ?  
Are these crushed hearts the happy ones that pleaded  
" Sweet Heart of Jesus ! draw us close to Thee" ?





A whisper thro' the dark ! so close, so tender  
 We tremble at the sweet complaining sound :  
 Oh ! who can ever reach My Heart's deep centre,  
 But thro' the thorns that wrap it round and round !"

A Cross is planted on Its fiery summit,  
 The blood is gushing from Its wounded base,  
 The heart that nestles closest to My bosom  
 Must bleed and suffer most in My embrace."

For it is written : " Love must reign in anguish,  
 And triumph in profound humility :  
 In bitterest abjection, live and languish  
 Before it can rejoice in unity."

So be it ! we respond, and pressing nearer,  
 We thrust our bleeding hearts upon the thorns ;  
 In blood and tears the Sacred Heart grows dearer,  
 And love rejoices even while it mourns.



## OUR CENTRE



HE sun is the centre of the rays of light and heat that warm and light up the world. Without it all would be cold, inert, sterile, buried in the most desolate darkness.

Nevertheless the sun is not the heat, the sun is not the light. It is only a colossal foyer indispensable because the Creator has placed us within its sphere.

There are perhaps other worlds that have other foyers of light and heat, since there are other worlds.

In the Catholic Church we have also a foyer, a centre of light and warmth. It is from this foyer that truth and life emanate. Our Sun is Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ in the Eucharist.

Moreover Jesus Christ is not merely a centre radiating light and heat, He is, Himself, the light and the heat; and not only of our world but of every conceivable world.

Therefore the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, during which Jesus, the Eternal Son of God, becomes present among us under the form of an immolated victim is the central axis of all creation. In the world of souls, in the supernatural life, do not seek for any other foyer of live and heat. All is there, all flows from there! The intensity of this foyer is such that the world's sown in time and space can never exhaust its infinite fertility.

\*.\*

Jesus reigns in heaven, still it is not from heaven that He shines on the world. In heaven He intercedes for us beside His Father, but His intercession consists in showing Him all the earthly altars, on which is perpetuated the Sacrifice of the Cross and is mysteriously shed the Redeeming Blood.

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It is then from the Altar that all graces flow, graces of truth to enlighten the intellect, graces of love to inflame the heart, graces of energy to move and direct the will.

Jesus is the only Saviour. It is in Him and by Him all must be restored. Without Jesus nothing, with Jesus everything !

Jesus strengthens by the food prepared at the Altar. The remedy for all our ills is condensed in the Host of the altar. Seek not elsewhere the source of living water that purifies and revives. All is at the Altar, because at the Altar, and only at the Altar is the divine fruit of the Redemption applied to souls.

\* \* \*

From these incontestable and undisputed principles flow three consequences :

I. The Eucharist and specially the act of the Consecration that produces it, is the summary of all Revelation. I find therein all the Apostles' Creed.

God the Father Almighty receives the homages of God the Son, who was born, suffered and died. The Father and the Son send the Holy Ghost who communicates the grace of Redemption to all the members of the Catholic Church receiving in Communion the pledge of the resurrection of the body and the sure means of arriving at eternal life.

I find the Theological Virtues. What do we do at Mass if not repeat under different forms the acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, and supremely exercise the virtue of Religion.

I find the Blood that washes away the sins of the world.

Finally the Eucharist is in the Church the link that most strongly unites together Its visible head, its ministers and its people.

2. The Eucharist is the most powerful help to preserve morality in the world.

Is it not around the altar that man, with a love superior to all other loves, renders to God the homage which is His due ?

Is it not at the altar that blasphemies are most efficaciously atoned for ?



Is it not at the altar that the Lord's day is sanctified ?

Is it not from the altar and especially in the participation of the Sacrifice of the Altar that man draws the necessary vigor to be just and chaste ?

Ah ! if all the members of a family approached the altar, that family would be an ideal one. Are not those who daily sit together at the same table more disposed to love one another? Hearts that have tasted the Gift of God do not seek worldly goods nor sensual pleasures.

A society which at least in majority approaches the altar, will be, an ideal society also.

3. Lastly the Eucharist is the foyer of grace and the culminant point of all the sacraments. Grace was merited for the human race on Calvary. It is from the altar it flows as from a never ending source on souls to purify them, to strengthen them, to unite and deify them by the reception of all the other sacraments.

It is then quite clear that the altar is the centre of the world of souls, and it is the centre because at the altar Jesus immolates Himself, Jesus gives Himself.

Poor souls ignoring God's Gift, who will enlighten you ? Poor Christians whose Churches are closed, who will re-open them ? Poor Catholics who have abandoned your religion, who will reclaim you ? Poor faithful souls who have not yet approached the Holy Table, who will take you by the hand and give you this holy courage.

To all who believe in God and fear Him ; to all who believe in the soul's immortality and know its value ; to all who wish to devote themselves to their fellowmen, I say : Work without ceasing to make Jesus better known and better loved in His Sacrifice and His Sacrament. (1) All is there !

Oh may Jesus immolated on the altar be the centre of every apostolate, as He is the centre of every dogma, of all morality, and the foyer of every grace.

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(1) A most efficacious means of doing so, for subscribers, is to spread the Sentinel among friends, relations and acquaintances. Ask for sample copies.