

The Holy Face

From a painting by Ittenbach.



WHEREFORE THE EUCHARIST.

For the service and glorification of the divine Majesty.

I.—ADORATION.

BEHOLD upon the altar, with an ardent faith, our Lord Jesus Christ, hidden, annihilated under the veils of the Sacrament, there adoring the majesty of His Father, and performing toward Him the duties of the most perfect religion. It was with the purpose in view, that He proposed above all others, to glorify His Father, by performing toward Him in perfection all the duties the creature was unable to perform, that the Word became man: and it is to that end, above all others, that He took upon Himself the Sacramental State. Doubtless the Word became incarnate, died and lived anew in the Eucharist a for our salvation and eternal happiness, but beyond that motive there is another that determined it: It is to honor the majesty of His Father, to pay Him all homage, all obedience, to give Him all the love that God deserved to receive from reasonable creatures. He can, from the altar as well as during His life say to those who ask Him to give an account of His mission: "I honor my Father, I glorify my Father". See with what perfection Jesus performs toward God the duty of adoration. To adore is to acknowledge in mind heart, deed and will the excellence of God; that is to say, His sovereign majesty,

His independant being, His incomparable exaltation above all things, in a word His infinite perfection of greatness, power and majesty.

Now, no one, as Jesus, knows, sees understands all these perfections: they are plain to His eyes, "neither doth any one know the Father, but the Son", said He. What praise flows, in consequence, from His soul to the glory of the Father! He sees all things; gives praise; reveres, honors, extols all that is comprised in the divinity of His Father. He tends towards Him as towards His principal and supreme end, with all the might of His love, recognizing that God is the perfect happiness, the absolute perfection of all creatures. And with all the power of His will Jesus yields to Him, gives Himself up to Him, acknowledges and accepts all God's rights over Himself. O perfect adorer in spirit and truth! God sees prostrated at His feet, immolated before Him, to render Him more honor and more glory, His own Son who is equal to Him in all things! What glory He receives from voluntary dependence of that King of Kings, of that God of God, true God of true God, annihilated before Him for His love to please and satisfy Him — O ye who surround the altar, see clearly with the eyes of faith Jesus Christ in His office of adoration, which He accomplishes in all its perfection, without faltering, without ceasing; He offers His adoration, His praises, His love to God in order to make up for your deficiencies in adoring God in spirit and truth as you should and as He deserves.

II.—THANKSGIVING.

The second duty of religion consists in recognizing through Thanksgiving the goodness, the liberality of God and all the favors incessantly bestowed on the creature from this inexhaustible source of all blessings.

In order to fulfil this duty properly it is necessary to understand how God, who owes nothing to any one, and who so generously bestows His gifts on all creatures, is good, beneficent, liberal and merciful.

It is moreover necessary to know His gifts, their excellence, their worth, their magnitude and their number:

gifts of the natural order, gifts of the supernatural order, gifts of peace here below, gifts of glory above.

One should at least not have any selfishness nor attribute anything as coming to self, and one should to faithfully use the gifts of God for His glory and in conformity to His will. It follows that Jesus alone is capable of paying to God all the debt of gratitude He deserves. He alone knows all His goodness, He alone has fathomed the depths of God's mercy the richness of His treasures. He sees all His gifts in all creatures; He sees them in Himself also, incomparably more precious and more abounding in Himself alone than in all creatures together. And He neither keeps nor attributes anything to Himself: "I seek not my own glory, but the glory Him who sent." "Who is good but God only?" From all our tabernacles therefore there rises an unceasing hymn of thanksgiving to God, and it is Jesus who sings it in the name of all the creatures of whom He is the Head and whose graces are all the fruits of His Blood.

Thank God and consider with Jesus Christ the gifts you have received; realize their worth; and above all look at the Gift of gifts, the Holy Eucharist, which is the summary of all the magnificent and generous gifts of God, Thanks God for it in union with Jesus, endeavoring to imitate His humility His faithfulness, His disinterestedness: for gratitude is humble, faithful and disinterested.

III.—PROPITIATION.

Since sin has entered into the world, there cannot be any religion toward God that does not contain an expression of reparation and expiation of sin. But in order to offer to the infinite majesty of God a reparation equal to the infinite offence of sin there must be a victim of infinite price and a priest whose holiness is also infinite. That priest and Victim is our Lord Jesus Christ. He has offered Himself upon the cross, He offers and immolates Himself at the Holy altar as the victim of expiation destined to calm the wrath of God, to satisfy His justice, to obtain from His mercy the forgiveness of the guilty. O holy Priest: O pure and innocent and spotless Priest!

consumed with the zeal of the glory of God; hallowing His name, devoting thyself to establishing His kingdom, and to the conversion and sanctification of souls; perfect and gentle Victim, offering Thy holiest of lives, to immolation, Thy royalty to humiliation, Thy glory to abjection Thy sovereign rights to obedience! Annihilating Thyself and burying Thyself alive in death enclosed, in the shroud of the sacramental species! And there, like a dead body, accepting everything, silently submitting to everything and until the end of time!

Penetrate into that tomb in which lies the Living, the glorious King of angels and men. See Him adoring, appeasing, satisfying, the justice of His Father; offering His past sufferings, His actual humiliations, His poverty, His obedience, His love, to make up for wrongs, offences, rebellions, crimes and ingratitude. O if God is cruelly offended by men, how magnificently is He honored by the heroic Priest (by the silent but indefatigable Victim of propitiation) Jesus in the Eucharist!

IV.—PRAYER.

Prayer, the highest and most indispensable duty of religion the creature owes to the Creator, to recognize our absolute dependence upon Him, and the necessity in which we are expecting everything and receiving all from His gracious bounty: Prayer, and supplication is the expression of that duty and yet man refuses to fulfil it, depending rath upon himself, his our strength and natural gifts. But the Word has become incarnate to pray in order to perform God the duty of prayer to offer Him the homage of that dependence, to send up to Him that incense of humble and persevering prayer, so agreeable to Him. He has prayed on His knees, prostrated, humiliated, with sighs, with tears, day and night, and now our tabernacles are the sanctuaries of His prayer which knows not weariness, nor interruption. He prays in all perfection because He knows the intentions of God on all things, because He seeks only His glory His will, His reign; because He is pure, devoted loved by God His Father, who cannot refuse Him anything. Pray with this

adorable Pontiff of prayer, unite with Him in His intentions, be impregnated with His dispositions and pray with Him, in Him, and in His name.

PRACTICE.

Acquire the habit of considering Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament exercising the holy office of prayer toward His Father.

CORNELIA

[From the Italian.—Translated by E. McAuliffe]

(Continued.)

It is evident that you do not know the Christians, my noble mistress; or know them only through the calumnies of their enemies. Ah, if you only knew what Our Saviour suffered for us, you would understand why a poor sinner like me, should rejoice in the suffering that made her like her heavenly Spouse!" "Your words are a mystery, who is your Lord? Who is your Spouse?" "Jesus Christ, the God of Heaven and earth!" "You call yourself the spouse of a God! That then is the reason why you refused to obey Clelia." "You are right, I have given my vows to Him, and sooner than be unfaithful, I will gladly endure torments and death. He gives me courage to smile under the blows of the lictor; yes, it is He, He only, my adorable Lord! who comforts me in all my tribulation; who comforts all who suffer; calling them with endearing words: 'Come to me all ye who labor, and are heavy-laden, and I will refresh you!'"

"Do you think he could give me back my mother again?" asked the child. "Certainly, noble Cornelia, my God is omnipotent as well as merciful; besides He is omnipresent, He is not unmindful of your tears; He has said: 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be

comforted.' "Shall be comforted," repeated Cornelia, our gods never make such promises. I will gladly offer up victims on the altars of your God. Ifigenia explained that her God demanded no victims, asking only the heart, and "O, poor orphan," she continued, "if you would deign to listen to me, and allow me to lead you to the waters of life, which alone can satisfy the thirst for happiness which torments you, I would lead you to the feet of the Good Shepherd." "Would you make me a Christian?" interrupted Cornelia, filled with a vague terror. "Such is my hope; I would joyfully shed my blood to procure this happiness for you, whom I already love as a sister in affliction." The warmth of her words, and the tender affection of her glance penetrated the heart of the lonely girl, and triumphed over her patrician pride. At that moment she felt an irresistible longing for truth and love, and throwing her arms around the neck of the poor slave, exclaimed: "Love me always, my sister, speak to me again of your God, the God who comforts the sorrowful!"

From this moment a mysterious bond united the daughter of Licinio to the slave of Clelia. From this moment the latter offered to God her daily martyrdom, praying that he would grant her the conversion of Cornelia. Every night the young patrician repaired to the cell of the slave, and received there the first blessed lessons in the religion of Christ. Hers was a pure soul, eagerly grasping the truth, and longing for the waters of Baptism. But the persecutions had broken out with redoubled violence, the meetings of the Christians were rare, and held with great secrecy; and Ifigenia waited for a favorable moment in which to present the young neophyte.

In those days all the power of the mighty Empire was up in arms against God and his Christ, but it was constantly set at naught by the heroism of the Christians. True, they destroyed the body, but the liberated soul gained possession of eternal life. In Palestine whole cities confessed the name of Jesus, in the midst of atrocious sufferings.

One day Cornelia had gone to visit a relative; on re-

turning to her home, she was met by her faithful Napa, who in a trembling voice informed her that during her absence a dreadful secret had been discovered. The noble Clelia had sent for Ifigenia, and peremptorily ordered her to accept the husband which she had appointed for her, but the slave as usual refused. The poor creature was then cruelly scourged, and in the midst of her pain cried out: "Lord Jesus, help your servant!" Clelia, inflamed with rage, screamed out: "You are then a Christian!" and ordered her to be delivered at once to the *lictors*. The next day would see her tried, and probably condemned. Cornelia tried to conceal her anguish on hearing this dreadful tale, and asked for her father, and also for her stepmother, but she was informed that the former had gone to a banquet with a friend, and the serene Clelia to a dinner at the house of the noble Flavia; and that neither of them were likely to return before midnight.

How long seemed the hours of this night, passed in prayers and tears, her soul pierced with bitter grief, for the danger that threatened one whom she had grown to love as a second mother! In the morning, as soon as she thought her father was risen, she went to implore of him to use his influence for the slave, but he had already left the house. What can she do? Time presses, can she humble herself to ask a favor of her who usurps her mother's place? She tramples on her pride, and presents herself before Clelia, who looks with amazement on her pale cheeks and eyes red with weeping. "Why child, she exclaims, what has happened to you? Have you been up all night assisting at the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*?" "Clelia," replied the girl, trying to control her feelings, "yesterday you gave up Ifigenia to the *lictors*, and I am come to ask you to recall your sentence and take her back. Do not, I beseech you, let your slave be devoured by the lions of the amphitheatre!" The lady bent a scrutinizing glance on Cornelia, saying: "You love this Ifigenia?" "Yes, she replied, I love her, and wish to save her. I would purchase her from you at any cost." "Did you know that Ifigenia was a Christian?" said Clelia, calculating the effect of her words. Cornelia hesitated an instant, then, animated by

the courage of her new faith, replied : " Yes, I knew it." " Ah, you knew it, exclaimed Clelia, triumphantly, you knew it, and yet—you loved her. Now, listen to me, Cornelia," and her voice became soft and persuasive ; " I will save this wretched creature, who is even now before the judgment-seat, and she shall be yours, on *one* condition, that you marry my brother Torquato. This you know is your father's wish as well as mine."

Cornelia answered, with great firmness : " What you require of me is impossible : to save a life even dearer than my own, I cannot marry Torquato, because he is already married, and I would not be guilty of the crime of driving his wife from her house." " Then, you consider me guilty of a crime in driving your mother from the house of Licinio?" Cornelia replied meekly : " Perhaps you did not realize how wicked it was." In rising anger Clelia sneered : " How well instructed you are, perhaps you also are a Christian?" The girl raised her head with dignity, and unhesitatingly replied : " Yes, I am, and I glory in it!" " O, wretched, misguided girl, do you not fear the Imperial edicts, nor the anger of your father, do you not know that your life hangs on a single word of mine?" " My God is my helper and my protector," replied the Christian. " This," said Clelia, " is absolute folly, you are ruined by the incantations of Ifigenia! Once more I appeal to you ; she is even now before the tribunal ; consent to marry Torquato, there is still time to save her ; marry Torquato, and you can enjoy your new opinions unmolested." " Never!" exclaimed Cornelia with energy, and rushing from the room, rapidly descended the stairs and leaving the house, directed her steps to the prætorium.

(To be continued.)



Communion, Source of Confidence in God.

PÈRE EYMARD.

Confidite ego sum.

It is I, fear ye not!

MARK. VI, 50.

THE end of the Eucharist was not only to bring man nearer to God in removing the instinctive fear that enslaved him, but to do more, to put confidence in his heart. One might, at most, support the presence of God, but who would have dared to come and speak familiarly with Him, if Our Lord had not in His goodness, disguised and hidden Himself from us? He takes all the trouble upon Himself. He smooths away all the difficulties, as it were. During His mortal life even the aspect of His humanity had already so veiled the divine glory, that sinners and little children feared not to come near Jesus, seeing in Him only goodness and mercy personified. But today when he is risen in glory and triumph, who would dare to speak to Jesus? He has gained the title of judge of the living and the dead, and as such he wishes to be feared and adored. He is always the God of mercy and compassion, but His state is changed, and if we had not the Eucharist we would never dare to speak to Him in simplicity and confidence. Our Lord has established His sacrament in order that we may love Him, may treat Him with as much tender love and affection as when He was on earth. We, ourselves, as priests of God, may, like John the Baptist, preach pardon and mercy, but we are powerless to give you this simple confiding love of Our Lord, or to establish between you and Him the interchange of tender familiarity that he wishes.

On earth one recognized this goodness of Our Lord by His attitude. He is veiled now, but the same beautiful face shines through the light cloud that conceals it. This cloud does not conceal Him so entirely but that we may represent Him to ourselves under the same appearance of sweetness and gentleness. He is painted thus upon our souls in unfading colors of tenderest love.

Seeing Jesus, St. John pointed Him out by the image He recalled, and thus, seeing Him in the Sacred Host lifted up before our eyes, we recall immediately who Jesus is and what is his office. "*Ecce Agnus Dei*, Behold the Lamb of God!"

II.

Familiar affection shows itself above all in its tender secrets and exchanges of thought. There are words which electrify and charm us irresistibly. In listening to Our Lord the multitude said, "No man has spoken like this man!" Sinners were won by the sweetness of His word, they could not resist His goodness. Here the word of Our word is an interior word. What then is this word, this language of affection? You have heard it doubtless. Its nature is sweet, and sometimes, though rarely, severe. We do not resist it. Have you never been recollected at the feet of Our Lord? Has he never said to you, when your repentance was sincere: "Go, your sins are forgiven, fear not:" and what consoling tears have followed this word! The interior voice is more penetrating than exterior sounds, and the ear of the soul more exquisitely sensitive than that of the body. In the Holy Trinity there is but one word, the type of all other words, it is an interior word, and yet it is true. It is the Word Himself.

The simple remembrance of the voice of a father or dear mother who has passed away, moves us to recall their image and makes them live again in our hearts. There is then an interior, a spiritual language. And to go further, the true language of the heart, is an interior language, and exterior speech does not reproduce our full meaning.

The speech of Jesus in the Eucharist is so secret and interior that it penetrates to the depths of our hearts. When a poor soul without virtues or personal merits, knowing her unworthiness and having frankly admitted it in confession, approaches Our Lord and speaks to Him with the simplicity and freedom of a child to its mother, she is attracted solely by the sweetness of His intimate

relations with her. Would she dare then to speak in the presence of others? No. She has heard Jesus say to her: "Come unto Me, ye who are weary, and I will refresh you," and she came.

It is this sweet and secret call that brings us to Communion. Without it, we would never dare to come to the Holy Table. The grace of preparation for communion is a grace of confidence, and not of examination, nor even one of prayer. These things are good, no doubt, but the truest preparation is to have confidence in this word: "Come, I am the God of your heart, fear not." And this preparation honors God much more than if you were to drive yourself to despair.

I hear you say perhaps: "But when I receive communion I am dry and without devotion. I can accomplish nothing." It is because you do not enter into intimate converse with Our Lord, you do not listen to His interior voice, sitting like Magdalen, in simple confidence at His feet, Magdalen, who wept tears of joy, even though Jesus spoke not to her. Enter then into His secret word which is only the manifestation of His sweetness. We do not work while we are eating. The celestial Bread that you are going to receive is no other than the Word, the Word of Life. We must listen to it in silence and in repose.

III.

Our thanksgiving should be more recollected than our preparation. If you begin at once to make all sorts of acts, you behave like a child. If however during your thanksgiving, finding it difficult to be recollected, you follow a method adapted to entertain your devotion nothing can be better. But wait a while. You have with you a friend, politeness alone would require you to listen to Him. Unfortunately it is the very thing we do not want to do. This is to poorly interpret our Lord's intentions. We represent Him as always coming to reproach us for our sins. It is not so however. A friend does not come to reproach his friend, and at all events would not do so at the very beginning of the interview.

Our Lord, remember it, will never begin to reproach us the moment we receive Him. It is the devil who seeks to trouble us so that we may not hear and enjoy the sweetness of the divine Word. He seeks to represent Jesus to us as a harsh Master, a severe Judge, that we thus become afraid of Him. And we are hurried on to shorten our thanksgiving to escape from our Lord's reproachful look.

Idle souls are immediately carried away by and follow such notions as these, "I am so miserable, such a sinner." Wait until your heart grows larger, then one look from Jesus will humble you more efficaciously than all these efforts. Does the rich benefactor, visiting the beggar on his poor bed at once unroll all his titles of nobility, comparing them with the miserable state of his protégé? Surely not, he might better not have come that so humiliate the poor man. On the contrary he encourages and consoles him and puts himself as far as possible on the poor man's level in order to promote sympathy and accord.

Perhaps if you did not taste the consolations of our Lord it is because you do not give Him chance to give them to you. Rest a while, unbind your chains, enlarge your heart, Jesus cannot do everything for you.

The Lord, in Holy Scripture, called Samuel in the middle of the night to make him a revelation. Samuel did not know His voice, he had never heard it before. Twice he fell asleep, until the high priest had given him the key of these supernatural communications, and bade him pray to God and listen for His answer. Then Samuel said to the Lord who had called him once more: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." Then were revealed to him the secrets of futurity.

This is what we too must do. Our Lord comes to us, but we must enter into relations of familiar friendship with him according to the character of the moment. All holy, all divine thoughts are in our Lord, truly, but since the Eucharist is the exhaustive effort of His love, the character of His relations with us in the Eucharist in particular are those of sweetness and goodness, not the character of the goodness He will show us in heaven, or

even during His mortal life, but the goodness proper to His sacramental state, which is that of intimate friendship, heart to heart intercourse.

This is the true means of entering into relations with our Lord. How would you dare to receive communion if not because of that sweet and gentle voice saying to you personally, "Come," with such tender love that you could not think of aught else ! Then, you have scarcely received our Lord before you cried out to Him in wonder : "O Lord, how good thou art !" *O quam suavis est spiritus tuus, Domine !* It is the feeling common to all, uppermost in the heart of every one who receives communion. It is an instinctive feeling. It is the proof that the sweetness and goodness of the Eucharistic Lord are the divine words by which He draws the fallen man and binds him fast in the bounds of intimate confidence and friendship.



Letters from a Débutante.

V.

Washington Square, N. Y.

MY DEAR EUGÉNIE,

Events have multiplied since my last letter to you.

I have returned to town after a most affectionate parting with Cousin Flo, who seemed much averse to my leaving her.

"Jeanne," said she as we drove to the station, "tell me truthfully, do you think me very worldly and superficial?"

"Well," I explained, mischievously pretending to ponder, "after all, I believe it is only a habit with you ; you have too deep a nature to be wholly satisfied with the light existence you lead."

"Oh ! I don't know," she answered, laughing gayly, "I find it quite charming, and then it is the only sort of life for a woman in my position. Besides are you not aware that human-

ity is really benefited and raised by the culture resulting from the social intercourse of the wealthy classes? Ah! little dreamer, I fear that you are too much of an idealist, but do you know I'm awfully fond of you?" and embracing me tenderly she bade me farewell.

Charlotte's baptism took place last Sunday, at the Couvent du Sacré Cœur. Words could not describe the loveliness and charm of the whole proceeding. How like an angel she looked in her white lace gown, with her sweet expression of childish dignity! I was her unworthy godmother. She recited the prayers, and made her promises in an earnest, clear voice, and after the ceremony received everyone's congratulations with the brightest, most gracious manner imaginable. The nuns crowded about her, feeling perhaps instinctively drawn to one so like themselves in simplicity and innocence.

"She is the picture of her mother, who was my only child," her grandfather whispered in my ear, "the mother, too, always had a leaning towards the Church of Rome," and he added thoughtfully: "It's a grand old institution, and seems firmly rooted."

"Then you approve of her choice?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh! yes, yes!" he answered, I was at first only resigned to it, but now I am almost a Catholic myself! It is quite astonishing how my opinions have changed and my prejudices disappeared."

I looked at his noble old face and was not surprised that our religion with its lofty ideals; its precepts of unselfishness; its guidance in every event of life, should especially appeal to him. Non belief results neither in nobility nor strength, but leaves us irresolute, weak and selfish. Often the very teacher of atheism is one who though professing no belief in creeds, yet keeps the commandments, and follows the great moral teachings of religion; and because of this we listen sometimes with respect to his denunciations of the spiritual reasons which have called forth the very moral laws he practices himself. He is inconsistent. Unbelief and immorality really go together for both recognize no moral government.

Religion and morality are mates because all moral laws have sprung from religion.

The civil law by itself has never been able to enforce true morality; it can only demand the appearance of it; religion alone reaches our consciences; gives us a high motive for

every action, and a reason above our animal natures. The power and necessity of religious belief is therefore a proof of our own higher destiny.

After Charlotte's baptism, I spent a few days with her ; and one evening as we sat embroidering in the drawing-room, her grandfather quietly dozing, she broke the silence by questioning me concerning the nuns.

"Tell me, Jeanne, why do they desire to be different from other people by choosing that particular life?"

"I will try to explain," I replied. The founders of monasteries and convents have usually been men and women who having weighed society in the balance have found it wanting. They have found the "Master" and become the glad receivers of the words which He addressed to the young patrician who was desirous of perfection. The precept to "keep the Commandments," they know to be meant for all men, and His advice, "If you would be perfect sell all, give to the poor, and follow Me," for the few whose religious temperaments and the lofty aspirations, show them to be called to the higher life—life of the Counsels. With St. Paul, "they die to the world" to follow Christ more closely and bind themselves by vow to observe the laws of poverty, chastity and obedience. They leave all, put their wealth into a common fund, and wear a religious habit, as a mark of their equality, to do away with personal vanity, and as a profession of their faith and calling. They put on the yoke of Christ and strive to alleviate some of the suffering they see about them, and strive themselves to practice higher perfection, to lift their souls above the level of natural selfishness—truly a sublime existence!"

"Ah yes, Jeanne, but how fearfully hard! It would not do for us all!"

"It would be impossible and even wrong for all to seek it," I answered. "It must be our vocation. The call must come from God, and we must be adapted for it by nature and temperament. We must each follow Christ in the path His will indicates."

"Are they happy, these religious men and women, Jeanne?" she continued.

"Infinitely, Christ has promised to such lives 'a hundred-fold' of joy, and they alone understand the joy of spiritual and intellectual peace, though they desire blessedness more than happiness."

"And those who marry, Jeanne, are they not also very happy?"

"Of course, when they experience unselfish affection; for true happiness is secured by unselfishness. A virtuous intention and a good will, will bring us peace and joy in any state of life," I explained.

So much for that conversation, very edifying, n'est-ce pas Eugénie? At times I feel and speak like a veritable saint, but alas! I am far from being one. "Actions speak louder than words, and example is better than precept"

Are you really returning next month? How glad I shall be to see you! Don't bring me many presents, I shan't expect them—(no sarcasm.)

Adieu, ma chère.

Affectionately,

JEANNE:

Items of Interest.

We call to the attention of our readers an interesting article on Père Herman, the founder of the work of Nocturnal Adoration in Paris, which is being published in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for September and October.

The work of Père Eymard on Holy Communion from which occasional chapters are given in THE SENTINEL, will shortly be published in book form.

NOCTURNAL ADORATION IN BRUSSELS.

The Rev. Henri Durand sends us an interesting account of the Nocturnal Adoration as carried on in the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament in Brussels, Belgium. He is the spiritual director of this association which, according to the report of the year 1901, is successful and edifying.

Three times a week, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, the members meet for adoration in the chapel. Men of every class of society, judges, inventors, lawyers, soldiers, travelling salesmen and workmen, are one in this duty of devotion, which many come from a long distance to perform. There are from 10 to 25 adorers for each night. At half past nine in the evening they report at the office of the work opposite the chapel and near the dormitory. Each one gives to the director a list of intentions for which he desires prayers, and the adorers draw the hours of adoration, which are from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m. "It is very edifying," says Father Durand, "to see the simplicity and generosity with which each adorer accepts the hour that falls to his lot, however inconvenient it may be, because he looks upon it as the hour the Lord Himself chooses for him." The members then adjourn to the chapel where, as usual with the Fathers of the Society, the Blessed Sacrament is perpetually and solemnly exposed. The director addresses a few words to these chosen souls to increase their fervor and help them to profit by the grace of the Lord's Presence. He then reads the list of intentions and the president reads aloud the opening prayer.

It is just ten o'clock. The adorers for this first hour of guard place themselves upon the *prie-dieu* before the altar and begin their service of adoration and reparation. The remaining adorers as a rule, instead of hastening to enjoy what little repose they can be sure of in a night that promises them so little undisturbed rest, remain in the chapel for some time, many pray until eleven o'clock. Generally the adorers appointed for eleven do not think it worth while to retire beforehand and remain from ten until twelve. And certain members choose to devote these two whole hours regularly to adoration without leaving their places. Rev. Father Durand gives great praise to the dormitory of Brussels, having seen those of Montmartre, Angers, Orléans, Marseilles and Montreal, Canada. "The room is large and contains twenty-four beds, placed opposite to each other and separated by a slight partition, so that they have the effect of cells. The

beds are comfortably furnished with coverlets, mattresses and pillows" and leave nothing to be desired.

Ten minutes before the expiration of the hour one of the adorers on duty in the chapel leaves the *prie-dieu* and goes to awake those who are to replace them and addressing them with the salutation *Venite adoremus*, or *Dominus adest et vocat te*. It is quite easy to recognise the adorers for each coming hour, because the beds are so arranged that the first two on each side are given always to those who serve from 10 to 11; the next four for the hour from 11 to 12 and so until 4 A. M. for which only two beds are reserved.

But perhaps the most important matter of all is the manner of passing the Hour of Adoration. How do these adorers occupy themselves interiorly and exteriorly, during the time of prayer?

This is a special point because the time is precious and should be provided for that it may be spent in a holy manner. The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament take the matter to heart, desiring as did Père Eymard, to make of their Associates men of prayer and adorers in spirit and truth. They therefore recommend for the first half hour the exercise of the Four Ends of sacrifice. This is followed by the recitation of the Rosary, or if they are able, a part of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament. An Act of Reparation to the Blessed Sacrament, concludes the service. The Priests of the Society, according to their rule, also adore the Blessed Sacrament in turn during the night, within the Sanctuary, in union with their lay Associates.

With the dawn of day the members of the Nocturnal Adoration are all awakened. At 5 A. M. they have prayer in common in the chapel. The Rev. Director says Mass at 5.15 and all receive Holy Communion.

What good Commuions are these made after a preparation of prayer and penance, in the silence of the night, in the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed! and with what true fervor do these adorers sing the praises of the Lord at Mass, and during the Benediction that follows! After this they disperse, a little weary, perhaps, but spiritually fortified and prepared for the duties and trials of the day."

Father Durand goes on to describe the work of Nocturnal Adoration in Brussels, from his observation of it during twenty years. He refers to the many objections that are always made to the work ; that it is impossible to keep it up, and the difficulty of requiring acts of somewhat heroic virtue from people of the world whose lives are not given to piety. Others object that nocturnal Adoration is possible but not advisable, except on rare occasion, such as Holy Thursday. He quotes the words of St. Francis de Sales, who says that to adore our Lord, not as the Angels do, but as we poor mortals can, we need only to have a little faith and love, like the poor workman who spent hours before the Sacred Hart, and who could only say to those who questioned him, " I consider Him and He considers me," and the poor sentinel who mounted guard before the tabernacle in the Cathedral of Orleans.

In fact, the Nocturnal Adoration in Brussels has been carried on for twenty years and seems to be growing in strength, with the new century.

Many of the deceased members of the Association whose memory is dearly cherished left a record of their great devotion, and were not contented with the monthly hour of adoration required, but came voluntarily once a week. The world does not count the hours of the night that are whiled away in pleasure, it is therefore not so much to give a few to God.

The silence of the night is fitted for prayer, and the voice of many crimes cries aloud to the fervent adorer for reparation and fervent supplication.

As to the members, there are among them many workmen who are faithful and even heroic in their devotion. There are men who working on Saturday nights until 8 or 9 o'clock, give themselves scarcely time to see their families and take a light repast before they present themselves at their post for nocturnal duty. There have been travelling salesmen, who reaching Brussels late at night and having no time to go home first, have come directly to the office and have remained fasting as they were until morning, to receive Holy Communion with the others.

Father Durand's report is too long for insertion, but the

foregoing extracts will no doubt interest our Rev. Local Directors and men associates of the Eucharistic League.


The work of Adoration in New York is organized on a somewhat different basis, but is steadily growing and has so far presented few difficulties. There is much, however, to be done to perfect the work and the experience of others is helpful. The suggestions for passing the hour of Adoration are especially valuable.

The 2nd Eucharistic Congress of America will be held at St. Louis, Mo., on October 15th, 16th and 17th, the dates having been changed. It will be held at the St. Louis University, Grand Avenue and Liddele Boulevard.

The Rev. Jos. H. McMahon, Ph. D., will continue to revise THE SENTINEL. We are pleased to note that Rev. Father McMahon has already begun to organize the new parish which is to be his field of labor, that of Our Lady of Lourdes.

A touching letter comes from a missionary priest in India, asking for information in regard to starting the Eucharistic League. After several years hard work, he has formed a little parish and wishes to ensure the fervor of his congregation by uniting them in honoring the Blessed Sacrament. As he says, this will be the first confraternity he will introduce among his people, and surely if they respond to this he will not need to multiply devotions. He begs prayers for the success of this work.

Another cathedral, that of Scranton, Pa., has introduced the People's Eucharistic League.





The Children's Hour.

“He hath given his angel's charge over thee.”

By JOSÉPHINE MARIÉ.

DON'T the angels get tired flapping their wings all day, mamma?" asks a tired but wide-awake boy as "Mamma" tucks him, cosily, in a small bedstead next her own. "Angels do not get tired, darling," replies mamma with an amused smile. "They have not bodies like we have." "I know; but birds have wings and birds get tired," he persists. "Angels do not really have wings, dear. The pictures you see of the guardian angels spreading wings over the children whom they guard are only to teach us that even as a mother-bird shelters her little ones under her wing so our angels shield us with their tender care."

"Do they take care of us all night, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed, even while you sleep your angel is close beside you."

"That is very nice of him, for I can't even think of him while I sleep. Doesn't he get lonely then, mamma? If I were by someone so many hours and he did not speak to me all that time I would get lonely."

A very tender smile lights mamma's sweet face. "Your angel always sees God, my darling, so he never can be lonely. He knows the bad spirit is around you all the while, trying to make you do what is wrong. He baffles

the evil angel every instant, tries to, at least, for it depends on you whether he succeeds or not."

"Why there is a regular war around me all the while," he eagerly exclaims. "What must I do?" "Use the weapon which he gives you. God's grace is the mighty weapon which he obtains for you by his prayers, but you are free to use it or not, so you must be on your guard lest the enemy conquer."

"I guess you never had a bad angel, mamma. If you had you must have crushed him to *smithereens*, as if that were quite the strongest word which the English vocabulary can offer. Mamma laughs—the pretty merry laugh he loves so well. "But," he says after a pause, the light of the lamp as it falls across the small bed showing a rather puzzled little face, "Wouldn't God give us the grace if the angels didn't ask for it?"

"He would do so, of course, dear, and He does give us graces through other channels; but it is such an honor and such a joy to the angels to help God to take care of all of us on earth that in His generous mercy He has willed that one of the means we shall have to obtain the graces we need will be the prayers of His angels. Angels and men are His children and He does not wish them to be strangers to one another."

"I see, mamma," he says in his wise way, "if the angels had nothing to do with us we would feel that we didn't know them at all. "What does the Holy Book say? I forget."

"He hath given his angels charge over thee; in their hands they shall bear thee up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. The angels are like messengers, I guess. They like to be God's messengers, don't they?"

"Indeed, they do; that is why they are allowed to be so; it is for their sake and our own, for of course God does not need them. We might get selfish if we did not think of each other and help one another on earth and the angels must have their work of charity too. They would feel that they were very unlike our blessed Lord whom they so worship if they could not aid others to share their joy."

“ I think it is something like father with you and me. When he wants to give me something he often wishes you to bring it to me, for he knows how much you like to do so.” His grasp of truths difficult for older people to fathom often surprises her.

“ Exactly ; and all the time it is father who makes and gives the money, for example,” with a mischievous look, to buy the new bicycle you wish so much for.”

“ And the gun, and the tool-box, and—”

“ Stop, stop,” brought mamma, “or father will be bankrupt. And now, darling, you must sleep. We have talked a long while.”

“ But it has been so interesting ; and mamma I guess I will begin and always say ‘ Good morning and good night, my guardian angel,’ that will be at least polite,” and with this very courteous resolution the eyelids close and he is fast asleep.

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MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

THE THANKFUL HEART. *

By FRANCIS E. CROMPTON.

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(Continued.)

And so Miss Nancy suddenly and inexplicably burst into bitter tears.

"What, Nancy?" said the astonished rector. "Have you hurt yourself? Are you tired? What is the matter?"

"I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" cried Miss Nancy. "I had meant so hard to be good, but I cannot bear it any more!"

"Bear what, my dear little maid?" said the rector, much concerned.

"I love it so much, and I wanted to come to it more than anything. Oh, I did, I did!"

"And now you are disappointed in it?" said the rector, after a pause.

"I don't know," was all Miss Nancy could reply between the sobs.

"But I thought you understood that it was only an empty old house, Nancy?"

"I don't know. I didn't think it would be like that," sobbed Miss Nancy. "And there is nobody there at all, and yet it says over the door that it was given to God's poor. — it says *for ever*."

"Yes, my little maid," said the rector, slowly. "It *was* given to God's poor forever, — to the poor of Forest Morton parish. But that is the sad part that I told you of. The endow-

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ment failed long ago ; I mean, Nancy, that there is no longer any money with which to support the old house."

"Then it is no use that the Thankful Heart was given, and it is all lost, and I am sorrier than ever."

"And yet, I would say, not lost, replied the rector, pacing the courtyard. "The spirit of the gift is more than the gift itself, my little maid, and that can never be lost, having passed once for all beyond us and our marring."

"But what is it?" said Miss Nancy, trying to suspend her sobs.

"I mean the deep thought of the heart, with which the gift was given, Nancy."

"I think I begin to know it," said Miss Nancy, "only I cannot say it. It means that nothing could ever take away that was given once."

And the rector bent his head, and said, "In token of the Thankful Heart. Amen."

He sat down on one of the benches under the lattices, and Miss Nancy sat beside him, and wiped her eyes, with a vague sense, however little understood, of a quiet consolation. The water still rippled in the basin, and the larks sang above the buttercup meadow, but it seemed with another note, and there was a deeper rest in the peace of the Thankful Heart.

"Once upon a time, Nancy," said the rector, "there was a man, an old man, who had almost come to the end of his days. He sat at his open window on a midsummer evening,—yes, it might have been such an evening as this. His work lay on the bench before him, but his tools were still, for he was dreaming ; and he saw, as if they had been pictures, scenes that had been long ago.

"He saw a picture in the forest, the heart of a forest, where the deer and the squirrels lived, and it was cool, and green, and still. There stood two boys, about the same age, but alike in nothing else, for one was the young squire, and the other was a peasant boy, bareheaded, barefooted, and ragged. He stood looking down, with his hands behind his back, and the sunshine fell between the trees on both alike, — on the young squire and on the ragged peasant boy.

"'But show me what you are doing' said the young squire.

"'I was cutting,' said the boy, in a low voice.

"'Yes, I saw, but show it to me.'

"The boy drew his hands from behind his back, slowly and unwillingly, and showed the piece of wood they held.

"The young squire cried out when he saw it, 'Have you done this? How did you do it!'

"'I have a knife of my own,' said the ragged boy, and he held it out proudly in his hand — poor boy, it was such a knife!

"'But you could not carve with a thing like that,' said the young squire.

"'My knife is a very good one,' replied the boy, with a glow on his brown cheeks. 'Give me my wood back. I can make it better than it is.'

"'I think it is beautiful already,' said the young squire, simply. 'It is the Good Shepherd, is it not?'

"'What Shepherd?'

"'I mean the Good Shepherd Jesus.'

"'I do not know what you say. When my father was alive, he was a woodman under the old squire, and I had clothes, and my mother was there, and once I went to the church with her, a long time ago. I saw it then. A Man with a lamb on His shoulder.'

"'It would be like the picture in the window in this church, I suppose?'" said Miss Nancy.

"'Yes,' replied the rector; "no doubt it would be like that." 'And you have remembered it so long?' said the young squire.

"'How clever you must be! Now, I am not clever at all. If only you might learn reading, and writing, and Latin in my place! But I know what I shall do, I shall bring the priest here to look at your carving. If you will be here to-morrow, I will bring you a new knife.'

"The squire kept his word; he brought the knife in one hand, and dragged the priest with the other. The boy, too, was there; and the grave young priest took the carved figure in his hands, and looked at it, and was silent for a long time.

"'My boy,' he said at last, and he spoke in a very gentle voice, — 'my boy, do you know the old carpenter who lives near the church?'

"'Him who buys the squire's trees, and makes things of wood?' said the boy.

"'Yes, the old carpenter. You shall go to him, and learn his craft; for God who gave you those hands to work will never meant you to be only a vagabond on the face of the earth; surely He designed you to be something better.' . . .

"The old man saw another picture. The ragged boy pre

sented himself one morning at the carpenter's door with his ragged tunic, and bare head and feet ; if it had cost him anything to leave the forest and his freedom, he never told it.

"But now began a new life for him. He learned more quickly than the old carpenter could teach ; it seemed as if he knew the natures of the dead woods by instinct, as he had known the living trees in the forest.

"'But now you must put aside those carved toys that are always in your fingers,' grumbled the old carpenter ; 'you will never make a good workman if you waste your time over them.' But he was very kind to the poor nevertheless, and he learned to love him very dearly, for his own children were all dead. They went to church together, and the boy sat and looked up with his deep bright eyes at the beams of the roof, and at the pillars, and arches, and the pale pictures in the windows.

"The young squire was his fast friend, until he went away from the village ; but the priest did not go away, and it was he who taught him to read and write, and taught him the catechism and the Psalms, and indeed taught him many things ; but he did not need to teach him the knowledge that comes of the seeing eye, and the reverence that comes of a believing heart, for he had learnt those things in the school of the forest, and his teacher had been none other than God himself. . . .

"The old man saw another picture. The young squire had come home ; they said he was to be married. He came to see the boy, for he had never forgotten him ; and he walked with the priest through the meadows. It was evening, and the old carpenter sat at his door.

"'He had finished his work,' he said. 'He has gone up to the little room in the gable, for he is often there, but why, I cannot tell. Let us go up and find him.'

"They went upstairs to the little room ; they pushed open the door and went in. The boy was a boy no longer, but a tall young man ; he was standing up to stretch his arms, and the light shone full on his face, the same face as of old with marvellous deep eyes, and earnest lips which nevertheless smiled. His chisel was in his hand, and his work before him, a panel of English oak, traced over with a wonderful fret of leaves and flowers, a part carved in relief, and the rest still drawn in charcoal. His tools lay on a stool beside him, very few and simple, for the power was in his own hands, not in the tools they held ; the wall before him was covered with his designs,

drawn in charcoal, after his only teaching, which he had found in the school of the forest. But there was love, and patience, and reverence in every line, drawn again and again, and yet again, until the artist hand could execute what the faithful eye could see.

“‘It is wonderful!’ said the priest.

“‘It is most beautiful!’ said the squire, for he thought that the priest spoke of the work. ‘You were born a great carver, and now you shall go to London and work there.’

“‘Yes, you shall go to London,’ said the priest.

“‘But the carver looked at the old carpenter, and his eyes fell. And there was a long silence, until at last the old man said, in a broken voice, ‘Yes, you shall go. You shall go.’ . . .

“‘The old man saw another picture. The young carver was setting out from the door, with his little bundle over his shoulder. The old carpenter blessed him, and let him go, without a word to stay him;’ but whenever the young man turned round, the old one was still looking after him, until at last he went over the brow of the hill. And then the old carpenter turned away sadly. ‘How could I stay him? He, too, is gone,’ he said; and he went into his house and shut the door.

“‘But after it was dusk in the evening, there came a gentle knocking at the door, and when he opened it, the carver stood upon the threshold.

“‘Master, I have returned,’ he said.

“‘To stay yet another night, dear son?’ said the old man, trembling.

“‘Even to the end,’ said he.

“‘My son!’ said the old man, trembling more.

“‘I am resolved,’ he answered, and his face against the sky was very pale.

“‘God reward you, my son!’ replied the old man, weeping ‘seeing that I never can.’

“‘He only bowed his head, and said within himself, ‘Nay rather, God give me grace still to thank him.’

“‘He said to the squire, ‘He has given me so much, that I may surely give back to him, even if it be only giving up.’

“‘But that, my little maid, is a hard thing to give, — yes, the hardest of all. And doubtless the priest knew it, for he only said, ‘It is by the grace of God.’”

“‘I love him for coming back,” said Miss Nancy, sadly; “but I wished he might have gone to be a great carver. It wasn’t a wrong thing to want, was it?”

"No, it was not wrong, my little maid. It was good to desire it, but to so give it up was far, far better. And that picture stayed a long time before the old man's eyes, and he dreamed over it. He saw the carver go up to the room in the gable, and look at his work, and turn its face to the wall, and go out again. He saw him toiling day by day in the workroom below, for now it was he who supported the old carpenter; and he thought of him always there in the same place, until ten long years were past. Until one evening the old carpenter said, 'Now you shall soon have your release. Come and let me bless you, my son.' And in that night the old carpenter died....

"The old man saw another picture. Now the carver was setting out at last to seek his fortune in earnest. And the old man saw that the priest and the squire walked with him to the highway, and bade him farewell, and stood to watch him until he had gone over the brow of the hill, but he did not hear what they said. 'God bless him!' said the squire. 'If he had gone ten years ago, he might have been a great man.'

"He will yet be a great man,' said the priest, and mused. 'Perchance in God's sight he is already great.'

"And they went home, and thought of him when the evening fell. But sunrise came, and sunset, and moon followed moon, and summer and winter went by, and so the years passed.

"But the old man saw the carver go out into the world to seek his fortune, and saw him find it, for it was to work with all his heart, as a man should work; and he went here and there, and many things befell him."

"And did he come to be a great carver?" said Miss Nancy.

"He did, my little maid, though success, as we account it only came to him late in life; and men said he had begun too late. Not so; he had waited for God's time with a noble patience. Did he value the success when he did come, as he would have done when he was young? Ah, that I cannot tell; but in his day he was a carver, as some say, never equalled, and as all say, never surpassed, though perhaps it was only after his death that men came fully to this understanding. And at last he would stay there no longer to work in cities, for he had through all this latter part of his life an exceeding great longing to see the green forest once more, and, if it might be, to lie down under the shadow of the church."

"He must have grown old, I suppose?" said Miss Nancy, wistfully. "But generally in tales the people who seek their fortune find it before they grow old."

"Yes, he had grown old," said the rector. "That is, as we count years. But one is fashioned after this manner, and another after that, and thanks be to the good Fashioner of all there are some who never grow old. And so at last the carver set his face homeward along the old highway, and began to bring his adventures to an end. . . ."

"The old man saw another picture. He saw the carver walking with the old priest and the squire through the long grass of the meadows to the house by the church. They found only a habitation for owls and bats; but the carver bought the house and rebuilt it. He went up to the room in the gable, and found the half-finished panel, gray with dust and cobwebs, still turned with its face to the wall, as he had left it so many years ago. He said, 'This was begun at the entering of my life, for the love of the beautiful earth beneath; it shall be finished at the close, for the love of the fairer heaven above.'

"And so he began the famous twelve apostle panels, as all men said, his best work, and, as he said, his dearest. It was also his last; for the time began to draw near when he should bring his steadfast life to a good ending. . . ."

"And so the old carver awoke from his dreams, and thought upon his life, and gave God thanks for it.

"A shadow fell through the doorway. It was the aged priest and the squire, who came to sit with him, as they so often did in the evening.

"'Is the work finished?' said the priest.

"'Almost,' he answered 'this evening it will be finished,'

"And so the three old men sat at the open window, and talked of what had been in the old time and of what might be when time should be no more. And suddenly the carver raised his head from his work, and said, 'I go first. Last night I dreamed of a fair stream.'

"And they were silent, knowing to dream of a fair stream is a sign of coming death.'

"The priest said, 'Was that a happy dream?'

"The carver answered, 'I walked upon the brink of the stream, a stream all peaceful, flowing full between green reeds.'

To be continued.

The Guardian Angel.

Dear angel, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A guilty wretch like me !

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not though so near ;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear spirit, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

Yes ! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me !
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

And thou in life's last hour wilt bring
A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards will let me kiss
Thy beautiful, bright face.

Ah me ! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified ;
Yet one of them, oh sweetest thought !
Is ever at my side.

Then for thy sake, dear angel ! now
More humble will I be ;
But I am weak and when I fall
Oh ! weary not of me.

Oh ! weary not, but love me still,
For Mary's sake, thy queen ;
She never tired of me, though I
Her worst of sons have been.

Then love me, love me angel dear !
And I will love thee more,
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

A New Book.

The Bible for the Sick.—From the French of *Frederic Ozanam*. By Rev. Father Joseph Bruneau, of St. Joseph Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y.

The New York Christian Press Association Company has just published a translation of the volume known in France as "*Le Livre des Malades*," written by the late Frederic Ozanam, a well known Catholic author of this century. It is a well printed little book of about 127 pages, which deserves to meet with wide appreciation.

Ozanam was a profound student of the Bible. In the word of God he found wisdom and consolation, and not content with reading, he made copious notes. After his death his wife arranged those notes and had them published in bookform. It is a collection of passages from the different parts of the New and Old Testament, which are specially suited to inspire the sick with patience, steadfastness and trust in the Divine mercy.

The book is divided in four parts bearing the following titles :

- I. The foundation of faith and hope.
- II. The sick in the Old Testament.
- III. Counsels, sentiments of piety, prayers.
- IV. The sick in the New Testament.

Under these titles are to be found consoling words that will answer all moral needs of the sick and help them to suffer their misfortunes with fortitude and hope.

In the first part, the origin of suffering is explained. The divine complaint, the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, his death, are amongst the best quotations. Extensive notes are borrowed from Job's misfortunes, from his complaints, his hopes and his cure. How to accept trials sent by God, sentiments of contrition, trust in God. During convalescence are chapters that contain noble thoughts which bring comfort and strength. The book should be eagerly read, not only by those suffering physical diseases, but by all those mentally ill-fated as well.





The Four Great Doctors of the Church
Proclaiming the Mervels of the Eucharist.

