



Altar of the Exposition,
Church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

Vol. XVIII. No 8.

Montreal.

August. 1915.

Benediction at the close of Day.



Only to rest in Thy presence
At the close of the weary day,
When the soul is sick of life's battle
And the heart is too tired to pray.

Only to listen in silence,
In the twilight soft and dim,
While the invisible choir of angels
Are chanting their evening hymn.

Only to rest in Thy presence
While the daylight is fading away,
Though never my lips I open,
And never a prayer I say.

Only to listen in silence,
To the voice of Thy heart divine,
Till a feeling of peace steals o'er me,
And happiness once more is mine.

Only to rest in Thy presence
When the journey of life is o'er,
All sorrow and sin forgotten—
Could human heart ask more ?

FANNIE McMAHON.

Visible and Invisible Presence of Christ

There are persons who, when they read the Gospel, are apt to repine and regret it was not given to them to live on this earth at the same time with Our Lord. It would have been such a consolation, it would have done so much good to their poor souls, to see Our Lord, be near Him, gaze on His heavenly countenance, and witness His miracles, receive from His very lips the words of eternal life, accompany Him from place to place, and perhaps minister to His wants. Surely they could not help being saints.

Others again wish Our Lord had remained on earth to govern His Church Himself. Had He done so, He would captivate all hearts, convert the whole world, prevent all crimes and heresies, console the afflicted, etc.

Such language implies a great want of a proper appreciation of invisible, but Real Presence of Our Lord in the Eucharist. To such I would not hesitate to say you have far more than you ask for. The invisible presence of Our Lord in His Sacrament of love, is a much greater blessing than was His visible presence.

He says it Himself: "It is better for you that I should go."

If our Lord were visible on this earth He would either always keep in the same locality, in Jerusalem, Rome, or some other chosen residence, or He would move about from place to place, so as to visit all Christian countries in turn and within a given period of time.

If He were always in the same place, how few, comparatively, would be able to see Him, even once in their lives! Fewer still would enjoy the privilege of a private interview of any duration.

Suppose that He were to move about from place to place; were He to go every where, His stay in any given locality could be but very brief and His visits occur at rather rare intervals; and though most Christians would then have a probable chance to see Him, once

or twice in the course of their lives, a few only would be happy enough to deal privately with Him, for any length of time.

How different is the case now that we have Our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist! He is of easy access to all for He habitually resides in thousands of places. We all can visit Him, at any time we chose, and stay as long as we please, and return again as soon as we like. He is ever ready to receive us. We have not to wait for our turn, or to shorten our interviews to make room for others; we may all call at the same time, and yet commune with Him, as privately as if we were alone.

But you will say, it is not the same thing. Although we are sure of His presence in the Eucharist, still we do not see Him, we do not hear His voice, He does not answer us, we do not behold His countenance, etc. If we could only do this, the impression would be so great that we never should forget it, it would fill our hearts with the love of Jesus, and make us saints.

Let us not deceive ourselves. No doubt it would gratify our curiosity, but would it do much more? Those who enjoyed all the advantages you seem to value so much, were they all benefited by them? When Our Lord was on earth, did He captivate all hearts, prevent all sins? What were the effects of His visible presence? To many it was a curse rather than a blessing; they became hardened in their sins and much worse than they were before. Some, no doubt, were changed for the better, but they were rather few in number. See the apostles. They indeed had the best possible chance of being benefited by the visible presence of Christ. They were constantly with Him for over three years. They had Him so to speak all to themselves. They witnessed all His miracles, heard all His instructions. He took special care to train and form them, and yet what was the result? Without speaking of the traitor, we find them, after three years, almost as ignorant and as worldly as at the start. It is true that they had become greatly attached to Our Lord and loved Him sincerely; but their love seems to have been rather a human feeling. It is only when

Christ was no more visible with them, that they truly became Saints.

The visible presence of Our Lord would not change our nature. No circumstance can make virtue easy and natural to us. If it become so, it would no longer deserve the name of virtue; it would not be entitled to a crown. Heaven must be conquered. The reward is in proportion to the difficulty and sacrifice. True we can be victorious only with the assistance of God's grace. But this is, if anything, more directly connected with the invisible than with the visible presence of Our Lord.

It would be a consolation to see Our Lord. Has the Eucharist no consolation in store for us? See what a source of happiness it has ever been to pious and saintly persons! If we derive little or no joy from it, is not the blame all our own? It must come from the fact that we have little love for Our Lord.

As a means of sanctification, what can be compared to the Eucharist? What an inexhaustible abundance of graces, in the simple presence of Jesus in the holy tabernacle, in the sacrifice of the Mass, and above all, in holy communion! Our Lord has lavished on us His choicest treasures; He has made Himself our food. I fear we are far from duly appreciating the inestimable blessing of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist. It should make us as happy as angels almost.

COMMUNION AND VISIT.

We should be grateful for this bread of life, this bread of salvation, and show our appreciation by receiving holy Communion as often as we can. We know our dangers, and should fortify ourselves against them. Our loving Lord invites us to strengthen ourselves with Himself, and when we heed not the invitation, then, He warns us of the consequences and tells us that "unless we eat of His body and drink of His blood we shall not have life in us."

And do we notice the truth of this? Who can remain long in virtue unless with the special assistance of God — nature is so weak and Satan is so strong. Left to ourselves it can only be but a little while till we fall into the worst

of evils, and yet with the Blessed Sacrament received frequently how good we can become even in a short time! Frequent worthy Communion and mortal sin cannot exist in the soul at one and the same time. We must give up one or the other.

Let us not only receive our Lord often but go often to the Church at other times to adore Him in the tabernacle. The late Sovereign Pontiff has made it the devotion of the day. It is the keynote of his great pontificate, and the people are following him. Let all grow more and more in fervor and love for the Blessed Sacrament of the altar and by partaking of it frequently grow in holiness and perfection in preparation for eternal life. —

In everything that St-Francis de Sales saw, — flowers, birds, paintings, splendid buildings, glorious scenery, snow-capped mountains, lakes, he found means of raising his soul to God and of helping others to do like-wise; this Bread of Angels, if we tried more earnestly to measure and to grasp the entire length and the breadth and the height and the depth of the wonderful and transcendent love of Jesus Christ. "It is true," says a noted ascetical writer, "you can elevate your heart to God and pray to Him everywhere; nevertheless it is a consoling and encouraging reflection that when you visit the Blessed Sacrament you find your Lord and Saviour there as a brother, Who feels and thinks and wept and rejoiced as you do with your poor and yet so richly gifted human heart."

"The divinity of Christ which is present in the Holy Eucharist is no other than that which you find everywhere — in heaven, on earth, and in the fields and woods of nature; but the sacred humanity of Christ, which is united to the divinity, you can enjoy only in the blessed moments of sweet and confidential intercourse before the tabernacle". This sacred humanity of Christ is for us the way, the truth, and the life. Our union with God is dependent upon the sacred humanity of Christ.

Christ, the God-Man, is our Mediator. Oh! let us kneel more frequently in adoration and contemplation before the tabernacle, and let us there pray more zealously and cry out from our hearts, that we may learn to know Him better and to love Him more and more.

CATHOLIC REVERENCE COMMENDED

“If there is one thing that we Protestants can learn from the Catholics it is reverence for the Church.

To the Catholic, the Church is a sacred place, the house of God — the place where the believer meets his God. How different our Protestant feeling! Theoretically, the church is the house of God, and we admit that it is the place where one should meet God. Practically, it is the meeting place of a religious organization — the place where the varied activities centre — the place not so much of worship as of work. The auditorium itself, merely one of the various rooms of the building, is the place where one goes twice a week to hear a man. Whether we admit it or not, this is the way the church is very largely regarded. It must be so. If we felt the sacredness of the place as do the Catholics, if the church was for each one of us the place where one meets God, surely we would not permit socials and entertainments, and all sorts of meetings to be held in the room set apart for worship! Surely we would not see the whispering and running about that is so often seen there! And may it not be added — if we feel thus about the church as a place of worship would we feel differently about our attendance there on the Sabbath?”

As a matter of fact the great difference between the Catholic and Protestant church edifice is that Jesus Christ, Our God and our Saviour, is really and truly present on our altars. Without this Divine Presence a Catholic church would be as bare and empty as a Protestant church, and there would be little of that deep reverence which the Baptist paper now notes and commends.



Flowers for the Queen of Heaven.

It is the month of August, a time when nature in its flowers and trees, is at the zenith of its glory, that the church celebrates the feast of Mary's Assumption into heaven. We can honour and pray to Mary at all times, we can glorify God in her whenever we feel inclined to do so; but if there be an appropriate time for honouring the Queen of angels, and for praising God on her account, is no doubt the day on which we commemorate her triumphal entry into the blissful realm of her Divine Son; a day in which the church calls upon her children to be glad some in honour of Mary over whose Assumption the angels rejoice and with one united hymn praise the Son of God. On festive days such as this, parents could give expression to their devotion to Mary, by placing themselves and their children under her care, and by begging the help of her powerful prayers; they would do well to cultivate devotion to Mary in the innocent hearts of their children, by encouraging them to show their admiration and love for the Mother of Jesus, by placing at her feet a lighted taper or a few flowers, the emblems of her virtues; and we can have confidence that Mary in return will protect them from the dangers to which the young especially are exposed. The following incident will show how pleased God is with those who honour Him in his saints, however insignificant the act of devotion in itself may appear.

A religious who was once preaching a retreat to ladies at Nancy, told them that they should never despair of the salvation of a soul, and that sometimes actions that are of little importance in the eyes of men, are rewarded by God in a special manner. The same evening the preacher was about to leave the Church when he was accosted by a lady in mourning who spoke thus to him. "Father, you recommended to us the practice of confidence and hope; and I can say that something happened to me which justifies your words. I had a husband always good and affectionate and irreproachable in his public and private life alike; he had but one failing, which was that he abs.

tained from the observance of all religious practices. My prayers, as well as the advice I ventured to give him on the subject, had no effect. In the month of May which preceded his death, I had according to my custom raised a little altar to the Blessed Virgin in my room, which altar I adorned with flowers that were changed from time to time. On Sunday, my husband spent the day in the country and on his return he offered me a bunch of flowers which he himself had gathered and carried home; with these flowers I decorated my oratory. Did he notice what I did with them? Did he act thus for the sole purpose of making himself agreeable to me, or was he animated with piety towards the Blessed Virgin? I know not. At all events, not once during the month of May did he omit to offer his gift of a bouquet of flowers. Early in the following month, he was suddenly stricken down and died before any spiritual aid could be given him. I was inconsolable, and my health was in consequence seriously impaired. My relations obliged me to take a trip to the South. As I had to pass through Lyons, I wished to see the holy Curé d'Ars, who was still alive; I wrote to him requesting the favour of an interview and asking him to pray for the soul of my husband who had died suddenly, but I said nothing more. I had scarcely entered the saintly priest's room, when he said to me "Madam, you are sad, Have you then forgotten the bouquets of flowers, the bouquets presented every Sunday in the month of May." I am utterly incapable of expressing in words how astonished I felt when I heard M. Vianney recall to mind an event of which I had spoken to no one, and which he could not have known in any other way than by revelation. The Curé d'Ars went on to say; "God had pity on your husband because he had honoured His holy Mother, at the time of his death, he repented; his soul is in purgatory, by our prayers and good works we shall obtain his deliverance."

The preacher obtained the lady's authorisation to make the fact known. We have related this curious and remarkable incident for the benefit of our readers. It will serve to strengthen them in their belief, that the filial love and reverence for the mother of God to which we give expression by adorning her altars with flowers and candles is

acceptable to God, It will serve to increase their devotion to Mary. It may also shed a ray of light on the minds and instill confidence into the hearts of those who have prayed so long and seemingly without result for relatives who do not serve God as they ought. There are persons who sometimes feel tempted to think, because they do not see any sign of change for the better in those concerning whose spiritual welfare they are anxious; such may have been the case with the widow referred to in the foregoing narrative. At all events according to her own statement she had prayed for her husband and given him advice, and all seemingly to no purpose. But who can say that her prayers were fruitless? Who can say that her husband's devotion to Mary, which drew down upon him the mercy of God, was not due to her prayers.

Again, there may be persons who fret because they can do nothing great or wonderful for God; let such persons bear in mind, that most people are called to sanctify themselves by the faithful performance of their daily duties, hidden though their life may be to all but God alone, and that the smallest actions done with a view to please God are as acceptable to Him as was the widow's mite of old, the charm of their virtues may be felt only by the few whom they have occasion to meet, but their meritorious deeds are from first to last faithfully entered in the Book of life.

The incident related above may serve to soothe the anxious heart of those who grieve over the waywardness of some loved parent, or sister, or brother, for it will remind them that a soul is never beyond divine mercy, until it has separated itself for ever from God by refusing His mercy unto the very end. The prayers, alms deeds; and acts of self-denial offered by these anxious persons, for the spiritual wellbeing of others may appear to be unnoticed by heaven, but they may rest assured that not a prayer ascends above from a well disposed heart without being heard, and answered in some way or other; for a flash of light from the throne of mercy can enable a sinful, negligent, and worldly person to repent sincerely of their evil deeds, even when their eyes are about to close in the long sleep of death. Such is the confidence with which God's own promise should inspire us! "ask, and you shall receive."

Church Consecration.

(See frontispiece.)

There are different ceremonies attached to a church itself or edifice, in which the children of the faith gather around the tabernacle or earthly dwelling-place of their God and Saviour. There is first the laying of the corner stone, or first great stone on which the building is to rest, and then the blessing or dedication of the church after the material work is completed. Finally comes the consecration ceremony when the church is given up to God forever. Consecration can only be had when all the debt is paid on the church.

We can get some idea of the character of such an event by a comparison. As the young religious who at first is received with simple ceremony and after a while is allowed to put on the holy habit, is still free to return to the world, so the church simply blessed and allowed for divine use may, if desirable, be given up and cease any longer to be a place of sacrifice and worship.

But, again, as the religious when once vowed to God or solemnly consecrated to His holy service, irrevocably and forever, is no longer free to change, so too the church that is consecrated is given irrevocably to God — and come what may, the sacred edifice is His and His alone; and should fire or other elements destroy it, or the ravages of time cause it to crumble to dust, the ground on which the church stood would still be sacred, and around the hallowed space where the altar stood would be erected an iron rail, and in the centre of the enclosure would be raised a huge cross telling the story of the past glory.

The presence of our Lord makes any church a holy place, but this holiness, we may say, may be limited to the tabernacle and the sanctuary or immediate surroundings. But when a church is consecrated, that holiness pervades even to its outer walls. Every stone is blessed because it is a part of the one great whole

that is consecrated, and the altars on which is offered the Immaculate Lamb in holy sacrifice are given to God only after long and solemn prayers. A church may be blessed or dedicated in a few minutes, but hours are required for its consecration. A simple priest may bless a church — but none but a Bishop can consecrate it. The work is so sacred in the mind of Holy Church, that she requires it to be prepared for by both the Bishop and flock with solemn fast the day before.

When Solomon's temple was built, all Israel assembled at its opening and amidst the greatest solemnity, the ark was placed in triumph in the Holy of holies under the wings of the cherubin. Voice and harp, and psaltery, cymbal and trumpet blended in sweetest harmony, and when the priest chanted forth the psalm, "Give glory to the Lord for He is good, and His mercy endureth forever," the whole audience fell on their faces, for the house was filled with the cloud of God's majesty, and fire shot down from the heavens and consumed the welcome holocausts.

But what were the ark and temple but shadows of what was to come? What the sacrifices of the Old Law in comparison to the One Law Sacrifice of the new? A mighty, an infinite change has been wrought; the figure has given place to the substance; the shadow to the reality. Our Lord has brought in His sacred person the God from the clouds to reign with us on our altars to the end of time. When an altar is consecrated relics of the saints are placed in it to teach us to what perfection we may reach if, like them, we partake of the Body and Blood of our Lord and all the graces He is prepared to give us. It makes more practical also the Communion of the Saints, when we have their honored bones with us on our altars. As angels are our Lord's bodyguard and adore Him round every tabernacle, we must feel that greater, proportionately, must be their number when the church is consecrated.

Oh, if we could but lift the mystic veil that surrounds our altars, how many bright spirits would we see crowded round their Lord prostrate in adoration before Him! And if we could be so happy as to hear their heavenly

anthems, what joy would fill our souls forever! "For let us open the heavens and look into the heaven of heavens," says St-Chrysostom, "we shall find nothing more holy, nothing greater than what our Lord Himself has placed on our altars." If a consecrated church must needs be a holier place than the church simply blessed, must we not concluded that the Holy Sacrifice offered then will be all the more acceptable? And if a people must be considered blessed that have a merely-dedicated church to pray in, how much more blessed are they whose temple is consecrated? If the parish and all the faithful in it are blessed because of their dwelling beneath the shadow of God's church and altar, how much more blessed when that shadow is all the more widespread and deeper, when by solemn ceremonies both church and altar are consecrated to His glory.?

The people of a parish ought hasten the day of their church's consecration by being generous in their contributions to pay off the debts. For as a good householder delights to have his house all his own, and not a dollar due upon it, so the good Catholic flock should delight in having their church free from debt. — God's and their own.



OFFICERS AT MASS*A COMPARISON.*

A Paris correspondent writes as follows:

Pious men are found in all ranks of life, and it does not follow in France, any more than it does in England, that because a man wears the uniform of a soldier he should revel in strange paths and be a fire-eater. But under General Andre, recently gone into retirement after an exceedingly stormy scene in Parliament, if any officer were known to go to Mass regularly that was a circumstance that delayed his promotion. On nearly all the "character notes," or "fiches," supplied by the "informers," in the French Army against their brother officers we find such indications as these: "Goes to Mass," "Very clerical, very hostile to the Government," "Very clerical, he has his son educated in a religious school." And these unfortunate officers, whose only crime was going to the church of their Fathers, might count among the bravest and most intelligent of their regiment; but because the Government is anti-clerical, their hopes of promotion and distinction are doomed to disappointment. How it strikes the Frenchman when he leaves France is shown by a letter published in a Paris paper one morning. The writer signs himself, "One who has returned from South Africa," and as the result of what he saw in that British Colony he draws an instructive comparison between a monarchy like England and a republic like France."

He says: "It was Easter Day last year, and the sun was shining brightly on the little town of Kroonstad, in the Orange River Colony. Carts and farmer's vehicles of various kinds were arriving from all directions, and the bells of the Protestant churches were ringing the hour of service. There was no Catholic church in the town, and I asked where I might hear Mass. 'At a barn, near the Town Hall,' was the answer. We saw about a hundred horses belonging to a mounted infantry regiment standing in the roadway outside the barn, in charge of few men. In reply to my question as to what the horses were doing there, I was told: 'These are the horses of the officers and men

who are inside at Mass; we have come from camp.' We entered the barn, and never in my life will I forget the sight that met my eyes on that Easter Day of 1914. The walls were bare, and the windows were shattered by the balls which had entered there during the war. At one end of the barn was a little English flag, surmounting a little table of wood, bearing a portable altar. The priest was saying Mass, assisted by two British soldiers. In the front rank of the audience were three officers, then came about thirty inhabitants of Kroonstad, and behind them a hundred soldiers. Another soldier was seated at the harmonium, accompanying the hymns sung heartily by his comrades. When the sermon commenced, the priest turned towards us, and my heart beat quicker, for I recognized by his accent that he was a compatriot. But while he spoke my thoughts were far away, for I was thinking of France and the campaign against our priests in Brittany, and I was moved by the lesson at that moment being given me by the British army. But how much more is my heart stirred today when I think of the Easter Mass in Kroonstad, and see what is passing in our dear army where an officer cannot go to Mass without receiving black marks, while in the great nation which has concluded the 'entente cordiale' with us, the officers ride at the head of their men to pray to the God of Armies?"

Practice for a Visit to the Most Holy Sacrament.

They who are faithful in visiting the Blessed Sacrament as often as they can, know from their own experience, that there is no more sure and easy means for obtaining from Our Lord everything we want, provided that we ask Him for it with a reverent confidence, both in the general assembly of the faithful, and also especially at certain hours of the day when He is most seldom visited, or by very few persons; but for this we must, when we approach Him in the church, be filled with reverence, gratitude, confidence and love.

All the sanctity which the Birth of Christ communicated to the stable of Bethlehem, all that His precious

Blood communicated to Calvary, and His Sacred Body to the sepulchre, also invests our churches, and if when we enter them, and approach the altar, we are not penetrated by the holy awe which fills us when we draw near to the most holy places, if we have not those feelings which cause the loving tears of pilgrims who are so happy as to visit the manger in which our Lord was born, or the mount on which He died, it is because we are wanting either in faith or attention. But we must try to remedy this evil before entering a church by making some reflections on the sanctity of the place, and on the majesty of Him who dwells therein. How many people would think themselves very fortunate were it as easy to enter into the palaces of the great as it is to enter the churches? And yet they think nothing of the happiness of being able so easily and at all hours to approach the adorable Person of Jesus Christ.

When in the church we must never forget to worship the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This devotion is exceedingly pleasing to Him, and will prove of the greatest utility to those who practice it. Generally speaking, it is more profitable when we are in the Presence of Jesus Christ to meditate much and speak little. An affectionate silence, which is, one may say, the language of the heart is, very much more pleasing to our Blessed Lord in those visits than a great many vocal prayers said hurriedly and without attention. The exceeding love of Jesus for us, His goodness, gentleness, generosity and patience in this adorable mystery, ought to awaken in us the most tender affections.

These offerings of reverence, confidence, and tender love for Jesus Christ should occupy us nearly all the time. We ought to seek His presence in the same spirit and with the same intent as did the angels, shepherds, and the Magi who visited Him after His birth, namely to adore Him: or, as did the Apostles, to hear His words and learn of Him; or as did the Magdalene, prostrate at His feet, to weep for our sins; or as did the sick, to ask Him patience and healing; or, as did His Blessed Mother, pondering in her spotless heart His admirable perfections, and growing ever more and more unto closer likeness to Him.

F. CROISET, S. J.

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Welcome of the Divine Guest.

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In a rare old Irish story,
 I have read, with tear and smile,
 Of a scene in a little chapel
 In Erin's far-off isle;

A little rustic chapel
 In a wild yet fair retreat,
 Where the hardy sons of the mountains
 On hallowed mornings meet.

The priest at the lighted altar
 Is reading the blessed Mass;
 And the place is thronged from the chancel,
 Clear out to the churchyard grass;

And kneeling, hush'd and expectant,
 Biding their chosen time;
 'Till the bell of the Consecration
 Rings forth its solemn chime;

When lo! as the Host is lifted,
 The Chalice raised on high,
 Subdued, yet clear, the people
 Send forth one rapturous cry:

* * * * *

“Welcome! A thousand welcomes!”

(While many a tear-drop starts:)

“Welcome! Cead mille failthe!

White Love of all our hearts!”

Oh, the passionate warmth of that whisper!

Oh, the grace of that greeting song!

On the tide of its glowing fervor,

All hearts are borne along!

And the blaze of the Son of Justice

Lights up that dim old spot,

And kindles in every spirit

A flame that dieth not,

Ah! friends in our stately churches,

When we gaze on the gorgeous shrine

Where the Sacred Host reposes,

Like a great white Pearl divine –

Let the voice of our faith find utt'rance

In a greeting free from guile;

Let us cry with our Irish brothers

In Erin's far-off isle:

“Welcome! a thousand welcomes!”

(What bliss that prayer imparts!)

“Welcome! Cead mille failthe!

White Love of all our hearts!”

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

SUBJECT OF ADORATION

THE WORD INCARNATE

ADORATION.

Adore our Lord Jesus Christ truly and personally Present upon the altar, and listen to the consoling words coming from the Blessed Sacrament: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." "I am the way, the truth and the life." "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

When our Lord uttered these words He manifested one of the greatest benefits, one of the most important ends of His mission on earth. Mankind had perverted the notion of natural virtues and totally ignored supernatural virtues. Had it not been for the Revelation of the Christ Saviour, of the "Holy of God" who through His deeds and example taught the true notion and perfect practice of the same, the world would have continued to live in darkness and in the evil paths of moral corruption.

The notion of virtue taught by words so clear, and upheld by the encouraging example of the Word Incarnate is therefore an immense benefit. It is He Who taught the world what was meant by the love of God, the love of our neighbour, chastity, meekness, patience, obedience, and all the moral virtues. By practising them first Himself, the Saviour made them lovely and attractive; by His example He has overcome our dislike of all exertion; and by making Himself the reward of all act of virtue accomplished in His love, He has given to the struggles of virtue such magnificent compensations that man has come to undertake joyfully the greatest sacrifices in order to practice it.

The Eucharist perpetuating under the eyes of all generations the terrestrial life of the Word Incarnate: it is sufficient to look at It, to know what is taught by faith in reference to this sacrament, in order to see in it the most sublime, the most heroic virtues, which emanate from the Eucharistic state itself and seem to be its condition.

Who is there, in that inertness, that powerlessness, in that poor tabernacle, under those humble appearances? The Man-God Almighty, the triumphant King. What poverty, what humility! Who yields to the word of the consecrating priest, who surrenders to prayer of the communicant? The King of kings, the sovereign Master! How eagerly obedient, how unreservedly submissive He is! Who silently suffer the irreverence, the insults, the sacrileges which daily assail the Blessed Sacrament? The God of majesty, the God whom the angels adore in trembling! What heroic patience! Who finally gives the Eucharist with all the graces It contains, to all, always and unceasingly? The God who owes no one anything, the Saviour who has accomplished His task on earth to the last jot and tittle. How sublime is His devotedness in the Blessed Sacrament! What charity, what forgetfulness of Himself! And thus appear all the virtues taught and practised by the Saviour in the Eucharist where He perpetuates the teachings and the examples of His human life through His sacramental life.

THANKSGIVING.

You will not be able to meditate on that consoling truth without feeling that your soul is penetrated with gratitude for the delicate goodness, the touching condescension of our Lord. For if it is absolutely necessary that virtues should be taught to us through example in order that we should understand them, is it not infinitely good on the part of Our Lord to perpetuate in this Sacrament the virtues of His life, so that all may see them with their own eyes, practised before them in all perfection? No doubt the fact of reading the account of the virtues of Our Lord in the Gospel is a great deal; but is it not still more efficacious to see the practice of them continued before you?

The example of these virtues are so striking that the most simple-minded can easily understand them. The poverty of the tabernacle; the frailty of the holy elements; the silence and patience of the Saviour in the Sacrament where He is forgotten, insulted or harshly treated; His eagerness in giving Himself to us, friends or foes; all this is visible, palpable, accessible to all; it is sufficient to have the faith of the catechism which teaches that the Christ God and Man is present under the veils of the Sacrament. If He accepts and submits to all the conditions of this state, poverty, patience, humility, sacrifices, it is evident He wants them, has chosen and adopted them: these conditions are therefore virtues He practices

and of which He gives examples. Then, in order to understand, it is only necessary to come before the Eucharist and remember the precept of Saint Peter: "See and do likewise."

But His goodness which places under our eyes these luminous and perpetual examples, does more yet; it gives us the Blessed Sacrament Itself as a nourishment, which means that through Communion we receive the grace, the strength and the means of practising what is taught to us. Communion gives the soul the means of practising what example has taught her. The master of virtue descends into us, is united to us, practises His virtues with us; He gives us, through His presence in our souls, the power and facility of virtue, of its sacrifices and struggles. It is more than example, it is divine strength put into the interior of our souls, adapted to our faculties. And as Communion is offered to us every day in our life, in all circumstances in which we are liable to find ourselves, it is therefore in an uninterrupted manner that the Eucharist imparts to us the graces of Christian virtues, as without interruption it shows us these virtues in action.

O abundance of the riches of our God, lavishly bestowed in the Sacrament, who will ever be able to sound thy depths in order to give in return adequate thanksgiving!

PROPITIATION.

Two thoughts can be brought under this subject as substance for reparation. The first is that the examples of the virtues of Jesus so mercifully continued under our eyes, and His assistance so abundantly bestowed on our souls make our vices, our sins, our cowardice in doing good, our wilful faults incomparably uglier, more sinful and more worthy of punishment. To be what we are in the presence of what He is and of what He so perseveringly endeavours to make us through His grace and His example! O shame! O horror! How can we sufficiently despise ourselves?...

The second source of reparation originates from the fact that very few Christians think of the virtues of Jesus in the Eucharist; nearly all disregard this treasure that Jesus nevertheless offers us only at the expense of immense sacrifices forced upon His glory, His honor, His royalty. It is sad, painful and lamentable that this great master-piece of wisdom and love should be so much ignored, so much neglected. This is to be regretted for us and for others and we must take the opportunity of sympathizing with the Saviour always "ignored by those amongst whom He abides, not in spirit only, but in truth and reality."

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PRAYER.

Let us ask for the grace and take the resolution of living hereafter on more intimate and vividly true terms with the Eucharist; of studying therein the virtues of Jesus; of adapting what the Gospel relates in references to them in order to better understand them; of taking to heart at last in the contemplation of the Eucharist the examples of the virtues of our calling; and of receiving with Holy Communion, the graces and the necessary help to reproduce these divine examples in ourselves. Let the Eucharist be to us, in fact, "the Way, the Truth, the Life!"

Never meditate on a virtue without studying the manner in which Jesus practices in it the Blessed Sacrament, and what means of practising it are given to us by Holy Communion.

Sunshine of Humanity.

When speaking of motives of love for God it is impossible to forget the Blessed Sacrament. The Emmanuel of our altars is the supernatural bread of the Christian. What comfort, love and hope are incessantly flowing into the hearts of the faithful from out our tabernacles; what comfort in the thought that Jesus Christ is still with us, and ready to receive us into His adorable presence whenever we may choose or please. Besides, I can say God lives on earth for me personally, and this seems to be the character of divine love that in some mysterious, incomprehensible way it is personal, that is exclusive for each and every one of us. The Blessed Sacrament is the mainspring of Christian life, the rock which is ever pouring over our parched hearts the refreshing and regenerating waters of salvation. The Blessed Sacrament is the soul of our churches and the sunshine of humanity; the Blessed Sacrament is the pledge of our salvation and the unmistakable token of divine love.

THE MASS.

All the visible rites employed in and about the sacrifice of the Mass tend to instruction, and to the commemoration of the death and passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, in compliance with His own command, "Do this in remembrance of me," that is do this in memory of my passion. This is plainly to be observed in the altar and its ornaments, as likewise in the garments with which the priest is invested, viz:

The altar signifies Mount Calvary whereon Jesus Christ the only Son of God, and Second Person of the most blessed Trinity, our Redeemer, was crucified upon a reproachful cross: which must necessarily be offered to God in that Church where His true faith is professed: and therefore this name of altar is mentioned by St. Paul, "We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle;" All which is sufficient warrant for us to use the name of altar, which also represents the table whereon our Saviour did celebrate His Last Supper with His disciples the night before He suffered.

The Corporal and Linen Cloths, that cover the altar, signify the linen cloth that wrapped the sacred body of Christ when he was laid in the sepulchre.

The candles lighted on the altar signify the light of faith revealed to the Jews and Gentles: and they remind us of the great splendor both of faith and of good life and works required in the celebration of so high and dreadful a mystery.

The Crucifix betokens our blessed Redeemer's victory over death and is placed in the midst of the altar to represent to our mind the death and passion of Jesus Christ, which is there chiefly to be considered and piously meditated on in that holy sacrifice.

The chalice betokens the holy sepulchre of our Lord.

The Paten, the great stone which was rolled against the door of the same sepulchre.

The amice, a linen cloth which the priest pulls over his face and fastens on his neck, signifies the rag of linen wherewith the Jews blindfolded Christ, Our Saviour, in mockery, when they smote and buffeted Him, saying, "Prophesy unto us, O Christ, who is he that struck thee?"

The Alb, that is, a white linen garment which Herod put on Christ after he had despised and mocked Him.

The Maniple that the priest wears on his left arm, the Stole that hangs about his neck, and the Girdle, represent the cords and fetters with which the officers of the Jews bound Christ and led Him from one place to another.

The Chasuble, that is, the upper garment, expresses the purple garment the soldiers put on Jesus Christ, and the heavy cross also that Christ carried on His blessed shoulders to Mount Calvary.

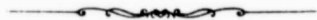
White is used on the feast of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin, and of all such saints as are not martyrs.

Red is used at Whitsuntide on the veneration and exaltation of the cross, and on the feast of the apostles and martyrs.

Purple or violet, the penitential color, is used on all Sundays and Ferias of Advent, in the penitential time from Septuagesima till Easter, and on Vigils, Ember and Rogation days, when the Office is of them.

The Green is used on all Sundays and Ferias from Trinity Sunday to Advent, exclusively, and from the Octave of the Epiphany to Septuagesima, exclusively, whenever the office is of the Sunday; but in the paschal time White is used.

The black, is used on Good-Friday, and in Masses for the Dead, which may be said on any day which is not a Sunday or a double, except from Palm Sunday to Low Sunday and during the Octaves of the Epiphany, Pentecost, and Corpus Christi.



The Boy martyr of Inishoven.

The story of Owen Doherty's life and death is not known to everyone in this world, but the angels in heaven know it and there they have recorded his name as that of a young hero who was willing to give his life for his Lord. No doubt, too, the Guardian Angels of our boys will rejoice that the story is written, that their own dear wards may know what a boy can do for his Saviour.

Two hundred years have passed since it happened; but the memory of the deed lingers yet among the faithful in the West of Ireland, and is told in the old Celtic tongue round many a fireside when the wintry Atlantic flings its spray over the wild rocks of Donegal.

It was two years after last hopes of the Irish patriots were dashed by the surrender of Limerick; and already the rude soldiers were showing their regard for the treaty by murdering priests and persecuting all who held to the ancient faith.

Owen's father was one of those who fought for his country from Derry to Limerick, and was forced to flee with the "Wild Geese" and enlist in the French service. Owen was an only son and, as his mother expressed it, he was "the light of her eyes and the pulse of her heart."

When a lad of fourteen, his youthful mind had been fired with thoughts of the great Cahir O'Dougherty, who had held his native Inishoven against the might of England; and the brave lad's whole ambition was to imitate him. But the defeat of the national cause and the gentle influence of a pious mother bent his mind to holier aspirations, and Owen Doherty, now a boy of sixteen, was possessed by a wish to aid his people in the ranks of their heroic priesthood. And so it was that though he could run and leap, yes, and even fight too for a friend, if need be, with any boy in all Inishoven, his chief delight was to steal off to the old master of the hedge-school, to learn Latin, or better still, to serve Mass for the gray-haired parish priest, whenever it was safe to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

One Sunday morning in the summer of 1693, the little congregation assembled in a cavern which seemed to have

been hollowed out by God's ocean for their worship. Mass was said on the old mass-rock, a natural altar in the interior of the cave which their pious hands had smoothed and adorned as a place of sacrifice.

Owen was in the place he loved best in all the world — at the foot of the altar, serving, like another John, at the sacrifice of Calvary. As it was the Sunday after Corpus Christi, the good priest had determined to gladden the hearts of his suffering people by a proper celebration of the feast, as he had seen in his young days at St-Omer's. The Mass was finished and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in a rude monstrance for the adoration of the kneeling worshippers. Bowed down before the hidden Lord the pious flock forgot the usual fear of danger in the all-absorbing presence of the Divinity. Our little hero was bent before his dear Lord in an ecstasy of fervor, praying that he might do something, anything, to show his love.

The opportunity came. Suddenly a sharp voice rang out at the entrance of the cavern; "If any man stirs hand or foot we fire, not at him, but at that thing on the altar." Owen felt a thrill first of fear for his dear Lord, then of love and the grand determination of the martyr. The feeble old priest would be too late to save the precious Body of Christ from desecration. He, himself, would do it. So, while the captain's threat was still ringing through the cavern, Owen had leaped from his place and landed on the altar, shielding his Lord with his body. "Fire!" cried the captain; and as the report rang out, the martyred boy fell forward, shielding even in death the precious gift for which he offered his life.

The infuriated people, who had sprung to their feet and struck down the now defenceless soldiers, saw nothing but the sudden leap and the curling smoke; but the old priest could see the smile and the joy of martyrdom on the young hero's face, and could hear his exultant cry of "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" as he fell forward on the Body of his Lord. And the angels — what did they see? Ah! they do not tell. But the eye of Faith can see almost all that the angels see, and it will tell. It sees the loving soul caught up, as it leaves the body, in the arms of Jesus, and finding, even on the Calvary where it departed, the fulness of the joys of heaven.

Frequent Communion.

The first Christians were accustomed to communicate frequently, and as many as assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, also received the Holy Eucharist. In order that they might be strengthened in their sufferings for the Faith, Holy Communion was carried to the Christians that were detained in prison awaiting the hour of torture and death. In contemplating the present religious condition of the world, we cannot but admit that the days are evil, and we are reminded of Our Divine Master's words: "The Son of Man, when He cometh, shall He find, think you, faith on earth?" Now especially must we look towards the See of Peter, the Center of unity, and listen to the voice of the Shepherd whom Christ has appointed to instruct, govern, and guide the universal Church. In exhorting the faithful to Communicate frequently Pius X has only pointed out a practice which cannot but prove beneficial to those who follow his advice. The desire of the Church concerning frequent Communion and the happy results of this pious practice which are mentioned in the decree, show how vain and despicable are the excuses, doubts, and fears which at times keep some persons from the Holy Table.

One of the grievances of some good people is that they feel no sensible devotion when they Communicate. Such persons have either forgotten that the sacraments are a means to an end, or they are under the erroneous impression that a Communion is not what it should be, unless the recipient experiences a certain amount of sensible sweetness; but in this they are quite mistaken, for the sacraments have been instituted by Christ for the purpose of conferring grace upon souls, so that by the aid of that grace they may walk steadfastly in the path of righteousness. "He that eateth me," said Christ, "the same also shall live by me;" but we find no declaration on the pages of Scripture, that whoever receives Holy Communion shall experience sensible devotion, or sweetness; this is a favour Our Divine Lord gives whensoever

and to whomsoever He pleases. The Holy Eucharist therefore imparts grace to those who receive it with sentiments of faith, sorrow, love, humility, etc., and helps them along the path of duty from day to day; it thus accomplishes what Christ intended it to do, and nothing more need be desired. Others may say: I seem to be as bad after Communion as before, and I fall so easily into the same faults. They do not see what progress they have made; but it is none the less true, that they might have been worse if they had not gone to Communion. If they really do fail to profit by Holy Communion, the reason must be found either in a lack of due preparation and thanksgiving or else as I have already stated, in the fact that they make use of Holy Communion as though it were an end, by looking for sensible consolation, instead of looking upon it as a means of effectively influencing the mind, and heart, and will. They have been to the altar rails, and they are satisfied that they have been thus far devout; it does not occur to them that Holy Communion should help them, by reason of the grace it imparts, to overcome the faults to which they are subject; they are perhaps satisfied with the exterior act of piety, and the consequence is that there is not much communion between the soul and its Divine Guest; there is not the humble, confident pleading that can draw down upon the soul the grace that enables a person to become, surely though imperceptibly, more Christ-like.

Other persons there are that absent themselves from the Holy Table on the plea that they are not worthy to receive Holy Communion. They are not worthy; so they say. The Holy Eucharist has been instituted by Christ as a means of sanctification and spiritual progress for souls that are weak, tempted, and tried: "They that are in health need not a physician, but they that are ill." They say they are unworthy: Saint Peter deemed himself unworthy of the honour proffered him, when Christ condescended to wash the feet of His Apostles! "Thou shalt never wash my feet" were the words that fell from the lips of Peter but His Divine Master said to him in answer to his refusal: "If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with me." In similar terms does Christ speak to those who would fain avoid receiving Holy Communion

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on the plea that they are unworthy. "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." If your humility be genuine, it should help you to prepare for Holy Communion. Let the thought of your unworthiness help you to esteem Christ's enefable condescension; let it prompt you to pray with greater fervor; but let it not keep you away from the fountain of life and the source of all good.

The Blessed Sacrament is everything to us.

I said before that the Blessed Sacrament was the triumph of the Church over the world, of spirit over matter, of grace over nature, of faith over sight. Now I will say more. The Blessed Sacrament is everything to us. If we wish to be all for Jesus, there is our way, there is Himself. If we desire to see how Jesus is all for us, or, which is another thing, how He is all in all to us, the Blessed Sacrament is at once that double revelation. All the doctrines of the Church, creation, incarnation, grace, sacraments, run up into the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament, and are magnificently developed there. All the art and ceremonial, the liturgical wisdom and the rubrical majesty of the Church are grouped around the Blessed Sacrament. All devotions are united and satisfied in this one. All mysteries gravitate to this, touch upon it and are crowned by it. Nowhere are the marvellous perfections of the Invisible God so copied to the life and displayed to His creatures. All the mysteries of the Incarnation are gathered into one, in the Blessed Sacrament. All the lives and actions of Jesus are found therein. All the other sacraments subserviently minister to this, and it is the one only Sacrament which Jesus Himself received. It does His work better than anything else does, and answers as nothing else does all the ends He has in view. It is the greatest work of God, and the sabbath of all His works, for therein the Creator's love, power and wisdom find their rest. It is the triumph of Creation, the triumph of Redemption, the triumph of the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, the triumph of the Holy and undivided Trinity.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

Mrs. Seton, when in Italy accompanied one day her Catholic friend to Mass, in the Church of Monterero. A young Englishman who was present, observed to her at the very moment of the Elevation: "This is what they call their real presence." "My very heart," she says, "trembled with pain and sorrow for this unfeeling interruption of their sacred adoration; for all around was dead silence and many were prostrate. Involuntarily I bent from him to the pavement and thought secretly on the words of St-Paul, with starting tears; "they discern not the body of the Lord."

Writing from the same place to a friend in America, she says, "How happy we would be if we believed what these dear souls (her Catholic friends) believe, that they possess God in the Sacrament, and that He remains in their churches and is carried to them when they are sick! While they thus carry the Blessed Sacrament under my window, I feel the full loneliness and sadness of my case and cannot stop my tears at the thought. My God, how happy I should be now so far away from all so dear, if I could find you in the church as they do (for there is a chapel in the very house where I am staying)! How many things I would say to you of the sorrows of my heart and of the sins of my life! The other day, in a moment of excessive distress, I fell on my knees without thinking when the Blessed Sacrament passed by, and cried in an agony to God to bless me, if he was there, that my whole soul desired Him only."

Shortly afterwards, her cry was answered and she became one of the shining lights of the Catholic Church



IROUDAYASAMI.

A FLOWER OF THE EUCHARIST.

Iroudayasami was but ten years of age when he came to Saint Joseph's College, in the beginning of the year 1892. He was naturally bright and affectionate and his great pleasure was to talk with the Fathers. On one of his first visits to the Father Spiritual, he said:

"Father, I know my prayers and my catechism well; you must let me make my First Communion."

As he was found to be sufficiently prepared, and considering his ardent desire to receive our Lord, he was admitted without delay to the Holy Table.

On the second of February, Feast of our Lady's Purification, after a three-days' retreat, Jesus and Mary came to take possession forever of the heart of the dear little Iroudayasami. He made pious preparation for this great act, and his joy was complete on the days of his first Holy Communion and of his consecration to the Blessed Virgin.

He made then the resolution of receiving *Holy Communion each day*. His confessor thought well to encourage the pious desire of this young soul, filled with ardent love for the Child Jesus, Whom he affectionately called his God, his Brother and his Friend.

Iroudayasami was, however, not without faults. His lively temperament and vivacity of character made it difficult for him to conform to the rules of the boarding school; silence was broken more than once, a little stubbornness shown now and then, and sometimes a little laziness in study.

"Iroudayasami," said one of the Fathers to him, "a lazy thoughtless child can never be allowed daily Communion."

"Oh, Father," was the quick answer, "I will work hard, and I will be good; let me receive Holy Communion; it is my greatest happiness!"

And truly the little lover of the Eucharist made serious efforts to improve and to overcome himself. His youth and natural petulance got the best of him sometimes;

but to purify himself from these faults of his weakness and thus to be more worthy to receive his Jesus, this little lad of ten years went to confession every day.

Thus without knowing it, he imitated the Saints who had this practice. One of his greatest delights was to kiss the crucifix of the Spiritual Father. As soon as he would see him, he would run toward him, saying:

"Father, the crucifix?"

The priest would give it to the child, who having kissed it lovingly would gaily rejoin his companions and recommence play.

"Iroudayasami," he asked him once, "what will you be later?"

"I shall be a priest! My mother, in dying, told me I should be a priest. I shall be one, then!"

"But, my child, to become a priest, one must work hard, be good, and love our Lord and the Blessed Virgin very much."

"Father, I shall do all that; then you will have to allow me to be a priest."

He had heard that, according to the Scriptures, the just man falls seven times. These words troubled him. He could not understand how such and such of his companions, who were so virtuous, and above all, how the Fathers whom he so tenderly loved and who were so good could sin seven times in a day! He was not content until it was well explained to him that there was question only of slight faults, due to inadvertence or to the natural weakness of the human heart.

Such was this beautiful flower of our Eucharistic garden. No wonder that the Sacred Heart desired to see it transplanted into Paradise.

Early on Saturday morning, April 23, the child was taken ill. One of his teachers wished to send him immediately to the infirmary, but Iroudayasami, who had carefully prepared his review for the week, begged and obtained permission to go to class. All during the morning he struggled against the mortal sickness which was upon him; no one then suspected the cholera; this terrible disease was not seriously thought of until half-past two in the afternoon, when he was sent immediately to the infirmary. There he found a fellow-countryman whom he

was soon to follow into heaven. He made his confession for death with simplicity, as in his days of health; and did not forget, according to his custom, to kiss lovingly his dear little crucifix. Then he waited in peace for death or rather for the coming of his Jesus. He had received Holy Communion that morning. He died the Sunday following, or rather entered into the life whose seed had been sown in his soul by the Eucharist.

Where Jesus Waits.

Day with its busy care is o'er,
 And I, at last, am free
 To enter at the open door
 Where Jesus waits for me.
 He sits upon His altar throne,
 The sacred lamp burns low;
 I kneel and speak to Him alone.
 "Lord, bless me ere I go."

He does not chide my long delay,
 He does not turn from me;
 I almost hear His sweet voice say,
 "Come, weary one, to Me."
 Yes, I am weary of earth's chains,
 I fain would rise to Thee;
 Weary of self and selfish aims,
 "Lord, set my spirit free."