



St. Joseph.



THE SENTINEL  
OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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THOU KNOWEST I LOVE THEE

Thou knowest I love Thee, Lord tho' in my  
[weakness  
Tempted and tried, Thy love I often grieve;  
Thou knowest I love Thee, stay Thou ever near  
[me,  
That from Thy Heart, my heart may strength  
[receive.  
Strength to overcome, to conquer every failing  
That mars my life and makes it incomplete;  
Strength that shall keep me safe from sin and  
[wandering,  
Faithful and true forever at thy feet.



## ✠ Sacrum Convivium ✠

Tell him that you love Him and by your love you wish to make some compensation for those who are indifferent; that you wish to thank Him for those who are ungrateful; to honor Him for those who despise Him; to augment the number of proofs of your fidelity for those who free themselves from His Holy Law; that you wish to be docile for those who reject His sweet Yoke; to receive Him for those who refuse to do so; to console Him for the secret and perfidious betrayals that He must endure; to make your love persevere even for those who pursue Him with hatred in their heart; that you wish to be publicly seen near Him for those who are ashamed of being there; and finally, that you wish to be generous towards Him for those who grudge the tribute of love and affection that is His due.

His hands are open; His heart is overflowing; ask for graces for yourselves and for your families. Does some member of your family suffer, say to Him with Martha "Master, he whom Thou lovest is sick; cure him". Let there be confidence and tenderness in this divine meeting. Pray for one another for the sake of that charity which should unite us all.

And in order that all these graces may be more surely granted come to the Holy Eucharistic Table, which is so different from any other.

It is true there are in the world, other feasts made attractive by friendships, others, too, made agreeable and bright by the pleasures of family life, but far above all others and transcending them by reason of the dignity of the Host, there is one we call the Holy Table, the Sacred Banquet—"Sacrum Convivium." There we may not sit but prostrate ourselves; there we must approach with joined hands and downcast eyes, and with a heart

beating with faith and love because of the Holiness, the Divinity of the Food that we there receive—"O Sacrum Convivium in quo Christus sumitur."

Make it a duty then, to go to the Holy Table frequently. Open your hearts to God Who desires most ardently to enter there. And He, the Eternal Fire, the Eternal Love, will not remain inactive. He will unite your souls to Himself; He will transform them by this heavenly contact. To the All Holy you may say "Tu es in me et ego in Te"—"Thou art in me and I in Thee." Show Him the wounds of your soul and He will heal them; make known your troubles to Him and He will afford you consolation; unite your souls to His in a lasting embrace; let the bonds of confidence and love be so strong that nothing may ever sever them. Enriched with this Treasure and made strong by His strength, you shall then go forth and courageously undertake your daily crosses. The former He will sanctify: the latter He will sweeten.

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### ✠ Within the Tabernacle. ✠

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**C**HILDREN of the Holy Catholic Church, happy are we to possess this rich Treasure — the Eucharist. We believe that our God dwells in the Tabernacle; our Faith in the Real Presence is based on the words of the Prophets; on the manifest teaching of the Gospel, on the traditional doctrine of the Church; on the divine plan of Redemption; on the most disinterested efforts recorded in human history; on those mystic virtues which are the fruits of the Sacrifice of the Altar and which give efflorescence and fragrance, sweet, soothing, consolation to this land of our exile.

We believe that Jesus has remained with us by placing Himself beneath the sacramental veils. We are familiar with His words to the Apostles: "I will not leave you orphans." And we realize that to fulfil this promise of His loving Heart He became our Companion on life's pilgrimage. He walks by our side in the desert paths, and no place is so poor or so forlorn that He will not deign to stop and rest with His wayfaring children.

At any hour of the day the righteous soul knows where to find its true Friend, and when his heart feels, as it were, congealed by the icy winds of this unholy world, when the sight of wrong-doing excites spiritual aversion or disgust, the just man knows where to find a refuge, a harbor of safety for his life in peril—a beacon of hope. Thus may we repeat the words of St. Augustine: "Our Divine Saviour could not have more wisely chosen; in spite of His omnipotence He could not have done more; in spite of His riches He could not have given us a better Gift."

We need not seek to soar to Heaven's heights to contemplate the Divinity and to experience celestial joys. He lives in our midst. He remains during the long hours of the day and night within the Tabernacle, and but scant veils hide Him from our view,—fragile appearances that abide miraculously sustained.

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*Life of St. Joseph in the Holy Family.*

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ESUS was the centre of Mary and Joseph's love. Where the body is, there are the eagles. Our heart is where our treasure is. The possession of Jesus formed the whole center of that Family. They held not to Bethlehem, nor to Nazareth, nor to Egypt. To have Jesus, was the home of their heart.

Like St. Joseph, return quickly with joy and happiness to the house in which is the Divine Child. Like Joseph, lose no time far from Him! He knew that Jesus was Divine Love Incarnate!...

So, too, my house, my family, my center is Jesus in the Host, near whom I dwell. I should be His Joseph, being well-off only there. Jesus was the end of Mary and Joseph's life. They lived, they labored only for Him.

O, with what pleasure St. Joseph labored to gain the bread of the little Infant-God and of His Divine Mother! How joyfully he brought back the small recompense gained by his work! And when he had had a little extra fatigue, how willingly he bore it for the sake of Jesus!

Thus Jesus ought to be the end of my life, since I am the Joseph of His Sacramental state. He should be the law of my life, the joy and the happiness of my life, and what life more beautiful than that of the Most Holy Sacrament!

Jesus was the never-failing nourishment of Mary and Joseph's life of union and love. They were so happy watching Him, listening to Him, seeing Him working, obeying and praying! He did all things so well! They were happy, above all, in observing His intention, His interior, His sentiments, the motive of His actions; happy in seeing Him always choosing occasions of poverty, obedience and penitence; happy in contemplating Him in His abasement and annihilation; and happy in beholding Him desiring nothing as man, but referring everything to the glory of His Father.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph had but one life, and desired but one thing, to glorify the Heavenly Father.

Ah! behold what I ought to do. But for that I must unite with Mary and Joseph, share their life, the spiritual life, the interior life of which God alone is the secret.

What happiness to live such a life! My love will be to live with Mary and Joseph in the love of our Eucharistic Jesus!

Father EYMARD.

“St. Joseph, what a loving object for Jesus Christ! What an object of complacency! What a subject for the exercise of His love, His caresses, His loving tenderness! O great saint, how happy you were thus to awaken the love of Jesus Christ! O God, what looks of love, what satisfaction! Goodness of my Jesus! how content you were to have before your eyes wherewith to satisfy your love! Happy Joseph! Happy Jesus! Happy Joseph to furnish Jesus with the most legitimate object of His delight! Blessed wert Thou, O Jesus, to find in Joseph the object of Thy most holy complacency!

“The life of God the Father in eternity, loving His Son, and the Son reciprocally loving the Holy Ghost. O, what an admirable life! And the life of Joseph and Mary—that, too, was an admirable life, the image of that of God the Father and of Jesus Christ His Son.

“The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph on their side, beholding the Person of God in Jesus, with all that He is, Son of God, the Word of the Father, the Splendor of His life and the figure of His substance—what reverence, what respect, what absorbing love, what profound adoration.

“It was a heaven, a paradise on earth; unending delight in an abode of sorrow; a wealth of goods in the midst of poverty; glory begun in the lowliness, the abjection, and the littleness of their life.”

M. OLIER.



## WHY GOD LOVES US.



IF God is His own end, and by a sort of necessity cannot but seek His own glory in all things, it would seem as if to be like God would be a legitimate title to His love. He will look with complacency upon that which reflects Himself. Still if even on this account God loved men, it would be a reason rather on His side than on our own. Nevertheless let us see what the real truth of the matter is. We are the contradictory of God in almost every respect. To say nothing of the finiteness and feebleness belonging to us as creatures, our moral qualities present a more fearful dissimilarity from His holiness and perfection. We are deficient in the very virtues which we are able to acquire, and for the acquisition of which He has given us special aids of grace. Nay, when He has summed up all that shall entitle us to the forgiveness of our sins, all that shall win for us the very kindness and favor which we seek from Him, into one simple precept, and told us to forgive if we would be forgiven, and to do to others as we would He, as well as they, should do to us, our corrupt nature finds the simple lesson an infinite hardship in practice. Times have been, alas! who will say those times are not now? when the world's sins have so sickened God that He has repented, immutable though He be, that He ever created man. And now what in all the world does He behold like himself? Nothing but the grace He has planted there, like an ailing exotic in an uncongenial soil, stunted in growth with a few pale leaves scarcely hanging on to its boughs, flowering hardly ever, and only under great forcing heat, and bearing fruit in this climate never. Is that the heavenly tree? Oh! who would



know it in such woful plight? Of a truth God has much to bear not to be downright offended with the grace He sees on earth, to say little of the nature there, and still less of the prolific sin. We know our own hearts far too well: and can we believe that God can look down from heaven, and see Himself reflected there? Earth has but one consolation. Truly there is something on man's side, something which is man's own, on which God's eye can rest, and love not only what it sees, but be so ravished thereby, that it will pour itself out in floods, and run over, and deluge the universe with light and loveliness, and that sight which is man's own, though it is not in man, is the Blessed Sacrament, where the patience of God securely rests its foot, and the divine anger rests, and sleeps sweetly, and wakes not to remember its errand of vindictive purity.

FABER.

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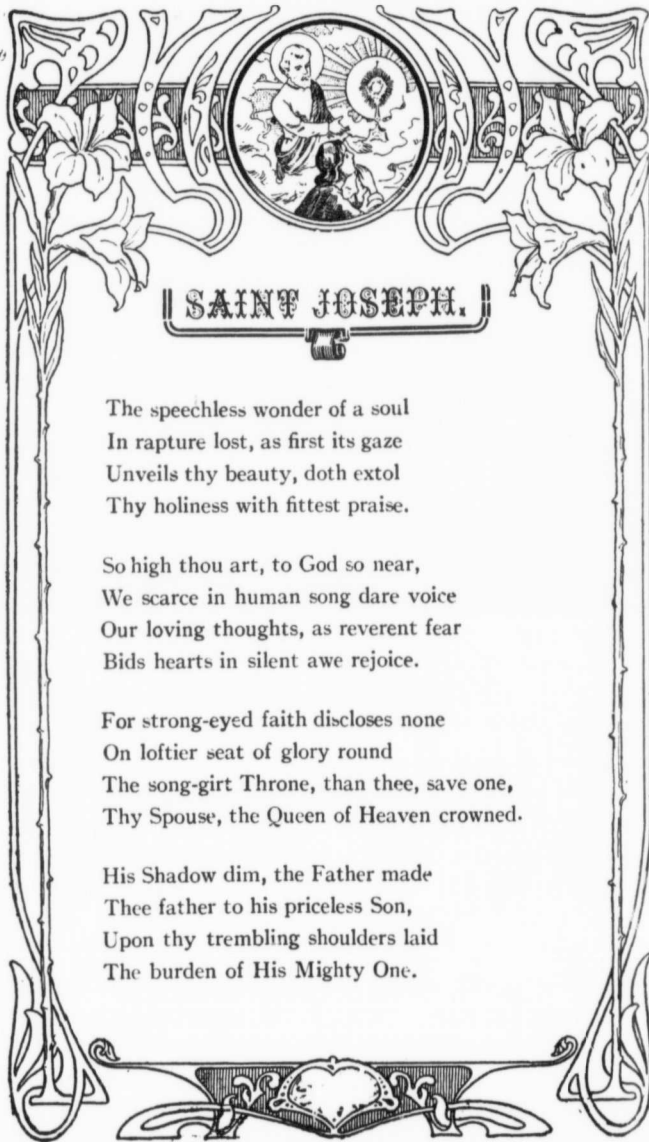
## → REPARATION ←



**A** SPIRIT of reparation is an essential part of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. We cannot love God without being pained by sin even in others. We cannot love Jesus without being wounded by the insults offered to His Sacred Heart in the Sacrament of His Love. Of this our blessed Lord bitterly complained to His chosen servant, Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. «Behold, said He, this Heart which has loved men so much, that it has spared nothing, even to the exhausting and consuming itself, to testify its love; and yet in return I receive from the greater number but contempt, coldness, ingratitude, irreverence, sacrilege, in the Sacrament of My Love.»

To encourage every one to a spirit of reparation our blessed Lord added, «Upon those who will render Me this honor (reparation), or cause it to be rendered to Me, I promise thee that My Heart will expand to diffuse upon them the influence of its divine love.»

We all, even the best among us, have sufficient reason to make reparation for our own sins and ingratitude to Jesus Christ. Kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, the soul in peace, alone with God, we shall see our sins in the light of the sanctuary: our countless sins, our coldness, our irreverences at Mass and Holy Communion, our neglect of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Here we find sufficient matter for reparation. The true reparation is to weep before Jesus over our sins, to beg of Him tears of sorrow, that He Himself may wash away our sins in His Precious Blood. The pious soul will try to make reparation to Jesus for the sins of others. The sins of a wicked world, the insults offered to the Blessed Sacrament during the last nineteen centuries would make an angel weep; all these Jesus foresaw, when for us He instituted the Sacrament of His love. Let us try to make reparation to Him for all the sacrileges ever committed — sacrileges, the greatest of all insults to His Sacred Heart. Reparation to Jesus for all the outrages, irreverences, impieties and blasphemies of heretics and infidels; to wish to make an act of faith in the Real Presence for every heretic and infidel that ever lived and for every moment of their lives; to believe in Jesus for the poor pagans who never heard His name; to love Jesus for the cold bad Catholics who believe in Jesus, but do not love Him; finally, to travel in spirit round the world, and in spirit kneel before every pyxis and tabernacle where Jesus is alone, abandoned and forgotten, and offer Him the praises of men, angels, and of the holy Mother — such is reparation: may Jesus inspire our souls with it.



|| SAINT JOSEPH. ||

The speechless wonder of a soul  
 In rapture lost, as first its gaze  
 Unveils thy beauty, doth extol  
 Thy holiness with fittest praise.

So high thou art, to God so near,  
 We scarce in human song dare voice  
 Our loving thoughts, as reverent fear  
 Bids hearts in silent awe rejoice.

For strong-eyed faith discloses none  
 On loftier seat of glory round  
 The song-girt Throne, than thee, save one,  
 Thy Spouse, the Queen of Heaven crowned.

His Shadow dim, the Father made  
 Thee father to his priceless Son,  
 Upon thy trembling shoulders laid  
 The burden of His Mighty One.

And when thy Lord to earth was born,  
Of right thou didst, all men before,  
Behold Him—Babe of splendor shorn—  
Whom, falling down, thou didst adore.

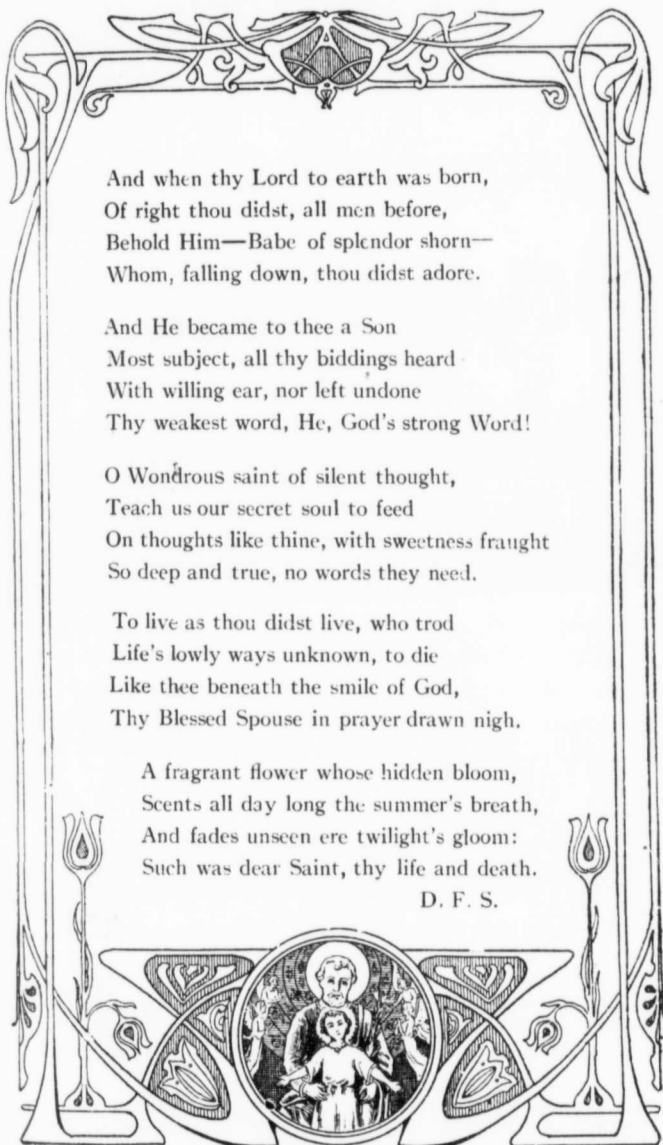
And He became to thee a Son  
Most subject, all thy biddings heard  
With willing ear, nor left undone  
Thy weakest word, He, God's strong Word!

O Wondrous saint of silent thought,  
Teach us our secret soul to feed  
On thoughts like thine, with sweetness fraught  
So deep and true, no words they need.

To live as thou didst live, who trod  
Life's lowly ways unknown, to die  
Like thee beneath the smile of God,  
Thy Blessed Spouse in prayer drawn nigh.

A fragrant flower whose hidden bloom,  
Scents all day long the summer's breath,  
And fades unseen ere twilight's gloom:  
Such was dear Saint, thy life and death.

D. F. S.





*Thirst for Daily Communion  
leads a young Schismatic Maiden  
to the True Fold.*

On the ninth of September, the Voix Serbe, of Sarajevo, published a virulent article against Mgr Stadler, the Catholic Archbishop, and against all those, who by force, take Serbe children, hide them from their families and compel them to become Catholics.

The following morning a number of greatly excited women gathered on the street near the Normal School Teachers Institute, waited for a young girl whom they surrounded and forced to accompany them to a neighbouring house.

From an authentic source we subjoin an explanation of this incident, and of the article in the Voix Serbe.

A young girl of 22, Georgiana Parvlovic, born and brought up in the Serbe religion, had for many years felt a strong attraction towards the religious life. Having disclosed her desire to the Metropolitan of her church, he directed her to the Russian Consul at Sarajevo, who gave her the address of a convent of religieuses in Russia. She immediately wrote to the Superior, but though in her eagerness she repeated her request five different times she got no answer.

Georgiana was then in a lucrative position earning a salary of 1,000 a year, but she was not at all happy and did not know what to do, when one day passing a Catholic Church she read over the portal: "To Jesus through Mary" Instinctively she entered and began to pray very fervently asking the Blessed Virgin to help her. From that day she often returned there and soon expressed a wish to be instructed in the Catholic religion, and finally her only desire was to become a Catholic.

In January 1913, she applied first by letter, then personally to Mgr. Stadler asking him to receive her abjuration and to point out a convent where she could consecrate herself to God. Through prudence, the Archbishop laid before her all the difficulties and sorrows such a step would entail and strongly advised her to first confide all to her mother. She replied that her mother had married a second time, that her present husband was a very bigoted Serbe who would certainly put insurmountable obstacles in her way, moreover that as she was of age she was at liberty to act without consulting her parents. Seeing her determination the Archbishop could hesitate no longer and her adjuration was made in February in the Archbishop's chapel. A few days afterwards she entered the Convent of the Servants of the Child Jesus as a postulant and wrote a most touching letter of farewell to the mother she loved so dearly. Upon its receipt her step-father flew into a terrible rage. In the mean time Georgiana was sent from the Sarajevo Convent, to another of the same order, to prepare for her exams of admission into the Normal School Teacher's Institute where she would fit herself for her life's work-teaching.

So it happened that when she came up for examination, all unconscious of her danger, she was siezed by a

band of frenzied women and brought before the Serbe consistory. Here for two days the young postulant had to bear many affronts and cruel injuries, but the Holy Ghost inspired her with such wise convincing answer that finally she completely routed her adversaries. First before the Metropolitan, then before the Governmental Delegate she related with quaint simplicity the story of her conversion. Taunted with despising her own race, she answered gently: "oh no, I love my people and my country, and specially do I love the young folks who are like sheep without a shepherd."

And as the Metropolitan insisted on knowing the reasons that had decided her to abandon the religion of her fore-fathers, she exclaimed enthusiastically: "Thirst for Daily Communion made me."

The Metropolitan retorted that in the old Serbe Church, Liturgy was celebrated and that she could have communicated every day had she so desired.

With the quiet dignity she had maintained throughout the trying ordeal she answered: her Catholic Faith would no longer allow her.

She was then examined by a Serbe Physician with a view to confining her in an insane asylum, but after a most rigorous examination he was forced to admit she was perfectly sane and must be given her liberty.

Commanded by the Governmental Delegate to return to her parents, at least, until her position had been regularized according to the civil law, she consented only on condition that she be allowed to go to the Catholic Church every day for Communion.

Today Georgiana Parvlovic, free from all restraint can give herself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus who so divinely drew her to Him by the Thirst for Daily Communion.

❁ Subject of Adoration ❁

## "All Is Consummated"

REV: PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

*"Cum ergo accepisset Jesus acetum, dixit:*  
CONSUMMATUM EST!"

*Jesus, therefore, when He had taken the vinegar, said:*  
IT IS CONSUMMATED !

### Petition.

«*All is consummated!*»--On entering into the world, Jesus had promised His Father to do His will perfectly: «Then said I: Behold I come. In the head of the book it is written of me, that I should do Thy will, O God! (Heb. X, 7.) On quitting the earth, He has the satisfaction of being able to say that He had fully accomplished His promise. Behold it consummated, this marvelous life of the Saviour, the design of which had been clearly elaborated in eternity, and whose smallest characteristics had been foreseen and predicted down through the ages. It had been fulfilled according to the rigor of God's plans, not one prophetic detail having failed of accomplishment. Every moment, every respiration, every pulse beat, every pulsation of the heart—all has been accomplished with divine perfection, all has been infinitely just and beautiful, for all was done according to the good pleasure of God. And this life so beautiful, so fruitful in benefits, was consummated in a death in which everything is grand and good.

Such is the ideal that you, also, ought in a certain measure to realize. At the moment of death you ought, like Jesus, to be able to testify that God's designs have all been fulfilled in you. For that, you should study the Divine Model in His Gospel, and also in His Eucharist where He continues to show forth to us the example of a holy life filled with virtues. You must listen to His voice, that of His Church, follow Him step by step, mount with Him to Calvary, on your shoulder the Cross, to which you must allow yourself to be fastened, there to remain till death.

You must live conformably to your obligations as a Christian, a priest, a religious, never ceasing to struggle, as Saint Paul says, against your enemies, the demon, the world, and your own passions.



You must, too, fulfil the special mission God has confided to you in the family, in the Church. You must observe toward God the fidelity you have so often promised at your Baptism, on the day of your First Communion, in your ordinations, and on the day of your holy vows.

To carry out this program, what need I have of Thy strength, O Divine Saviour! Yes, it is on Thee, on Thee alone, that I desire to look for support in the persevering accomplishment of Thy law. At every instant, the flesh, the blood, the world, the demon entice me to descend from the cross. How shall I close my ears to their voice if Thou art not near to help me to overcome all these dangerous enemies.

But hast Thou not remained in the Eucharist to be my hope and strength? *With Thee*, — above all when Thou art in the depths of my heart by Holy Communion — *with Thee*, I can fight the good fight; — *with Thee*, I can finish my course; — *with Thee*, I can keep God's law; — *with Thee*, I can do what He commands me; — *with Thee*, I can shun what He prohibits; — *with Thee*, I can be faithful in the performance of the duties of my state; — *with Thee*, I can love God who is my Father as He is Thine; — *with Thee*, I can love my neighbor and spend myself in His service; — *with Thee*, I can suffer patiently and courageously; — *with Thee*, I may hope for the pardon of my sins; — *with Thee*, I may die holily, pronouncing in peace the blessed "*Consummatum est!*"

No Jesus, I solemnly promise Thee that nothing shall ever separate me from Thee: neither tribulation, nor sorrow, nor hunger, nor nakedness, nor danger, nor persecution, nor the sword, — in a word, nothing, I am Thine in life and death.

Mary, my tender Mother, do you register this oath of fidelity, and present it yourself to your Divine Son. From your sweet lips it will be better expressed and more graciously accepted. Protect it in your maternal hands and if, unfortunately, I should some day break this contract of love, good Mother, recall me to duty and chastise me without pity. O divine and loving Mother, obtain for me the grace to employ so well the days that remain to me on earth that, before giving up my soul, I may after the example of Jesus have consummated the great work of my sanctification!

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus renewing in a mystical manner His immolation on the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Promise Our Saviour great fidelity in the performance of the duties of your state.



### ➤ *A Chinese Hero* ◀



little Chinese boy only ten years of age went to the Bishop and begged for Confirmation for which he had been considered too young. The Bishop hesitated. The eagerness of the child touched him, but he was so young! The boy continued to supplicate for the sacrament.

“ But after you are confirmed, if the Mandarin puts you in prison and questions you about your faith,” said the prelate, “ what will you answer him ? ”

“ Monsignor, I will tell him that I am a Christian by the grace of God.”

“ And if he commands you to deny your faith, what will you do ? ”

“ I shall answer, Never ! ”

“ And if he should say that you must not go to church or keep holy the Sunday and festivals of obligation ? ”

“ I shall tell him I must first of all obey the Commandments.”

“ And suppose that in the end he will call the executioner and will say to you: Unless you apostatize these men shall cut your heart off. What will you say then ? ”

“ I will say, cut it off ! ”

The little hero was confirmed.



## THE PRIESTLY VOCATION



### *A Call to Christian Parents.*

Fathers and Mothers, to you also is addressed the call of God. He has something to demand of you, something most dear to you,—your children, For once in your life perhaps, reflect upon the possibility of such a demand and the responsibility of a refusal.

Vocations are lost through the fault of families not thoroughly Christian. God has marked them out for sacerdotal vocations, but they do not consent to receive them. He strikes at the portals of their homes to raise therein His contingent. But there are no more recruits possible for His priesthood where, through man's crime, cradles remain empty.

Your first cooperation in the recruiting of the clergy is to respect in the married life the sanctity of marriage, in order to permit God to confer on His predestined the sanctity to the priesthood. Glory to you, Christian families, who do not refuse to the Master of life the consent needed to create souls for children and to make of them some day the souls of priest!

If divine Providence has refused you sons, if He has destined none for the sublime end, if He has withdrawn from you one of those that He had given you,—a child

whom you would have gladly offered for His service, then take your share in the vocation of others. Give your mite to the work of the priesthood, defray the education of



some poor child, found a bourse for the support of some Seminary in need. Let a little of your wealth, in

defect of your blood, contribute to supplying priests to God.

But if He does you the honor of coming to seek among you one of His elect—oh! do not refuse that child to His love! Let Him make His choice. He will perhaps take the best, that one upon whom you counted to succeed you, with whom you had hoped to find even to old age ever faithful affection in your home. But that child belongs more to God than to you, He has a greater right over him than you have. Let His holy will be done and not yours!

Your consent is given beforehand and with gratitude to the designs of Jesus over your son. It would be too little to refrain from placing an obstacle to those designs. You must *favor* them, *promote* them. Pray to obtain for one of your offspring the grace to illustrate your name and sanctify his parentage by his elevation to the priesthood, cultivate in children the inclinations to piety, purity, charity, which can lead them to it. Inspire them with respect for the priest, with confidence in him, and with esteem for his state. Among all the careers toward which their still uncertain attention is turned, hold up to them above all others as an ideal that you should be happy to see realized in them if it so pleased God, that career of the Church in which, doubtless, no one enters of himself without a call, without direction, but access to which God freely opens by the hand of the Bishop to every one who endeavors to render himself worthy of it.

Happy the child that owes his vocation to his mother! Happy the mother that will owe her sanctification and her salvation to the vocation of her child! She shall have much desired it, long implored it, slowly merited and prepared for it. Her prayers, even before the precious birth for which she is hoping, shall have begun to weave

the white alb of divine graces which will envelop the expected heir. Her words and example shall from day to day embroider the ornaments of faith and virtue that will clothe his earliest years. She will often accompany him to the Holy Table that he may draw therefrom the desire to mount higher. Step by step, she will conduct him to the doors of the Seminary. At the hour of separation, Mary, who knows the pangs of a mother's heart, will gather up the blood of her sacrifice to unite it to that which she herself offered with the blood of Jesus on the Cross. The sufferings of the mother must perfect the immolation of sons!

In the transfiguration of Thabor, she contemplates him at last saying his first Mass. Her head is bowed under his filial benediction, the fingers embalmed by the Holy Unction will dry the tears of joy that flow from her eyes. Trembling with sweetest emotion, the hands of the new priest have given Communion to his mother. Some day—may it be far off!—trembling still more,—and this time with grief—they will bear to her the Holy Viaticum, and close her eyelids to the visions of earth. When the other children born of her pain shall have forgotten her in their new affections and ties, a priestly prayer will be sent up for her soul from a heart faithful to its only love, and will long continue to accompany her upon the road of eternity. Like the priest, she will there be distinguished by a splendor that will shine forever, *in æternum*. God has laid up for her a crown of glory which He owes to mothers through whom His priesthood saves the earth and peoples heaven.



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**EVENING VISIT to OUR LORD.**

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It is good for us at all times to visit the Blessed Sacrament, but it is especially good as the sun sinks into the west to come with the fruits of the day offer them to our Lord, says a writer in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Sometimes we shall have joy and success, sometimes failure and chagrin, to lay upon the altar; but whatever our gift, it will be precious for the love which has prompted the giving. Every one of us has to bear his burden, now through sunshine, now through shadows; occasionally in gladness, oftener in sorrow. But bear it we must, and bear it we should, for Christ. He will sweeten our joys beyond the telling if we bring them to Him for His blessing. He will lighten the dull weight of care that bears down on the heart if we bring Him our burden of sorrow. Come therefore, when the day, with its conflicts is over into the temple of Christ and hearken to the words He shall speak to your heart, for the silence of the holy place is throbbing with eloquence; it is vividly alive with the presence of God. He has balm for the souls in pain, pardon for the souls in sin, comfort for the souls in sorrow, and infinite tenderness for those who are living only for Him; and He has untold love for all, and He will accept your gift, be its nature what it will, as a token of your love and adoration, and He will love you most fondly in return.



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June 1912.

Dear Father,

Papa said at table that Jesus Christ was not God that He was only a man like any other, I began to cry and whimpered: No, No, He is God, the Missionary told us so... John repeated the same, then Kathleen jumped up clapped her hands and shouted: He is God! He is God! the Missionary said so. Pray hard for Papa and please tell me of some books to give him to read to win him back to his faith. You often told us during our retreat that we must not only preach to our parents, but that we must pray for them and also make sacrifices for them. So, I say my beads every night at my bedside and after each decade I repeat: Little Jesus convert Papa.

When I am given candies or cookies, I give half to the poor who come every Saturday and I ask them to pray for Papa's conversion.

LITTLE PETER

Dear Father,

Good news! Good news! Mama comes to Communion every day with me now, as she used to do formerly only on Sundays. I said to her: Mama, why don't you come to Communion every day with me for Papa's conversion. She kissed me but did not answer and the next morning she began to come every day with John and me.

I am so glad, we will surely convert Papa.

Your little Peter.



Dear Father,

August.

We are enjoying our vacations in a lovely country place on the lake shore. Yesterday I caught 300 shrimps and John caught 400. Kathleen cooked them and we had a fine meal. Afterwards we caught a fat white clam and a big red crab and set them to fight, the crab came out best, perhaps, because the clam left him master of the field.

On my way home, I met a poor little rag picker not much taller than Papa's riding boots, he was dragging a big bag that was heavier than he was. Though it was raining and chilly he was barefooted and went from house to house looking for papers in the garbage boxes. Three big rowdies spied him and tried to fight him and make him give up his bag. The poor little fellow ran away frightened to death crying bitterly, the bad boys followed him throwing stones. Then I interferred grabbed the biggest and practised all my boxing lessons on him... When he had enough he decamped followed by his chums... Then I asked the boy... What is your name? James—Where do you live? Near the wharf. Where are your boots? I haven't any. Come Mama will give you a pair. I have no Mama. I mean my Mōma will give you a pair. I brought him home with me and Mama gave him a pair of my boots and some nice fresh cookies. I helped him put on the boots and asked: Have you any marbles? No. Well, I'll give you some of mine. I filled his two pockets and he went away laughing and eating his cookies as if he found them to his liking.

I was delighted. You told us what we did for the poor, it was for the child Jesus we did it. I danced round saying to Mama: I've given my shoes, and half of my marbles to Little Jesus. Now He'll surely convert Papa.

Your little Peter

Dear Father,

September

We are just back from fishing, John, Kathleen and myself. To reach the Island we had to cross several brooks, Kathleen was so scared I had to carry her on



my back; John was the coachman and drove the horse. We had great fun fishing for ants and this is how we did it: each of us had a big wooden knife and in the damp sand we traced, with the knife whatever we liked. I wrote

I'll be a captain like Papa... Kathleen the story she generally tells her dollie, John a riddle; at each letter traced on the sand, the ants swarmed out in droves. Kathleen ran away screaming, but John or I were not a bit scared we caught about 200 of them.

Now I am going to tell you a secret.

About a month ago after Communion I thought of your sermon on sin and the child martyr of Tonkin who choose death rather than commit a mortal sin... Then I asked the Little Jesus to make me die sooner than let me commit a mortal sin. It seemed to me the child Jesus was pleased and now every night, after the beads for Papa I repeat the same prayer: My Jesus, I ask you to make me die sooner than let me commit a mortal sin. Do I do right ?

*October.*

Dear Father,

Here we are back at school again. I am trying hard to be a good boy, to study well, to be obedient and respectful to my teachers, gentle and kind to all my companions especially those I like least—and all this to please Little Jesus.

Now for my secrets: I love to go to Church when no one is there, because then I'm alone with Jesus and I speak to Him. Sometimes He answers, sometimes He does not, still, just the same, I'm always delighted to be with Him.

I tell Him again and again , in fact I'm always telling Him He should convert Papa.

When I have to go away, I say: «Little Jesus, I would like to stay longer but I have to go and attend to my lessons. I will not forget You, I'll work for You, Father told us we pray in working, when we work for You.» In college at recreation I always take the side that faces the chapel so as to be as near Our Lord as possible.

Out walking I watch for the churches and say good-day to Jesus. At night, in bed I turn towards the church and say good-night. How nice it will be in heaven when we will always be with Jesus—But where will poor Papa be? Pray for him.

Your little Peter.

*November.*

Dear Father,

I'm sad, so sad, the good God won't convert Papa. Still I ask Him every morning at Communion, during the beads, in class, everywhere... Yesterday I thought we must do three things to convert souls: pray, preach, suffer. I have prayed hard even preached a little, but Father I have not suffered.

So I asked Jesus to make me suffer much to expiate Papa's sins and blasphemies and to convert him. He tells Mama so often that Jesus Christ is not God, that the priest have invented religion and much more in the same strain. He read the books you were good enough to send, he says they prove nothing, that he will never go to confession, that there is no hell.

He makes poor Mama so miserable that she often cries, and so do I.

Your little Peter.

*December 1912.*

Dear Father,

Sunday after Communion, I fancied Jesus whispered: are you willing to die to convert your Papa—and I whispered back: oh yes! oh yes!

You shall have to suffer much—I am willing, but You must help me because You know I am not very fond of suffering.

Now, I'm ready to die. But perhaps I did wrong to promise without asking your permission. Did I? Papa is to change head-quarters; we leave here next month.

Your little Peter.



## A Programme Carried Out.

(Concluded)

It is nice to see in a family the parents, the sisters and brothers of eleven, and twelve going to Holy Communion every day, but in that same family are other brothers and sisters of 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, who understand what Communion is but who cannot partake of It. They are eager to attain the required age because they are good and anxious to remain so. The Pope thought of them also. As formerly he wants the Little Ones to come to Jesus. The 8th. of August, 1910 he promulgated the Decree *Quam singulari*, in which he declares that parents first, and confessors next, are obliged to see that children receive Communion as soon as they reach the age of reason, that is to say about the age of 7 more or less.

The field of love and mercy is thus opened to the zeal of pastors and the generosity of souls. The faithful can approach without fear of being turned away. But beside this mass of Christians there are, other privileged souls: those who have chosen the better part, who have

left home, family and often natal land to live more closely united to our Lord. There are monasteries under Papal enclosure and the actual rules of canonical right seemed an obstacle to Communion of the sick in those



houses where no one can enter the cloister to bear the Blessed Sacrament to the sick but the confessor or when he cannot the chaplain, moreover when one or the other is a regular he must be accompanied by a companion.

The 1st. of September 1902 the Pope declared that in case of sickness the Superior can, with the Bishops permission, ask any priest to carry Holy Communion to the sick who are unable to receive It at the Cloister gating.

Apart from the Religious Orders under Papal enclosure there are others with less strict rules. Still in the course of time various laws had been made some of which presented difficulties to the practice of daily Communion. These the Pope remedied in his Decree of February 3, 1913: «If for the peace of their soul, or for greater progress in the ways of God, any religious asks for a special Confessor, or spiritual director, the Superior must accede without demur... The office of ordinary or special confessor may be entrusted either to regular or secular priests with their superiors permission. If a religious asks for an extraordinary confessor no superior has a right to seek to know why either of herself or through others. Abbesses or Nuns who for any reason whatever are absent from their convent can in no matter what church or chapel even semi-public confess to any priest approved for one or the other sex. The superior cannot prevent it, nor make any inquiries, even indirect, neither are the religious obliged to mention it.

The male communities also participate in the same favors granted by the Pope. The 5th. of August, 1913, Pius X granted confessors of the whole world approved by the Head of the place, the power to hear the sacramental confessions of the Religious of any Order, without being obliged to ask the superiors authorization, or to justify it if obtained and to give validly and lawfully absolution of sins reserved in the Order, even under pain of censure.

The Pope has charge of the universal Church, all the faithful are his children. In this large family several

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have ranged themselves into various Orders, Communities, with distinctive costumes and ceremonies, making them, as it were a little apart, and there is a law that forbids Catholics of one rite from participating in the Sacraments of another rite. In this case what should those travelling or living in a place where there was no Church of their rite do? Must they forgo Communion? The Pope in his Decree of September 23, 1912 says: «All the faithful of what ever rite, are authorized to receive through devotion, the Eucharist consecrated in no matter what Catholic rite, except for Easter duty and (in urgent cases) Holy Viaticum which they should receive in their proper rite by the hand of their own Pastor.»

And the glorious feast that recalls the fundamental mystery of all our hopes, the feast of Easter, should it present obstacles for those who desire to receive Communion. In fact, a law forbade Communion to be given to the faithful on that day, at least through devotion, in nonparochial churches as well as in those of religious. But the 28th. of November 1912, Pius X. declared that Communion could be distributed Easter Sunday in the said churches.

Ritual prescribes various beautiful edifying ceremonies when the Sacred Host is taken from the Tabernacle and carried to the sick. Through the permission granted the sick by Pius X to receive even without being fasting, and the zeal of pastors anxious for the welfare of souls, those Communion's borne to the sick will be numerous indeed. Moreover in our day of rush and general agitation it is sometimes hard to carry out all the ceremonies marked for the priest as well as the faithful. Pius X who does not want a single soul deprived of the benefit of Communion, after having opened wide the doors of the Tabernacle and lain down the real conditions required to approach



it worthily, would not allow the way of distributing It, to become an obstacle to Its reception especially where the sick are concerned. So on the 23 of December, 1912 he declared that with permission of the Ordinary the Sacred Host could be carried «privatim.» The stole under the clothing, custode suspended from the neck resting on the breast and an escort, is all that is necessary.


Truly we can say that Pius X has thought of everything and of every one and apply to him this text of Holy Writ: *Nec est qui se abscondat a calore ejus.*

Pius X has carried out his programme, we must second his efforts and march with zeal and energy in the way he has traced.

A. Camirand

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➤ **Never Lonely, Never Alone.** ◀



Lonely—alone? Oh, no, never alone, never lonely, not even for an instant. God never leaves us alone. He is with us always. He is with us in the freshness of the morn, the brightness of the noon, the calmness of the evening and the dead of night. He is with us without and within, above us and beneath us; in our toil, in our rest; when we are well and when we are sick; when we are awake and when we are asleep. Not for an instant does He leave us. To Him we can always speak; at Him we can always raise our eyes; on Him we can always depend. Him we can always glorify. Where He is there is no loneliness, no aloneness. In us He sees His image, His likeness; in Him we see our joy, our place and our happiness, ever and forever, world without end and Heaven without ceasing. Lonely, alone, Oh no! O no!

F. Deepen.