

*Church of the Blessed Sacrament,
one hour before arrival of the Cardinal*



A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.

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

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No. 1

EMMANUEL

God with us,—yes, dear Lord, Thou art
 Still with us, and, unto the place
 Where Thou dost wait each loving heart,
 We go for strength, and light, and grace.
 Thou art not for the few alone ;
 The victor hath no greater claim
 On Thee than we who oft have known
 Defeat and failure, loss and blame.

Thy love is wide enough for all,—
 For saintly soul and erring one,—
 For those who rise and those who fall,—
 Debarred from Thee, dear Lord, is none !
 O hidden God, O truest Friend,
 So near us in this Vale of Woe,—
 Grant that all hearts to Thee may tend,
 That they Thy Love and worth may know !

AMADEUS, O. S. F.

The Eucharist and the Rosary.

The Third Glorious Mystery.

The Descent of the Holy Ghost.



HE prospect, facing the Eleven as they came down from Mount Olivet after the Ascension of their Divine Master, seemed hopeless indeed. Nevertheless, the Resurrection had its work ; it had taught them implicated confidence in their Master's word. He had promised them a Comforter ; this was enough ! They went up into the Cenacle and began their preparations for Him who was to be sent.

The Holy Ghost, for He it was, is the mysterious principle of action that filled the life of the apostles with so many marvellous and sublime deeds. This same Spirit is communicated to us by the Sacraments. In Baptism, He implants within our soul, the germs of supernatural virtues. In confirmation, we receive the plenitude of His gifts and thereby our spiritual life is rendered more perfect. Though the Blessed Eucharist is, properly speaking, the Sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, yet, the Holy Spirit is present therein ; for wheresoever Jesus is, His Holy Spirit is.

St Thomas says that the Word begotten by God, is not an ordinary Word, but a Word that breathes forth love ; and this love is the Holy Spirit. Therefore, the intimate union we contract with Jesus Christ puts us in relation with His Spirit.

Our Lord, in taking possession of our soul by Holy Communion, fulfils in our favor the promise He made to His apostles : " I will send the Paraclete."

Is it not to this mystical life of Jesus Christ in our souls that we owe all the great works of Christianity ? Acts of intelligence, of strength and especially of love. Wheresoever the life of Jesus Christ is suspended or tarried we see these sublime works disappear or decline.

The unfortunate sects who have suppressed the Blessed Eucharist are capable only of the common actions, produced by a purely natural generosity, very limited in extent and unable to devote itself to others.

The Catholic Countries themselves where piety consists merely in the strict observation of the laws of the Church and nothing more, are inferior, in all that regards active charity, to those where frequent Communion is held in great honor and esteem.

"Take and eat this Bread of Life" such is the pressing invitation of the pious inventors of all charitable works. They have understood that the gift of self is the spontaneous effect of the gift that Jesus Christ makes of Himself in the Blessed Eucharist; that it is impossible to frequently approach the Holy Table, without becoming, as it were, the loving slaves of Our Dear Lord's provocations.

"I was not content in spreading over thee my liberal hands" says the Saviour, "I was not content to shower upon thee the natural and supernatural gifts which embellish your life"; I give Myself wholly to thee, My body, My blood, My Soul and My Divinity. Now you, in return, should not restrict yourself to those gifts which can be made without any sense of privation. Give yourself, give your affection, your prayers, your time, your health and your life. Give yourself to the poor, to the afflicted, to the weak and to those who are disinherited of worldly goods; for I, King of poverty and of suffering, am found in all those who are in need. Give yourself to the ignorant, to infidels, to sinners, because I came to bring light, faith and life, and to increase the members of My mystical body." "Devote yourself to all kinds of misfortunes, for in giving yourself to others you give yourself to me."

O admirable Current of love! That which flows from Jesus returns to Jesus. Blessed be the God of the Eucharist for all the miracles of charity by which His Church is honored; for the self-sacrificing men, for the devoted women who spend their lives in solacing those who are miserable and wretched; for the heroic apostles who work with such untiring zeal for the conversion of sinners. It is the Holy Ghost who thus fills their hearts

with His love, but if I ask them from whence did they receive it, they show me the tabernacle, the altar and the Holy-Table.

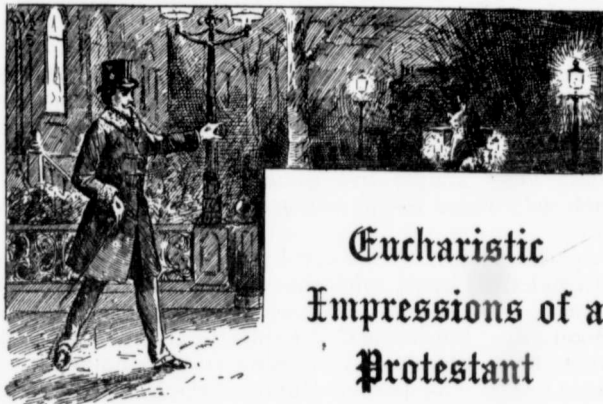
I do not wonder at the egotism of those who never partake of the Divine Banquet ; of the indifference of those imperfect Christians who merely ask, now and again, to receive the Bread of Love.

But how is it, that I, who receive Thee so often, O Lord, remain so indolent and so uncharitable ? that I find it so hard to give myself to Thee in the person of those who are in want ? Hast Thou different measures for those who receive Thee ? No ! No ! My Jesus, thou givest Thyself to all without reserve. But I, in my Communion made with so little fervor, suspend by my distractions and my inordinate affections Thy breath of life. I tarry the loving effusion of Thy Spirit and I remain wrapped up in myself. O God ! is it possible that I should languish thus near the source of life ! In the future I wish to become recollected and detached so as to give Myself wholly to thee. Repose peacefully in my soul when Thou visitest it by Holy Communion. Send forth Thy Spirit and create within me the holy activities of the works of love.

Holy Mary, Spouse of the Holy Ghost by the exceeding love with which this Holy Spirit came to thee at Pentecost, pray for us sinners that to us, too, He may come to purify, enlighten, heal and enrich our needy souls ; helping us on through the sorrows of this land of heart-aches, to the blessed light of thy Dear Son's Face !



*Not to the haughty nor the strong
Do the powers of earth belong ;
But to the patient and the meek
Who the paths of wisdom seek.*



Eucharistic Impressions of a Protestant



STRANGER in the city, and a lover of calm and reverie, I strolled about without any definite aim. About nine o'clock I found myself near the admirable cathedral of which the people of Reims are justly proud.

Everywhere around the ancient monument, absolute silence reigned. The moon light lit up this marvel of Gothic architecture, and, as a silver engraver, carved still more profoundly its numberless works of unknown artists, when faith even more than talent and study, inspired and guided in their gigantic enterprise. Although entirely overwhelmed by a strong sentiment of admiration, I soon noticed numerous groups of men, silently entered the temple, and curiosity guiding me, I followed them. It was a little chapel only barely lighted by the dim light of a few candles, all the rest of the immense edifice in profound obscurity. The vaults disappeared in the darkness of night, and seemed to lose themselves in a heaven, where no stars glittered.

Everything was calm, peaceful, restful, mysterious. It seemed that nowhere else could I have enjoyed the same strange impressions. The noise of the streets, sounded no more in my tired brain, my heart was beating more regularly, I felt a general comfort come over me.

From this chapel, could soon be heard, men's voices gravely singing psalms and hymns. This music although very simple had something grand about it, which only added to the mystic extasy which enraptured me.

A priest spoke, then a last hymn was sung, the little bell tinkled ; I knelt with the others, and benediction began.

Soon after, the faithful, leaving the temple with apparent regret silently walked away, and I remained fixed behind one of the hardy columns, which for centuries proudly upheld the old cathedral. However the lights of the chapel had not been extinguished, and I noticed I was not alone to linger in the temple. What could these men, whose shadows, I could see moving in the darkness, be doing. I humbly admit that I was greatly puzzled, and wondered what would follow. My wondering did not last long, for I presently heard them begin the recitation of an office. More puzzled than ever, I presently advanced and saw two old and two young men, of evidently different standing : they were there without witnesses kneeling before the big gold chalice exposed on the altar, surrounded by lights and flowers, while the vast aisles were plunged in profound obscurity.

Not making the slightest noise, I settled down to remain longer, kept not only by a simple sentiment of curiosity, but also by the mysterious influence which this calm and simple scene exercised upon my soul.

Half sleeping in my pew, I could hear the four unknown men, begin over once in a while, the recitation of their Latin verses, and repeating often this phrase, which I could understand : " *Laus tibi, Domine Rex aeternae gloriae.* Praise be to you, Lord king of Eternal glory." Then they said in French this phrase : " To our Redeemer, who was immolated for us ; glory, honor, praise, power and benediction for ever and ever."

These men, had then, real faith, they believed themselves really in the presence of God !

The hours sounded ; and the faithful worshippers replaced one another, old and young men, two by two came to pray before the altar, so that the prayer never ceased, and was always pious and ardent.

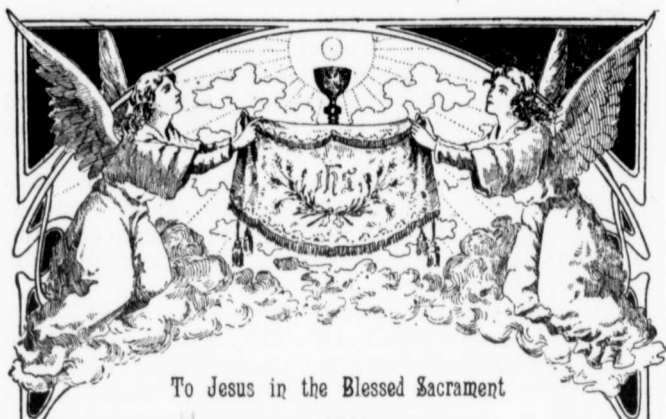
It was thus till nearly dawn, when around me the rays of the rising sun glittered through the glass windows. Then these men all assembled, a priest came to officiate; he put away the chalice and each one went out to his labors.

I did the same and soon found myself alone in my room in the hotel, tired but sincerely moved, and all the more troubled for I belong to that religion of doubt and uncertainty which is called the Reformed church. I envied with all the ardor of my soul, the happiness of Catholics who believe in the real presence of God in the Eucharist.

JESUS WITH US.

THE great Sovereign of the new Kingdom of God upon earth dwells personally, though altogether mysteriously, in your midst ; here shines the sun of divine goodness and infinite love, here is the fullness of all that is good and beautiful, of all that is deserving of our love, here gushes the inexhaustible fountain of grace and mercy, here flourishes the paradise of devout souls, where they seek and find their joy in the midst of an unhappy world.

As the angels hover around the throne of the Lamb, as the seraphim sing without ceasing their " Holy, holy, holy," thus do these devout souls glorify the great God, so small upon the throne of His earthly prison. With the voices of the angels, are blended the sweet voices of angelic souls, in all places, and at every hour of the day. Prostrated in adoration and lost in the ocean of the love of God for man, these angels in human flesh have found in the most Holy Sacrament a heaven on earth.



To Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament

*O Jesus, hidden God I cry to Thee.
O Jesus, hidden Light, I turn Thee ;
O Jesus, hidden Love, I run to Thee.*

*With all the strength I have I worship Thee;
With all the love I have I cling to Thee ;
With all my soul I long to be with Thee ;
And fear no more to fail, or fall from Thee.*

*O Jesus deathless Love, Who seekest me,
Thou Who didst die for longing love for me
Thou King in all Thy beauty, come to me,
White-robed, blood-sprinkled Jesus come to me,
And go no more, dear Lord, away from me.*

*O God, most beautiful, most priceless One :
O God, most glorious, Uncreated One ;
O God Eternal, Beatific One ;
O God Infinite and Hidden One ;
O God, Immense, O God, the living One !*

*Thou Wisdom of the Everlasting One ;
Thou ever-loved and ever-loving One !
Make me, O holy God, Thy treasured one ;
Make me, O glorious Love, Thy precious one;
Make me, O highest God, Thy longing one;
Make me, O blessed Light, Thy chosen one;
Make me for evermore Thy loving one.*

*My soul is dark away from Thee, My Own.
My eyes are dim in seeking Thee, My Own ;
My flesh doth pine away for Thee, My Own ;
My heart leaps up to Thee, My Own ;
My spirit jaints receiving Thee, My Own.*

*Where in the height of Heaven is light like Thee ?
Where in the breadth of Heaven is bliss like Thee ?
Where in the depth of Heaven is peace like Thee ?
Where in Home of Love is love like Thee ?*

*With all my heart I give myself to Thee,
And waiting wait, O King and Spouse, for Thee,
Till I am one for evermore with Thee.*

*O sweetest Jesus, bring me home to Thee ;
Free me, O dearest God, from all but Thee,
And break all chains that keep me back from Thee,
Call me, O thrilling Love, I follow Thee ;
Thou art my all, and I love nought but Thee.*

*O Hidden Love, Who now art loving me ;
O wounded Love, Who once wast dead for me ;
O sun-crowned Love, Who art alive for me ;
O patient Love, Who weariest not of me—
Alone of all, Thou weariest not of me—*

*O Bear with me till I am lost in Thee.
O bear with me till I am found in Thee.
Father RAWES.*





THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

the Poorest and the best-loved Dwelling



HAVE you ever thought earnestly how great the poverty is in which our dear Lord has clothed Himself in or that He might be with us in the Blessed Sacrament ?

Can one have less worldly goods, can one be poorer in possessions ? In the Blessed Sacrament Our Lord is poorer that He was in the stable in Bethlehem. And that is not all the poverty which Our Lord has to assume in the Blessed Sacrament. He must not only be poor in exterior goods ; He must endure a much keener poverty. Perhaps we can express it by saying : He must become perfectly poor in His own Person. Poorer than He was in the crib. For though He was very poor in Person when, in the tiny feeble form of a child He lay in the hay that was His bedding, yet He was still in His own human form, but in the Blessed Sacrament He has not retained this form ; no, He hides both His divinity and humanity under the veil of bread. Not only must Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament become quite poor in exterior goods and in His own Person ; but He must also become quite poor in what concerns the signs and activities of life. For in this unfathomable mystery Jesus, the Fulness, the Source, the Author of life is present in a condition that resembles death and lifelessness. Life itself is there but there is no indication of it.

How great, how inconceivably great, must this poverty appear to you, if you reflect that Our Lord must endure all the consequences that result from this apparently lifeless condition ! He must endure our treatment of Him, and silently and with no outward sign accept every rudeness, every offence. How much poorer and more touching is this poverty which makes no use of the riches it possesses than that poverty which has nothing.

If you actually believe that the Blessed Sacrament is the fruit of the life, suffering and death of Jesus Christ, then, with wondering adoration, you will perceive what a long, difficult and costly way Our Lord must have journeyed to come to us in this extreme poverty in the Blessed Sacrament ; how inconceivably, dearly and painfully He must have purchased the right to dwell among us. Leaving heaven, Our Lord entered the womb of the Virgin, and was imprisoned there for nine long months. Then came the other ways and abiding-places, each one a little harder, more full of sacrifices, than the preceding. He had to take His way to Bethlehem into a stable ; He had to go into heathen Egypt and remain there for years. In humble, ill-requited and exhausting labor He dwelt in Nazareth till His thirtieth year. The lonely and awful desert served Him as an abode with the wild beasts, where for forty days and nights He watched, and fasted, and prayed. For full three years He went about Judea quite poor, without shelter, enduring heat and cold, hunger and thirst, weariness and exhaustion, doing good to all, relieving distress and bringing help wherever there was misery, poverty, agony and death. He gathered the poor about Him, and preached the Gospel to them ; and He endured in return for all this only ingratitude, black ingratitude. He had to bear being hated, calumniated, persecuted, and even that His life should be sought after. Our Lord had to expose Himself to all this that it might be possible for Him to come to us in this extreme poverty. He has done still more, sacrificed still more, that He might come to us in the Blessed Sacrament in extreme poverty, lowliness. He had to go in the blackness of night to the

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Mount of Olives, in Gethsemani ; and there, utterly forsaken, with none to help Him, He had to be given over to every agony but death. He had to suffer there such torture of mind, that for hour after hour of earnest but unanswered supplication His soul was sick and sorrowful unto death. As He lay prostrate on the ground He had to feel the anguish of death, wrestling in the death struggle, till " His sweat became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground." And the last way that Our Saviour had to travel, the way to Golgotha, up the hill of Calvary, is heart-rending ; it was full to overflowing with ignominy and cruel martyrdom. And only now, after so many long, agonizing byways, could Our Lord enter upon the last sad and sorrowful way, the way of Calvary. Lamentable figure as He was, suffering from many wounds and covered with His own blood, the rude soldiers made Him drag the heavy cross from Pilate's house up the hill to Calvary. Three times He had to fall under it ; three full hours He had to suffer upon this way of martyrdom. Now He had to stretch out His body, all covered with deep, gaping wounds, upon the cross, and allow His hands and feet to be nailed to it. Now the cross had to be elevated ; they push and pull it into the hole prepared for it, into which it falls with a dull thud, and a heavy jar, that causes the crucified Saviour's wounds to open and bleed anew. There upon the cross, He was suspended between heaven and earth, in bitter anguish, for three long hours, with a thief on either side of Him, and all the while He had to endure to be insulted, cursed, mocked, reviled, and treated as the greatest malefactor. Amidst these pains of the body, in this dishonor and desolation He had to give up His spirit, breathe out His life, a life more precious, more valuable indeed than that of all the angels and saints together.

All this Our Lord had to undergo to make it possible that He might remain in the Blessed Sacrament where He abides with us in the most extreme poverty. Thus is the Blessed Sacrament the fruit of the suffering and death of Jesus. Now, if you will but reflect a little, you cannot wonder sufficiently at this great, this stupendous

work of your blessed Lord. To purchase the meanest poverty at so great a price, surely, this exceeds our comprehension.

I know you yearn to give a little proof of gratitude and love in return to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for having purchased so dearly and painfully this extreme poverty in which He dwells here, solely that He might be with us. You have fresh proofs given you in the Blessed Sacrament by Our Lord that He is the King who is known by none else, and seems to live for none else than His ransomed people. You have heard with rejoicing hearts, and having heard, can never forget, that the longing of His Heart to be always with us is so great, so ardent, so strong, that even though He is Godman, He has not shrunk from assuming the most extreme poverty, nor has He shrunk from purchasing this poorest of all dwellings with His life and you feel that Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is in truth the Spouse of your soul. And you also feel that praise, honor, glory, and thanksgiving are due your dear Saviour, especially in the Blessed Sacrament, where He dwells for love of us in this dearly purchased poverty. You feel that rendering homage to a King who clings to His own, who lives for His own, as Jesus does in the Blessed Sacrament for us, is not merely a sacred duty, but ought to be a most agreeable occupation for all Christians. With grateful lips let us repeat :

“ O Sacrament most holy ! O Sacrament divine !

All praise and thanksgiving be every moment Thine.”

EXAMPLES OF ALL SAINTS

The ancient hermits, who had given up every intercourse with their fellow-men, took the body of the Lord with them into holy solitude, where forgetful of themselves, spent their days and nights upon their knees in adoration before their Lord, stretching forth their hands to Him imploring mercy for the sinful world.

How eloquent Holy Communion made à *St Chrysostom* (†409), what a fire It enkindled in his heart ; how powerfully his words attract to the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. After Holy Communion he felt as strong as a lion to fight against the enemies of Christ.

St. Benedict (†543) when dying had himself carried to the altar, where he had so often prayed : he received the body of the Lord, and with hands upraised, absorbed in adoration of the most Blessed Sacrament, he breathed forth his beautiful soul.

St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia (†958), who while praying before the altar was assassinated by his pagan brother, had such great love for the Blessed Sacrament, that he gathered, with his own hands, the wheat and grapes, baked the hosts and pressed the wine. The flames of divine love extended even to his body, that as we read the snow lost its coldness beneath his footsteps.

“ My God and my all ” was the exclamation of love of *St. Francis of Assisi* (†1227), who always took up his abode as near as possible to a church, whose favorite resort was the tabernacle, who spent whole nights on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament. O glowing Seraph in mortal body, inflame our hearts with the ardor of thy love !

The holy king, *Louis of France* (†1270), knelt for hours with so much devotion before the Blessed Sacrament, that all who saw him were deeply moved. While in a foreign land during the second Crusade, he was stricken with pest. When the priest approached him with the Blessed Sacrament, he gathered up his remaining strength, threw himself at the foot of his bed and received his Lord as Viaticum, amid tears of joy and heavenly bliss.

Our Lord said of *St. Gertrude* (†1302), that it was His greatest joy to dwell in her heart and that at the time she lived upon earth no one was dearer to Him than she. Whatever *St. Gertrude* did or wherever she was, her heart was always turned to the Blessed Sacrament.

St Francis Borgia (†1572) felt himself so powerfully drawn to the Blessed Sacrament, that he knew at once the spot where It was preserved, as soon as he came into a church.

The angelic *St. Aloysius Gonzaga* (†1501) had to be forbidden to remain too long before the Blessed Sacrament, because the strength of his feelings consumed his frail body. "Depart, depart from me," he said tenderly to Our Lord, when obedience forced him to leave the church.

Father Balthasar Alvarez knelt whole nights, praying before the Blessed Sacrament.

What a wonderful love for the Blessed Sacrament did not the great spiritual master *St. Francis de Sales* implant in the heart of his illustrious spiritual daughter, *St. Frances de Chantal* (†1641). How many thousands of others have his writings inflamed and inspired with love for our dear Saviour!

St. Francis Regis (†1640) in spite of his almost uninterrupted missionary labors, spent every free moment before the tabernacle. If he found the church door locked, he tarried outside in the cold and rain to pray.

The Ven. P. Eymard and his Eucharistic Works

(Continued.)

An Echo of the Eucharistic Congress.

These Apostles of the Eucharist—you know their names. Is there any need of citing the Gerbets, the De la Bouilleries, the Ségurs, the Hermans, the Blessed Curé d'Ars, and so many others, too numerous to mention here, but whom memory recalls with pious veneration? There is one, however, who, rising above all the rest, shines with more brilliant light. It is this man of God and the fruits of grace that he produced, that I wish to present to you to-day. I shall sketch rapidly the

beautiful career of the Venerable Pierre Julien Eymard, born February 4th, 1811, whom Divine Providence destined to be the Founder of the Congregation of the Most Blessed Sacrament and of the numerous Works attached to it.

When God destines a man for any high mission, it is due to His wisdom, as well as to His bounty, to give him not only necessary, but abundant means for the



The Most Blessed Sacrament leaving Notre Dame.

ready and perfect fulfilment of that mission. This principle is sufficient to lead us to the conclusion, that Ven. Père Eymard, destined by God to be the herald of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the precursor of the Eucharistic reign, as well as its indefatigable propagator, was endowed by Divine Providence with the best gifts, and perfectly equipped for attaining the end assigned him.

But why conclude from deductions more or less abstract, what facts so loudly proclaim? It was from his tenderest infancy that the Eucharistic Christ took possession of Père Eymard, and planted in his soul that powerful attraction which indissolubly attached him to the altar even to his last sigh. Have we known many children who, still at the mother's breast, evinced delight under the radiance of the Ostensorium, who never expressed their weariness by cries and tears? Père Eymard was one of these rare exceptions. And what proves that there passed in his infantine soul something extraordinary when near the God of the Sacrament is that, as soon as the child could take his first steps alone, he used gladly to follow his mother when going for her daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament. From that early age, the Eucharist was for him a mysterious Lover irresistibly attracting him. While still a child, he was found one day on a stool behind the main altar of the parish church, his hands joined, his eyes fixed on the tabernacle, and this to be nearer Jesus, to listen to Him better. This need of tasting Jesus, of being united to Him, of identifying himself with Him, led him to form, though still young, the resolution to become a priest. From the age of four or five, he used to beg his sister, who communicated frequently, to pray for his vocation.

And when he pressed Jesus to his heart for the first time, he vowed to Him that he would be a priest: "I will be priest. I promise Thee!"

Although obstacles stood in his way to the priesthood, he never became discouraged. On the contrary, he surmounted them all. At last, anointed with the sacerdotal character, he slipped away to a retired spot there to hide himself, there to pass a whole day in the deepest recollection, before bringing down upon the altar Him who had for so many years drawn him to the altar.

An assistant at first, then a parish priest, Ven. Père Eymard always manifested great zeal and intense piety, but above all, a burning love for the Most Holy Eucharist. Two hours before his Mass, two hours after—it was impossible to satisfy him. He was entirely given up to Jesus whom He was going to incarnate, to Jesus whom he had incarnated.

Seeing in the religious life an excellent means of belonging more exclusively to Our Lord Jesus Christ, Ven. Père Eymard embraced it. For seventeen years, he edified the Society of Mary by his virtues, his abnegation his devotedness and, above all, by his piety toward the Holy Eucharist. He tells us himself that his two favorite subjects of meditation were Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament and Paradise, the vision of God. Occupied at that time with the multiplied duties of education, Père Eymard indemnified himself for the privation imposed on him by his obligations, by spending his free moments and frequently a part of the night at the foot of the Tabernacle. Not being able to endure separation between his gaze illumined by the light of faith, and the Divine Host of our altars he had a little window made in his chamber that looked down on the sanctuary, so as to live always under the eye of his Master. He did not, however, want to enjoy his treasure alone. He sought to make Him known by the ministry of the evangelical word. At this period, he wrote : " O my God, what joy to hear from Thy lips these words addressed to Saint Thomas, ' Thou hast spoken well of Me, O Pierre ! ' " And in order to speak well of the Master, he used to go to His feet to compose his sermons, " For," as he said, " Our Lord has made me understand that there my labor will be blessed and easy. I have therefore resolved to drawn up a plan only after having thought over it before Our Lord and submitted it to His approval." We can easily understand how beneficial his preaching was to souls, for it came from the Heart of Jesus Himself.

His sermons drew to the chapel *de la Seyne*, of which he was Superior, numerous adorers, of whom he formed a Court of Honor for Our Lord.

But his duties as a religious educator, however holy they might be, prevented his giving full satisfaction to the pressing need that urged him to consecrate himself entirely to the service of the Eucharist. Soon he was no longer free. In January, 1851, Mary told him, at Fourvières, that she counted upon him to found a religious Body exclusively devoted to Our Eucharistic Lord. Some time after, in close converse with Jesus Sacramental, that good Master demanded of him the sacrifice

of his vocation. He answered yes, and once his resolution was taken, he was heard to exclaim in his own energetic style : " Nothing shall arrest me, had I even to eat stones and die in a hospital ! " That his work should be founded only upon the supernatural, he begged the Lord to accomplish it without human consolation. He tells us himself that he was fully heard.



Group of Choir boys carrying the Blessed Virgin.

After great trials and distressing sacrifices, to correspond to the will of God manifested by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX, to whom he had submitted his project of founding a religious Congregation, and who had replied : " This thought comes from God, I am convinced of it. The Church has need of it. Every means should be taken to make the Divine Eucharist known," Père Eymard with sorrow in his soul bade adieu to his religious family, and devoted himself with generous ardor to the foundation of the Congregation of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Commissioned by the Church to propagate the kingdom of the Eucharistic Christ, Père Eymard wished to proclaim the royal rights of Our Lord by placing Him, not on an altar, but upon a throne surmounted by a crown and draped with a royal mantle. It is to the Most Blessed Sacrament solemnly exposed that, night and day, he and his religious will pay their tribute of homage. "Your duty," he says, to his children, "is to be always around the Eucharist. If we ever fail in that, we shall no longer have reason to exist." And to render more easy and more fruitful the long stations at the foot of the Ostensorium, Père Eymard gave them that beautiful method of prayer under the name of the "Four ends of the sacrifice." "An hour thus spent," he says, "lasts but an instant and, perfectly astonished at having so soon to quit the prie-Dieu, we think only of the happy moment of our return to it." How perfectly these words express the inmost sentiments of our Venerable Founder! Yes, all his happiness was to find himself once again with Jesus in the sanctuary. One could see that in the respectful attitude he maintained on the prie-Dieu. There was in his bearing, in his whole exterior, something extraordinary, so that the Faithful tried to find out his hours of guard, that they might come to admire and imitate from afar this angel-adorer in mortal flesh.

But to devote himself, to give to the Eucharist, was not enough for that heart consumed by love. Zeal is the first fruit of charity. It was about to manifest itself marvelously in our Venerable Father's life.

First of all, he begged from the Sacred Heart of Jesus colaborers for his noble work. In 1859, he writes: "Oh, pray for good vocations at the feet of the good Master! It is a gift that people do not appreciate, a grace they do not know."

He next wanted to multiply Cenacles, and Our Lord granted him the consolation of opening several in the cities of France and two in Brussels.

Simultaneously with his own Congregation, he founded another for women, which he called by the beautiful name of the "Congregation of the Servants of the Most Blessed Sacrament," whose end, with the exception

of the active apostolate, is the same as that of the Fathers of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Certain privileged souls whom, as a Marist, he had directed with wisdom and piety, became in his hands the foundation-stones of



Arch on Laval Street.

this new Institute. Their solid virtue gave Père Eymard reason to hope for most beautiful results, and he was not disappointed. He wrote on the 5th of August, 1859: "God is preparing a holy family, and I shall not be surprised if they become some day as great as those great

religious bodies that have given so many holy souls to heaven."

Meantime, "the incendiary torch," as Père Eymard was pleased to denominate the Holy Eucharist, was ever more inflaming his heart. It was not only some souls that he wanted to gain for Our Lord, it was the whole world.

Filled with confidence in Him who can do all things in spite of the weakness of the instrument He uses, Père Eymard undertook and carried on to a happy conclusion, Works the most varied and fruitful, having always in view the supreme aim of his life, the glorification of the Eucharistic Christ. The twelve years that he lived after the foundation of his Institute were spent in incessant labor, and were productive of finest results.

It was his ambition, and ever realized, to attract to the Eucharistic thrones he everywhere raised a phalanx of adorers who, from all ranks of society, would come at every hour to render homage to Our Lord in union with His religious. Thus it was that the "Eucharistic Aggregation" arose almost at the same time as his Congregation.

Whenever a new Cenacle was opened, his words, vibrant with love for Our Lord, made him easily find a group of generous souls who pledged themselves to form a Guard of Honor around the King of the Sacrament. The Aggregation, which at first existed only in our churches, gradually spread throughout France and the world. At this moment, it is counted by hundreds of thousands. Since May 8, 1897, by a Rescript of Leo XIII, it has been raised to the rank of an Archconfraternity, whose principal centre is our House of Saint Claude, at Rome. It has been enriched with precious Indulgences by the Sovereign Pontiffs Pius IX and Leo XIII, as much to recompense its members for their service of love at the feet of Our Lord as to excite them to even greater fidelity. (1)

Our Venerable Father quickly recognized in the lay family of adorers he had formed, elite souls aspiring in the world, where they were retained by duty or position, to the practice of the highest perfection. He turned

(1) This Archeonfraternity is known in Canada as "The People's Eucharistic League", its head-quarters, 368 Mount-Royal Ave, East, Montreal.

toward them his benevolent attention and organized them into a Society. It was thus that was formed 'The Eucharistic Fraternity. It was approved at Rome, May 8, 1897. The spiritual favors offered its members are very numerous.

It was for it, above all, that Père Eymard composed his magnificent *Directory for the Aggregates*, in which he lays down with masterly hand the wisest rules for the direction of their conduct in the world, and for the proper ordering of their life toward the Holy Eucharist. Here, too, he gives the most precise, the most urgent instructions on the subject of Communion, indicating the best means for drawing the greatest fruit from that essential act of the Christian life. He wished Holy Communion to be the pivot upon which the life of the Aggregates of the Most Blessed Sacrament should turn.

(to be continued)

The First Missal



EVER within the recollection of his faithful old nurse had Master John gone to bed so late, so wide-awake or with so much to say.

Usually after family prayers and good night kisses, the cuckoo in the old-fashioned clock announced half past eight, and the sandman began his rounds. Oh! the nasty sand and how quickly, John's eyes generally filled, so quickly, that instead of coaxing him to go to bed, like tonight, nurse had as much as she could do to prevent him falling asleep in her arms.

But tonight! St Sylvester's night, the sandman has no power over him. He is as wide-awake as any of his elders, and as voluble too, only his topic is somewhat different. Listen to the clear little treble so highly pitched

and you'll say I'm right : " My New-Year's gifts." My pretty New Year's gifts. I can scarcely wait till to-morrow to show them to you. My lovely chapel with its altar of polished wood. You know the kind, just like Papa's, desk. And its four can... can... Yes candelabra, a chalice in gold, a book-rest, and a real tabernacle... Look, here's the key. A fine set of vestments too, a complete set, aunty worked them, white and gold with gold flowers round the cross. And.".....

"Hush master John ! You'll waken the baby and Mamma won't be pleased. Go to sleep now like a good little lad, its nearly ten o'clock and you'll show me your altar and all your treasures to-morrow.

To please nurse John closes his eyes, but they wont stay closed. He can't go to sleep. He is too excited, too happy. Suddenly an anxious thought flashes through his mind, the first rift in the perfect lute, and knitting his brows this philosopher of six tries to think the matter out ; but the more he thinks the greater becomes the difficulty : He has no Mass-book ! What can he do without his Mass-book ?

" Now I have it", he exclaims. " Mamma will come to see me just before she goes to her own room and I'll tell her my trouble and she'll be sure to find a way out of it". A few minutes later as soon as he hears her opening his door he calls out : "Mamma dear, my altar and every thing else is just beautiful, but I have no Mass-book."

" No Mass-book ! Are you dreaming Jakie ?"

"No, Mamma, wide-awake and wondering how I can read Mass without a book."

" Oh ! now I understand. Use one of your post-card albums, it will do just as well,"

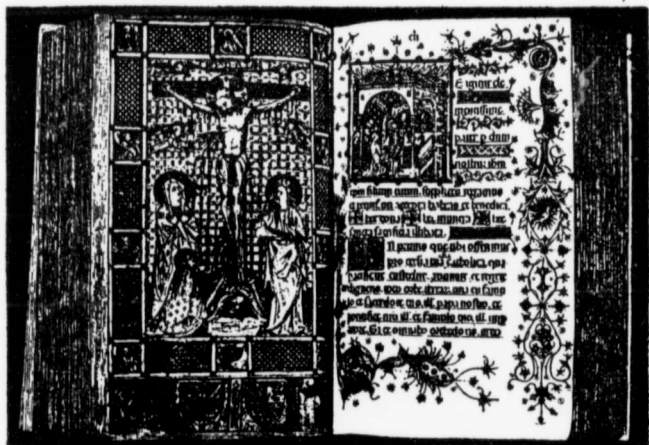
" Mamma dear, please dont tease. You know very well I must have a big book, a special book."

" I suppose you mean a missal", thoughtfully answers the surprised mother. She seemed puzzled for a moment then as if some one had whispered a solution her angel guardian or John's perhaps ; answered brightly :

You'll have your Missal alright, my little man, and before long too. Now close your eyes and go to sleep and dream its speeding to you all the way from Rome."

* * *

That night and many another after in his dreams John song Mass in a bright sunny Cathedral; a Mass served by Angels in azure surplices, while Mamma sat near the table where Papa read and thought out her promise.



As if conjured by her busy brain, her eyes fell on the old paint-box, one of her girlish treasures long since neglected and forgotten in the stress of more important duties. With the finding of the paint-box came also the studious patience of the Convent girl winning at the Sacred Heart, her first prize for drawing and the delicate touch remarked by more than one master at the private exhibitions.

Joyously she sets to work. Under her deft fingers the vellum flowers with mystic lilies, the pages studd with big black letters—the text must be very legible for the priest of six, and very elaborate too — so big golden capitals are profusely scattered here, there and everywhere.

Surely never did miniaturist illuminate manuscript more lovingly ; never did artist execute more congenial work. It is not only an artistic-work, it is the work, the master-peace of a mother and of a Christian. Truly it required the delicate soul of a mother, the pious instinct of a Christian, to plan and perfect this book that no editor ever conceived, this Missal wherein her curly-headed little lad would read Mass, his Mass. A mass extra-liturgical, very short and in French. How will she manage with the Sacred Congregation of Rites this Mamma so full of the ecclesiastical, I was going to say, sacerdotal spirit ? We shall see.

The famous Missal outlines the whole of the sacred office from the initial psalm : In the name of the Father. I approach the altar of the Lord — O God who rejoices my youth. — Glory be to the Father..., till the prayers after Mass : three hail Mary's for the Pope. The entire Confeteor, and abridged Gloria, that of the Angels at Bethlehem — ; the Gospel according to St Matthew (XIX, 13) : In that time little children were brought to Jesus that He might lay hands upon them..., the I believe in God, that John did not yet know, until life eternal. Even special prayers you would vainly seek in the Roman Missal : as for example and do not wonder if her hand trembled writing it : "O my God, I am only a little child, but if you deign grant to my parents, and to me, the honor of choosing me later on to be your priest, give me the grace to respond generously to your appeal, and not to be too unworthy. Amen !" And this other after the Pater : "Jesus who will come some day to visit me and give Thyself all to me, prepare me well for my first Communion. Amen."

A few more additions : a last prayer for Papa and Mamma ; a last rubric : When Mass is finished everything must be put in order ; frontispiece, a big picture, water-colors after nature. John stiff in his chasuble, arms extended, eyes partly closed, saying with seriousness almost pathetic on such a youthful face : The Lord be with Thee... Now hurry. It's an urgent case. Good solid binding with strong gilt clasps, a cross...

So this second Sunday after the Epiphany when six years old John goes to officiate he'll find the long wished

for Missal on the altar and he'll be happy, so happy, almost as happy as Mamma.

* * *

Those childish memories—like a flight of swallows homeward wending nestle in the memory and fill the heart of the young priest ordained this morning. He had left his room without sleep, gone to the quiet chapel, the family sanctuary where a few hours later he would return to offer his first sacrifice. Candle in hand to light up the darkness he stood at the corner of the altar and opened the Missal to prepare the morning's Mass. Suddenly he stopped, his present surroundings faded away and he was a child again, a child of six fingering his first Missal...

From her quiet retreat where in anticipation she tasted unperceived the great and not for distant happiness of receiving God, her God, from the hands of this child, her child ! The mother saw him and approaching whispers anxiously :

" My son, what are you dreaming there for ? Why are you not in your room ? You must rest."

" Mother, I was dreaming of the happy past. I was thinking that perhaps I would not be here turning the pages of this Missal, if I had not years ago, read and re-read another Missal, the first—you know, the one you made for me when I was six years old—Your Missal Mamma."



Deceased Members

St Louis, Mo. : Mrs Bridget Welsh. -- *Buffalo, N. Y.*
Margaret E. Kane.



THE HOLY EUCHARIST

A PLEDGE OF LIFE

I know a magic word that never fails to open the doors of God's mercy. I know a mighty river, that ever carries those who sail thereon into the borders of the promised land. I know a spreading palm-tree, whose cooling shade protects the weary exile from the scorching heat of the noon-day sun. I know a murmuring fountain, whose perennial water cool the parched tongue of the dust-begrimed wanderer in the desert. I know a shining star, that guides its votaries to the wished-for goal, as the pillar of cloud the Israelites of old through the sand-seas of Arabia. I know a heavenly dew, that infuses new and unabating life into the failing limbs of the struggling pilgrim. I know a living tree, whose wood sweetens the bitter waters of this valley of tears, and reminds its devotees of the heavenly Palestine. I know an unfailing sacrifice, whose clouds of incense ever soar aloft and spend themselves before the throne of the Most High. And this magic word, this mighty river, this spreading palm-tree, this murmuring fountain, this heavenly dew, this living tree, this unfailing sacrifice—is the Holy Eucharist.

The Holy Eucharist! Seek who will, a more sure pledge against death—I know none. Heaven and earth shall pass away," said He who spoke as never man spoke, "Heaven and earth shall pass away." None of His words shall pass away, and least of all the following: "My flesh is food indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth this bread shall live forever." With this word that never passes, enshrined within my heart, mine eyes shall look defiance even upon Death itself. Thy power is broken, O Death. The Holy Eucharist has vanquished thee!

Holy Communion

The Extension of the Incarnation

Ven. P. Eymard

Verbum Caro factum est.
The Word was made flesh.
(JOHN 1, 14.)



THE Incarnation of the Word in the womb of Mary announces to us the Eucharist.

This beautiful Sun of souls, which was to vivify and regenerate them, rose at Nazareth, but It will attain Its full meridian in the Eucharist, the highest expression of God's love here below. The grain of Divine Wheat is sown to-day in the chaste womb of Mary. It will germinate. It will ripen. It will be ground to make the Eucharistic Bread. The Incarnation is so bound up with the divine plan of the Eucharist, that St. John's word may be translated : The Word was made bread. *Verbum caro ! Verbum panis.* All the circumstances of the mystery of the Incarnation were glorious for Mary. In Communion, all is glorious for us. It renders us participants in the glory and honor of the Most Blessed Virgin.

The prologue of the mystery of the Incarnation took place between the angel and the Blessed Virgin. The angel announced the mystery and called for Mary's consent.

The angel who calls us to Communion is the priest, the Church by her organ. What honor for us ! The Church is Queen, and the angels serve her. She is the Spouse. Not only does she announce to us the Word Eucharistic, but she bears Him, she gives Him to us. Mary believes the word of the angel only upon the prodigy he announces to her. As for us, we can believe the Church on her own word. She is our Mother, and we are her children. We do not say to a mother : " Is this bread, real bread ? Are you not giving me a stone instead of bread ? " The Church speaks, and we believe her word. She can, moreover, like the angel, give proofs of her mission.

The announcement of Communion is, then, glorious for us, as was that of the Incarnation for Mary.

II

Mary's virginity was the condition for the Incarnation. God would have only a Virgin Mother, and He waited four thousand years till the pure tabernacle should be prepared for Him. Then did the Holy Ghost descend on Mary. While preserving her virginity, He rendered her fruitful. The mystery was accomplished. God was so desirous of virginity in this divine plan that the first prediction He made of it was addressed to Eve while still a virgin.

From us God demands purity of heart, purity which is the life of the soul. He wishes, also, since we have no virtues worthy of Him, at least profound respect, and sincere humility. "Lord, I am not worthy to receive Thee ! Depart from me a poor sinner." This sentiment makes up for all that is wanting to us, and Our Lord is satisfied. What we have not, He will give us when He comes. Only let us have faith, humility, and confidence. Our Lord will do the rest.

To prove his mission the angel announced to Mary the wonder of Elizabeth's fecundity adding, "for all things are possible to God." And the soul, once sterile like Elizabeth, will become fruitful as she. Only believe, and receive this nourishment which gives fecundity. In one day the Eucharist will make you produce more for the glory of God than a whole lifetime without It.

But amid all the grandeurs of which the angel unrolled the picture before her, Mary saw only her own weakness, her own nothingness. Behold our model ! We are only poor creatures, unworthy servants, unworthy of God's notice. But since He deigns to call us, to choose us, let us say with Mary, *Fiat !* "May it be done unto me according to Thy word !"

The mystery which was operated in Mary, is then operated in us. At the moment of Communion, the Eucharist truly becomes the extension of the Incarnation, the expansion of that conflagration of love whose furnace is in the Most Blessed Trinity, which embraces human nature in general in the womb of Mary, but finds all its power of extension in uniting with each one of

the children of humanity. In Mary, the Word unites Himself to human nature ; by the Eucharist, He unites Himself to all men.

To redeem us, it sufficed for the Word to unite Himself numerically to only one human creature. He wished to be alone in suffering, in expiating in His Body and Soul, and in dying, in the name of all, under an excess of torments. But when that Humanity had been ground, when it had become the source of all justification, Jesus Christ changed It into His Sacrament which He offers to all, that all may participate in the merits and glory of the Body that He had taken in Mary. It is sufficient for us to receive It and, in receiving It, we have more than Mary had. We have the glorified and resuscitated Body of the Saviour, still marked with the wounds of His love, the sign of His victory over the powers of this world.



Oh, wonder ! in communicating, we receive more than Mary received in the Incarnation ! Mary bore in her womb only the passible Body of the Word ; we receive His impassible and heavenly Body. Mary bore the Man of Sorrows ; we possess the Son of God crowned with glory. We receive Him, also, in a more consoling manner. Mary daily saw the time she was to possess

Him in her chaste womb growing shorter and shorter. At the end of nine months she had to give up her Divine Burden, while we may every day renew our happiness, and until the end of our life receive and carry the Word-Eucharistic.

When forming in Mary the Sacred Humanity of the Word, the Holy Spirit dowered His august Spouse with the most precious gifts. The Word brought to her His glory and all His virtues in a measure unheard-of till then. And if this mystery had been operated in Mary more than once, she would have received each time as magnificent a dowry.

This is what takes place in us. Every time Our Lord comes with all His gifts and graces, He incessantly enriches us. He never grows weary. Like the sun which is daily born anew with light as beautiful as before, Jesus comes to us day after day, as beautiful, as glorious as if He were to come only once.

“Verbum caro factum Est—The Word was made flesh.” Behold Mary's glory ! The Word was made the Bread of man. Behold our glory ! Our Lord gave Himself once to satisfy His love ; He gives Himself incessantly to satiate His fresh and infinite desires. A gift of graces is too small for His Heart ! He becomes the gift Himself, He becomes bread, and the Church distributes It to us. Could He do more ? go farther ? Could He draw nearer to us than to His mother, not in dignity, not in virtues, but in the effusion of His love, greater, it seems, in the Gift that He makes us than in that which He bestowed on Mary ? But the Blessed Virgin knew how to recognize God's graces. Sharing in Mary's honor, oh, let us love as she !

