



HOLY FAMILY.

After a painting by F. Ittenbach.



The first Mass.

*BEFORE the altar stands the vested priest,
 His face illumined with the spirit's light,
 Though conscious, awed by his exalted right
 To offer sacrifice. From sin released
 Through prayer and fast, his strength by grace increased,
 He pours the Wine of love into the chalice bright,
 Lifts from the paten Life's Bread pure and white,
 Invokes the Presence for the Sacred Feast,*

*Adores the Lamb of Whom the Saints are fed.
 The heavens part, rejoicing Angels see
 Uplifted eyes, anointed hands outspread
 O'er silent worshippers, while fervently
 A blessing falls with peace upon each head.
 O miracle sublime! O mystery!*

E. B. S.



Particular Practice for the Month of February.

The Presentation and the Blessed Eucharist.



THE offering which Jesus made of Himself in the Temple of Jerusalem is repeated day and night upon the altar. The old law has passed away, the Jewish high-priest has given place to the celebrant at Holy Mass, but the Victim is the same. Our Blessed Lord ceaselessly renewing the offering which He then made of Himself, from every altar stone and every Tabernacle throughout Christianity, and as unceasingly interceding for us with God the Father.

The Holy Ghost Who whispered to the heart of Simeon, whispers now to the hearts of the faithful, telling them that Jesus is here, guiding them to His presence, and speaking to them through the medium of an ardent desire of communing with Jesus, of dwelling in His blessed company and, better still, of receiving Him into their hearts. Faith, confidence and love are instilled into Simeon's heart. Would that ours were a soul as rich and fruitful, as carefully tilled and prepared as was that of Simeon ! His preparation was, firstly, that of a devout life, just and irreproachable in the sight of God, irreproachable also in the sight of men, and in this justice consists the state of grace in which our souls should be found when we prepare not merely to hold Jesus in our arms, but to receive Him into our hearts — a state which suffices of itself to ensure the reception of the Most Holy Eucharist without sacrilege, but which has need to be perfected by the virtues of which Simeon offers us at

example. He was, as we have said, just, which means, according to St. Augustine, filled with charity towards God and towards man, he had a holy fear of all that which might tarnish the purity of his soul, and render it less pleasing in the eyes of God, his heart was fixed on heavenly things, and this world held no attraction for him.

Let us pause and ask ourselves do we possess these virtues of the aged Israelite? Do we prepare ourselves for the coming of Jesus by fervent prayer with recollection of spirit? Do we keep our hearts free from attachment to the pleasures and vanities of this world, and so turned towards Heavenly things, that when the Holy Ghost whispers in our ear, we respond at once? Or do we not sometimes make a kind of pact with our conscience, which is urging us to greater strictness, by the reflection that after all, the needful preparation is to be in a state of grace, and that venial sins do not destroy that state? Forgetting that if indeed venial sin does not prevent our being in a state of grace, it lessens and deadens our relish for holy things and that a conscience clouded by numberless imperfections and shortcomings troubles the peace of the soul, and throws a kind of chill over our communion with Jesus, causing us to feel His presence less distinctly, and to distinguish the accents of His voice less readily.

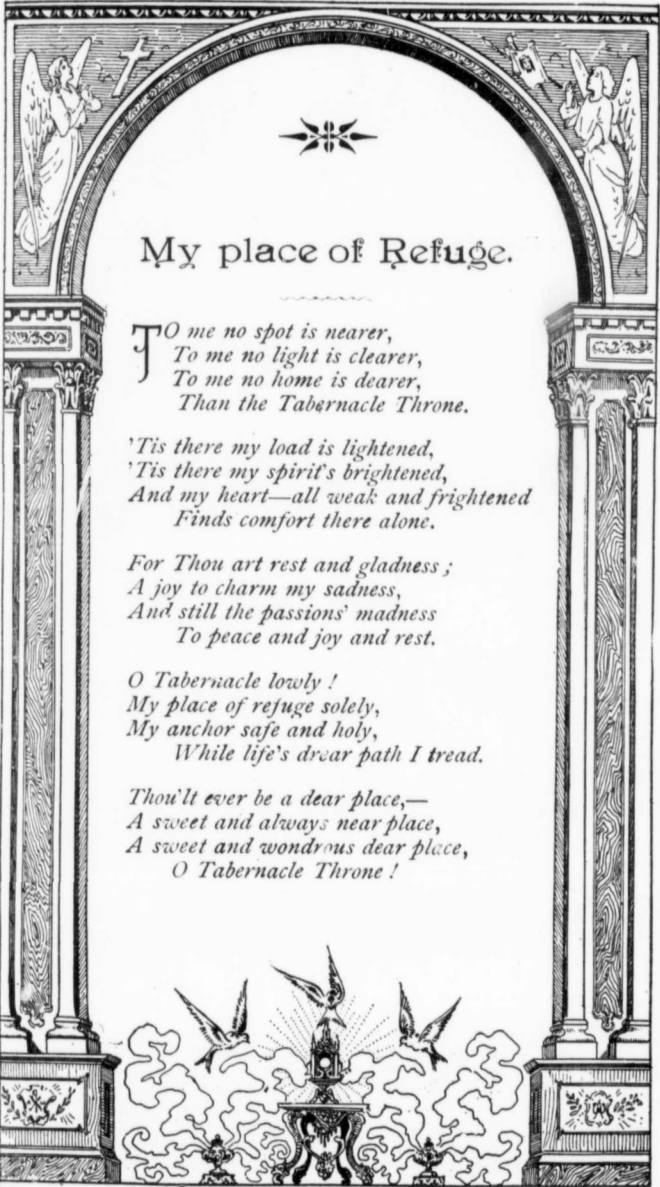
Mingled with the crowd of Jewish mothers, there was nothing in the outward appearance of Mary and her Babe to attract the notice of Simeon. The Mother's clothing was poor, the swaddling clothes in which her Infant of scarcely more than one month old was wrapped were like those of other children, perhaps even coarser and poorer than theirs. And yet, under this humble exterior, the eye of Simeon detected his God, instantly, unhesitatingly! In like manner, the Host which we behold upon the altar bears no semblance of Jesus, no impress of Divinity, nevertheless we believe that under those appearances Jesus Christ lives and dwells. The Sacred Species are but a white cloud which veils the light of the world! Did we behold Him in His Majesty, we should not dare approach Him, so Jesus shrouds His glory, and bids us ascend the altar steps and press Him to our heart.

We learn from Simeon also how to receive our Blessed Lord. The old man took the child in his arms with confidence and with joy. Even so let us take Him into our hearts, with reverence and a respectful fear, but at the same time with joyful, loving trustfulness. Who could be afraid of a little Babe, the type of all that is helpless and confiding? Since Jesus then gives Himself to us with all the touching helplessness and confidence of a babe under this humble form, we need not fear Him. It is love, not awe, He desires to meet with in the Sacrament of His love.

Simeon had a burning, ardent desire to see the face of His Lord. We must burn in like manner with an ardent desire of Holy Communion. No sooner had he received the Babe into his arms than that touch and embrace detached his heart so completely from this world that he only longed to be freed from the prison of his body and go to live with God for ever in heaven. Would that our Communion produced a similar effect in our souls! If we cannot rival Simeon in the ardour of his desire, we may at any rate quicken and stimulate our fervour by bringing greater tenderness of conscience to our preparations for Communion and by making reparation for our venial sins by the simple means provided by Holy Church — means which we are too apt to forget or overlook — a drop of holy water reverently taken, a sign of the Cross devoutly made or a short but fervent act of contrition. We may also perpetuate the office of the holy woman Anna who joined with Simeon in giving glory to God, by dwelling in His new temple, watching beside His Eucharistic Cradle and bearing the Divine Prisoner company, by assisting faithfully at daily Mass, as often as circumstances will permit, at Benediction and at all those offices of the Church in which Jesus manifests Himself to His people.

Blessed Lord! We humbly ask Thy pardon for the coldness and thanklessness with which we have so often received Thee! We pray Thee to take our hearts and purify them from all their evil inclinations, to warm them with Thy Divine love, that they may burn with a desire like that of Simeon and know no happiness apart from Thee!

— A. RAM.



My place of Refuge.

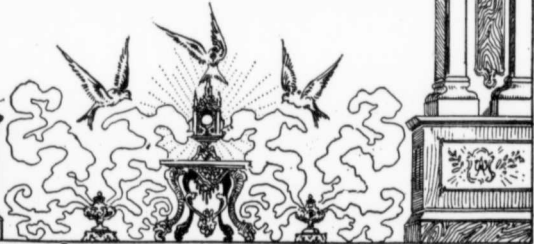
TO me no spot is nearer,
To me no light is clearer,
To me no home is dearer,
Than the Tabernacle Throne.

'Tis there my load is lightened,
'Tis there my spirit's brightened,
And my heart—all weak and frightened
Finds comfort there alone.

For Thou art rest and gladness ;
A joy to charm my sadness,
And still the passions' madness
To peace and joy and rest.

O Tabernacle lowly !
My place of refuge solely,
My anchor safe and holy,
While life's drear path I tread.

Thou'lt ever be a dear place,—
A sweet and always near place,
A sweet and wondrous dear place,
O Tabernacle Throne !



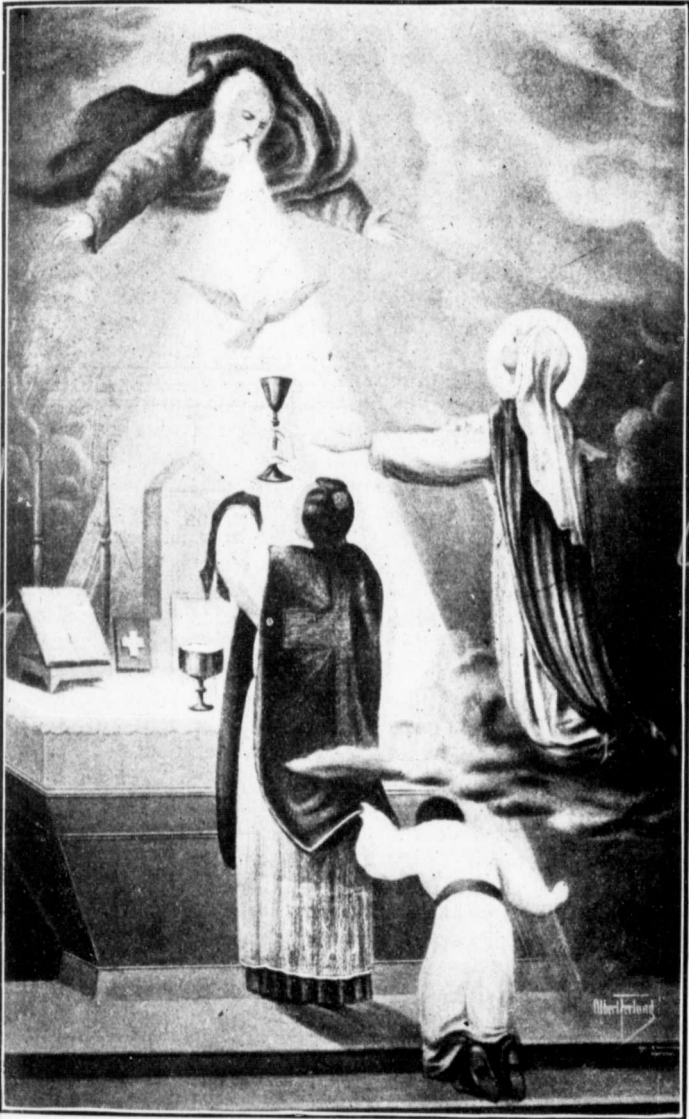


HIS HEART WAS TOUCHED.



HE young priest had celebrated his first Mass. The long procession of choristers and servers had wound into the sacristy. Presently the celebrant would come forth again that his hands might be kissed by the congregation, who sat meanwhile in a hush of expectancy, touched into unwonted stillness by the solemnity of the occasion. The clear, pure sunlight of a spring morning poured through the rose window above the altar, filling the little sanctuary with amber light. Although it was a parish chapel it belonged to a convent of Dominican nuns, and there was about the sanctuary and all its appointments that air of exquisite purity seen only where nuns have charge of the altar. On either side hung curtains of white and silver, against which palms and ferns were massed. The carven brass of the candlesticks and of the burnished doors of the tabernacle shone like gold in the clear lights. The snowy white of the marble altar breathed spotless chastity, the air was fragrant with the perfume of spring flowers, and with the faint odor of incense that still showed faintly in the shadow. Shut off by wrought-iron railings on the epistle side was the nuns' private chapel, and the foremost of the waiting congregation could see their kneeling forms, outlined in white serge robes against the dark carven oak of their stalls.

In the front seat in the nave sat the young priest's mother, clasping and unclasping her nervous fingers, dazed with unearthly happiness in this the supreme moment of her life. Like Simeon she could have sung joyfully "*Nunc Dimittis*," now that her eyes had seen the glorious consummation of a quarter of a century's hopes, labors, yearnings and desires. Her boy, her darling, the only child of her brief married life, had stood



" Her dear and only child stands at God's altar "



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before her on God's altar, clothed in the priestly vestments, lifting the chalice, touching with hands that had lain close to her heart the Body of the Saviour of men ! O wonderful Mass ! Nothing that Heaven might offer Mary Gorman hereafter could touch her heart and soul to such ineffable happiness as this past hour had brought her. Long labors, grim struggles, heavy hardships were forgotten, or if they were remembered it was only to be glorified, for were not they the steps by which she had ascended to this ?

In the opposite bench sat a tall proud-looking man in late middle life. Black brows marked a face of clear pallor ; hair and beard, once jet-black, too, were almost white. He sat very erect, as was his wont, and stared hard at the summit altar, and his heart was heavy with the thought that no son of his would ever stand there robed for the Holy Sacrifice. An intensely devoted Catholic, it had been the one great wish of Dr. Nugent's life to have a son a priest. God had blessed him with three fine lads, shapely, clever, and good-living, but to none of them came the call their father had so ardently desired. He prayed for it, he worked for it by seeking to bend their inclination whither he wished, but to no purpose. They grew to manhood, chose professions and were prospering in them, but their father was a disappointed man. He stole a glance at the homely face of Mary Gorman, and his own face grew hard at the sight of the ecstasy in hers. Here was one who had been a servent girl in the town he came from, and who now sat exalted as he might never hope to be.

In that hushed interval he went back in fancy to the little town of his birth. He saw himself the prosperous doctor's son home on a holiday from college, and Maura Ruadh, as they called the red-haired Connaught servant-girl at Murray's, the butcher's, beetling clothes by the canal bank, or carrying water bare-footed to her master's shop. A poor drudge she was, but happy and light-hearted withal. He remembered her well because of her habit of answering in Irish the taunts about her flaming hair. There came a year when he missed her, and was told she had gone to London. For himself there were successful examinations, a prosperous practise in a Lon-

don suburb, years of married happiness and fatherhood, marred only by that one baulked desire. But how deep was his disappointment only God and himself knew.

When he saw again the Maura Ruadh of his boyhood she was Mrs. Gorman, the hard-working owner of a little shop. She wrought from sunrise to sunset, and long after it, indeed, to keep her fatherless boy at college, and to make a small provision for her old age. Mrs. Gorman wondered why a shadow fell on his face when she told him her son was in a seminary. Dr. Nugent had been genuinely glad to see her, and she felt a glow of Irish pride in being able to say her boy was destined for the altar. She saw his face harden at the news, and wondered if he were upstart enough to think a laborer's son was not fit for the service of God. In that she did him wrong unwittingly. Dr. Nugent was jealous — yes, there is no other word for the feeling that rankled in his heart — but not because God had called a laborer's son to His service. His old regret stirred in him whenever he heard of any vocation, be it given to laborer's or land-owner's son. There was bitterness in the thought that others were called, while his were not.

As he sat watching the sunlit sanctuary with dark unseeing eyes, the sacristy door was thrown open and the young priest came forward to take his seat at the altar. The snowy alb gave dignity to his slight figure, and his boyish face was gentle and spiritual enough to fit the fine purity and exaltation of the place and occasion. He walked slowly, and his features showed evidence of deep feeling. Beside him was the old parish priest, whose Mass he had so often served, and who came to stand beside him in the ensuing ceremony. Without lifting his eyes to the watching congregation he sat on the seat prepared for him, his hands extended palm downwards on the alb. The sunlight fell on his bowed head crowned with wavy red-gold hair, and in his mother's eyes he was enhaloed and transfigured with unearthly radiance. The parish priest motioned to her to come first. She strove to rise, but could not, and her son looked up. He smiled at her with eyes of loving encouragement, and his lips quivered as he saw the tears streaming down her checks. Instead of rising she knelt and stretched out her hands impulsively, crying, " Oh,

Michael, Michael!" as if he were a little child again. Dr. Nugent's hard eyes grew soft and moist as he looked. His bitterness fell away from him, and in a moment



he had stepped across the nave and was leading her towards the sanctuary. Together they knelt at the feet of the young Levite, and the mother pressed her trembling lips to his beloved hands. He bent down and raised her in his arms, and held her while he kissed her tear-stained face. Then Dr. Nugent laid reverent lips to the hands of God's anointed.



The Curé d'Ars and Father Eymard.



OTHER Marguerite, who with Father Eymard founded the order of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament, relates that during a visit to the Curé d'Ars October 1857, he assured her of his profound veneration for our Founder and blessed the order and work ! He wished to see it established at Lyons but feared that it would meet with insurmountable obstacles.

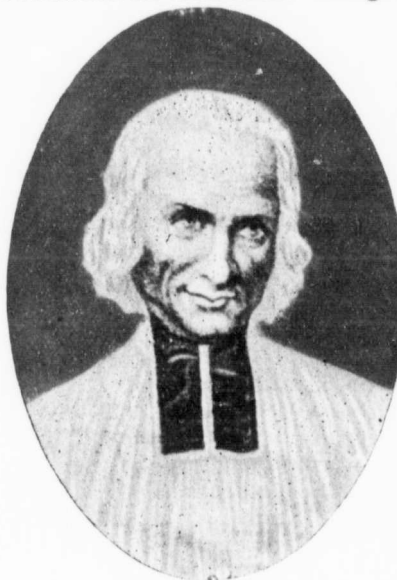
The Founder had previously addressed the following lines to the Curé d'Ars :

" I trust to enthuse your piety towards our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, by announcing to you the realization of the hope you expressed to Father Hermann and for which you prayed.—The Society of the Blessed Sacrament was founded in Paris four months ago. The aim of the Society is to make all hearts know, love, serve and adore our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. To form a court and guard of honor ever watching at His Feet.

It is Mary who has given one of her poor children to Jesus. For was it not I, good and revered Father, who had the honor and joy of receiving you into the Third Order of Mary. Therefore I beg of you for the love of the good Master to continue your prayers for this little grain of mustard seed."

In the month of January 1858, Mother Marguerite consulted the Curé d'Ars. She thus gives an account of the interview :

“ On the advice of Father Eymard the Curé d' Ars was consulted as to our vocation and his prayers were asked for our work. The holy Curé called Father Eymard his saint. He had received him into the Third Order of Mary, during one of his visits to him and after our Order was established he admitted him an aggregate member. We may truly say they were two saints filled with a great veneration for each other. The good Curé never wearied



The B. Curé d'Ars.

“ To a question concerning us personally he answered, that God wished that we should go to the community in Paris, that Father Eymard wished to found, that our vocation was to become a religious of the Blessed Sacrament, that we should be very happy to have been chosen to take part in such a great work and that God would give us the necessary strength that we must not hesitate, but be ready to depart at the first sign, his friend, Father Eymard made. He, also, gave us many messages for Father Eymard.”

of speaking of the greatness of the work. How beautiful is that work. How grand! The priest's adoration. Oh! it is lovely and for the priests" — he added and he wept. This holy work will be assailed by those who should have encouraged it, for the world does not understand it.”

“ And when we asked will it succeed, will it hold out? he replied “ Yes, yes, it will succeed. It will do a great deal of good in the Church, and it will glorify our Lord.”

Here are a few fragments of an interview Mother Marguerite had with the holy Curé, April 1858. We give them word for word as she wrote them: "And Father Eymard, how is he?"

"He is well, thank you."

"And his work? How is it getting on?"

"I am afraid it will not succeed."

"So they say."

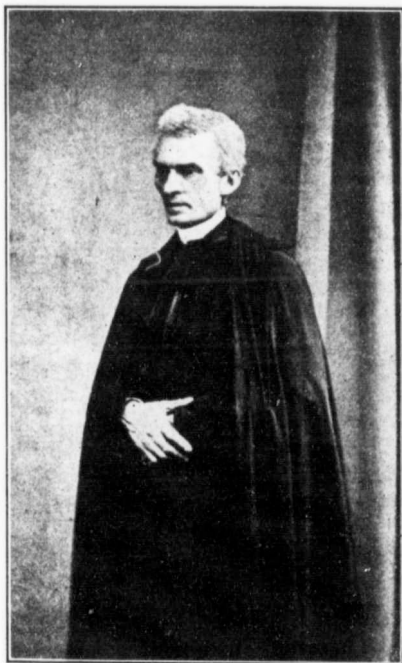
"The world sees it, and does not understand it. But this work will succeed. It will continue."

"Ah! what happiness and what grace God has bestowed on you in making you a member of this Society.

Father Eymard, my dear child, is a great saint. When you see him say to him all that is said between friends when they meet. Tell him we will see one another in heaven. I will pray for the work I will now give you something that is very precious — a rosary."

"Why is it so precious Father?"

"Because, my child, the Blessed Virgin has touched it with her Sacred hands. Go, with confidence towards our Lord, I will bless your journey and God will bless you also. Our dear Mother will give you courage. God wants you to give yourself to Him, that he may do with you as He wishes. Goodbye, my Sister. Bless you.



The Rev. Father Eymard.

The esteem and veneration between the Curé d'Ars and our holy Founder was mutual.

"Do you know, who is great in France in our times?" Father Eymard asked one day. "A poor country curate, who performs miracles.—The curé d'Ars. I dare not say he is my friend," he added with his usual humility, "for he is too great a saint."

Another time he said: "I have known the Curé d'Ars, many among you have seen him. How he loved the Blessed Sacrament.

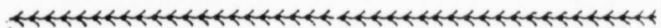
I said to him, one day, in the sacristy:

"You do not pray for the Society of the Blessed Sacrament, there are no vocations." He wept like a child. "How can I pray to Him, I," he answered, "since it is you who have Him."

He alluded no doubt to the great grace of the perpetual Exposition, for God belongs to all and the good Curé had assuredly the first right on his divine Heart. Father Eymard must have frequently visited the Curé d'Ars. In 1854 when he was very ill he was taken to Ars. The holy Curé told him to make a novena to Saint Philomène. That he would not recover at Ars, but would have to go further. Which really happened.

We believe that it was in the month of May 1859 that the last interview between these two great souls, took place. During one of his journeys our revered Father remained several hours with the good Curé. Three months after the Servant of the Lord was called to receive his recompense.

These are a few of the relations that existed between the Curé d'Ars and our venerable Founder.



To Our Readers.

We beg to remind some of our Readers that their subscription having expired in January has not yet been renewed. They would greatly oblige us and help along our good work should they remit the small amount at their earliest convenience.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the
Blessed Sacrament.

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**Give us this Day our Daily Bread.**  
**Our Corporeal Bread.**

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I. — Adoration.

I should humbly ask Thee, dear Jesus, for the Bread that sustains my corporal life as I ask Thee for the spiritual bread that sustains my soul's, since without nutriment neither soul nor body can subsist. Were I deeply penetrated with this truth, it would notably increase my spirit of adoration as there is no more irrefutable proof of my powerlessness, my nothingness, my absolute dependence on Thy sovereign domain than this necessity compelling me to have daily recourse to strengthening food under penalty of weakening and dying.

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We cannot gainsay it, our life is but a continual decline. We do not live, we die slowly. Nourishment is only a remedy against death that torments and pursues us. Yes, our life's lamps consumes and burns itself out and incessantly requires re-lighting and re-kindling. Every time we partake of food we try to ward off death and combat a malady that finally will be victorious. All flesh is but as grass and man, whosoever he may be, has only a borrowed strength. Daily, nay, many times a day, we are obliged to extend our hands to inferior creatures to beg for alms. The running stream,



the falling fruit, the bird that cleaves the air, the ox that bellows, the fish that sports in the water are our masters, the bearers and depositors of germs to sustain and renew our being. Through their instrumentality God continues as long as He pleases His first gift. Yea! indeed, man is but a poor proud creature not realizing his indigence and misery. To confound him and open his eyes, it is only necessary that the animals on which he depends for food fail him or that the aliments he requires be beyond his reach; then, his boasted strength soon gives way, his heart beats weaken, his blood does not circulate properly, his organization relaxes and death inevitably results.

Let us recall in the presence of the Author of life, our nothingness and may the thought engender humility in our hearts. May it also penetrate us with deep gratitude at the sight of Our Saviour's iudefatigable goodness.

## II — Thanksgiving.

God might have created us with less pressing and continual needs; He might have thrown us, in some manner, deeper into nothingness instead of leaving us palpitating on its brink; He might have given us a little life in deposit and provisioned for a specified time the vessel of our soul and body when He launched it on the ocean of life. He did not wish to do so, and that not only to prevent us being filled with pride as were the angels who did not require food, but again and principally in order to place Himself, so to speak, under the necessity of occupying Himself unceasingly about us, in order that His Paternal Providence would be, as it were, obliged never to lose sight of us. Nothing is so touching as this thought unless it is the fidelity and tenderness with which Jesus discharges those duties imposed on Him by His divine Paternity.

O my Jesus, my Creator, my Saviour, my adorable Preserver, with what care, with what forethought, with what solicitude dost Thou not prepare our daily corporal bread. The completion of the year is but a series of Thy benefits; the four seasons an uninterrupted succession of the gifts of Thy unbounded liberality. Spring scatters at our feet its perfumes and flowers, summer its refreshing fruit and golden harvest, autumn its plenitude of abundant life, winter its mantle of snow to protect the furrows as a mother her sleeping child. We never invoke Thee in vain, Thy goodness begins and multiplies unceasingly. Each aliment of which we partake is Thy gift, also the power of assimilating and

changing it into our substance continuing as it were, the work of creation, accomplishing now by invisible means and through secondary causes what Thou didst in the beginning by a single word.

Dear Jesus! How good Thou art! How Thou dost love us! With what lively gratitude should we not bless and thank Thee!

### III — Reparation.

In regard to this petition for daily bread and the temporal necessities of life, we commit many faults calling for reparation.

First our ingratitude. How many are there, my Jesus, who nourish themselves daily with Thy gifts without ever thinking of Thee, their sovereign Benefactor! How guilty they are, especially those hardened sinners so insensible to Thy goodness, which despite their offences prepares for them fruits and flowers and bestows on them sweetness even when they give Thee naught but bitterness. And this perhaps for ten, twenty years or even longer. What paternal tenderness on the one side! What monstrous ingratitude on the other!

Immoderately desiring superfluities, ardently wishing for the means to gratify luxury or rise above our position are fruitful causes of sin! St. Paul says: "If you have sufficient food to eat and raiment to wear, you should be satisfied."

Again, we transgress by yielding to cupidity, by trying to appropriate the goods of others by fraud, ruse or violence. Selfish monopolizers of the bread of your fellow-men, pay attention to your words when you recite the Our Father; you say "*panem nostrum*," our bread. Be satisfied with your share, do not desire that of others.

Another fault is excessive solicitude for the future, or an inordinate longing to possess more than we need. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Let us have confidence in divine Providence who gives us the bread of to-day, who will also provide that of to-morrow, who tells us, be not solicitous saying what shall we eat, who does not condemn a wise prevision, but who does condemn excessive anxiety and extreme solicitude.

Finally, there is the sin of those who make of the Our Father an isolated prayer wholly personal and egotistic, changing "Our" bread into "my" bread, saying in their hearts though their lips may repeat the ordinary formula,

“ Lord, give me my daily bread, that is sufficient, I do not care about the others. We cannot thus change the divine petition. Moreover, we are bound to accept and act up to the eminently social consequences it involves ; one of which is that the rich are not the absolute proprietors of their wealth but must share it with the poor, at least that which is superfluous.

Let us seriously examine our conduct on this point at the feet of Him who will one day judge with rigorous justice our faults against this fourth petition on the Lord's prayer and firmly resolve to correct ourselves without delay.

#### IV. — Prayer.

My Jesus! How vast and beautiful in its simplicity in this petition! Holy Scripture says: “ In the assembly of the aged be not verbose, do not multiply words when praying.” Why should we, when we can by one word “ *panem*,” ask all things?

In asking Thee for bread, Lord Jesus, we pray Thee to give to the earth fecundity, to the heavens its sun and rain, to the wheat maturity, to the harvest propitious days, to the plants their growth, to the trees their leaves, flowers and fruits, to us the substance of that which lives in the air, in the water and on the land.

To live we need flax and golden fleece. Asking Thee for our daily bread is begging Thee to enrich the fields, to pasture the sheep. To live we must have dwelling-places: asking Thee for our daily bread is begging Thee to give to the forest their timber trees, to the quarries their metals and the various materials necessary for our handiwork.

Who will not now understand the great necessity to pray before and after each meal? To bless and offer thanksgiving before, during, after, always—because our life is incessantly sustained by those gifts we beg for saying: “ Lord, give us this day our daily bread.”





## A Prodigy of the Altar.



PROPOS of the recent Eucharistic Congress in New York, unusual interest attaches to the following well-authenticated narrative published by several of our French exchanges. It was related by the parish priest of Saint-André at another Eucharistic Congress held, some weeks prior to the American one, at Angoulême, France. The genuineness of the prodigy involved is vouched for by the diocesan authorities of the Ile de la Réunion, in which See Saint-André parish is situated.

On the 26th of January, 1902. Father Lacombe was celebrating in his parish the exercises of the Perpetual Adoration. He had reached the *Pater Noster* of his Mass, when, chancing to raise his eyes to the ostensorium he saw a species of shadow, or sombre aureole, clearly defined at the upper portion of the Sacred Host. Continuing the Holy Sacrifice, he beheld the progressive formation of a human countenance — the forehead, eyes, nose, lips, chin, — the full face, in fine, set off with hair and beard. The expression of the figure was profoundly sorrowful; its complexion was cadaverous, and the head was slightly inclined to the right.

The Mass over, Father Lacombe returned to the sacristy, quite naturally preoccupied with the vision that he had been witnessing. Distrusting possibly some illusion on his own part, he called the oldest of his altar-boys, a youth of eighteen or nineteen years, and said to him: "Go out and see whether you notice anything strange about the Blessed Sacrament." The young man did so, and in a few moments came hurrying back to the sacristy, exclaiming: "Father there's a man in the ostensorium."

Thereupon the other altar-boys hastened out to the sanctuary ; and they, too, perceived the human countenance which none but the pastor had noticed during the Holy Sacrifice. In the meanwhile most of the congregation had left the church. The pastor sent for a number of Sisters who were still in their pews near the sanctuary ; and, without telling them what he himself had seen, asked them to look at the ostensorium. They did so, and beheld the holy face of Our Lord just as the priest and his altar-boys had done.

The news of the marvel spread like wildfire through the little town ; and within an hour, practically the whole population had betaken itself to the church. All saw the prodigy, — practical Catholics and nominal, the pious and the scoffers, fervent Christians and those who had long neglected the sacraments. In many cases, indeed, the impious appeared to see the figure even more distinctly than the devout.

Entering the sanctuary from time to time during the day, the priest perceived at each visit the same features, which at first looked a yellowish white like the face of a corpse, and later, in the afternoon, took on the coloring of a living countenance. Naturally enough the abbé desired to take a closer view of the apparition and examine more minutely into all its details. He accordingly mounted the little step-ladder ordinarily used when the ostensorium was placed above the tabernacle ; but when he reached the top he found that a black veil, like a heavy coating of ink, was spread over the glass face of the lunette, rendering it absolutely opaque, so that he could see nothing whatever.

Keeping his gaze fixed on the ostensorium as he descended, he saw the features reappearing ; but on his arresting his descent they again vanished, and not until he got off the step-ladder did he once more behold in common with the other spectators, the adorable face of Jesus Christ.

Behind the altar in Father Lacombe's church there is a sort of stairway built just for convenience in arranging flowers and other altar decorations. In the course of the day one of the parishioners glided to the rear of the altar and went up this stairway until he came to the level of

the ostensorium, which was within reach of his hand. He saw nothing, however, save the white Host as at ordinary expositions of the Blessed Sacrament ; although on coming down and returning in front of the altar he again beheld the apparition.

The prodigy had continued up to the hour for Vespers ; and many of its witnesses declared that they saw tears and even drops of blood coursing down the face that had replaced the Sacred Host.

When Vespers began, the human figure disappeared, but the imprint of the crucifix on the Host stood out in extraordinary relief, and the cross which bore the image of Christ became elongated, its four extremities overlapping the Host's dimensions by several centimetres. This second phenomenon was, distinctly visible to the whole congregation ; even the nearsighted and the partially blind observed it. Only at the end of Vespers did the Host resume its usual aspect.

Mgr. Fabre, Bishop of Réunion, was of course informed of this marvellous occurrence, and he forthwith instituted a regular canonical investigation. As a result thereof, he prescribed the careful preservation of the miraculous Host, and ordained that thereafter the annual adoration should take place at Saint-André on the 26th of January, as a fixed date, and not be postponed until the following Sunday, as had previously been the custom.

—“ *From The Ave Maria.*”

## The Purification.

*O Virgin Mother ! spotless, undefiled,  
Most pure, most holy ! Mary we follow thee.  
In thine obedience, thy humility,  
Who ne'er by sin or evil was beguiled,  
As thou didst offer for the sinless Child  
The gifts commanded, even so may we  
Now in remembrance of thy purity,  
Give all we have to thee, oh Mother mild.*

## The Mass of St. John.

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*Before the light the shadows flee,
The cool wind of the dawn
Through rows of ripening wheat blows free,
And purpling grapes above the lawn ;
Yet earlier than the sun awakes,
St. John, in fervent prayer,
Lifts suppliant heart to Heaven that makes
His Jesus come from there,
In mysteries ineffable to be
Victim and Priest as once on Calvary.*

*The chapel is the fairest room
In Mary's home, and drest
By her own hands, as once the gloom
Of Bethlehem for her Guest,
Her God, her Son ; whose altar is now
A table Joseph made
In Nazareth. She remembers how
Her Jesus' hand was laid
Upon those boards, and which the one He brought
And sawed, as His dear foster-father wrought.*

*The linen her own hands have spun,
The altar-cloth to be ;
The Cross, a plaything Christ had done
Himself in infancy ;
No Missal, and no need, the heart
Evangelist recalls
The Supper-Room, the Saviour's part.
And every word that falls ;
Heaven's loveliest Angels by the altar kneel
In service happy as Heaven itself can feel.*

*" In the Name of the Father, and of the Son
And of the Holy Ghost,"
The Mass begins, with rubrics none
Save all divine. The Host,*

*At "Hoc est corpus meum," said
With glowing heart and lips,
Upon the altar lies. O'erhead
Glory and light eclipse
The sun at noon-day, as the angel-choirs
Entone the "Benedictus qui venit" of desires.—*

*Above the Lyre and psaltery best
The heart-throbs of Saint John,
Lost in Sweet dreams and memories sweet
Of when he leaned upon
His Saviour's breast at supper, when
Christ gave Himself as Food;
Now face to face he sees as then
The Lord's true Flesh and Blood.
The tender tears flow down his cheeks as rain.
Remembering Calvary's exceeding love and pain.*

*And Mary, too, remembers: tears
Her mother's eyes o'erflow
Reviewing Three and Thirty Years
The Man-God here below
Amongst us dwell. Nay, as of old
Remains, our Gift of gifts,
In Eucharistic Bread. "Behold
The Lamb of God!" uplifts
Saint John the Host. In Mary's heart once more
Her Son and God, Victim and Priest, is born.*

*Around her, Tabernacle blest,
Their Queen, the angels sing
To harp and viol the tenderest
Of songs, sweet tears to bring
For once in Bethlehem's stable she
Had sung it to her Child.
And watching His sleep upon her knee,
Had kissed Him and He smiled.
"Thou givest them Bread from Heaven," one
[acolyte
Chants, the reply, "All sweetness," to invite.*

A. VENDAGUER.



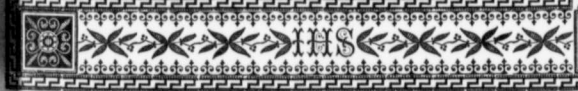
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THE BLESSING.



NAPOLEON, not satisfied with the conquest of Europe, desired in his insatiable ambition, to subjugate Spain also. Gathering together his old grenadiers who had already faced the battle-field, he set out. The campaign was long and bloody, many a brave soldier met therein a glorious death. Remarkable feats of valor were performed by both armies. Finally, the Spaniards ceding to numbers retreated to Saragossa, hotly pursued by the enemy. The city valiantly sustained the onset, her heroic defence being among the notable historical events. Attacked with fury on all sides, the ancient fortress totally unprepared for such a siege soon fell into the enemy's hands, who, delighted with their conquest, triumphantly marched into the city. To their surprise, they were greeted by numerous volleys, practically informing them that, though the fortress had fallen, the inhabitant's had not yet surrendered; the latter making a last effort turned their houses into so many citadels of defence and fired with the energy of despair preferred death to surrender; seeing this the commanding officer ordered the troops to advance more cautiously.

At the head of my regiment I marched down a narrow street closely watching the roofs, the galleries and the windows where death might lie awaiting us. We could still hear the distant rumbling of the canon and the more

or less frequent discharge of musketry, seething flames heated the atmosphere and lit up with satanic glow our sinister work. We marched over dead bodies, through



mud and blood, hearing on every side moans and cries of heroes, for those wounded warriors lying there were heroes in the truest sense of the word.

Our soldiers whom war and victory had changed into ferocious beasts, entered the houses pitilessly slaying and

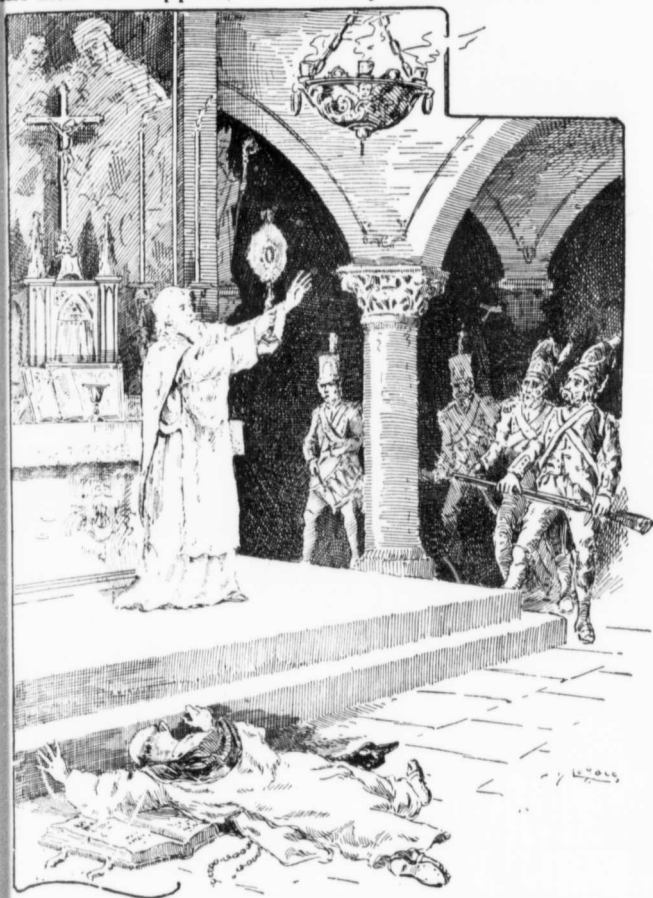
strangling all, respecting neither age nor sex. It was horrible ! Yet no officer dreamed of repressing such carnage. The regiment slowly advanced, sowing death and destruction in its wake.

In the midst of the faint agonizing moans continually echoing in our ears rose the clarion cry, " Help, comrades ! " With one impulse, my regiment faced round to answer the appeal. They saw about twenty monks ignominiously expelling from their church some soldiers eager to lay their hands on fabled monastic treasures. This audacious sight so exasperated my men that they fired shot after shot at the white-robed monks, not desisting until the last lay low a victim of their unbridled anger. Then walking over the corpses of the valiant defenders, we found easy access to the church and boldly entered the holy place.

In the distance burned a few candles. Before the Madonna's shrine were innumerable little lamps, whose flickering light dimly outlined and enhanced the unearthly beauty and infinite pathos and tenderness of that Virgin most peaceful. At the main altar, a white-haired monk was saying his mass without apparently taking the slightest notice of the tumult. The sight of this venerable old pontiff, so courageous in face of imminent danger, impressed us forcibly and so appealed to our warrior blood that a moment of hesitancy seized us. Nevertheless, we scoffed at all this church mummary, we, the soldiers of Napoleon, the conquerors of the Pope.

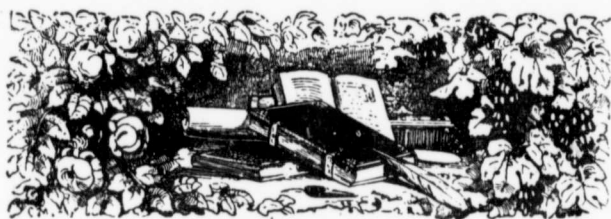
An officer more hardened than the rest scornfully sneered at our involuntary admiration for the white-crowned monk and commanded us to fire on him. No one stirred. His angry oath alone broke the silence. The monk, always with the same serenity which had so impressed us, took the Blessed Sacrament and — Mass finished — turned towards us. With the ostensorium he formed the sign of the cross and without a tremor, sweetly repeated the words of the blessing : "*Benedicite vos omnipotens Deus.*" We retreated. Instantly, the fierce voice commanded anew — with an awful oath, " Fire ! " A coward if there was ever one pressed the trigger of his gun, the brave monk staggered and paled but with undaunted courage continued, "*Pater et Filius,*" and

finished the sign of the cross. A slight streak of blood empurpled the sacred vestments, the monk leaned against the altar for support, the cowardly assassin fired a second



shot. The monk fell, blessing us again. In a feeble voice but which we distinctly heard, he repeated with closed eyes, "*Et Spiritus Sanctus.*" Then, he slept the sleep of the just, the ostensorium resting on his heart.





Jesus in the Tabernacle

Our help in all necessities.



JESUS in the tabernacle is always silent - so silent that He might be supposed to have no being therein ; yet the work of the Blessed Sacrament is unceasing. If we consider some of the offices which are the special attributes of the silent dweller of the tabernacle, we may well ask ourselves : Where can we find a type of more universal labor, and where among creatures where in the wide world can we find a help in our trials and necessities like that which comes to us through the Blessed Sacrament ? Jesus in the tabernacle is to us a light in darkness ; counsel in doubt, help in all undertakings, solace in suffering, strength in temptation ; joy in opprobrium ; our resource and protection under all calamities. When our hearts are heavy with an undefined dread, when the clouds of fear gather round us, when we feel as though God and man had forsaken us as though none of our supplications were heard, and the heavens had become as brass, even when we cannot pray and we kneel mute before the tabernacle, have we never felt the gradual dawning of a soft light in our souls, lifting the weight of the cloud which was oppressing us so sorely, until we begin to discern the silver edge of its lining faintly gleaming in the reflection of the Blessed Sacrament ? — “ *Lumen in tenebris.* ”

Who is there who has not felt the weariness of spirit engendered by an unceasing round of irksome daily occu-

pations, insignificant in themselves, but which, nevertheless, occupy the greater part of our time and leave us scarcely a moment to ourselves? We feel fretted, perhaps by the very number and monotony of our good works. We come before the Blessed Sacrament with this feeling of weariness, and almost of discouragement, upon us and gradually a sense of peace steals over us, and the calm of the Blessed Sacrament works a calm in our hearts—trifling worries and vexations fade from our minds. We feel refreshed in body and soul and we rise from our knees ready to begin anew, ready to smile at the trifles which we had found so hard to bear. — “*Auxilium in negotiis.*”

Again temptations crowd upon us — temptations to anger, pride, revenge, sensuality, as the case may be — we have resisted manfully, but our strength is well-nigh spent, and despairingly, almost hopelessly, we come before the Blessed Sacrament in spite of ourselves, as it were, when, as our lips murmur familiar words of prayer, it seems to us as though these words were invested with a meaning which they had never had before. A new strength fills our hearts, and we turn to face our temptations with fresh vigor, confident that the grace which we have brought from the tabernacle will put them to flight. — “*Robur in tentationibus.*”

Again, we are humbled to the dust; calumny is busy with our name, friends look coldly at us, enemies jeer at us and triumph over us; good people are doubtful about us, the worldly shun us. We take our sufferings to the feet of Jesus, and it seems to us as though a voice came from the tabernacle, asking us to remember the sufferings of our divine Master, and bidding us look round the world and try if we can count the number of insults, the calumnies, the affronts, which are heaped upon Jesus in the sacrament of His love and reminding us that if we will be glorified with Him we must also suffer with Him. — “*Gaudium in contumeliis.*”

In fine, there is not a difficulty, not a trial, not a sorrow, not a calamity, which we may not lay down before Jesus in the tabernacle, confident that He will either relieve us of its burden or else give us strength enough to bear it joyfully for His sake.



THANKSGIVINGS.

Laconia : — I return thanks to Jesus in the Sacred Host for a great favor obtained after long supplication. — Thanks to the Blessed Sacrament for special help granted in critical circumstances.

Montreal : — I was very successful in my examinations ; glory be to the Sacred Host to whom I am especially devoted. Six priests recently ordained give public thanks to the Blessed Sacrament for the grace of their promotion. — Two religious severely tried by sickness give heartfelt thanks to God for the grace of peaceful resignation.

New-Bedford : — I acknowledge with deep gratitude the cure of a little child and a special favor granted lately after promising to publish it in your booklet.

Vancouver : — I desire to return my most sincere thanks to the Blessed Sacrament through the Blessed Lady of Perpetual Succor for a position obtained in October ; also for a very great temporal favor secured in a most unexpected way, I desire the same to be published in the "*Sentinel*" as promised.

Oshawa : — I gratefully acknowledge the return, to his religious duties of a dear relative and beg for him the grace of perseverance, S. B.

OUR BELOVED DECEASED.

Mr. Thomas Ward. — Napoléon Filion. — Mr. Henry Robert McGreevy. — Bernard McCready. — Rev. Jean René Ouellet, late Superior of St. Hyacinth Seminary. — Mr. Auguste Rivard. — Miss Lydia Harvey. — Mr. F. Stephens. — Mrs. Léda Dery. — Miss Mary Dickson. — Miss Lydia Middleton. — Mr. James Lynch. — Rev. F. Lava. — Rev. André Audet. — Michael Flannery.

PETITIONS.

Ellyville : — I desire to place under the special protection of the Blessed Sacrament and of Mary Immaculate my husband, myself and our eight children, C. R. — Special request is made to the Blessed Sacrament that I may be cured of nervous trouble. I promise five years' subscription to the "Sentinel" if my prayers are heard. E. O'N.

Quebec : — A friend who desires to join the priesthood ; the conversion of four persons ; the father of a family addicted to drink ; a young man given to the same evil habit ; temporal and spiritual favors, E. N. — A young girl dying of consumption. — A young lady in ill-health.

Richmond : — The intentions of one of our dear Promoters. — A young man addicted to the liquor habit, E. H. — My old father anointed last week, for the grace of a holy death, A. C.

St-Paul : — A young man who lost his good position in a bank failure that he may not get discouraged and be lucky enough to secure another position before the end of the present month. — A lady greatly annoyed with head troubles.

Sutton : — Two special favors. — My daughter for health and success in her studies. If my request meets with success I promise a new subscription to the "Sentinel," A. H.

Udney : — The cure of a sickness ; that certain members of my family stop drinking ; five special intentions. If my prayers are heard I will give a statue of the Sacred Heart to the church. A subscriber.

Woonsocket : — A non-Catholic father that God may touch his heart and render him faithful to his former promises. — My children that they may always remain faithful to their religious duties.

..... Good health for my daughter suffering for twelve years from epilepsy. — That I may be free from debt at the end of this new year. If both requests are granted I promise a life subscription to the "Sentinel," H. E. — Prayers are earnestly requested for a conversion ; for my husband ; for two members of my family given to drink, P. R. — Many conversions ; Sister M. E. — I earnestly request that God may restore to me the friendship of my dearest friend who seems to have forgotten me, M. L.



The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday, February 16th at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.



DAILY HELPS FOR DAILY NEEDS

Never cease from giving thanks to Jesus Christ for the infinite love by which in order to be our Support and to load us with His benefits ; He wills to give Herself to you as food. Love this generous Benefactor more by actions than by words.

*Lo ! as thou camest to the temple gate
Unknown, unhonored, so we fain would tread
In thy blest footprints ; partners of thy fate,
Thy tears, thy glory : so where thou hast led
We too may walk ; — Oh, Queen Immaculate !
So may we come to thee when life is sped.*

To know with an entire faith what is the excellence of the Most Holy Eucharist is in truth to know what the work is which, in the might of His mercy, God, made man, carried out in behalf of the human race.

Many a one owes his salvation to making a visit to God's house and there asking forgiveness. Try it, and see what grace you will receive. If you pass the church, and have a few minutes to spare, run in and offer yourself, your wants, your desires to God, who is there waiting, waiting, for you.

*So weary are we ! O Thou Bread from heaven,
Thou Light in darkness, Comfort in despair,
We need Thee ! Come Thou Beautiful, God-given !
Thou everlasting One, Eternal Fair !*

A living kinship should weld us to Jesus, for by an infinite condescension He has deigned to become our Brother. The hours spent in His presence should pass all too quickly, while the moments spent in communicating should be the happiest of our lives. Ah, then let the heart not beat, and let the lungs cease to breathe, that His soul and ours may recline together and quietly rest in each other's embrace.

Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal.



SUFFER CHILDREN COME UNTO ME.

After a painting by C. G. Pfannschmidt.

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