



The Holy Face.



The Sentinel
...of the...
Blessed Sacrament

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No. 3

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE

Thou gazest down with loving kindness,
Dear Lord, upon Thy suffering child ;
And into light is changed my blindness,
As night before the sunbeams, mild.
With many wounds, with deep, deep sadness,
I come before Thee, Lord to-day ;
But all is changed to heavenly gladness,
And at Thy feet sorrow has passed away.

Thy love sheds blessings all around us,
As once in far Judea's land ;
With many graces Thou hast bound us
Thy captives in a holy band ;
And, oh ! Thine eyes, with lovelight shining,
Console my griefs, and make me know
That I can rest, till life's declining,
Within Thy care Who lov'st me so !

How sweet Thy Presence on Thine altar !
How near, how near, Thou art to me !
Oh, never let me change or falter,
My heart shall live alone for Thee.
Here let me kneel in adoration,
Here at Thy feet, beneath Thy gaze.
This is my rest, my soul's safe station,
Be Thou my all, through all my days.

S. L. EMERY.



The Annunciation

AND

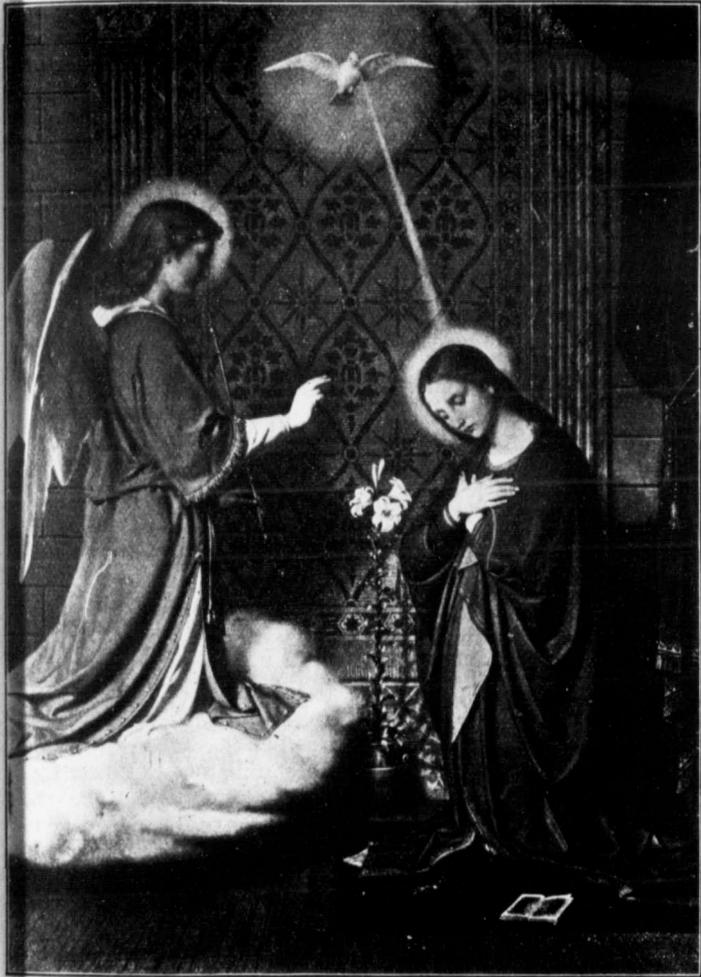
Holy Communion.

First example of a perfect Communion.

Before Communion.



CONSIDER the majestic preparations of sanctity and the crown of virtues with which the Mother of God was adorned to fit her to receive the Eternal Word into her most pure womb. She was conceived in grace and confirmed in grace, that sin might not, even for a single instant, obscure the living Sanctuary of the Lord. Her father was named "Joachim" signifying "preparation of God," and her mother "Anna," which means "grace," that all might join together in due preparation for it. She is born and lives in the "City of Flowers," blooming as the Flower of Purity. She is called "Mary," which signifies "Lady," and justly so, for even the Prince of Eternity offers her obedience. She is brought up in the Temple, the great wonder of the world, to be herself the wonder of Heaven. She takes a vow of virginity, reserving herself as a sealed door for the Prince alone to enter in. She covers her soul with the plenitude of graces, and gems her heart with every virtue to receive a Lord Who is called Holy.



The Annunciation.

Reflect that you are about to receive into your breast that same Incarnate Word which Mary conceived in her womb, she with so much preparation, you so devoid of any! Remember that he who communicates receives the same Lord Whom Mary conceived. If the Mother of God was troubled at conceiving Him, surrounded as she was with such great sanctity, how can you, so utterly unworthy, not tremble at approaching to receive Him? The Virgin "full of grace" fears, and you, defiled with sin, fear not! Endeavour to form a just conception of so great an action, preparing yourself assiduously for receiving frequently the Eternal Word, since the Virgin prepared herself so carefully in order to conceive Him once.

* * *

To this disposition of her whole life the event which followed corresponded well. Concealed and separated from all human bustle was this Lady — given up completely to Divine communications. So retired from earth, so familiar with Heaven, it needed that an Angel should enter to search for her hidden retreat, and that he should knock at the solitude of her heart, so retired in herself was she, so absorbed in her devotion.

Her virginal modesty veiled her beauty, her circumspect humility was the rampart of her chastity. Full of astonishment, the Angel salutes her. Mary, troubled, listens—she who could teach the very angelic spirits purity.

The sacred Paranympth invites her to the Divine maternity, and she attends to the defence of her virginity; she bends with her whole being as she accepts the offer of the greatest of honours, and she consents, not to be a Queen, but a handmaid. In every word she utters a wonder is contained, and in each action that she performs a prodigy.

O soul, approach and learn virtues, study perfections, copy this original and learn to receive your God; reflect with what humility you should come near, with what reverence kneel in His presence! If the Virgin, so crowned with perfections, was troubled, if, so full of grace,

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feared, needing that he who is the "strength of God" should comfort her, how can you, so devoid of virtues, so covered with the filth of your sins, dare to receive into your breast that same immense God? Reflect, what can be an adequate preparation, what purity equal to such an occasion? Prepare your heart, then, if not with the perfection which is due to such an act, at least with all the graces you can possibly attain.

After Communion.

In this purest Tabernacle of Grace, on this sublime Throne of all virtues, the Eternal Word takes flesh; here is compressed that great God Whom the heavens cannot contain, and she who was full of grace remains full of devotion. So soon as she is made sensible that in her purest womb is enclosed her Son—God—her soul, with all its faculties, lies prostrate in adoration, dedicating all its powers to His worship and love. Her understanding, enraptured, contemplates that immense grandeur reduced to the compass of an infant body. Her will is inflamed with love for that infinite goodness which had been communicated to her, and her memory ever recalls His mercies. Her imagination represented Him in His humanity; her exterior senses, separating themselves from the love of every external duty, remained, as it were, absorbed in the already felt presence of her God. Her eyes longed to gaze on Him, her ears yearned to listen to His voice, her arms folded Him in spirit in her embrace, sealing with her lips His tender humanity.

In imitation of her, may these be your employments, O my soul! When, after having communicated, you possess in your breast really and truly the same God and Lord, embrace Him tenderly; summon all your strength to serve Him and all your powers to adore Him. Obtain by fervent contemplation the power to enjoy those sweetest colloquies, those tenderest expressions, with which the Virgin addressed the God she bore within her.

* * *

The Virgin hymned her thanks to God, on the banks of this abyss of mercies, more gloriously than did that other Mary, the sister of Moses, on the banks of the Red

Sea. She commenced at once to magnify His wondrous deeds ; for that which was abridged in her womb enlarged her mind. She invited all generations to assist in thanksgiving for the mercies wrought in her, and to magnify the Holy Name of the Lord, proceeding to eternize the Divine favours with grateful praises. And then, looking back, so that those who had gone before, those who were living then, and those who were yet to come, should all magnify the Lord, she awakens Abraham and all his posterity to confess and praise the great Word of God, accomplished and already incarnate. In this way did the Virgin Mother return thanks for having conceived the Infinite God.

At the resounding of such grateful canticles do not you, my soul, remain dumb, for you have received this same Lord ; praise Him, then, with the voice of exaltation, which are the sounds of the invited ones, employ that mouth and tongue, which have tasted such Divine nourishment, in His sweet praises. Sing to-day a new canticle to the Lord for His new favours, and in His real Divine Presence dedicate all your interior to perseverance in praising him for ever and ever. Amen.

Our Frontispiece



Jesus has just been scourged at the pillar. The soldiers in their insatiable cruelty resolve to treat Him as a mocking. Accordingly, they plait a crown of thorns, and place it upon His Sacred Head, forcing it through the flesh by means of a reed. In accepting this crown Jesus satisfied for the sins of pride, which have their seat in the head : self-esteem, lack of consideration for others, self-complacency, and obstinacy of judgment.

How shall I compassionate Thee, O Jesus ? With what comfort shall I console Thee ? I will receive Thee in Holy Communion. There I shall find the remedy to cure my pride, to calm my troubled spirit, and to assist me in bearing resignedly all that it may please Thee to send me.



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The Venerable Père Eymard

Founder of the Eucharistic League.

(Concluded.)

The immediate purpose of the Archconfraternity was to provide what was necessary for "the honourable custody of the Most Holy Sacrament," and to secure for it an escort when carried to the dying. The decree of erection tells sadly how the Blessed Sacrament was kept without honour "*in locis abjectis.*" The only rule which binds the associates is that enjoining the recital, once a week, of five Paters and Aves in honour of the Sacred Mystery. Quite modern recommendations are—monthly communion, attendance at a monthly procession, and frequent visits to the Tabernacle. The original and central idea of the association was, therefore, the payment of the *outward* honour due to Emmanuel. It is necessary to make this clear, so as to place the work of Père Eymard in its proper light.

As has been already said, the Guard of honour originated the Eucharistic League, the new Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. It was the task of our apostle to obtain for his Master a *continuous* and *interior* homage. Each priest of his Congregation spends two hours by day, and one by night, kneeling in adoration before the Eucharistic King. They pay, in union with Mary, the Eucharist's most perfect worshipper, the world's four-fold debt of reverence and gratitude, of reparation and suppliant prayer. But Père Eymard longed to affiliate all the priests of the earth to what he called his "*minima familia,*" so he drafted his Association of the Priest-Adorers. Its members were to pass one hour each

week at the Feet of Jesus Christ, worshipping there "in spirit and in truth," then returning to their flocks with hearts on fire, "as Moses from the Mount or the Apostles from the Cenacle." The "network of flame" spread, and it encloses in its meshes to-day nearly a *hundred thousand* of those who themselves are fishers of men.

For the faithful he planned the Aggregation of the Blessed Sacrament. Its associates were asked to watch one hour with their Lord during the course of the month, the choice of the hour being left to their own discretion, unless they consented to join the phalanx of adorers in their parish—a Guard of Honour—that so the work of adoration might be carried on uninterruptedly. Thus one may belong to the Aggregation privately, or it may be organised as a parish society; two conditions only are essential, enrolment and the Hour's adoration.

The Aggregation grew in numbers, until at length, in 1897, it was raised by Leo XIII, to the dignity of an Archconfraternity, having as its centre the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament in the Eternal City, San Claudio in the Via del Pozzetto. In the Manual which our saint drew up for the associates, he laid the utmost stress on the part that frequent and devout Communions were to play in their lives. By feeding on Christ much more than by adoring Him, they are to strive after the ideal, "I live, now not I: Christ liveth in me." Communion is to do the work of transfiguration, and with the intuition of a saint he has mapped out the process. It may be added here that he left to his priests the duty of carrying on his war against Jansenism, and it is not the least of their glories that this active crusade was a direct cause of the great charter of 1905. And on the morrow of the issue of the Daily Communion Decree they organised the "Daily Communion League" for the priests, to ensure the realisation of its principles. Over *forty thousand* priests are at this moment—thanks to their zeal—inscribed upon its registers.

But to return. From the ranks of the Aggregation, or Guard of Honour, sprang the "Eucharistic Fraternity," or Third Order of the Blessed Sacrament, formed of the élite amongst the courtiers of the Eucharistic King. These, Père Eymard encouraged to the highest perfection, moulding them according to his own Eucharistic ideals. Other works for the

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glory of Emmanuel or for the welfare of the priests were carried out, or carefully planned, during that fruitful decade of years which followed upon the Epiphany of 1857. Then came the end. On July 16th, 1868, he preached with more than his wonted fire—eye witnesses have told me he was like a flaming seraph in the pulpit—on the text of St. John, "*Let us believe in the love which God hath for us.*" "It is not enough to believe in the truth, we must believe in the love, and the expression of that love is Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Most Blessed Sacrament. . . . Go to the Holy Communion to acquire, not sensible consolation, but the strength of faith. The Eucharist is there. What do you want more?"

Next day he set out on a pilgrimage to his favourite shrine, Notre Dame de Laus, but he only succeeded in reaching La Mure. Prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, and already worn out by acute suffering, he had returned home to die. After a last anointing he said to his devoted sister; "It is finished!" Rather, it was only begun. He died on the first of August, a Saturday and a feast of his patron St. Peter. They clothed him in the alb, dressed in which he had exposed the Blessed Sacrament, and so begun his work, scarcely a dozen years before. Such was his radiant beauty in death that the crowd pressed around the coffin, and it was with difficulty the funeral could be carried out. He had prayed to be His Master's footstool, but His Lord has made of him a lofty pulpit, from which the appeal from the Tabernacle, "Could you not watch one hour with Me?" the message of the Eucharist, "He that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me," and the motto of Its lovers, "*Adveniat Regnum Tuum Eucharisticum!*" are preached to the far-flung Church:

His favourite disciple, Père Tesnière, became Superior General in 1887, and it was he who brought the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament to Montreal. Thence was founded the house at New-York. With a rapidity certainly miraculous, the two confraternities, baptised with the new names of the Priests' and People's Eucharistic Leagues, spread to the shores of the Pacific. The change was a happy one, since it obviates confusion with the Archconfraternity at the Minerva. Nothing at the Congress meetings in London, 1908, struck me more forcibly than the devotion of the Americans to the Eucharistic hour. At that same Congress it was decided by

the Directors and the Priest-Adorers in Great Britain to adopt the nomenclature of their brethren overseas. Not long afterwards the People's Eucharistic League came into existence among us. Galloway led the way in Scotland. In the archdiocese of Glasgow three parishes have already affiliated centres. But to no other centre does the Eucharistic Heart look with more eagerness and more certainty, for the glow and the spread of the Eucharistic Fire, than to that of the teachers. Their privilege and sacrosanct duty it is, to kindle the Sacred flames in the hearts of Christ's babes. Under the aegis of *Notre Dame du Très Saint Sacrement* may this new and ever-old devotion make of Celt and Saxon and Gael, "footstool of the Eucharistic Christ!" "*Scabella Pedum Tuorum!*"

THOMAS N. TAYLOR.



Sunrise of the Soul



*Ah! 'tis the mystical Dawn of Light,
Here at the altar-rail;
A golden cloud, is the chalice bright,
A Sun, is the Host, so frail.*

*All is still, save a murmur low,
And soon in the heart, at last,
The Sun has dawned with luminous glow,
And the darksome night is past.*

D. T.

FAVORS OF ST. JOSEPH



OME twenty years or so ago, at the evening recreation of a religious community in the Province of New Brunswick, the Mother Superior was lamenting to her daughters that the class-rooms and dormitories of the academy were not more numerous and more spacious for the comfort of the pupils entrusted to their care.

“Why not appeal to St. Joseph, Mother!” suggested the pious sacristan. “Give me an alms to distribute in his honor; and if we make a novena to our protector, I am sure you will be gratified with the result.”

The Mother Superior left the room for a moment, and returning, handed her confident daughter a silver dollar. “Let us begin the novena after Mass to-morrow morning,” she said.

All present accepted with pious enthusiasm the proposed devotion.

“Excite your faith, dear Sisters; for I want to be sure of a thousand dollars, independent of any of our present resources,” remarked the worthy Superior, as the bell called the religious to Office.

When the Sister sacristan withdrew to make the customary preparations for the Mass to be celebrated on the following morning, she knelt before the shrine of St. Joseph, and, after a short prayer, slipped the silver coin under the pedestral of the statue, saying “I do not think of any need just now, dear Saint; keep it for me until I do.”

Next morning, after assisting devoutly at Mass in honor of their holy patron, the religious recited the Litany of St. Joseph, and it was said at the same hour during nine consecutive days. On the fourth day of the novena, the Sister portress summoned the Mother Superior to the parlor, to meet a lady whose card bore the name of a former pupil of their academy. After the usual exchange

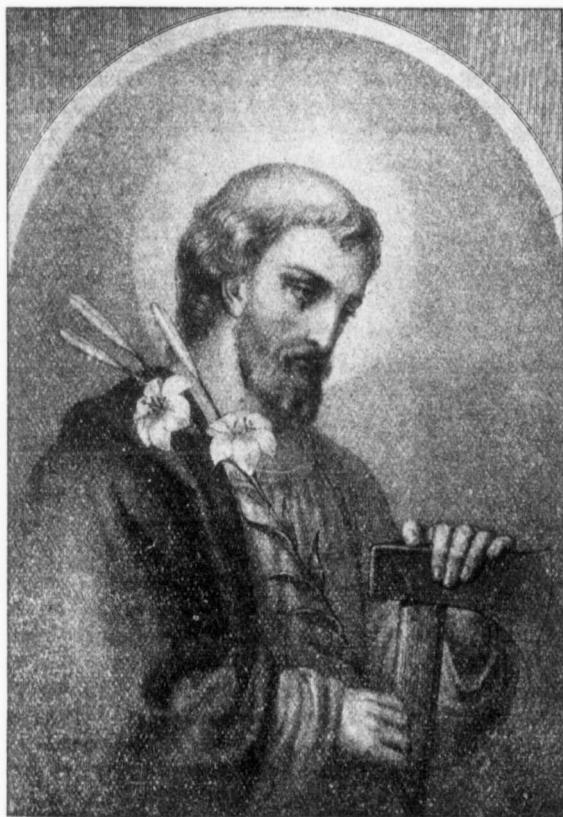
of civilities, the lady informed the religious that the object of her visit was to confer with her concerning a good work which she felt very anxious to see accomplished. She had at her disposal one thousand dollars, half of which could be used at once, the other in a few months. After prayerful consideration, she had concluded to offer the sum to her *Alma Mater*, that her beloved teachers might have a more worthy locality for the abode of the Blessed Sacrament.

Mme. X — was deeply moved, and in her turn imparted to her wondering and delighted guest, the object of the novena then being offered by the community. She thanked her generous benefactress, and steps were immediately taken to effect the enlargement and improvement of the convent. One year later a worthier abode was prepared for the August Prisoner of the Tabernacle, with beautiful shrines for the Immaculate Virgin and Her amiable Spouse.

About this time the worthy pastor of a certain country parish was in need of an ornament for his church — one required by the rubrics, but which his people were not rich enough to procure. Mme. X—was anxious to supply the article. However, though not very expensive, she found it would cost more than her purse could afford. After a careful search, the sacristan gathered sufficient materials, she thought, to make up the required ornament and began secretly to embroider it. She hoped to be able to finish it so that it might be an agreeable surprise to the pastor at Easter-tide. Just on the eve of the completion of the work, the busy Sister discovered that a certain piece of trimming, which was indispensable, had been misplaced or lost. She invoked St. Joseph to come to her aid; for to procure the missing piece would require a permission that would betray her well kept secret.

Unexpectedly word was sent to the sacristan that the chapel should be arranged in the new apartment. As she stood by the men that removed the statue of St. Joseph to its newly-constructed niche, the forgotten silver dollar glittered before her astonished eyes. It was hers to use for the sacristy as an alms, and it proved quite sufficient

to purchase the piece of trimming so much needed, and to secure a better quality of goods than that which had been mislaid.



The Sister's pious joy may be imagined, and needless to say, her simple confidence in the intercession of the foster-father of Our Lord and guardian of His Blessed Mother was greatly increased.

The Ave Maria.



HOUR of ADORATION

The Soldiers Cast Lots for His Garments.

REPARATION



THE division of Christ's garments appeared to the Evangelists so important a detail in His Passion that not one of them has passed it over. It was, indeed, a great sin on the part of the Jews thus to deliver those precious relics into the hands of the Gentiles. They voluntarily ignored the value of those garments as well as the worth of Him who had worn them. It was for this that they resigned them to strangers, who took possession of them. Moses could have recalled to them at this moment the benefits with which God had loaded their fathers in the desert: "He hath brought you forty years through the desert: your garments are not worn out, neither are the shoes of your feet consumed with age." But the fruit of their gratitude was to despoil their Benefactor of His garments and give them over to His enemies.

It was under the eyes of Jesus that this scene so insulting, so painful for His heart took place. Is it not a supreme sorrow for the dying to behold at the moment they are about to quit all on earth cupidity gleaming in the eyes that, forgetting to weep, see in the distress of him who is going only the joy for themselves of rushing

into his possessions? This sorrow was not wanting to the Master of all sorrows. How many malevolent words, how many stupid and sacrilegious pleasantries assailed the ear of the poor Victim! Let us divide the garments of this blasphemer, Him who willed not to tear to pieces them who had uttered so many sacrilegious words!

How saddened must Mary have been on seeing Jesus' tunic in the greedy hands of the soldiers! With her own hands, she had woven it for her well-beloved Son. Jesus had sanctified it by wearing it. It had just been tinged with His Blood. To see it in deicide hands was for her maternal heart inexpressible agony.

Pardon, O Divine Saviour for all the sorrow that these new injuries caused Thee, as well as Thy loving Mother! But Jesus suffered much more, from seeing in advance all the rents that, in the course of ages, bad Christians would make in His seamless robe; that is, in the unity of His Church. If the soldiers tore the garments of Jesus, they left intact His seamless tunic. "*Let us not cut it.* . . ." But heretics feared not to cut to pieces the divine vestment of the Redeemer. "Let us tear it," they exclaim, "let us divide it, let us separate from the Church, and introduce new creeds and new morals!"

And I—if I have not torn the tunic of Christ Jesus by completely separating from His Church, have I given her all the honor to which she has a right? Have I looked upon the Church as a Mother? Have I really loved her? Have I acknowledged and esteemed at its just value the authority of her teachings? Have I respectfully and sincerely accepted all her doctrines, and submitted my whole intellectual life to her direction? Have I studied the import of the Commandments? Have I sometimes examined my conscience upon my obedience to them? Do I not easily and without sufficient cause dispense myself from them? Do I really love her with all my heart? Am I devoted to the Church? Do I compassionate her in her trials? Do I love to devote my talents to her holy cause? Do I profess profound esteem for her ministers, above all, for those that are the most persecuted? Do I labor to extend her conquests by my words, my

writings, or at least by my prayers? Do I, indeed, love her truly with all my heart and my strength?

Pardon, O Jesus, for all those unhappy souls that have separated from Thy Church since her institution. Pardon for all who have in any way torn the sacred garment of religious unity. Pardon for the souls in purgatory, who are at this very moment expiating their want of esteem for Thy Church or her ministers.

Pardon for all my own failings toward Thy divine Institution. Henceforth, I will attach myself to her as to Thee and, with Thy grace, consecrate to her forever my mind, my will, my heart, my strength, and my life.

PETITION

"All being over, the soldiers, sitting at the foot of the Cross, guarded Jesus." The four soldiers who had crucified Jesus and divided His garments now sat down to rest at His side. *"They guarded Him."* Why? Was there not among the Jews a goodly number of His enemies who, regardless of the suffering, would have been rejoiced to give Him the death-blow? Besides, might there not be some fanatic who, smitten with love for Him, would attempt to take Him down from the Cross and restore Him to life?

Jesus willed to be guarded. It was to be for all His disciples, present and future, an irrefragable testimony of the reality of His death. Alas! that guard was not a guard of honor! Far from it! The soldiers were prodigal with their insults and all sorts of contemptuous expressions! But, and this is a great subject of joy for us, besides the soldiers, and still nearer to the Cross, was Mary, the Divine Mother, with John and the holy women, also guarding Jesus. Their guard was one of love.

Since the Divine Saviour triumphed over death upon the gibbet of the Cross, since His crowning by His Father, King of heaven and earth, He has a right to a perpetual Guard of Honor. In heaven the angels and the blessed form His Court. All chant hymns of perpetual gratitude and love to the glory of the Redeemer.

Why in the Blessed Sacrament has not Jesus His Guard, His soldiers, His friends? Has He not the right to receive homage from His creatures wherever He is? Without doubt, He is no longer agonizing in suffering on an infamous gibbet. He can no longer either suffer or die. He is full of glory and majesty. Nevertheless, that glory He hides in the Host. But entirely disrobed of it, as He is behind the snowy mantle of the Sacred Species, and reduced to the dimensions of a morsel of bread, He in no way loses His rights as the Son of God. On the contrary, this state of humiliation assumed through love, does make them clearer and more imposing.

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament ought, then, to be guarded, not merely through fear of seeing Him outraged or stolen away—the sentiment that actuated the soldiers—but as Mary, John, and the holy women did, that He should be attended, honored, and loved.

How beautiful was this action of the Roman soldiers seated near Jesus on the Cross to Guard Him! Had they known Him, how happy would they have been in hearing Him speak and in speaking to Him! Magdalen—she, too, who once sat at the feet of the Lord—was listening to His words. It was the best part, the part of His chosen friends.

Grant, O Divine Saviour, that I myself may become one of Thy faithful body-guards! May it be my greatest happiness to come and kneel near Thee still immolated on the Calvary of love, to spend as long as possible in Thy dear Presence! May I never fail to be there in the moments when they are trying to crucify Thee anew! May I be in the place of honor, near Mary, to express to Thee the sentiments of my tender and loving compassion!

Establish around Thy every abode the Guard of Honor which, day and night, will give to Thy Divine Majesty the praises due to Thee. Raise up souls of fiery zeal who will fly everywhere to bear Thy love and to recruit legions of adorers for the glory of Thy Adorable Host.

Mary, Mother and Model of the adorers on Calvary, as well as at the altar, grant that the best moments of my life may be those I spend in adoration before thy well-

beloved Son, hidden through love for me under the veils of the Eucharist !

Resolution. Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation on the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Spend as much time as you can to-day before the Divine Saviour present and living in the Host.

REV. PERE CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

Special Notice.



We wish to advise subscribers to the 'SENTINEL' that the amount of their subscriptions (fifty cents a year in Canada, sixty cents in the United States) is payable *in advance*. Some of our subscribers are in arrears, and we kindly request them to send us remittance at the earliest possible moment. If they wish to discontinue their subscriptions, they should notify us *at once*, enclosing the amount for which they are in arrears. If in doubt as to the date of their subscription, they should examine the address on the wrapper of the SENTINEL.

We take this occasion to thank the subscribers, contributors, and friends of the SENTINEL for the interest they have taken in furthering its progress during the past year. We beg them to continue their patronage by securing as many new subscriptions as possible, bearing in mind the fact that they are assisting in the propagation of the Eucharistic Devotion which has received such an impetus in these days of frequent and daily Communion. How dear to Our Divine Lord must be the hearts of those who help to extend His Kingdom Eucharistic ! He Himself has promised that they shall have their names inscribed in His Heart, never to be effaced.

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The
Life of Jesus
in the
Blessed Sacrament

(CONTINUED)

Let us now consider the state of the soul of Jesus in the Host. It is certain that the soul of Jesus is in the Blessed Sacrament. The same great soul which, when He was on earth, spoke through His lips, looked through His eyes, modulated the sweet tones of His voice, thought with His brain, and loved with His heart, is in each particle of the Host, and is consequently received by the communicant. It is there with the self-same relations to the sacred flesh of Jesus which it had on earth. It is the form of the body now as then, else the body were a lifeless mass. Now as ever, it requires no link, half spirit and half matter, intermediate between itself and that beautiful organism; but directly and by its own powers it is its life, it animates it. It makes it one, and is the source of all the operations of which it is capable. Again, it is there with all its powers of will and understanding unimpaired. It can love as when it was on earth before, with all its old tenderness and vehemence. It is there with all its intellect, its human consciousness, and its earthly memories, its recollections of the past as fresh as yesterday, and of all that those thirty-three years brought to Him of sorrow or of joy. Need I say that all its supernatural powers are there as well, its graces in all their in-

finitude and plenitude, and all the riches with which the Father loved to deck the Manhood of the Son?

Nothing of all this surprises us; we know that the extension of the body can make no difference to the innate powers of the soul, and, therefore, we are not astonished to know that it possesses them all within the circle of the Host which we receive.

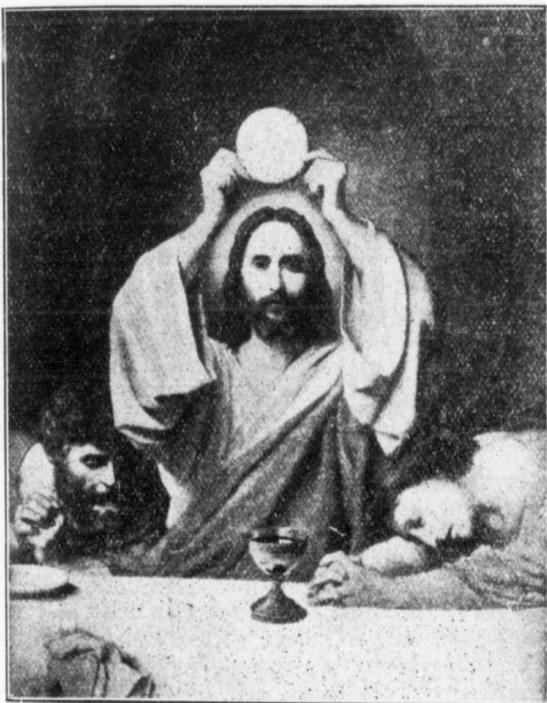
Above all let us learn to master the idea that Jesus is living in the Blessed Sacrament. In the whole range of that marvellous kingdom of life, from the life of the smallest living thing in the depth of the sea, up through the glorious existence of Mary to the ever-living God, there is none more wonderful than that which is lived in the narrow circle of the Host.

First, there is the everlasting life of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, unchanging and unchangeable, with all its necessary operations of intellect and love, and its free dispensations with respect to creatures.

Secondly, there is the life of Jesus, the Eternal Word in His assumed human nature; but in that one sacramental life He lives two separate lives, the glorious one of heaven, the wonderful one which peculiarly belongs to the Blessed Sacrament. It is a Blessed prison-house, that wondrous Host. There is the beatific vision; but besides the vision of God, Jesus has brought down with Him from Heaven the whole of His glorified state. This is His inalienable prerogative, burned into His soul and body by the fiery power of the Godhead. It must, therefore, necessarily accompany Him down to earth.

There is another continually varying life, with manifold changes of love, feeling and intellect, floating over His soul, over which we have influence, and which corresponds to all that is going on in the breast of the worshippers around. Every breath of our prayer, every aspiration of our love, every sigh of our agony, stirs the mighty ocean of the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. O wondrous life of Jesus! However profoundly He may be hidden from our sight, yet He is open to all that passes around Him, so that His various kinds of science are all attention to catch the slightest wish of

any one of us who visits Him, and His heart is tremblingly alive to the whispered accent of our love. So deep is His concealment that according to most theologians, no created eye even of the highest saint can penetrate into the recesses of the Host, or see Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, while others make a single exception in favour



of Mary, who can there gaze with an eye of love upon her Babe of Bethlehem in His new swaddling clothes. Yet, though His disguise is so perfect that the frail species are like a wall of adamant sheltering Him from all creation, it is so pervious to our prayers that the slightest whisper reaches Him behind the veil. Whether it be true or not that He can perceive us with His bodily

senses, it is undoubtedly certain, that even through the closed door of the tabernacle His inward ear hears, and His inward eye sees us. His infused science knows us; by a special exertion of His power He can cause His soul to be conscious of our presence even by acquired knowledge. When we enter into a church, and come before the Blessed Sacrament, all heaven bestirs itself at our approach. The angels around Him, watching before the tabernacle, whisper to Him of us. The science by which He knew us, even when in Mary's bosom, attends to our prayers. If by no other means, at least by sympathy with its acts in heaven, His intellect in the Host recognises His sinful child. His old human love, intensified by the burning fire of the Godhead, gushes out from His heart. All this is true, even supposing it were as certain that His senses were closed to our approach, as we believe it to be probable that His eye discovers us, and His ears are physically affected by our prayers.

Thus, then, we can trace the operations of that wondrous life. We know what He is doing. So passionately does He love earth and its guilty race that He comes down from Heaven to live over again the life He lived on earth. He adopts Himself to the wants and circumstances of the souls which come before Him. When a sinner approaches to kneel before Him, He is again at once the Good shepherd. From the depths of the tabernacle there come to our hearts sweet whispered words, such as He spoke to the woman of Samaria by Jacob's well. No noontide sun can now fatigue Him with its burning rays; no thirst can parch His lips, and make Him long for the cool, clear water. Instead of being beneath the cloudless eastern sky, pouring down its fierce light upon the mountains of Ephraim, He is on His altar in the tranquil church. But His heart is the same. The lights and shadows on the hills, covered with wine and olives, the solitary valley, the expanse of green corn, and the gushing fountains, are nothing to Him now. But the thirst of the soul remains. How many human beings stained with sin, like that guilty woman, come to Him there? Yet, though He is God, they do not shrink from pouring out before Him the tale of all their

guilt, which they would rather die than have known by their nearest and dearest on earth. He knows it all already, and He tells them so with such kindness from the Blessed Sacrament, that He wins them back to Himself, and pours unmerited peace on their passion-stricken hearts. How many a mourner comes to Him, and He soothes them as He was wont to do upon earth? He whispers to them that He it was who sent the affliction, who took their dear ones away, and can they doubt that it was in love? Is not He to them father and mother, brother, sister, spouse? O Blessed Lord, earth would be unbearable if Thou wert not with us in the Blessed Sacrament. Life with all its temptations and sorrows, with the chance of hell at the end, would be too awful if Thou didst not live amongst us.

Above all, this gives us a clear notion of what is Holy Communion. It is the union with the living Jesus, and its result is the infusion of the life of Jesus into us. What a comment is all this upon the words of Jesus — "He that eateth Me shall live by Me" "I am the Bread of Life." "My flesh is meat, indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me and I in him, as the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me"? When I think of Holy Communion, I can only look upon it as the antitype to the miracle of old, when the prophet stretched himself upon the child, and applied his mouth, eyes, and hands on the mouth, hands, eyes of the dead. His heart is applied to ours, and communicates to it that fire which He longed so touchingly to kindle upon earth. No earthly union can compare with this blending of two lives into one, this infusion of the life of Jesus into ours. O Lord Jesus, evermore give us this bread that we may live for ever, since the Bread which Thou dost give us is Thy flesh, which Thou hast given for the life of the World.

Dalgairns





St JOSEPH

Blessed Joseph thou art ever,
To thy children's hearts most dear ;
Tender guardian of our Jesus
Can we else but thee revere ?

Pure spouse of the virgin mother,
Father of the Word Divine,
None can claim so high an honor,
None, a mission so sublime.

We would also call thee father
Like the Infant on thy arm ;
We would claim that fond protection
That shielded Him from every harm.



Jesus who on earth obeyed thee
Will not refuse thee now in heaven,
So we choose thee our intercessor
And we know that asked — is given.

Guide our souls through life's battle,
Strengthen us when the cross we fear;
In all doubts be thou our counsellor
In all trials a father dear.

From thy own sweet love and fervor,
Kindle in our hearts a flame
That shall burn in prayer unceasing,
For Jesus' Eucharistic reign.

Sweet dispenser of Heaven's treasures,
Grant us yet one favor more,
When earth's weary exile is over
Bring us safe to the eternal shore,

CARMEL.





HE decree "*Quam Singulari*" is the expression of Christ's love for His little ones. It is the children's charter of their spiritual emancipation. It not merely proclaims their right to an early but like-wise to a frequent and daily reception of their Eucharistic Lord, their Christ, their Brother, their inheritance, their own by right inalienable from the first breaking dawn of reason.

Time was when the children, like Samuel in the Temple, heard the voice of the Lord calling upon them. It was the voice from the sanctuary, and they knew who it was that called them and what His longings were to come to the little ones who were so dear to Him. Perplexed, they arose in the darkness and cried out to Him: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!" Their prayers at length were heard. He has spoken and we know His will. There is no mystery and no doubt, except such as we ourselves may wish to create. "Now, therefore, hearken thou unto the voice of the Lord."

No legal document could be more clear than the decree "*Quam Singulari*." "The age of discretion, alike for Confession and for Holy Communion, is the age at which the child *begins* to use its reason; that is, about the seventh year, or later, or even sooner." It is not the full

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use of reason that is required, as the decree carefully tells us, "since the incipient use is enough; that is a certain use of reason." So, too, it continues, a full and perfect knowledge of Christian doctrine is not necessary for First Confession, nor for First Communion. There are still, normally, seven full years of parochial school teaching after the first Holy Communion, during which the child can acquire all this. For the present a knowledge of the elements necessary for salvation will suffice, and the power to distinguish the Holy Eucharist from material bread (Art. III)

In case of a prudent doubt whether the child has attained sufficient discretion there can be no reason for scrupulosity. On the one hand, no obligation exists on the part of parent or confessor to insist upon the Communion, while, on the other, the priest is perfectly free to administer it if he wishes, according to the principle "*in dubiis favores sunt ampliandi et odia restringenda.*" When, however, the seventh year has been reached the presumption is clearly in favor of the child. Such is the argumentation of the great canonist and moral theologian, Father Juan B. Ferreres, S. J.

Acting thus generously and zealously upon an indication of the existence of the use of reason in the child, there can be no possibility of any irreverence to the Blessed Sacrament on our part. For even should the child not have attained sufficient discretion, there has most certainly taken place an increase of grace in its soul, while to the Sacred Heart of the Master there has been given a new thrill of joy in the love that went out from It to the fortunate little one.

If such language seem strange in our time it is none the less most absolutely true. While Holy Communion is not a necessity before the age of reason, yet it is a spiritual favor which we know was for centuries granted in the Church to even the youngest of the children, and which with each reception increases in their souls the gift of sanctifying grace. Around this custom grew up in the early Church some of her most beautiful practices. Children were to come to the Holy Table immediately after the clerics. As the favorites of God's love, they were

given the privilege of consuming the consecrated particles left over after the Sacred Banquet. According to a certain rite, the priest was even ordered to dip his finger into the consecrated chalice and purple with the Precious Blood the mouth of the infant and suckling brought to the Table of the Lord.

All fear of irreverence is founded only upon a misconception of the spiritual dignity of childhood. Could we but see with the vision of faith the soul of the infant newly baptized, what wonders of the spirit would be disclosed before our eyes? How it would outline in splendor the highest seraphs at the throne of God, viewed merely in their natural gifts and not in the transcendent brightness of that grace which is their crowning glory, yet which the child at his mother's breast possesses in common with them. It is the garden immaculate of the Mother of God. It is the palace of gold where the Trinity loveth to dwell. It is the temple built without hands, which the Spirit of God has made for Himself. It is the bride arrayed in garments of white, adorned with the jewels and pendants of love. What lips, indeed, more sweet and pure to be kissed by the consecrated Host as the Lover of childhood comes to that heart?

These are feeble words indeed. They halt and stammer as they strive in vain to tell the beauty of that soul in the state of grace. They are not meant to anticipate the time appointed by the Holy Father and by the will of heaven for the First Communion; but they should help us to despise those lurking fears which make us doubt whether the child of six or seven can be fit to receive the Lord.

"Over and over again," says a missionary of the widest experience, whose special predilection, like that of our Lord, has always been for the little ones, "I have taken boys and girls at the age of seven to the confessional, showed them one by one how to enter and kneel down and ask for the priest's blessing and make their Confession. Afterwards I have heard their Confessions and I am sure that I have not in my life denied absolution to two dozen such children." What holds true of Confession, he ar-



gues — and the Church has solemnly confirmed this reasoning — holds true no less of Holy Communion.

So, again, in an average parish, where the priest had most carefully examined all the children, only six were found towards the end of the year who had not received their First Communion, and these had only been delayed for a time because of extraordinary circumstances. Here let me add that, to facilitate the work of the pastor, the Sister in charge of the lowest grade—which hereafter will be normally the First Communion grade—should be chosen for her tact, her knowledge of the spiritual life, and of the souls of children. So even those who are slow of intellect and whose Communion would have to be postponed beyond the seventh year, will often unfold so as sufficiently to understand though they may not be able to recite by rote, the few elementary truths which are required to be known.

Here let me point with all sincerity to the noble document on the decree “*Quam Singulari*” drawn up by the Bishops of the Province of Cincinnati, with its nine episcopal signatures. We do not hesitate to call it one of the noblest achievements of the American hierarchy and one of the most glorious monuments of the loyalty of the American Church to the Vicar of Christ.

By this splendid document the thousand fears of timid souls, their dread of possible irreverence, their vain consternation about the Catholic schools, are all swept aside with a noble dignity; “The Pope, on account of his position as Vicar of Christ and Head of the Church, guided by the Holy Spirit, can best determine what is expedient for the welfare of souls. It behooves all to comply with what the Holy Father prescribes in the Decree.”

There are here no talmudic glosses to confuse the text, no such explanations as that a learned doctor in Israel, fortunately living on the other side of the great waters, who instructs us that by the seventh year the Pope in reality meant “the tenth, or later, or even sooner.” The first protestants revealed themselves when the promise of the Eucharist was given. “How,” they exclaimed, “can this man give us of His Flesh to eat?” The words were so clear that they could not misunderstand them,

and they were honest enough to acknowledge their true meaning, though they walked no more with Him. Let us, too, acknowledge the full force of the decree, but follow it out to the letter as the word of God that is spoken for the regeneration of the world.

To secure the certain attendance of all Catholic children at the parochial schools, the pastoral letter already quoted shows the impropriety of punishing the child for the sin of its parents, and punishing it with the greatest of all punishments possible here upon earth, with the deprivation of Holy Communion. "It is plain," says the letter, "that as Christian instruction cannot be thoroughly and systematically imparted except as an integral part of the school curriculum, parents delinquent in this most important obligation of Catholic discipline burden their conscience with grievous sin." Wherefore it is most prudently directed that "in future no confessor having faculties in the Province absolve parents who require their sons and daughters to attend non-Catholic schools, unless such parents when going to Confession promise that they will send their children to a Catholic school at the time to be fixed by the confessor, or agree that they will abide by the decision of the Bishop after the case has been referred to him." This is true charity in the spirit of Christ.

The legislation, therefore, of the Council of Trent has been authoritatively interpreted for us: "If any one denieth that all and each of Christ's faithful of both sexes are *bound*, when they have attained the years of discretion, to communicate every year, at least at Easter, in accordance with the precepts of Holy Mother Church, let him be anathema."

The sun of love is shining forth. The ice of centuried indifference, error and fear is melting away. The spring already is blossoming in the valleys and all the earth is filled with the sweetness thereof. The Bridegroom behind the lattice of the lonely Tabernacle has waited patiently and long, but His Heart can no longer be restrained and His voice is heard throughout the land: "Arise, **make** haste, **my love**, **my dove**, **my beautiful one**, and come. For the winter is now past, the **rain** is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in the land."

America, Sept. 30, 1911.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S. J.

My Heaven.



MY Heaven is hid within the small white Host,
 Wherein beneath Love's veil the Bridegroom dwells:
 Thence I draw life—the very life of God!—
 There doth my Saviour hear me night and day.
 And oh! the blissful moment when Thou com'st
 Beloved one, to change me into Thee!
 Mystery of love, union ineffable!
 This—this is Heaven for me.

CONTENTS

Before the Tabernacle. (*poem*) — The Annunciation and Holy Communion. — Our Frontispiece. — Venerable Père Eymard, founder of the Eucharistic League. (*concluded*) — Sunrise of the Soul. (*poem*) — Favors of St. Joseph. — Hour of Adoration: The soldiers cast lots for His garments. — Special Notice. — The Life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. — St. Joseph. (*poem*) — The age for First Communion. — My Heaven.