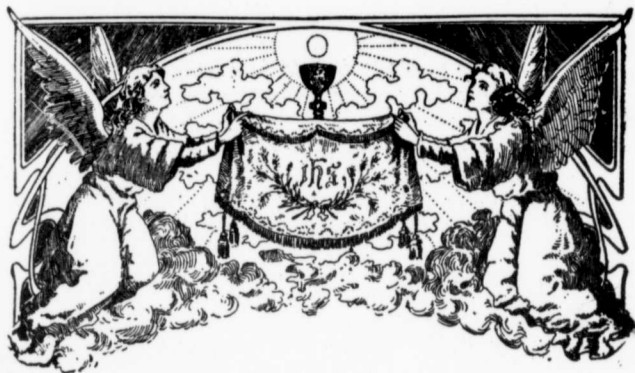




THE WORK-SHOP OF SAINT JOSEPH.



## The Annunciation.

*Go! the Brilliant Sun of Justice  
Leaves His Home in heav'n to day,  
Making His abode with Mary  
And exalting human clay.*

*Ingrate mortal, dost thou hear it?  
Can such exaltation be?  
Brightness of the Light eternal  
Seeking Brotherhood with Thee!*

*Sight to mystify the angels,  
He Creation's Lord descends,  
Makes His dwelling with a Virgin  
As in prayer she lowly bends.*

*Lady! in that peaceful dwelling,  
What must Gabriel's thoughts have been?  
Waiting for the gentle accents,  
That proclaimed the Angel's Queen.*

*When he whispered " Fear not Mary "*  
*And saluted " Full of grace,"*  
*When he heard " Behold His handmaid,"*  
*Oh ! what joy for Adam's race.*

*Spring flow'rs, ope your fairest petals,*  
*Scatter beauty far and wide,*  
*Quickly send forth sweetest odours,*  
*Now the Spirit claims His bride !*

*Ark of God ! how noble art thou,*  
*Maid, surpassing angels far,*  
*In thy Motherhood's vast greatness,*  
*As the sun exceeds the star.*

*Lord ! in trembling adoration,*  
*With the eyes of faith we see*  
*And with grateful hearts we praise Thee*  
*For this wondrous mystery.*

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### Venerable Père Eymard in His Writings.

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NOTHING so clearly reveals the character of a man as his writings. This is true of the little as well as of the great. And it is particularly true of God's saints. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." What biographer could so graphically describe St. Paul as do his own wonderful epistles? When he tells us he is willing to become anathema for the sake of his brethren, we fully appreciate the unbounded charity of this Apostle, who became as he again tells us "all things to all men that he might save all." His message to his dear physician, St. Luke, his longing to see his beloved Timothy, reveal St. Paul's affectionate heart more fully than could the cold words of a mere biographer. The

letters of St. Jerome let us see plainly his austere asceticism. And so down the ages we may go, meeting a Chrysostom, a Francis of Assisi, a Catherine of Siena, a Teresa, and countless others, until we come to St. Francis de Sales whose Philothea and Theotimus give us a better idea of this saint's meek, Christ-like heart than do all the pages from a Marsollière and a Hamon.

Holy Mother Church appreciates this, for one of the first steps in the process of Beatification is the examination of the individual's writings. They are closely scrutinized by learned theologians. If nothing is found in them contrary to Faith and morals, the servant of God is then declared Venerable, and the cause of his Beatification may be continued. On August 12, 1908, the Sacred Congregation of Rites, having examined the writings of Père Eymard, Founder and priest of the Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament, gave to him the title "Venerable."

But how many Catholics are familiar with the writings of Venerable Père Eymard? We fear they are not numerous. Strictly speaking, he left no writings save in the form of notes and extracts from his retreats and sermons. These were the fruit of his prayer. He followed his own injunction "to magnify and, as it were, to revive all the mysteries of time and eternity in the Blessed Eucharist." Long hours of adoration always preceded and followed his preaching. He placed all at the foot of the Tabernacle and, from its patient Dweller, he learned the science of the saints. This was made manifest when he addressed the Faithful, for the Eucharist in Its various phases was ever his theme. His biographers tell us that the saintly man seemed filled with the Holy Spirit, and Its divine influence directed every action. His words were pregnant with meaning, always to the point, and redolent of the Eucharist.

In fact, Eucharistic sweetness, if we may use the term, was the chief characteristic of Venerable Père Eymard's spirituality. That this spirituality was most sublime, no one familiar with his writings can deny. He lived in a galaxy of saints. For contemporaries he had the Blessed Curé of Ars, Père Hermann, Mgr. Bouillier, and Marie Eustelle Harpain—souls enamored of the Eucharist, who



worked and prayed only for the extension of Its honor and glory.

When, in 1868, the saintly Founder died, his spiritual sons set to work to collect his notes and extracts and put them in book form. It was a labor of love that has borne much fruit, and will continue to do so wherever the zealous Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament are to be found. Venerable Père Eymard's works reveal their spirit, and they make it one of their chief duties to familiarize their congregations with the thoughts and words of him whom they call "Father."

Ven. Père Eymard's writings are in four volumes, not weighty, to be sure, save that to the spiritual-minded they are worth their weight in gold. Readers of THE SENTINEL need no introduction to "The Real Presence." Its gem-like thoughts have graced these pages month after month. "*The Real Presence*," in a substantial binding, may now be procured from the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. Its pages are perfumed with the spirit of the saintly author. In it he presents the Eucharist from the adorer's point of view. No mystery of our holy Faith is untouched, no phase of the Eucharist is neglected. He tells us that "the contemplative soul finds its model in the Eucharist." In the writings of no saint can we find more practical piety combined with the most exalted mysticism. And with all his words is blended a sweetness that reminds one of the gentle Bishop of Geneva. Hear him say :

"We belong to Jesus Eucharistic. Does He not give Himself to us in order to change us into Himself? We must live of His spirit, listen to His lessons, for Jesus is our Master in the Eucharist. Now His spirit Jesus reveals to us in these words: '*Learn of Me that I am meek and humble of Heart.*' The spirit of Jesus is, then, humility and meekness, humility and meekness of heart, that is, loving, pleasing through love, and in order to resemble Jesus Christ."

The volume entitled *Holy Communion* shows us the Eucharist working in the soul of the communicant. It clearly proves that Ven. Père Eymard was a profound theologian and a master of the interior life. The rugged "Ascent of Mount Carmel" is not unknown to him,

and yet when speaking of its loftiest mystical flights, he gently whispers to the soul: "Holy Communion is the highest form of prayer." The tabernacle was his Carmel, the Eucharist his Thabor.

"Contemplation," he says, "consists in the soul's relations with God, the angels, and the spiritual world. It is the life of prayer which gives sanctity its value, and which is the root of charity and love. Now, this life must be hidden. God alone should have the secret of it! Man only insinuates pride into it. God reserves it for Himself and He desires to retain the direction of it. A saint even cannot direct it. It is the nuptial relation of the soul with God... Men wish always to be acting, or thinking on what they shall do, on what they shall say in such or such circumstances: They do not possess the key to prayer, they do not know how to be silent! Behold Our Lord! He prays, He is the grand Suppliant of the Church! He obtains more by His prayer than all creatures put together, but He prays in His annihilation. Here in the Tabernacle is no sound."

This "nuptial relation of the soul with God," he again speaks of: "The love of Jesus Christ finds its highest perfection, and produces the most abundant fruits in the ineffable union it contracts with the communicant. Holy Communion being the grace, the model, and the practice of all virtues, which are fully exercised in this divine action, we derive more benefit from Communion than from all other means of sanctification. But for that, Holy Communion must become the ruling thought of the mind and the heart, the end of every study, of all our piety, of all our virtues. The reception of Jesus ought to be the aim, as well as the law, of our life. All our works ought to converge toward Communion as toward their end, and proceed from It as from their principle."

Seldom in the whole range of ascetical literature, can be found so clear an explanation of union with Jesus. He advises the communicant thus: "When you have received Jesus into your breast, on the throne of your heart, remain quiet a moment without vocal prayer. Adore in silence. Like Zaccheus, like Magdalen, with the Blessed Virgin, prostrate at the feet of Jesus. Look at Him in wonder at His love. Place your heart at the

feet of the Divine King. Offer your will to execute His orders. Consecrate all your senses to His divine service. So long as you feel your soul recollected, or in the calm of Our Lord's Presence, allow it to remain there. That is the sweet sleep of the soul on the bosom of Jesus. It draws much greater profit from that grace, which nourishes it, which so sweetly unites it to its Well-Beloved, than from any other exercise."

"Our Lord's manifestation in Communion arouses in the soul the need of His Presence, and His conversation. The soul that has known Our Lord, that has taken pleasure in Him, can no longer rejoice in anything else. Creatures leave her cold and indifferent in comparison with what she feels with Jesus. God has given her a need that no one, that nothing created can satisfy."

There is no interior struggle with which Ven. Père Eymard was unfamiliar. But to the Eucharist he pointed as the Source of all strength. "The nearer we wish to draw to God," he says, "and practise virtue, the more struggles must we expect; consequently, we need more strength in order not to be vanquished. For all these struggles of the Christian life, the Eucharist alone will afford sufficient strength. Without the Eucharist, prayer and piety soon languish."

And then as a means of encouragement, he speaks to the soul of the ineffable sweetness experienced by partaking devoutly of this Divine Banquet, exclaiming: "Happy moment of Communion which makes us forget our exile and its miseries! Oh, sweet repose of the soul upon the very Heart of Jesus! The good Master knows well that we have need from time to time of tasting the sweetness of love. We cannot always be on the Calvary of woe, nor in the thick of the fight. The child needs the breast of its mother; the Christian, the bosom of Jesus."

Love, above all, seems to be the key-note of Ven. Père Eymard's spiritual direction. "The Eucharist," he declares, "is the Sacrament of love *par excellence*. "It is in the Eucharist that we learn to know the law of love which Our Lord came to reveal. In it we receive most special grace of love; in It we find more than anywhere else the exercise, the virtue of love. . . . Commu-

nion makes us practise divine charity, and true and perfect love finds exercise only in Communion."

Then lifting the soul above this earthly life, he bids her "prepare for Paradise by Communion. There the blessed perpetually receive Our Lord; they live on His knowledge and love. Let us communicate well here below in order to be ready to do the same in heaven. Communion frequently received and with the requisite dispositions, is the sure pledge of eternal salvation."

*Retreats at the Feet of Jesus Eucharistic* forms Venerable Père Eymard's third volume. In it may be found notes and extracts of retreats and periods of recollection conducted by the servant of God. He keeps the gaze of the soul riveted upon the Host. When considering the fundamental truths of our religion, leading the retreatants through the purgative, illuminative, and unitive ways, the Sacred Species are always the model he presents as an incentive to virtue. He encourages the soul by saying: "Come, then, to the Holy Eucharist, to Jesus veiled, a perpetual Victim of love, thy living Bread. There at His feet you will find strength, light, and love." His own soul found all in Jesus-Hostia, and need we be surprised to find him leading others the same way?

When giving retreats to souls consecrated to God by the three vows of religion, he speaks of the vows in a way wholly attractive, entirely his own. It is Jesus in the Eucharist who is truly poor, Jesus in the Eucharist who is clothed with immaculate purity, Jesus in the Eucharist whose obedience is absolute. He presents the vows so charmingly that they appear like "the chains of gold inlaid with silver" spoken of in the Canticle of Canticles. But the vows are of little worth unless they lead the soul to higher things, to the nuptials of the Lamb. This is accomplished principally by recollection. Therefore, he calls it "the great virtue, which consists in making the Eucharist the dominant thought of our mind, the dominant affection of our heart, the supreme object of our desires and our will." In this little book the holy Founder seems to reveal his own religious life, the motives that ruled his every act, spiritual or corporal.

*The Eucharist and Christian Perfection* is the last of the little volumes bearing Venerable Père Eymard's name. One of the opening chapters is a call to prayer. It is a call to all Christians, for he says prayer is necessary to all. This book gives us the skeleton, as it were, of his sermons. One can almost see him in the pulpit calling the Faithful to the way of perfection. Throughout the entire volume he is, more than ever, another John the Baptist, trying to prepare souls by prayer, and penance, and the practice of the Christian virtues for the coming of their Eucharistic King. "As for me," he declares. "I only wish to be another John the Baptist, who cries, 'Do penance.'"

The great Cardinal Newman said: "A saint's writings are to me his real 'Life.' What I want to trace and study is the real, hidden, but human, life, of the *interior*, as it is called, of such glorious creations of God." Ven. Père Eymard's words, hot from his lips, had a message for the last half of the nineteenth century. But they are more pregnant with meaning for us in the beginning of the twentieth. The year 1905, with its revolutionary Decree on Daily Communion, opened what may be called a new Eucharistic era in the life of the Church. Souls are being attracted in greater numbers to the Banquet of Divine Love. The Sacred Host, like a magnet, draws them more frequently to the Tabernacle. To know is to love the Eucharist. And no greater helps to growth in this knowledge of the Blessed Sacrament can be found than the precious little volumes from the pen of Ven. Père Eymard.

How many Communion his beautiful counsels have made more fruitful! What countless hours of adoration have passed all too quickly, being filled with his exquisite thoughts. Among all who have glorified with voice and pen the Masterpiece of God's almighty power and love," he stands preeminent. May his apostolate reach long down the century, and may pious souls learn to honor practically the Ven. Père Eymard by imbibing his spirit through a careful perusal of his writings!

O. S. H.

## The last Supper.

THROUGH long, long years I lived as you,  
 And suffered painful agony ;  
 My courage fails, but as I die  
 My soul unto the end is true.

I know the weakness of thy heart  
 O feeble man ! I yield to death  
 Most willing that My last breath  
 May strength and aid to thee impart.

In rich excess is given to thee  
 The treasures of My Love Divine,  
 I open wide My Heart to thine  
 That thou may 'st ever come to Me.

My life from day to day thou'st seen,  
 And followed every step, My voice  
 Hath fallen on thine ears, My choice  
 Hath placed thee at this holy scene.

And lo ! the Holy Mystery  
 Rays out My sanctifying Love,  
 And gleams in light My chair above,  
 My very Hands give Me to thee.

Surprise now fills thy heart inmost  
 That I doth give My Body, Blood—  
 Myself, and with the Word, the flood  
 Of graces from the Holy Ghost.

Upon My face thou see 'st the gleam  
 Of force creative which has wrought  
 The Trinity and which has taught  
 The mystery of Love supreme.

Since it is the power and the love  
 Of Saviour and Creator dread,  
 Which fashions this Mysterious Bread  
 And raises souls this life above.

It raiseth the beggar to a king,  
 Strengthens the child with hero's pride ;  
 With criminal and deicide  
 A God All Pure in love breaks bread.

## Rules specified by the Church for frequent and daily Communion.

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(Continued.)

### III.—SECOND DISPOSITION ESSENTIAL FOR COMMUNION :

#### *A pure Intention*



THE second disposition, exacted by the Decree, for frequent and daily Communion is a pure and pious intention in approaching the holy table.

What is this pure intention? This pious intention? The intention is pure when we do not try to deceive ourselves, when we act in good faith, when we do what lies in our power to acknowledge and follow the truth. The intention is pious when God alone is its object and no self-seeking infects it.

In the present case, that it say, relating to the usage of Communion, august Sacrament instituted by Our Lord, to develop our spiritual life, and to preserve it from all causes of death, the pure intention consists, in accomplishing this action of Communion with a view conformable to its nature and object, and making the will harmonize with the excellence of the end which is that of the work itself, consequently to communicate for one of the motives that induced Our Lord to institute the sacrament. The intention will be pious if it avoids all that might mar its purity by the introduction of human and natural motives.

Moreover, in order to avoid misunderstanding and controversy on this delicate and truly central point in the question of dispositions required for daily Communion, the Decree itself, carefully defines the pure intention.

It begins by doing so negatively : The pure intention consists in that the communicant be not led by habit by



vanity or by any human reason, because such motives have nothing of supernatural, nothing in common with the intention of Our Lord Himself, in giving Himself.

In fact, doing a thing through mere habit, or under the influence of prevailing custom so as not to be remarked or censured, is following a current, submitting to outward pressure, conforming to a fashion, letting oneself be drawn instead of acting freely ; it is failing in goodwill, I mean the right and sincere will that Our Lord who sees the heart, desires in those who approach Him.

The same rectitude is opposed to our communicating through vanity, or to be more explicit, that we allow, to lead us to the holy table, the sole desire of acquiring the reputation of piety attached to frequent Communion, or any self complacency. Pride corrupts all it touches ; it turns from God to glorify man, the works He inspires and is therefore opposed to the purity of intention, which union with God Himself, who gives Himself, to man in the humble state of a morsel of bread demands.

And so of all the other human motives that principally lead to Communion : as for example, interest or fear : the fear of displeasing by not communicating ; the interest of a situation to keep by communicating. A human motive, having a creature for its object turns the supernatural act of communion from the necessary end to which from its nature it tends, namely the glory of God and the eternal good of the soul, and causes it to deviate from supernatural rectitude and could not legitimately dispose it to the act of Communion : a person led solely by such reasons, even were she in state of grace, could not be admitted to the holy table.

The Decree then positively defines the pure intention, determines and limits it : A pure intention consists in that the communicant desires to please God, to unite himself closely to Him by charity, and to oppose this divine antidote to his faults and his weaknesses.

These three motives specified by the Decree constitute so many pure and pious intentions : response to the desire, the good pleasure of God who calls us to daily or frequent Communion ; tend to more close and more intimate union with Him ; preservation from sin by triumphing over bad habits and the triple concupiscence.

Note that in this paper there is question, not of rare or isolated Communion, but of frequent and even daily Communion, consequently, we cannot say that the pure intention, clothes, in similar case something permanent and habitual for this intention must be present every day ; it should be in a certain sense, if I may so express myself like the soul's aspiration when questioned by its spiritual director with a view of allowing it frequent or daily access to the Sacred Banquet, according to the will of the church. But, it is easy to understand—to continue the comparison—that all souls of good will, and of such only are we speaking will not voice the same aspiration, that even the same soul will not voice the same one at all ages of its spiritual life, nor hold the same relations with Our Lord, consequently will not go to Communion through the same motives ; but the more it advances the more pure and pious will these motives become.

*(to be continued)*

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ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF HOLY CHURCH.

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*DEAR and blessed Joseph,  
 God chose thee alone,  
 Guardian of His treasures,  
 Mary and her Son.  
 By that name we greet thee  
 On this feast of thine,  
 Hear our supplications,  
 To our aid incline !  
 Of the Church, our Mother,  
 Glorious Patron thou,  
 Cherish and defend her,  
 Foes assail her now.  
 With thy sure protection,  
 Comfort, guard, and keep  
 Holy Father, Pius,  
 Shepherd of God's sheep.  
 For our friends, our kindred  
 Have a tender care.*

## St. Joseph's Work.

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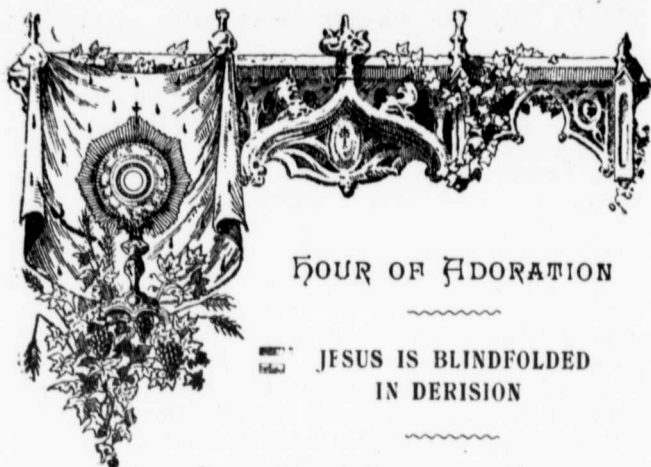
*(See frontispiece.)*

AFTER their return from Egypt the Holy Family settled at Nazareth and in its peaceful seclusion the Son of God awaited the hour of His manifestation. Of the thirty years Jesus spent there the Gospel says but little, briefly describing His youth in the following concise if expressive sentence : " Jesus grew in wisdom and in grace before God and men."

It was part of His infinite wisdom not to manifest His divinity before the time fixed in God's eternal designs, so during all those years, he concealed His divine nature, apparently developing His faculties like the rest of mankind, but with this difference that human qualities shone in Him in their perfected state, though comparatively speaking, the lowliness of His avocation rendered them less remarkable. From youth till His thirtieth year He worked with His Foster-Father St. Joseph and was spoken off as the Carpenter's Son.

Had any specimen of His workmanship been preserved how we would have treasured it, and how eloquently and forcibly it would have reminded us, that labor is an honor as well as a duty, a providential obligation from which none are exempt. But in those days no one suspected anything unusual about the works fashioned by Jesus; His mission was still shrouded by the impenetrable veil that Messianic revelation alone could lift.





## HOUR OF ADORATION

### JESUS IS BLINDFOLDED IN DERISION

#### I. — Adoration.

The Prophet Isaias, in his predictions of the Passion, did not overlook this scene of derision. The wickedness of the executioners impelled them to resort to every refinement of cruelty to increase the sufferings of the Saviour. A scrap of filthy linen, some old rags, fell in their way, and they tied them around the head of Jesus, covering His face. Then insulting Him and striking Him, each in his turn, they said to Him with cruel irony : "*Come, Thou who dost Thyself prophesy tell us who struck Thee that blow, and who gave Thee this one ?*" Peals of diabolic laughter accompanied every blow. But Jesus was silent. The more they derided Him, the more they despised Him as ignorant, imbecile, senseless. the more could He say in all truth : "*I am made a derision to all My people, their song all the day long.*"

The veil that they throw over the face of Jesus was intended not only to make game of Him as a prophet, but to secure to them the liberty to strike Him oftener and longer without any danger of being softened by the sight of their Victim. The countenance of Jesus possessed the power to charm all who gazed upon it. The goodness that shone in His eyes, the beauty of His features, gained all hearts. The executioners could not have sustained the sight without being converted.

Behold why this Face so beautiful, so sweet, so sympathetic : this Face that all the prophets so much desired to see, as Jesus Himself said to His Apostles : "Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see. For I say to you that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them"—this Divine Face they do not wish to see, lest their hearts be melted and they themselves converted.

Again, in casting a veil over the eyes of Jesus, they thought that He would not recognize them. They did well, the insensates ! The glance of Jesus, more powerful than the rays of the sun, not only distinguishes their outrages, but even penetrates to the bottom of their hearts to discover therein their infernal intentions. If the eyes of His Body can no longer perceive anything, those of His soul, of His Divinity above all—His infused and divine knowledge—can discover everything, even in its last details. Much more, Jesus the Master, the King, the Inspirer of the prophets, had positive knowledge from all eternity of all that His enemies would say and do against Him.

At this moment, O Divine Jesus, in which, according to appearances, Thou dost seem in the eyes of the Jews the most ignorant man in the world, with the angels surrounding Thee, I recognize Thee as the Master of the prophets, I proclaim and adore Thee as the Teacher of wisdom, the Guide of the sages.

And behind that new veil, which love alone, and not human malice, has cast over Thy Sacred Face in the Sacrament, Thou art always the Divine King of the prophets, the God who scrutinizeth hearts. It is this same Face, hidden from us under the sacramental veil, which, in heaven holds ravished and in ecstasy the host of angels and blessed. Yes, so I proclaim it. We must believe it even against the senses, against the ordinary laws of being, against one's own experience. We must believe on the simple word of Jesus Christ. There is only one question to be asked : " Who is there ? " " I," answers Jesus Christ. Let us prostrate and adore !

I venerate Thee, I adore Thee, O hidden God ! The greatest desire of my heart is to see all men prostrating in the dust and rendering to Thee solemn adoration.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

Blind paganism was accustomed to represent the god of love with eyes blindfolded. This poetic fable became a living reality in this scene of the Saviour's Passion. It was love alone that veiled the eyes and the Face of Jesus. It was love alone that led Him to support patiently this new humiliation.

This circumstance hides a mystery full of tenderness for His executioners and for all sinners. The Divine Master will, in some manner, be ignorant of the hand that struck Him that He may not be able to denounce him to the justice of His Father. He wished not to know the name of the sinner that He might not have to raise it from the Book of Life. Daily is there question of the same thing in our regard. His mercy and His love throw a veil over our faults to conceal them as much as possible from God's justice.

By accepting this dishonor. He wished, also, to expiate the imprudent glance of the first woman upon the forbidden fruit : a glance, alas ! which cost us life. Jesus, the second Adam, has for chief end to repair by His sufferings all the damage that the sin of the first Adam did to human nature. And if He rendered Himself voluntarily blind, it was because He wished to give us light, to take from our eyes the veil of ignorance and concupiscence which hinders us from beholding the things of God.

This veil which the Jews cast in derision over His Face at this moment of His Passion, Jesus has carefully kept in the Eucharist. It is there still, an invention of His Heart. Since His Resurrection, no created eye without being dazzled could fix its gaze on the Face of Jesus. The familiar communications which He desires to hold with His children, would be changed into sentiments of fear and terror. Behold why Jesus is veiled. " Jesus veils His power which would affright men," says Père Eymard. " He veils His sanctity, which is so sublime that it would discourage our feeble virtue. He veils His love, tempers it. Its ardor is such that it would consume us were we exposed to its direct flames. What greater proof of love than this Eucharistic veil ? "

Give to my soul, O Jesus, to see clearly through this sacramental veil the furnace of love that incloses Thy Divine Heart.

I thank Thee, O Jesus, I thank Thee for this veil which permits me to approach Thee without fear, to receive Thee into my soul, and to live in great union of heart with Thee !

To resemble Thee more, I will cast over myself and all my life the veil of holy modesty. Henceforth, I want to live only for Thee and with Thee.

### III. — Reparation.

All the torments that Jesus was made to endure were cruel and frightful, but in this there is a sort of refinement of barbarism. Through a remnant of human feeling, the eyes of a criminal are bandaged, in order to spare him the sight of his punishment. But to veil his eyes in mockery, in order to turn him into an object of derision, to strike him more freely and with more pleasure, was an excess reserved for the Son of God ! He had called Himself a prophet, He was regarded and venerated by all a great prophet ; therefore they will make sport of Him, they will veil Him and strike Him, crying out : "*Prophesy, who is it that strikes Thee.*"

The Heart of Jesus is more sensitive to this kind of contempt than the greatest torments. How sad it was to see Himself so ridiculed by His children, treated by them as an actor, a comedian ! He had foreseen this horrible outrage in the Garden of Olives. He had begged His Divine Father to spare His Heart

this poignant sorrow. No ! Jesus had to drain the chalice to the dregs. It was our sins, *mine*, that veiled His Face, and our sins will be effaced only at this price. This is His will and that of His Father.

When the Christian sins, he again inflicts upon Jesus this humiliating outrage. As far as he is able, he veils the Face of His Saviour. As long as the soul is in the state of grace the eyes of God rest upon it with complacency, but if it loses grace by sin, God turns away His eyes from it. This, alas ! was the punishment of the Jewish prevaricators.

God turned away from them, and in His turn veiled their eyes. He has cast so thick a veil over their eyes and hearts that they can no longer recognize Him. And the Jews of to-day, like those of the past, are still seeking the Messiah without being able even to find Him. That veil they shall wear even till the day on which they shall be converted to the Lord, and that will not be until the end of the world.

Our Lord said one day to Blessed Angela Foligno : " It was for thy eyes also, with which thou hast so often admired vain and dangerous things, that I endured this humiliation. It was in expiation of thy faults that I shed tears so bitter, that I had my eyes veiled, and that I was bathed in the blood that flowed from My head." What Jesus suffered for Blessed Angela, with far greater reason He has suffered for me, a miserable sinner ! Who could count the number of my faults, perhaps even mortal sins, of which my eyes have been the guilty instruments ?

How many times, also, have I not tried to make myself believe that God did not see me ! Have I not often cried out with the impious ; " Darkness compasseth me about, and the walls cover me, and no man seeth me : whom do I fear ? The Most High will not remember my sins."

If I have so little relish for Adoration, if I so poorly and so badly comprehend the Blessed Sacrament, if a veil more or less thick covers my understanding and my heart when before the Sacred Host, must it not be for having sullied my soul with sin ? It is only pure hearts that have no veil between them and God.

Pardon, Jesus, pardon for those wicked men who so insolently mock Thy Divine Majesty ! Pardon for the souls in purgatory who are actually expiating the faults they once committed by their immodest glances ! Pardon for me and for all my brethren, for all who have so often saddened Thy Heart and veiled Thy Face by sin !

No longer turn Thy eyes from our souls. Through the merits of this frightful scene of Thy Passion, cast off the accursed veil which hides Thee from our sight ! Grant that the veil which Thou dost preserve out of pity for us in the Most Blessed Sacra-



ment may become more and more transparent, until that blessed day when, falling away altogether, it will no longer prevent us from beholding Thee, from forever contemplating Thee in transports of love!

#### IV. — Prayer.

“And all the earth desired to see Solomon’s face.” We all know that Solomon was but the type, the figure of the most pacific King, who is called Jesus Christ.

Yes, we have there in the Blessed Sacrament “*more than Solomon.*” Under the appearance of a particle of bread, we possess all entire, in His living reality, the august Person of the Son Incarnate! We possess Him glorious, more resplendent than the sun. He it is who enlightens the heavens. He it is who illumines the intelligence of all the angels and all the saints. He it is who warms and inflames with love by the mere sight of Him, the hearts of the whole celestial city. Ah! if for a second it were permitted us to raise the veil that hides from us His splendor! If our eye could encounter a single one of His glances, with what ardour we, too, should cry out: “*Lord, it is good to be here!*”

Yes, we have, indeed, “*more than Solomon,*” for we have the Creator and the King of King Solomon. Never permit, O uncreated beauty, that a sacrilegious hand should throw over Thy adorable Face a veil of iniquity! Reveal Thy Face to the world. The world needs to see Thee, to contemplate Thy power, Thy goodness, Thy mercy, Thy Face, Thy Heart!

Unveil Thyself, O Jesus, unveil Thyself to my soul! Unveil Thyself to fervent hearts? Unveil Thyself to pure hearts! May all learn to study Thee in the lovely Host!

For that end, it is necessary, O Divine Saviour, to dispel from our mind the illusions of self-love, from our heart the bonds of frivolous friendships, and from our eyes the images of vanity. May our understanding delight in studying Thee. Our hearts desire to love only Thee, our eyes rest on Thee alone! Reveal Thy Face, O Jesus Christ! One single ray of Thy beauty can gain all hearts!

“O Jesus, whom I now see through a veil, grant that the vehement desire of my soul may be realized! May my eyes, piercing the cloud that conceals Thee, rejoice in the unveiled view of Thy glory! Amen.”

**RESOLUTION.**—Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth, and communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask the Divine Saviour to reveal Himself daily more and more to thy understanding in the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament.



## Little Jim

OR

### The First Communicant in Strange Attire.

( continued )

Jim, I strictly forbid you ever to speak to me about making your First Communion. For one thing, I'm too poor to give you the necessary outfit, and for another and which is still more to the point, I wont allow you to make it. Understand that once for all and never dare broach the subject to me.

Jim lifted startled blue eyes and scanned his father's face in a vain endeavor to find some solution of this wholly unexpected outburst, disclosing the premature discovery of the great secret he had been guarding so carefully for months past.

He was a regular attendant at the public school where, notwithstanding his all too apparent poverty, he was admired and esteemed, and had by his good behaviour and close application to study attained the post of honor in his class, as well as in the affections of his classmates.

But of God, religion or his personal duties he knew nothing, absolutely nothing, except what civic laws inculcated. Yet, even these, incomplete and unreliable as they were, showed him glimpses of horizons that charmed his naturally upright innocent nature and bore out the axiom, that, try as we may, we cannot destroy all inherent spiritual tendencies, nor eradicate the good that is part of our nature.

Jim's special chum as well as friendly rival was a giddy, lively, yet thoroughly good lad about his own age, and an exemplary member of the First Communion Preparatory Class, and of that great majority who when they make up their mind to do a thing, or gain a point generally succeed. Just now his sole ambition and determination was that Jim should make his First Communion with him; his class-mate must and would be his church-mate also.

As a preliminary in carrying out his purpose, he summed up courage and related the whole story to the fervent young priest who had charge of the preparatory class, and whom all the boys instinctively loved and trusted.

"Bring him to Catechism and keep the matter very quiet," was the sage advice given and scrupulously carried out.

The first lessons seemed to fill a long felt want and little Jim listened like one entranced to some old-time melody, vaguely conscions, that some time, some where, he had heard it before. Poor waif ! while his mother had lived how often she had spoken to him about the Child Jesus and His Virgin Mother ; how often and how quaintly she had illustrated the Gospel Truths to suit his youthful mind ; how often she had joined his hands and knelt beside him as she taught him, as only a fond mother can, how to say his prayers ; how often during her last sickness she had consecrated and confided him to the Mother of Sorrows, who alone understood all she feared in leaving her guileless one ewe lamb, in such irreligious surroundings. But he was so young then, and the years between though not so many, had been so sad and lonely and bereft of every religious help, that, it is not surprising he had forgotten those early lessons. Nevertheless they had kept him innocent and pure and paved the way for those other lessons, those Christian truths he now imbibed so eagerly and so earnestly.

When three months later his father accidentally learned that he was attending the Catechism Class, he raged and swore like a demon, and reasoned like the senseless bigot he was. What would his comrades say ? What would they take him for ? He who had so often boasted to them

that no son of his would ever be swayed by clerical rule.

And though he loved the lad in his own way, he chastised him severely and forbade him to have anything more to do with priests, churches or Catechism classes. He would see whether paternal authority was only a by word in his house. He would keep him a prisoner all that First Communion day or at least until the evening—and they would see who would win.



Little Jim was heartbroken and Charlie's determined spirit, for once, at a loss how to cope with this new and sad state of affairs. His mother had promised to have Jim's First Communion clothes all ready and he had been imagining Jim's delight and trying so hard to keep the good news from him until the last moment—but now, all his plans were upset—and what was worse than all, he must not attempt to right them.

A day or two afterwards the retreat began. Jim did not dare follow the exercises publicly, but, every day on his way to and from school, slipped into the Church, hid

behind a pillar and remained as long as he could listening to the hymns and part of the sermon. After that church glimpse, school seemed so desolate and cold and his home even more so. Still he did not complain or importune, fully realizing, child though he was, that his father's will was as adamant in this case.

One evening during the retreat profiting by his father's absence he went to confession thinking if he could not make his First Communion he could at least purify his soul in anticipation.

The night before the Festal Day he was so restless and unhappy he could not sleep. When the Angelus rang out he heard the bells repeating: "To-day! To-day! is the glorious day." Bursting into tears he drew the bed-clothes over his head to shut out the sound murmuring. 'Glorious Day! Yes, for the others—but what for poor little Jim.'

His father got up in such an ugly cross mood that morning that Jim was really afraid of him and glad when he saw him open the door and go out. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when he returned and even the child could tell that he had only been to the saloon, and had come back crosser and more determined to be on the alert for the trick he was sure those crafty priests were going to play on him, to get his boy.

Little Jim was the picture of dejection as he sat there, on a low stool, in a corner near the chimney-place with bent head, ragged old blouse thrown carelessly on, and feet half in and half out of shoes much the worse for wear. As he raised his eyes to look at the clock, which was about to strike nine, the bells again rang out even more gaily than before announcing the procession of the children, pure as angels, through the church to the chancel where they were to take their places near the altar. More with soul than ears he heard them singing the hymn he had hoped until the last moment to join in and forgetting even the stern father watching him he burst into tears.

Drunk as he was the inhuman father could not look at him without a pang of pity. He had still sense enough to realize that he was torturing his only child, whom he was bound to protect and love and who when grown to

man's estate might justly retaliate and upbraid him saying. "You were a bad father to me, what can you expect, but that I must be a bad son to you."

Unable to bear his thoughts he hastily rose and went out banging and locking the door after him. Jim did not stir or seem to notice his going in any way except to abandon himself more fully to his grief.

Suddenly he heard sweet singing, angelic strains that soothed and comforted his anguish. He opened the



window to listen when, wonderful to relate, the singing ceased and Charlie's well-known voice rose high and clear beseeching : Come Jim ! Please Come ! I have kept your place beside me. Oh do come !

Like magic his lethargy and dejection vanished as eagerly and enthusiastically he answered : Yes, yes. I'll come ! Here I am !

And jumping through the window he ran as fast as he could to the church.

The congregation seeing the breathless disheveled lad clad in such strange attire rush in and hasten to the sacristy imagined something amiss : but the priest in

charge instantly recognized little Jim as he exultantly gasped : " Here I am Father. Papa went to the tavern and locked me in the house, but I got through the window and here I am. I kept my fast hoping our dear Lord would give me the grace I've been begging for the last three months—the grace to make my First Communion with the others. How I did not know but I trusted Him and here I am.

And the child with the ragged blouse, old shoes and beaming countenance took his place in the chancel beside Charlie. If he noticed the difference between himself and the others he was too happy to mind much. He joined his hands, fixed his gaze on the altar and tabernacle and forgot all else ; it was his only prayer—book in which he seemed to read what brought a smile to his lips and light up his countenance with an indescribable blending of joyous serenity, angelic purity, unearthly happiness.

When the celebrant laid the Sacred Host on his trembling lips he looked more like an angel than an ordinary boy and notwithstanding his old shoes and shabby clothes no one was more beautiful or admired in the eyes of God, the church, and the onlookers, than little Jim.

When the never to be forgotten ceremony was over he went home with Charlie, donned his pretty new suit and spent the happiest day imaginable. But towards night when there was question of going home he began to be a little afraid of facing his father so the kind priest decided to accompany him.

When his father saw him dressed so nicely and looking so happy his anger softened a little, but only a little as his greeting ; " Boy, how dare you disobey me ? followed by his insulting taunt—" I suppose its only the trick I knew those crafty priests were up too," clearly showed.

" Yes," gently answered the priest—ignoring the insult. " We are playing the trick of giving you a well-brought up good boy. I must admit he disobeyed you to-day for the first time still were you honest enough you would say he had done well."

" No, neither now or ever will I admit such a thing." Well ! perhaps it will surprise you still more when I tell

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you we intend playing one more trick—and that is to make and upright man, a worthy father of you. Because now, its your turn to watch over little Jim ; in future he will share your labor and be your constant companion. Will you take him to the saloon ?

Touched in spite of himself he did not answer. Involuntarily his eyes rested on his dead wife's picture hanging just overhead and their mute pleading completed his conquest ; as with a sob in his voice he replied. Yes, Father you are right. I must reform with God's help Ill turn over a new leaf this very night.

And as first proof of his sincerity he tenderly embraced little Jim.

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## LISTEN.

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**B**EGIN *the day with God,  
He is thy sun and day ;  
He is the radiance of thy dawn  
To Him address thy lay.*

*“ Take thy first meal with God,  
He is thy heavenly food ;  
Feed with and on Him He with thee  
Will feast in brotherhood.*

*“ Thy first transaction be  
With God Himself above ;  
So shall thy business prosper well  
And all the day be—love.”*



## Learnt From Lipu



IN the wide veranda of a big house in the foreign quarter of one of the Chinese towns, a child lay in a hammock overlooking the kitchen garden, in which a Chinaman was working.

The boy was English, and judging from his small, frail body, did not appear to be more than seven or eight years old; but the prematurely aged face might have claimed more than

twice that age, though he really numbered less than ten years. Books and newspapers lay on the table before him, but he did not heed them; he lay quite still, watching the gardener at work amongst the vegetables. After a time the man approached the hammock, and in passing by smiled and saluted its little inmate.

"Come here Lipu," said the boy, "Please pull me up and turn me so that I can see you working on the other side of the garden."

The man put down his tools and very gently complied with the child's request. Little Hubert Hurst was a cripple; as the man bent over him, he put his arms round his neck to help himself into the desired position.

"I like you, Lipu," he said, as he did so. "I wish you had to carry me about instead of A tching. He is kind, too, but there is a horrid feel about him. Why is it you are different?"

Lipu gazed down pityingly at the boy before answering, and when he spoke it was in curious "pigeon English."

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"I am always happy, little master," he said, "for in my heart I have a great gift."

"Dear Lipu," returned the child, "do tell me what your secret is. I have seen the other men point at you and chatter together, and I have been afraid that my father was going to send you away. "You have been here a shorter time than any of them, yet I like you best of all."

"Little master," replied Lipu, "I am happy because I am a Christian; not a Christian like the lady your mother, but a Christian of Christ."

By this Lipu meant that he was a Catholic. He had answered the question put to him and volunteered no more information. But the boy was not satisfied.

'Tell me more,' he cried. "Tell me how being a Christian of Christ makes you happy. Would it make me happy, do you think?" he added longingly.

Hubert had been born in China, and although his parents were comfortably off, he had never been to England. His father's business kept him always in Hong Kong, and going home was talked of as a pleasure to come, when years of money making justified such an expenditure. There had once been a question of sending Hubert back, in the hope that some treatment in a London hospital would cure, or even relieve him; but the doctors in the naval hospital at Hong-Kong and the newcomers who came with the fleet, agreed that nothing could be done to prolong the boy's life. He could not live to manhood, and they advised his parents to keep him with them, and to make his short life happy.

So Hubert had lived for nearly ten years in this far-off Chinese town, kindly treated and well cared for. He was taught to read by his mother, but neither she nor his father had ever spoken to him about religion. Mrs. Hurst was nominally a Protestant. Her husband had once been a Catholic, but a life spent hundreds of miles from any priest who could have understood him, had he gone to confession, had led on his part also to complete indifference. The boy had been christened by a Presbyterian missionary, who had happened to pass through the town when he was about two years old; but until Lipu began to speak to him of Catholic belief, he had been absolutely ignorant of anything spiritual, except that there was a Supreme Being in heaven.

He was naturally gifted with an unusually sweet disposition, and schooled himself to be brave and patient, because any pining or show of distress would grieve his parents. But this conversation with the chinese gardener was the first of many, and from Lipu Hubert learned a higher, nobler reason for patience and longsuffering.

At first the Chinese had spoken of the goodness of God and the mercy that His love for us made Him show. Then he told of the passion and sufferings of Jesus Christ, and it was this recital that Hubert liked best of all to hear. He told his parents that Lipu had been taught beautiful things by the Catholic Sisters at Ning-po, where he had worked before coming into Mr. Hurst's service. Seeing the boy happy with his new friend they told Lipu to look after him when he was in the garden, thus setting his own attendant, A-tching, free to do other work, at the same time easing Lipu's conscience, for though he loved to speak of all the missionaries had told him, he feared to neglect the tasks he was paid to perform.

All through the summer months this strange course of instruction went on, till Hubert knew as much Christian doctrine as his teacher could impart. He had learned all the prayers that the nuns had taught in their classes, and he began to repeat them morning and night, as Lipu told him he did himself.

The first time that his mother saw his little wasted hands joined, his blue eyes raised to heaven, and a look of more perfect happiness on his features than she had ever seen on them before, her heart smote her at not having taught him herself; and even though the "Hail Mary" followed "Our Father" from his lips, she did not check or chide him for what she could see gave him so pure a joy.

As the autumn drew near the boy seemed to grow weaker. Lipu sometimes thought he saw a foreglimpse of heaven in the innocent, patient eyes, but his parents noticed no change in him, and though they knew the flickering, feeble light must soon pass out of their sight forever, it came as a shock to Mr. Hurst when Hubert spoke to him one evening of his approaching death. They had been talking of his eleventh birthday, which was soon to be celebrated, and Hubert had spoken in tones of heart-felt longing.

"O, I hope—I do hope I shall live till then!"

Mr. Hurst turned quickly towards his son.

"Why do you say that, Hubert?" he asked. "Do you feel ill? Worse? Why do you think of—of leaving us?"

"Don't father, dear!" replied the boy, laying his little, hot hand on his father's cheek as he bent over him and scanned the thin, white face on the scarcely more white pillow. "You know I must die; I know it's very wrong, but I am frightened to go so far away from you, because I don't know anyone in heaven, and Lipu says when boys are eleven they make their first Communion, and then, if Jesus had come to me once I could tell Him about being frightened, and He would perhaps have an angel waiting for me, when I have to go, to take me to Him."

"Who told you all this?" asked Mr. Hurst in a choked voice.

"Lipu told me part, and I think the rest myself," was the reply. "Lipu has been asking and asking when a priest was coming down this way who could understand English, for me to make my first confession, and then perhaps he would let me make my first Communion, too. But there doesn't seem to be any priests who can talk English in this province at all. The nuns sent word to Lipu that they would try and find one, or if I got worse before they succeeded they would ask their own chaplain to come; and so I am learning the Chinese names for my sins from Lipu, because, although their priest knows Chinese well, he is a Frenchman."

What were Mr. Hurst's feelings as he listened to his son? Did he think of the advantages of his own childhood and how little he had profited by them? Did he wonder how the child had learnt so much of heavenly things in spite of his father's indifference? Did he think that, unless he repented of this indifference and what it had led to, the parting that now loomed before him would be eternal?

"Father"—the boy's voice was eager—will you try, too? If you promise to find an English priest for me it will be all right, because you always keep your promises."

And with bowed head Mr. Hurst promised that if by any possibility, a priest could be heard of the boy should have his dying wish.

After this, when their eyes opened to the change, every day seemed to bring some new reminder of the coming loss to Mr. and Mrs. Hurst. They spoke often and openly of his great wish, and every evening his father had to repeat to him how he had written everywhere he could think of, asking for an English-speaking priest, yet so far with no result; and it went to the man's heart to see the little son turn to the Chinese Lipu for comfort in his disappointment.

At last the day came when Hubert could wait no longer. A few weeks at most would pass and then even if Jesus Christ had not come into his heart on earth, he would have to stand before Him in a better land. A message was sent to Ning-Po, and ten days later a traveling French priest arrived. Mr. Hurst greeted him in Chinese, but the dialects they each knew were not exactly the same, and they could understand each other only imperfectly. To Lipu, therefore, fell the task of explanation, and Hubert's eyes proved the truth of the Chinaman's story. With Lipu's help the priest learned that the child was sufficiently instructed, and with some difficulty they got through with the simple confession that the boy had prepared with his faithful attendant's help. Now that the priest had come Hubert realized more than ever how much he longed to hear what he had learned confirmed and filled in by one of his own people. Not that a shadow of doubt ever crossed his mind; it was only the natural wish of the human heart, and especially of the heart of childhood, to unburden itself. So many little things came to his mind that he would have asked a priest in English; so much help could such a one have given him by calming his fears and saying prayers that he could understand.

*(to be continued.)*

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### **Our Beloved Deceased.**

James Morgan.—Ellen Foley.

R. I. E.



If Thou Art King.

*And mocking... they said...  
If Thou art the Son of  
God come down from the  
Cross.*

*WITH thorns they bound His sacred head  
And bending low they mocking said,  
" Thy self now save."  
" From death and grave "  
If Thou art King."*

\* \* \*

*They bruised and bound His gentle hands  
With whip like thongs and cruel bands.  
" Now is the hour "  
" Show Thy power "  
" If Thou art King."*

\* \* \*



*They raised Him on the fatal tree  
(And thus exalted you and me.)*

*“ Come down, come down ”*

*“ And wear Thy crown ”*

*“ If Thou art King.”*

\* \* \*

*With hard sharp lance they pierced His side  
(The Gate of Mercy opened wide.)*

*“ Come back to life ”*

*“ Show strife for strife ”*

*“ If Thou art King.”*

\* \* \*

*A borrowed shroud a strangers tomb,  
Enclosed the Fruit of Mary's womb,*

*“ Why lie so cold ”*

*“ In death enrolled ”*

*“ If Thou art King.”*

\* \* \*

*The Resurrection's glorious Sun  
Proclaims His triumph, Victory won,*

*“ Alleluia ! !*

*“ Alleluia ! !*

*“ Hail Christ The King.”*

*Franciscan Review.*