



of the **BLESSED SACRAMENT**

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SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Offered to the Subscribers of The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament

1. They contribute by their offering to the maintenance of the Perpetual Exposition which is kept up, day and night, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.
2. They are entitled to share in the benefits of one Mass celebrated *monthly* in this Sanctuary for their special intentions, and participate in all the prayers and good works of the Community of the most Blessed Sacrament.
3. They are entitled to share after their death in a solemn service celebrated every year during November in perpetuity, for all benefactors of the Congregation.
4. By enrolling themselves in the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament they may gain a large number of precious Indulgences.

The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament,
490, MOUNT-ROYAL AVE., MONTREAL.

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Et repleti sunt omnes Spiritu sancto. Act. II. 4

Prière. — O Dieu qui avez éclairé les cœurs des fidèles par la lumière du St-Esprit; accordez-nous par le même Esprit de goûter ce qui est bien et de jouir sans cesse de la consolation dont il est la source. Par Jésus-Christ / Notre-Seigneur.



A DYING CHILD'S FIRST COMMUNION.

By F. X. L.

“ Why grants He not my soul's desire
For whom I yearn?
Why sates He not the hung'ring fire
Wherewith I burn?

“ I long in His Divine embrace
To folded be.
Until the glory of His Face
In heav'n I see.”

All inarticulate the word,
But live the faith ;
And loud the cry of love is heard
More strong than death.

His Heart is touched ; forthwith He hies—
The blood is stayed,
The hand of death arrested. Lies
He now, arrayed

In all the splendor of His love,
Within that heart, —
Its Food, erstwhile untasted—of
That soul a part.



Particular Practice for the Month of July

Exterior respect in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed.



OUR Lord exposed in the Blessed Sacrament is the King on His throne and as such should be worshipped and honored by profound exterior respect. Your vocation as adorers calls for even greater respect, it being not merely an honor you are rendering to the King exposed, but an adoration, an annihilation, a submission of your entire being in accordance with His expressed desire to be adored by the body as well as by the soul and to which double worship He has an undisputed right. Wherefore we deduct the logical as well as the theological necessity of sensible exterior worship, animated by the interior worship of charity.

As to this exterior respect, naturally it should show itself more especially in the worship of exposition which is the great manifestation of love. Holy Church counsels and demands it. She desires that Jesus on His throne should absorb all our thoughts, that on the altar should be no statues or relics to withdraw our attention from the King. She ordains the richest vestments, the most beautiful decorations, she forbids us to appear in the sanctuary without choir habit, ordinary garb not being sufficiently respectful, she replaces genuflection by the profound prostration, and all this as so many exterior marks of respect for the King upon His throne.

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Let us enter into the spirit of the Church's liturgy and when in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed let our exterior be expressive of the deepest reverence manifesting itself, first by recollection especially in the custody of our eyes. I do not mean to say that we should keep them continually closed; no, it is better to look upon the Blessed Sacrament. Why does the Church expose Our Lord upon His throne if not that we may look upon Him? Why does she use her richest vestments, her grandest decorations, if not that the charm of their beauty may help to lead our thoughts upward to the enthroned King, who has clothed Himself with exterior, sensible appearances in order that we may say with child-like confidence: I see Thee, dear Jesus, behind that veil, Thy face is hidden, nevertheless I know and believe that Thou art there.

Strange, yet a fact proved by experience, that this exterior worship does not cause distractions. That is why I say to you: look at the Blessed Sacrament, look at the altar, the lights, the flowers gathering therefrom holy thoughts, fervent ejaculations. To act otherwise might only produce contention of heart which must be most carefully avoided, as adoration is above all a worship of loving peaceful expansion. But, if instead of looking at the altar, we were to amuse ourselves watching the congregation, counting the comers and goers, examining their dress, such conduct would not only cause distractions, but it would also to say the least, be very unseemly and show a great want of respect to the Blessed Sacrament. Use your eyes to lead you to Our Lord, but never to draw away from Him. I counsel you also to maintain a reserved and serious bearing before Our Lord exposed. Remain kneeling as long as possible; when obliged to be seated, do not take an indolent, lazy posture, assuming certain attitudes which would not be considered good form even in a drawing-room. Never speak in Church when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed. Have no concern about any one; when before the King, we must not be solicitous about His servants, it would be a breach of etiquette meriting the Sovereign's rebuke: Whom do you take Him for?

Then, before the Blessed Sacrament, no friends, no business, no commands to receive, no anxious thoughts to worry, trouble or disturb your peace ; you are in presence of the good God whose eyes are fixed upon you, whose delight is to be with children of men. In the Canticles we read : Let my beloved sleep until she awakeneth of herself, that is to say, leave the soul adoring me in contemplation leave her undisturbed as long as she wishes. For this reason you should be respected, when you are in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament and your sole occupation should be to adore Our Lord, to listen to His word.

If some one speaks to you, answer briefly by a yes or no, spoken in a low voice. There is a way of speaking in a low tone which conveys its own lesson. If it is a question of some one over whom you have authority, your imperative duty is to impose silence. If our respect were greater, we should more readily understand the exigencies of the Royal Presence ; we would not dare disturb any one engaged in contemplation. If a person were admitted to a royal earthly audience, the interview arranged and desired by the King, who would even think of intruding, much less of disturbing them ? Then does adoration which is the reception of the Eucharistic King arranged by Him and so eagerly desired by His love, does it, — I repeat, — deserve less consideration, less respect than the private audience of an earthly King ?

If, despite our yearnings, our hearts are cold, unloving and full of distractions, let us at least try to honor Our Eucharistic Lord by great exterior respect in our looks, in our silence, in our bearing.

P. EYMARD.

The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday July 21st at 6 o'clock, in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.

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Jesus in the Tabernacle. Our Physician.



HITHERSOVER Our Lord entered, says St. Mark, "they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched Him were made whole." Let us cultivate the spirit of faith displayed by these sick people. As soon as they heard of the arrival of Jesus, they desired to be in His presence; they believed in His divine person. Faith is in us the principle of divine love; it is the star which precedes the rising of the sun of grace, that dissipates the darkness of our understanding, and calls every virtue into life. These sick people only requested permission to touch the hem of Our Lord's garment, believing that from His sacred robe some divine virtue would descend upon their infirmity. We are much more favored than they; we can come to Jesus whenever we please, and we may not only touch His sacred person, but even receive Him—true God and true Man—in holy communion. They merely hoped for their cure through the mercy and goodness of Our Lord, therefore, from all parts of the country, they thronged into the streets of the town, that they might see Him passing by. And Jesus, the divine Physician, in that land of faith, passed through with pitiful compassion. If our blessed Lord responded readily to the desires of those who looked only for physical health, simply because they were humble and felt the need of His almighty power, how great will be His mercy and kindness to us, if we humbly represent to Him the many needs of our soul. By sin we are cast down to the lowest abyss of nothingness; we have wandered far away from God, and lost ourselves amid the miserable deceptions of vanity and pleasure. How vile do we appear in the pure light of His holiness! How greatly we stand in need of mercy! The Holy Eucharist confers its benefits under the veil of silence and obscurity, but this only enhances

their sweetness to the loving soul that receives them. Behold, these poor, sick people were so eager to see Our Lord pass by that they were not afraid of cold or darkness, nor hesitated, even in their suffering state to wait long hours, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. How humbled should we be for the coldness and indifference with which we await the moment of holy communion, and for the dissipation of our minds during the adorable sacrifice of the Mass. Does not this conduct seem as if we supposed that His sacred body were possessed of no more virtue than the hem of His garment? When we hasten to the church, it is not now in uncertainty of Our Lord's coming or as hoping only to contemplate Him for an instant. We do not go there expecting to touch the hem of His garment for the cure only of some corporal malady. We know not that we shall find Him in the tabernacle, ever ready to listen to us, to feed us with His adorable body, to sacrifice Himself upon the altar, to communicate His life and His strength to us.

O ever-blessed Host, bounteous Physician of our souls, true and living God, most loving Saviour, we praise and adore Thy goodness and Thy mercy. Thou didst come to seek and cure the weak and wandering sheep, and in Thy mercy and love to offer them health. If while Thou wert on earth, there issued from Thy body such divine virtue that the sick who approached it were healed, assuredly now Thy power is not weakened. I know that I am all unworthy, but Thou, the Son of David, have mercy on me! If Thou willest that I should be clean, speak only and I shall be cleaned. Say but a word, and my pride shall be destroyed, my unruly will restrained, my guilt washed away. I am ready to do Thy will, O my God. Here shall be no false tenderness. I will cut out and burn every inordinate earthly affection, that my malady may be cured, and that I may be saved through all eternity. Yes, dear Jesus, even so I hope. I embrace Thee; I bind Thee to my poor but loving heart. Grant that I may always love Thee, that I may ever be loved by Thee, Who art the God of my soul, and to enjoy Thee eternally.

Rev. Francis Xavier Lasance.



**Some Maxims of Blessed
Margaret Mary Alacoque**

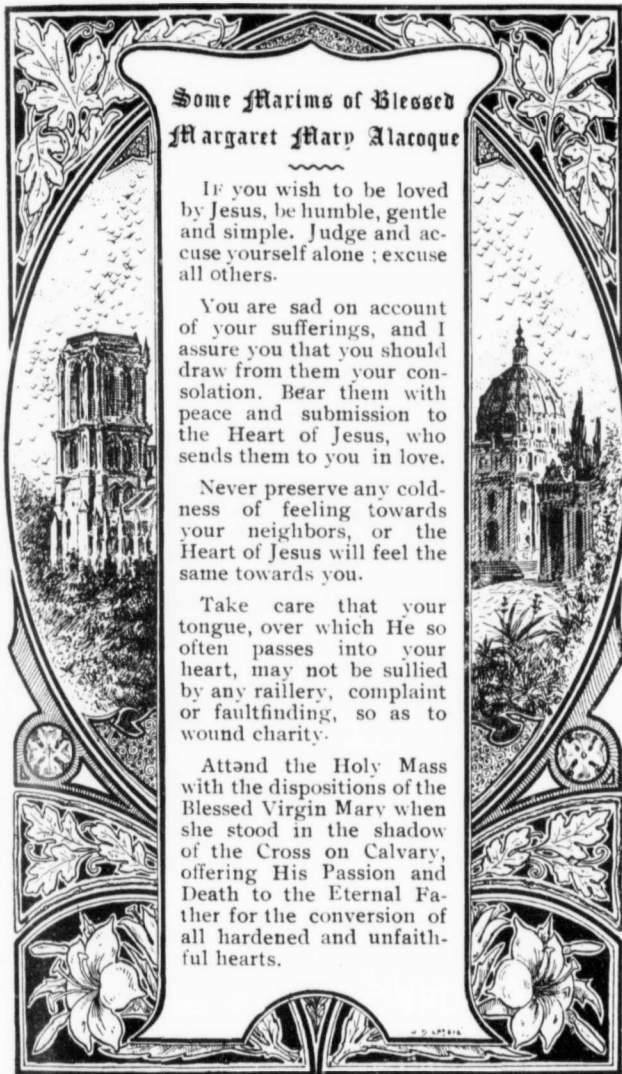
If you wish to be loved by Jesus, be humble, gentle and simple. Judge and accuse yourself alone ; excuse all others.

You are sad on account of your sufferings, and I assure you that you should draw from them your consolation. Bear them with peace and submission to the Heart of Jesus, who sends them to you in love.

Never preserve any coldness of feeling towards your neighbors, or the Heart of Jesus will feel the same towards you.

Take care that your tongue, over which He so often passes into your heart, may not be sullied by any raillery, complaint or faultfinding, so as to wound charity.

Attend the Holy Mass with the dispositions of the Blessed Virgin Mary when she stood in the shadow of the Cross on Calvary, offering His Passion and Death to the Eternal Father for the conversion of all hardened and unfaithful hearts.





The Mass of Deliverance.

WHAT cruel preparations, sister," said in a low voice, a young girl, closely bound to a strong tree, addressing her sister tied in a similar manner to the dried stump of an oak dying from old age in a North American forest.

"Like you, my heart is full of fear I am suffering intense agony," answered the other captive.

They were two young Indian maidens, daughters of the great chief of the Sioux tribe, who had been taken prisoners by the Hawks. — "How our parents loved us" whispered the first speaker. "Great will be their grief at our capture, knowing as they do only too well the fate that befalls the prisoners of these cruel Hawks. What would have been their feelings, could they have heard the cries of joy and the abominable menaces with which they received and welcomed us last night. Alas! Sister, let us raise our hearts to that good and kind Jesus of whom the blackrobed man told us. Asking Him for strength and courage to meet the terrible death that awaits us to-morrow."

The young captives wept as if their hearts would break. The slightest sound made them tremble and with sad strained eyes they watch the Eastern skies for the first glimmer of dawn, the dawn of the day which was to witness their doom. The women of the tribe, after working until late, attending to the preparations for the horrible feast of the morrow, had retired to rest; leaving close to their victims the jars that were to receive their blood, the sweet smelling herbs chopped ready, and the wood placed for the fire. Two strong guards had been

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named to watch the prisoners; but they, feeling certain those frail young girls could not break their bonds had laid down near by and fallen asleep.

That same night the old Sioux Chief whose daughters had been taken captive, visited the encampment of another tribe allied to his. That tribe was being christianized by a holy missionary, Father de Smet. The Sioux Chief and his companions asked to be shown to the hut of this holy man.

"What is the matter my children, what has brought you hither at this late hour?" asked Father de Smet.

"Father, my two daughters, whom you not long ago baptized have fallen into the hands of our ruthless enemies, the Hawks, The Great Spirit, whom you adore, is all-powerful. If you would speak to Him I am sure that He would save my children."

"Yes," He is all powerful. But neither you nor your tribe have acknowledged Him as your God, although it is true that your wife and your daughters have been baptised. The God I adore is the only true God. He condemns hatred, murder and theft. It was hatred and a desire for pillage that made you attack the Hawks. You wanted to kill their warriors and they stole your daughters. Your punishment is just. You may blame yourself for the misfortune that has befallen you."

"Father I know it is through my fault and I beg pardon of the God of the black-robed one. Ask Him to give me back my children and I promise you I will be baptized, I and all my warriors."

"Chief, I believe your words are sincere. In a few moments I celebrate mass and I will implore my God to grant your request but on condition that in the future you govern your nation better, and that you will prepare yourself to receive baptism. Promise Him likewise that you will not molest any Indian tribes in your neighbourhood.

"We swear," shouted the warriors. "Let the Great Spirit deliver the daughters of our chief and we will recognize your God as our God."

While the holy missionary offered the Sacrifice of the Mass beseeching our Lord to save the young captives, these poor unfortunates were filled with fear and horror

at the thought of the sufferings about to be inflicted on them. When suddenly without hearing his approach they were astonished to see, a boy, dressed like those of their tribe, close to them. So sweet was his expression and so sympathetic his whole bearing, that they were filled with joy. "I have come for you" said he so softly that they alone heard him. At the same time he was cutting the ropes that bound them.

"Follow me" he then said leading the way.

Their guardians were sleeping heavily and the young girls traversed the camp without disturbing any one. The charming child who guided them, seemed rather to glide than walk and they also evidently moved with unusual rapidity, soon leaving the forest occupied by the Hawks far behind them.

In front of them stretched out a vast prairie, separating the territory of the Hawks from that of the Sioux tribe. This also was quickly crossed and they found themselves on the outskirts of their native land.

Their guide pointed out the road they should follow and disappeared before they could see what had become of him. "He must be an angel, the Great Spirit has sent to help us" they said and falling on their knees they thanked Him fervently. At the very moment Father de Smet has finished Mass, specially offered for the young captives.

Turning to the Chief he said. "Rise and return to your tribe. But do not deceive God. Your daughters are safe, but remember the dangers to which they have been exposed are not altogether dispelled. They will be saved in as much as you are sincere in keeping your promises."

While the old chief was making the return formerly, his daughters were hastening along the road their guide had indicated. When they reached a point from whence they could distinguish the camp fires of their tribe their terror vanished and they were able to talk about the mysterious protection which had evidently been given them by God. Weeping with joy they offered up thanks to the Great Spirit. Suddenly one of the maidens raising her eyes was struck with fear.

"Quick sister, lie low for we are pursued by the Hawk guards," she murmured at the same time dragging her

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toward a thick bush under whose dense branches they crept. They had scarcely concealed themselves when they heard the guards saying "these woods are so full of tracks of women and children that it will be almost impossible to detect those of the fugitives. Besides we are so near the Sioux encampment, that it is not prudent to venture any further." They remained looking around for some time, then retraced their steps.

The young girls did not emerge from their shelter until their enemies were at a safe distance. Before doing so they fervently commended themselves to the protection of the good God who had saved them.

As the Chief, on his return was describing to his assembled tribe his visit to the holy missionary cries of joy interrupted his recital and his daughters stood before him safe and saved by the Mass of deliverance. Their miraculous release affected the whole tribe in a marked manner. They at once recognized the great power of God." Let us fall on our knees, " said the old chief, and adore and thank Him."

A few days later, they all received baptism. To the holy sacrifice of the Mass which had saved the young girls the Sioux tribe owed its conversion.

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The mysterious fact that the Blood and only the Blood of Jesus was the chosen price of man's redemption, and that it was only the Blood and the Blood shed to death which did actually redeem us, confers a dictinctive majesty upon the Precious Blood.

Father Faber.

How pleasing to the Heart of Jesus are those who visit Him often and who love to keep Him company in the church where he dwells in His Sacrament.

Be very faithful. Take up and bear your cross with courage. Jesus will help you to carry it. Your resignation and struggles endear you to our Lord. Let us go on doing all the good, such as it may be, which God requires of us, and the more obstacles we meet with, so much the more let us trust in Him

Duty's path always opens for us as we go on : not before we start, but as we obey and move forward. The difficulties and obstacles may be made stepping-stones by which we shall rise to higher things.



Legend of St. Longinus.

AFTER the Redeemer had expired on the Cross for the salvation of mankind, one of the Roman soldiers pierced His side in order to make sure that life was extinct. The Gospel does not record his name but according to tradition he was called Longinus. He was afflicted with soreness of the eyes, which were also crooked and dim of vision. When he thrust his lance into the Saviour's side, some drops of the precious blood fell on his forehead trickling down over his eyebrows and lashes and instantly his eyes were cured and his sight perfectly restored. At the same moment and by the same baptism, his soul was transformed so that he acknowledged and adored the Son of God in that lifeless form hanging on the Cross.

Having been commissioned to guard the Saviour's tomb, he was one of the witnesses of the glorious Resurrection, and bore testimony of the fact to the chief priest and doctors of the law. Vainly they used every inducement to make him swear falsely as some of his companions had done, he indignantly refused and publicly proclaimed the Resurrection of the Saviour. When his term of military service expired, he retired to the regions of Cappadocia where he preached the great miracle of which he had been an eye-witness. Twenty or thirty years passed thus . . . Meanwhile persecution had broken out against Christianity still in its infancy. Acting on reports, the Governor of the province sent guards to arrest Longinus, or as he was then called, the man of God. Near Sebaste, they overtook a man following the same road as themselves, of whom they asked : ' Can you tell us if Longinus resides in this vicinity, he was formerly a military captain but is now a disciple of Christ and a spreader of abominable superstition ? '

' Yes he resides not far from here. Do you wish to see him ? '

' We have orders to arrest him and bring him before the Governor who has decreed his death. Can you direct us where to find him ? '

' Yes, replied the old man, but as it is late now, do not seek him to-night. Come home with me and partake of my hospitality.'

Tired by their long journey, they gratefully accepted the kind offer.

Their host welcomed them cordially in the Oriental style, washed their feet and served them a frugal repast. The guests were surprised to see at frequent intervals during the meal poor people coming for food, while the master of the house gave liberally to each one, and seemed like a good father to all. His intelligent conversation, savouring somewhat of the military style, his charming personality, his happy home had an irresistible charm for his guest. " How sorry we shall be," they exclaimed, " to leave your hospitable roof to continue our search for this miserable disturber. Perhaps if he hears of our warrant he may escape ? "

" Let not that thought interfere with the enjoyment of your visit," replied their host. " Longinus is not afraid ; moreover I promise to deliver him to you, consequently you may remain here in peace as long as you please."

They remained three days longer both to leave this peaceful abode and the society of their host whose courtesy and noble qualities had won their hearts. But fearing a longer delay would displease the Governor, they were compelled to depart and asked their host to fulfil his promise and tell them where to find their prisoner.

" I am he," smilingly replied the old man. " I am ready to follow you."

At this announcement, the guards were dumb founded and remained speechless : " Before departing," continued their host, " allow me to spend a few moments in the adjoining room." He returned shortly afterwards clothed in his festal garment, the flowing white robe of the East.

"Death will unite me to Jesus Christ," he said, consequently, to-day is my wedding day, the feast of feasts."

"But who is this Christ Jesus?" the officers asked. Longinus explained in his clear, simple, loving way, the story of the death and Resurrection of which he had been a witness, and by God's grace another miracle was performed through which the guards both saw and heard.

We cannot arrest you now since we are Christians like you; but let us go together to the Governor openly to profess our belief in Jesus Christ and to die for Him."

And singing hymns, they went voluntarily to the praetorium, that is to say to martyrdom. All three were beheaded and entered into eternal glory to receive the crown they had so nobly won.

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Our Lord, the Good Shepherd, gave His life for the sheep, that in our sacrament He might give us His body and blood, and that He might feed with the nourishment of His own flesh the sheep whom He had redeemed.

ST. GREGORY.

From sinful wanderings I return :
No more, no more, from Thee to roam ;
Thy contrite child ; oh ! do not spurn,
Sweet Jesus, take the wanderer home.

Pure, meek, and humble let me be,
And guileless as the simple dove ;
Thyself in others let me see,
For Thee both friends and foes I'll love.

Examine and see if, after having eaten this divine food, your heart is more detached from all that is not God; if the life He has produced in you has penetrated to the exterior—your senses, habits, words and works.

TAULER.

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the Table of gold whereon our heavenly Bread is offered to us !

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the most holy Ark enclosing Jesus the Manna of souls !

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the Tree of admirable life, bearing the fruit of eternal salvation !



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the
Blessed Sacrament

The Incendiary of Divine Love

I. — Adoration.

"I am come to bring fire upon earth and what will I but that it be kindled." Whose words are these? Who is this Incendiary of the new order? Who but Thyself, O Jesus, the Son of the Eternal Love! for Thou art the Son of God. God is love, and love is a devouring fire. I should honor Thee, therefore, as the divine Incendiary of souls.

Wert Thou not an incendiary when, at Bethlehem, Thou didst choose for Thy earthly vesture the state and appearance of the most beautiful of the children of men? Happy shepherds, holy wise men, tender and virginal mother and thou, oh great St. Joseph, tell us, could ye contemplate for a single moment the winning loveliness of the Divine Child without being filled with ineffable love towards this dear Saviour so little, yet so powerful to conquer all hearts? "Who would not love Him who has loved us so much!" cried St. Bernard.

Thou wert an incendiary during Thy hidden life in Egypt and Nazareth. There, indeed, Thou didst seem to inflame but two hearts alone, the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the most pure heart of Joseph. But two hearts alone — but these heart were living furnaces that Thou didst illumine for the general good of humanity.

Thou wert an incendiary during the whole course of Thy apostolic life, each time that a word fell from Thy divine lips or escaped from Thy heart to enlighten and warm the fervor of those who surrounded Thee. Thou wert and incendiary of love each time that Thou didst caress and bless a little child, each time that Thou didst heal the sick, each time that with mercy overflowing Thou didst lavish Thy pardon upon poor sinners. But oh, my beloved Master, it seemed as if Thy zeal in setting souls on fire grew in measure and intensity as Thou didst come nearer to the close of Thy mortal life. Didst Thou not say that Thou didst thirst to be baptized with the baptism of blood that was indeed no other than Thy sorrowful Passion?

What didst Thou mean but that Thou didst burn with ever increasing desire to make known Thy love for men? And, indeed, what more couldst Thou do to light up in our hearts the fire of love than to suffer for us and die at last in agony upon the cross for our salvation.

O Mountain of Calvary, upon Thy sacred hill how many noble hearts have been consumed in a holocaust of undying love! At the sight of Thy Cross, O my Jesus, at the remembrance of Thy agonizing sorrows I, too, am fain to cry out in the words of one of Thy greatest lovers: "O Love, the desire of my mind! O ardor and sweetness of my soul! O resplendent light and brilliancy to my eyes! O music of my ears! O acceptable offering to God the Father! O delicious savor of the Blood of Christ! O my joy, my delight, my love and my God! Why am I not wholly changed in Thy love? Why am I not all love? But it would not content Thee, O Divine Master, to have brought fire upon earth and to have caused it to burn more and more brightly until the last day of Thy earthly life. Thou wouldst light upon earth an enduring fire, an undying flame, that should spread with growing intensity until the end of time and should encircle the whole earth in its embrace.

And this Thy desire is already accomplished. Behold the secret already in the Mystery of the Eucharist. Now, thanks to the Sacrament of Fire the incendiary spark of Divine love may reach all hearts and encircle the immensity of the globe. O my soul, seek to contemplate continuously the splendor of the Sacrament of the altar

and thou wilt be necessarily set on fire because thou wilt have seen the divine love.

II. — Thanksgiving.

“When we believe,” with St. John, “in the love of God for us;” when each of us can say with St. Paul: He hath loved me and hath delivered Himself for me: “when we are witnessess, as we may be daily, of the mystic renewal of the Passion and death of Christ upon our altars, and when at the Holy Table, we may participate in His merits, assimilate our mortality with His divine Flesh and Precious Blood, and clothe ourselves in the wedding garment of His divine perfections, we are as it were annihilated beneath the weight of God’s benefits: the heart is inflamed with love and we are compelled to cry out with the great Apostle: “Thanks be to God for the ineffable gift of His divine Son.” But it is not enough for us to say or even to sing with joy our *Deo Gratias*; our lives must be our true hymn of thanksgiving. And it will indeed be so if we burn with the divine fire, enkindled upon God’s altar, and if, after the example of our Divine Model, we, too, become incendiaries of His love by the triple apostolate of prayer, zeal, and good example.

O, good Master, I have made my choice. With Thy grace I will employ Thy precious gifts more faithfully, will become penetrated by Thy love through meditation upon Thy wondrous goodness. I will come often to cast myself into the furnace of charity, the Eucharist, and will thence become as an incendiary spark to set on fire the hearts of those about me.

III. — Reparation.

When we think of all that Our Lord has done and suffered to gain the hearts of men and to set them on fire with His own divine love, and when we consider the history of mankind from the Incarnation and Redemption down to our own time, one cannot but be overcome at the smallness of the results obtained by Him and by the desolation of that divine Heart during Its agony, and in the words that the prophet puts upon His lips, “what profit is there in my blood?”

Jesus is not loved ! " Love is not loved ! " exclaims weeping St. Alphonsus of Ligouri. Here is this living Saviour neglected, alas ! How few think of Him ! What do I say ? I would that were all ! He is not only forgotten and neglected, but He is misunderstood, despised, blasphemed and treated sacrilegiously. The greater part of mankind revolt against Him and will not at any price submit to His mild and royal reign. With the Jews of old they cry in their foolishness : We will not have Him to reign over us." Unhappy souls ! Do they not see that if they renounce the love of Jesus, they choose instead the hate of the evil one, and if they will not be consumed by the fire of divine love they will become the prey of the eternal flames of hell !


Have we not ourselves been sometimes numbered among the enemies of Jesus. This has happened each time that we have sinned mortally and have remained in a state of mortal sin. And if at present we are in a state of grace where is our fervor, where our spirit of reparation ?...

O Divine Victim, consume our miseries with the fire of Thy divine love.


IV. — Prayer.

How easy it is to pray before the Blessed Sacrament when one remembers what It is — what the cost and what the end for which it was instituted ! We can have but one ardent desire, one dream, that the Eucharistic Jesus may reign in all hearts, that the fire of divine love may spread throughout the universe. " The world is frozen," cried Père Eymard, " I will bind it fast in a network of fire ! " He longed to see the divine sun of the Eucharist shining upon and warming the frozen hearts of all mankind. " Adorers, men, priests of fire ! " It was his constant prayer. Could we make one more beautiful ? Oh ! let us pray that this sacred fire may spread, let us beg Our Lord for apostles of the Eucharist, and we ourselves — in the words of a young priest, a follower of Père Eymard — let us be " like the foxes of Sampson in the camp of the enemy — spreading fire every where."

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The Miraculous Poplar.

N the twenty-eight of January, 1772, the village of St. Peter of Paterno, situated about two miles from Naples, was the scene of an awful sacrilege : robbers stole from the Tabernacle two ciboriums filled with consecrated Hosts. Some days afterwards, a farmer of the neighbourhood, named Pascal Capozzi found on a manure hill near his barn the foot of one of the ciboriums. The farm where the rest of the fertilizer had been scattered was then thoroughly and carefully examined in the hope of finding the consecrated hosts. But the search was fruitless and it was concluded that probably, the robbers themselves had consumed the Sacred Hosts in order to destroy all trace of their crime. Gradually, the remembrance of the robbery vanished from the thoughts of the villagers,...

But God knew and thought differently.... On the nineteenth of February, late at night, as Joseph Orefice, a young man, seventeen years of age, was returning from Naples to Paterno, he saw the sparkling of numberless brilliant lights grouped around a tree in Capozzi's farm. On beholding the same phenomenon the following night, he became alarmed and related the circumstance to his parents. His story was ridiculed and supposed to be merely a freak of his boyish fears. The next morning at day-break, Joseph accompanied by his father and his little brother John, set out for Naples. When passing near Capozzi's farm, the lights again appeared. The little boy saw them and testified his admiration by loud cries ; Joseph saw them also, but they were not visible to the father.

This strange occurrence came to the knowledge of two priests of Naples, who, anxious to investigate its veracity, went at night-fall on the twenty-fourth of February to the scene of the unusual illumination. They were accompanied by the Curé of the village and many of his parishioners. Joseph Orefice was there also with his two younger brothers, Thomas and John.

Shortly after the arrival of the party, the lights shone out, but were visible only to the three children, consequently the others humbly followed their guidance to the designated place, where the ground was scrupulously examined, the lantern's light searching every lump of earth, but revealing nothing unusual.

The next night the same party returned, reinforced by another priest and four young village children. The children saw the brilliant sparkling at the foot of the poplar. Search was then again renewed, but as on the previous night showed nothing by which this strange phenomenon might be explained.

The priests then retraced their steps followed by the children; but as the children were about to leave the spot, a spontaneous cry arose from the crowd and as if drawn by a magic power all returned. The same power cast them prostrate on the ground and before they could regain their feet the brilliant illumination burst out dazzling their eyes; on the rays of its heavenly splendour a dove slowly ascended, then flew upwards and disappeared.

Instinctively, all began to dig up the earth around the tree, when, suddenly, Piccini saw lying on the grass a pure white object, small and round which he recognized as a host. In a voice trembling with fear and gladness, he called for the priests. It was then two o'clock in the morning. Despite the lateness of the hour, the crowd, transported with joy, surrounded their pastor, watching every movement of his with feverish anxiety. He dug the earth with great care and had the consolation of recovering forty hosts. He placed them in a ciborium under a small canopy hastily improvised at the foot of the poplar, and in a voice broken by sobs intoned the *Te Deum*, the hymn of thanksgiving.

The consecrated Hosts had been underground about a month. Yet, notwithstanding a rigorous winter, and torrents of rain, they were recovered in a perfect state, the edge only slightly mud-stained; moreover, the earth which had been in such close contact with the body of *Jésus Christ*, and which was dug up perfectly dry, began to distil clear limpid water.

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The religious inhabitants of Paterno were not yet satisfied. They were informed that the stolen ciboriums contained one hundred consecrated hosts. Forty only had been found, what had become of the others?

On the following night, the three children whom God had already employed to guide the searchers, ran in haste to Father Guarino telling him the lights had reappeared. He went with them, and searched the ground for some time without success, when at length Joseph Orefice kneeling down, indicating a spot, said: "here is the place where you must look with great care."

At the same time he laid his hand on the earth and felt it giving way. The priest seeing this grasped a knife and began to upturn the earth, lightly and carefully. All at once, he heard a crisp noise. Instantly, he stopped, filled with lively emotion and found himself before an excavation to which a thick layer of earth had acted as covering, and in which more than fifty hosts were found as perfectly preserved as if they had never left the tabernacle.

Universal outbursts of joyous love and thanksgiving greeted the Sacred Hosts and they were brought back with great religious ceremonial to the church of Paterno. The faithful could henceforth glorify God with unbounded gratitude as all the consecrated hosts had been recovered in a miraculous manner.

These details are all taken from the acts of the process ordained by the ecclesiastical authority and preserved in the archives of the Archbishopric of Naples. Without commenting on the various depositions made during the inquisition, we cannot but insert the following fact related by the Curé of Paterno and re-echoed by constant tradition in that village: "During the interval which elapsed between the sacrilegious theft and the apparition of the illumination, a muleteer named Francis Jodice, twenty-seven years of age, when returning at night to Naples often saw in the farm where the Sacred Hosts were found a beautiful lady leaning against a tree. One night he summoned up courage and asked her what she was doing there, all alone.

"I am here," she replied, "to keep guard and watch over my son."

When the Sacred Hosts were found in that same spot, it clearly proved the Lady of the apparition, to have been the Blessed Virgin.

The vicar general of Naples after having offered canonical thanksgiving placed those consecrated Hosts around which divine power had multiplied marvels, in two crystal cylinders sealed with silver bands in order that they might be exposed to the veneration of the faithful

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Admirable Conduct of the Bishop of Chicago.

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SOME months ago, fire broke out in a Chicago theatre. Instantly, the vast crowd became panic-stricken and in their mad rush to escape the devouring flames many were smothered and crushed to death by their fellow-men. The scene where at least six hundred victims met a heart-rending death is beyond description.

Commenting on the fire, the press of both hemispheres highly eulogized the noble conduct of the Catholic Bishop of Chicago, who, regardless of personal danger, entered the burning building, threw off his coat and hat and by superhuman efforts climbed up to the top galleries where he undertook the direction of the rescue, consoling, helping encouraging the wounded, exhorting them to put their confidence in God and only abandoning his post to give the last absolution to the dying who were thickly scattered round. Being urged to retire on account of his dangerous position, he firmly refused, saying, "I will leave the building only when no living person therein requires my assistance." Finally, his situation became more perilous; a partially burnt wall threatened to fall on him at any moment; seeing not even this evident danger could make him give up his Christ-like work, the fire-men and police officers seized him and carried him out by main force. On hearing of the circumstances, the Holy Father sent Mgr. Muldoon a message warmly commending his admirable conduct. His Holiness also remarked that the Catholic Clergy should necessarily and invariably be the first to give an example of charity.

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## JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE

### OUR GOOD SHEPHERD

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I AM the Good Shepherd. The good shepherd giveth His life for his sheep." The title of shepherd, which Jesus here assumes presents Him to us under an image most peculiarly fitted to excite our confidence, because it depicts His love for us so admirably. It is especially at the altar and at holy communion, that Jesus shows Himself our Shepherd, and acts as such towards us. But He does more than any shepherd has ever done. Instead of feeding upon the flesh of his flock, He feeds His flock with His flesh and gives them to drink of his precious blood. Without the Holy Eucharist, something would have been wanting to the reality of that title of shepherd which Jesus has assumed. The sacred Host endows Him with a character so touching, that, in meditating upon all that Jesus does for us, the pious heart is melted into tears of love and devotion before the altar. The divine Shepherd abides with us always; the tabernacle is His tent. During the long hours of the day and night He watches and guards us; He protects and defends His sheep. From the quiet sanctuary He extends His vigilant protection over each one of us. His look of love follows, and when our prayers ended, we return to our various occupations, He blesses us, He accompanies us, and soon His gentle grace brings us back again to His feet. O Jesus, give me grace to remain near Thee, and like a sickly, feeble sheep needing Thy constant care, take me close to Thy Sacred Heart.

"Let us endeavor," said St. Teresa, "not to wander far from our dear shepherd; for the sheep that keep near the shepherd are always the most caressed, the best fed, and they often receive some chosen dainty from the shepherd's own repast." Let our fidelity entitle us to receive some tender caress from Jesus. The world intervenes to entice us away from our Shepherd, but the faithful sheep know not the voice of strangers.

"The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." Jesus did not flee from the face of death. His love led Him even to the cross, from whence His blood has flowed upon His sheepfold ; that is, His church. He embraces with joy upon the altar the daily sacrifice of His whole being. He does not hide Himself from the humiliation, insult, and raillery which have too often been His portion in the tabernacle. Even now, were it necessary, He would give His life again for the conversion of every sinful soul. But He can die no more ; for His one perfect sacrifice abideth forever and we can apply it to ourselves, by means of the sacraments, especially by means of holy communion. "The good shepherd walketh before his sheep." Instead of driving His flock before Him, Our Lord draws them gently after Him. But where does He lead His sheep? He leads them to heaven, by the "upper chamber" and by Calvary. He is with them — leads them in sufferings, so that they are joyfully endured. He pays frequent visits to the sick among His flock. He walks before us on the path of perfection, for He is Himself the perfect example and pattern of every virtue. O sweet Shepherd, remain with me always, and I will walk with docility in the path of love and gratitude, though it be marked with my blood.

REV. F. X. LASANCE.

—:O:—

Can that man be dead whose spiritual influence is upon his kind? He lives in glory ; and his speaking dust has more of life than half his breathing models.

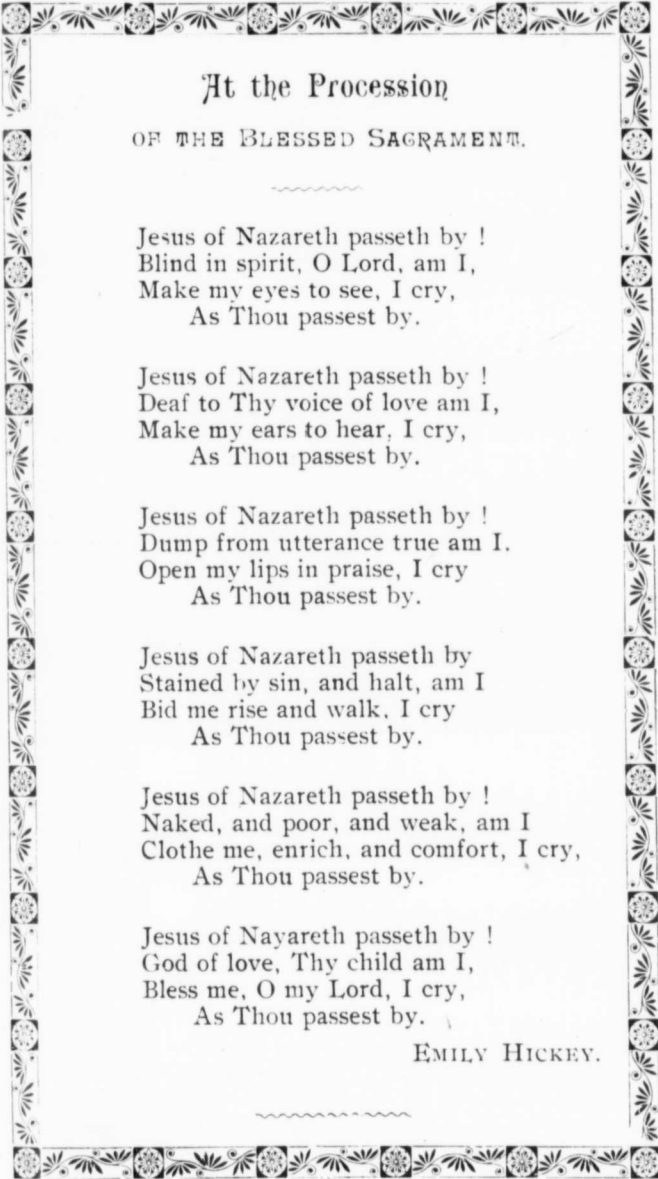
We attract hearts by the qualities we display ; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

O King of angels ! Who can tell Thy worth? The angels round Thy tabernacle know how far too short eternity will prove to exhaust the hymns that should enumerate the wondrous of Thy Sacrament of Love.

*Faber.*

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the golden candle in which shines Jesus, light of the world !

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the precious Chalice in which the Blood of Christ was consecrated for the first time by the Holy Ghost !



At the Procession

OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

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Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !  
Blind in spirit, O Lord, am I,  
Make my eyes to see, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !  
Deaf to Thy voice of love am I,  
Make my ears to hear, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !  
Dumb from utterance true am I.  
Open my lips in praise, I cry  
As Thou passest by.

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by  
Stained by sin, and halt, am I  
Bid me rise and walk, I cry  
As Thou passest by.

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !  
Naked, and poor, and weak, am I  
Clothe me, enrich, and comfort, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !  
God of love, Thy child am I,  
Bless me, O my Lord, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.

EMILY HICKEY.

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## Jesus in the Tabernacle

— AND —

### HIS MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

**J**ESUS, addressing the sons of Zebedee, said : " Can you drink the chalice that I shall drink ? " Lord, the chalice of Thy Passion is bitter, but the blood of the Eucharist, is sweet. Let me drink often from the chalice of the Eucharist, that I may have courage to drink also the chalice of Thy Passion.

Our most loving Saviour shed His precious blood for us, for the first time, on the eight day after His birth, when, to fulfil the law of Moses. He was circumcised. While, then, we think on all that Jesus did to satisfy God's justice for our wanderings, let us excite ourselves to true sorrow for them, and promise, with the help of His powerful grace, to be henceforth truly chaste in body and in soul.

Jesus in the Garden of Olives, shed His blood for us in such streams that it bathed the earth around. This He did at the vision He then had of the ingratitude with which men would meet His love. Oh ! let us, then, repent sincerely for the past, considering how poorly we have met the countless benefits of Our Lord, and resolve for the future to make good use of His graces and holy inspirations. Jesus in His cruel scourging shed His blood when, from His lacerated skin and wounded flesh, on every side, that precious blood flowed in streams, while our gentle Lord kept offering it to His eternal Father in payment of our impatience and our wantonness. How is it, then, that we do not curb our wrath and self-love. Let us endeavor to be more patient in our trials, to despise ourselves, and to bear in peace the injuries men do us.

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The sacred head of Jesus poured forth blood when it was crowned with thorns, all for our pride and evil thoughts. And shall we continue to nourish haughtiness and to foster foul imaginations and the evil thoughts of our mind. With generous determined hearts let us resist the evil suggestions of the devil.

Oh, what streams of blood our loving Jesus, laden with the heavy wood of the cross, on the mournful way to Calvary, poured forth from His veins ! Then were the very streets and ways of Jerusalem through which He passed, bathed with His precious blood. And all this was done in satisfaction for the scandals and bad examples by which His own creatures had led others astray on the way to ruin. Ah ! who can tell whether we, too, are not of this unhappy number ? Who knows how many our bad example has thrust down to hell ?

More and yet more blood flowed from the Redeemer of mankind, in His most barbarous crucifixion ; when His veins and arteries were rent and broken, and the saving balm of life eternal, which blotted out all the crimes and enormities of a whole world, flowed in torrents from out His hands and feet. What man is he, that still will choose to continue in his sin, renewing thus the cruel crucifixion of the Son of God.

Last of all, Jesus shed His blood, when He was dead, when the lance opened His sacred side and cleft His loving heart ; and with the blood gushed forth water, to show us how His blood was all poured out, even to the last drop, for our salvation. O infinite goodness of Our Redeemer ! who will not love Thee ? What heart will not melt away for very love of Thee. Who hast done all this for our redemption ? Our tongues want words to praise Thee : wherefore, we invite all creatures upon earth, all the angels and all the saints in paradise, and, most all, our dearest Mother Mary, to bless, to praise, and to hymn Thy most precious blood. Yes, glory to the blood of Jesus, now and forever, throughout all ages !

—:O:—

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the sealed fountain distilling the waters of life and peace !

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the Paradise of delights whose fruit is sweetness in our mouth.



## How often ought we to Visit Jesus in the Tabernacle



cannot visit our blessed Lord too often.

Love and devotion will determine the frequency of our visits. Time will not fail, where there is a good will. Our love of Jesus will draw us insensibly to the Tabernacle; we shall find our supreme happiness at

the foot of the altar; we shall find the "Courts of the Lord" most attractive; we shall cry out with the prophet: "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord." But, alas, how often the "courts of the Lord" are lonely and abandoned! The palaces of the rich, of kings, and of princes are thronged with visitors and courtiers who pay them homage; and shall the palace of the King of kings, the Lord of lords, be deserted and forgotten? Jesus is in the tabernacle, how few visit Him! Jesus is in the church, and the church—oh, how lonely! Jesus is on the altar, as on a throne of love, to receive all, to bless all, to bestow His grace; yet how few come to receive His blessing, to ask His favors!

"His delights are to be with the sons of men," yet how few men find their delights with Jesus! May the Lord forgive us our past ingratitude and forgetfulness, our coldness and neglect! In the future let us not be among the ungrateful; let us visit Jesus in the tabernacle often. How often? St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi used to visit the Blessed Sacrament thirty-three times each day. Blessed Margaret Mary, St. Teresa, St. Mechtildis went to the church as often as they could, and never grew weary praying before the tabernacle. St. Aloysius wished to remain always in presence of the Blessed

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Sacrament. A sainted nun being asked how she could spend so many hours day and night before the altar, replied : " I could remain there for all eternity." Poor we, how unlike the saints, how far from God, and still God so near ! If we have not the love to spend hours, to spend even one hour once a week or once a month, let us resolve, in gratitude to Jesus, to pay one visit of a quarter of an hour every day to our beloved Lord ; and let us resolve that when we are prevented on any day from going to the church we shall make our daily visit at home in spirit, and with our face turned to the nearest tabernacle. In these daily visits, never fail, whether in the church or at home, to make an act of spiritual communion.

A visit of a quarter of an hour can certainly not be called long. How much time is spent every day in idle conversation ! How much valuable time is frittered away in doing or saying what amounts of nothing ! Alas ! that people should complain of ennui and of not knowing what to do " to kill time ! " How little, after all is a quarter of an hour for Jesus in the tabernacle, Who remains there for us the whole day !

The hours before the Blessed Sacrament, the hours given to God, how precious, how consoling, they will be at the hour of death ! " Taste and see that the Lord is sweet ; " yes, taste and see the sweetness of the love of Jesus in the tabernacle and you will find the happiest moments of your life are those spent at the foot of the altar ; you will find yourself unhappy and disconsolate, if only one day in the year you were deprived of the privilege and blessing of visiting your divine Lord in the Sacrament of His love. " Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, O Lord : they shall praise Thee forever and ever." What a consolation on our deathbed it will be to be able to say with the pious Royal Psalmist : " I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth. I have walked in my innocence : redeem me, and have mercy on me. My foot hath stood in the direct way : in the churches I will bless Thee, O Lord."





## Tuus Sum Ego, Salvum Me Fac



I am thine ; for thou hast sought me :  
 Jesus ! during many years ;  
 Thine alone, for Thou hast bought me  
 By thy labors and Thy tears ;  
 Bought me by Thy cross of shame ;  
 Surely I must own Thy claim.

I am Thine ; for Thou hast given,  
 Christ, for me, Thy very life,  
 All Thou hast and art ; hast striven,  
 Conquered in the awful strife ;  
 Bought my soul at such a price,  
 Such tremendous sacrifice.

I am Thine ; did any ever  
 Love with love to equal Thine ?  
 Love that varieth, changeth never,  
 Perfect love and all Divine ?  
 Love that grows from day to day,  
 Love that lightens all our way.

I am Thine ; oh, keep me near Thee,  
 In the shelter of Thy care !  
 When I cry to Thy, oh, hear me !  
 Thou who once my sins didst bear.  
 Hide me in Thy wounded Side,  
 Jesus ! Saviour Crucified !

I am Thine ; oh, Master, save me .  
 Save from self, and save from sin  
 By Thy precious Death that gave me  
 Life ; which could my pardon win :  
 Jesus ! Brother, Lord and Friend !  
 Keep me Thine till life shall end.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

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## The Soldier of Christ's Communion.

**D**URING his exile at Brussels, General Lamoricière had the happiness of returning to the God of his youth, and from that time forward made rapid strides in the path of virtue and piety. His three constant and very helpful companions were his catechism, his prayer-book and the "Following of Christ."

Shortly after his conversion, in a friendly interview with the parish priest, at which his daughter, a fervent young girl, was present, the subject of frequent communion was discussed. "We are not worthy to communicate so often" remarked the general. "That is very true," replied the priest, "but on account of our human frailty and weakness we require frequent communion moreover, we must remember that communion is less a reward than a special grace as help.

Unworthy as we are of such a favor, we should humble ourselves profoundly after the example of the Blessed Mother at the moment of the incarnation; and though poor, unworthy, despoiled of all we should, nevertheless, have frequent recourse to the Blessed Eucharist, source of all good, of all grace, of all help. The General thought a few moments and then replied: "Father, until now I have been given a thousand reasons why we should not communicate frequently, but your argument gives me an indisputable one why we should receive frequently. I thank you sincerely. Turning to his daughter, he said: My dear child, I withdraw my objections, communicate as often as you are allowed but always with a sentiment of profound humility."

The illustrious General frequently accompanied his daughter to the Eucharistic Banquet; he who had faced death unmoved so many times on the battle-field often shedding tears of emotion on receiving the God of armies. When asked on his death-bed if he wished to communicate a last time, he replied with firmness: "Oh yes, unworthy as I am, I ardently desire it." And having received His God, he calmly expired in his daughter's arms repeating with her the sweet names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

# DAILY HELPS for DAILY NEEDS

The life of Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament is an interior and hidden life, although He dwells in the midst of creatures : a life most pure and holy, though exposed to the impiety of sinners : it is a life, noble, excellent, and divine. Such should be your life if you would live according to this spirit. — *Novet.*



When we partake of the body and blood of the Lord, by eating His bread and drinking His chalice, we are taught to die to the world, to have our life hidden with Christ in God, and to crucify our flesh with its vices and concupiscences. — *St Fulgentius*



The manner most pleasant to God for keeping ourselves in His holy presence is to enter into the Heart of Jesus, and confide to Him all care of ourselves. *Blessed Margaret Mary.*



Take away God, and this world is unintelligible. Take away God, and human life is a melancholy puzzle. Take away God, and each human existence drifts like a frail bark which has been cast loose from its moorings and is at the mercy of the waves and currents of the treacherous sea. Take away God, and death hang over our life's end like a dark and heavy curtain, hiding we know not what, extinguishing hope, and tempting perplexed mortals to give themselves up to this world when the world is bright, and when it is black to lift their hands against their own lives. *Bishop Hedley.*



O Food of life ! Thou, Who dost give  
The pledge of immortality !  
I live ; — no, 'tis not I that live ;  
God gives me life ; God lives in me.  
He feeds my soul. He guides my ways,  
And every grief with joy repays.



Jesus in the Holy Eucharist is the Good Shepherd, who, in order that His sheep may know Him better, comes himself to feed them.

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Published with the Approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal.

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