





**THE SENTINEL**  
OF THE  
**BLESSED SACRAMENT**

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**A VISITE TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT**

I enter softly the hallowed place,  
And kneel for a moment before His face;  
I know, though my eyes are too dim to see,  
With pitying love He is looking at me.  
So I lay my burden down at His feet,  
My sin and woe, and a feeling sweet  
Of peace steals into my restless heart,  
For I feel I have chosen the "better part."

I tell Him my troubles one by one,  
I speak of the good I have left undone;  
Of hopes and fears, of each anxious care,  
For I know He is waiting and listening there;  
I pray for my loved ones and ask for all  
The grace to be faithful to His sweet call,  
And then with a stronger soul, I go  
Back to my daily tasks—and lo !

The rough is smooth and the crooked straight,  
And duties that irksome seemed of late  
Are light and easy since His dear voice  
Has bid me take my cross and rejoice;  
Yea, for I carry it not alone,  
But He has taken it for His own;  
And so I can happy be and gay  
Throughout the round of the busy day,  
For He is beside me, my love divine,  
Light'n'ing each labor and care of mine.

## IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

There is the Face that was once so well known to the fishermen of Gennesareth and was once so piteous in the streets of cruel Jerusalem. There is the very look of reverential fear, which was so beautiful when He prayed in the glens of mountainous Judea. There is the voice of Him who preached and told the parables, cast out devils and gave absolution, spoke seven times words of love from the harsh throne we gave Him on the Cross, and who is saying now many times an hour, "Come blessed soul! enter the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world." It is Himself. If we saw Him eat fish and honey-comb by the lake, we could not be more sure. O how He is drawing our soul to Him! Sweet compulsion, which makes the will more free than ever! beautiful constraint, that emancipates by its captivity! whence comes these attractions that are now drawing us to themselves? They come from the altar-throne and from the Human Soul and Body that are there. "I will draw them," says He in the Monstrance, "with the cords of Adam with the bands of love." O Blessed Sacrament! Thou makest all life now like one continued walk to Emmaus. Our hearts burn, and it is not that we know not why, but that we will not remember why.

I can dream of no perfection like to what I find at every turn in this most Blessed Sacrament. The tapers have a little wasted, and the flowers have a little languished; and amid the silent throng of worshippers He has heard many a secret of the heart, healed many a wound, answered many a petition, and accorded many a benediction. O look upon Him! Girt with the rings of His triple Kingdom of nature, grace and glory, how beautiful He is! And what is more than beautiful, how good! Grace is darting from Him, like invisible sunbeams, from all His little temporary throne and from out His poor crystal prison-palace. Glory is round Him also. He has brought His own with Him. But that is not all.

Wreaths of glorious angels are round His Sacramental Presence, adoring with wonder ever new the depths of this infinite compassion. To their vast intelligence the Mystery of the Mass and of the Blessed Sacrament is never familiar. It is we only to whose cold love it is familiar, and to whose weak faith it is so little interesting.

He wants nothing of me but my love; and I want nothing of Him but more love to love Him with. Why can we not agree? He is always lovely, but never so lovely as in the Blessed Sacrament. All blessings be to Thee most Holy Sacrament! for that Thou art God and for that Thou art Man, and for that in love of us Thou art so lovingly and humbly veiled, yet withal so indubitably distinct and clear.

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"THY KINGDOM COME!"

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May the reign of Christ be established in us! The public Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament is the highest of graces. After Exposition, there is but heaven or hell. Man is attracted to whatever shines, whatever is brilliant.

Our Lord upon His throne is now casting His beams around. We can all see Him. We have no longer any excuse: Ah! if we leave Him, if we pass before Him without being converted, Our Lord will retire, and that grace will be lost forever.

Let us, then, serve Our Lord. Let us console Him. Let us enkindle the fire of His love wherever it does not yet burn. Let us labor in His Kingdom, in the kingdom of His love. May Thy kingdom come, the kingdom of Thy love.



### IMELDA'S ONLY COMMUNION

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In the city of Bologna may be seen the tomb of a little child named Imelda Lambertini who died on the day of her First Communion. It was the month of May—our Lady's month, which we all love so dearly—and as the morning broke one might have felt that the day was going to be one of great joy in the heavenly court.

The sun shone brightly over this beautiful city. It trickled down the hills into the valleys and cheered up many a poor man's heart on his way to work. The people hurried to and fro, and the city was now wide awake with busy traffic. There was, however, one little spot where all was quiet and calm. It was the convent where little Imelda was to make her first Communion. Imelda was only a tiny girl, yet she loved our Lord very dearly. She often used to steal into the chapel and there she would tell our Lord how much she loved Him, and how she longed for the day to come when she would be allowed to receive Him. She loved to talk to our Lord, and tell Him all her little troubles and wants. How our dear Lord loved those moments little Imelda spent seated at His divine feet! Imelda had begged very hard to be allowed to join her happy companions who were to make their first Communion on this happy morning, but the nuns thought she was far too young; she must wait, they said, until she was older. Poor little Imelda was very sad, and lonely. She crept silently into the chapel and, owing to the crowd, was obliged to stay far away from the altar at the end of the church. She was alone in sadness and tears, because she could not receive Jesus, Whom she loved. Presently the happy band arrived in their snowy white dresses and veils; each pretty head was crowned with a wreath of flowers, and as they took places at the foot of the altar each little heart went out to Him, and longed for the happy moment so soon to come. The people crowded in and all eyes were riveted on the first communicants. No one thought of the sad, lonely, little heart at the end of

the church, whose sobs might be heard through the silence of the chapel. But Jesus was there to comfort her. He could not leave His child, lonely and sorrowful, because she loved Him, and longed to receive Him in the Blessed Sacrament of His love. The holy Mass had started, and all were deep in prayer. The sound of the little bell was just dying away as the first communicants rose to approach the altar. Their white dresses showed the purity of their hearts, and with their veiled heads reverently bowed and hands clasped close to each loving heart, these happy children waited to receive their God. The priest stood on the step of the altar, the Blessed Sacrament was in his hands, as he softly said the lovely words, "Behold the Lamb of God." At this moment a dazzling light shone forth from the Sacred Host and rested at the end of the church, where Imelda knelt. The priest looked with astonishment at the beautiful light and then, to his great surprise, noticed that the Sacred Host was no longer in his hands. He saw the light now, as it were a dazzling star. Imelda gazed at the big star of the bright star of love that glittered in her tearful eyes; she knew Jesus had come to her. He could leave her no longer. He had come, ah, yes, He was there waiting for His loving child. The priest came down from the altar and followed that path of light and love until he came to where Imelda knelt, and there he held the Sacred Host resting over blessed Imelda's head. With deepest reverence he placed the Most Blessed Sacrament on the Paten, and then gave it to Imelda. No words can express the feelings of love and joy in Imelda's heart. She had at last received her longed for Jesus. Imelda had obtained her earnest request. Yes, she had made her first Communion. The thanksgiving was over and all but Imelda had left the chapel. At last the nuns came to the child. Thinking, perhaps, she had fainted, they took her in their arms. Her face was one beautiful smile, and her little hands were clasped so tightly on her breast as if to hold fast her loving Jesus in her heart. But Imelda had not fainted, or rather she had fainted in our dear Lord's arms never to wake to this world again. The joy of receiving Jesus was too much for little Imelda; she could live no longer

without Him, so Jesus had taken her home up to heaven. What a happy first Communion day for Imelda, the happiest day of her life!

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### THE SANCTUARY LAMP

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Like the other lights around the altar the Sanctuary Lamp is symbolic of Christ, who is the true Light which enlighteneth every man coming into the world. It proclaims that Christ is the Light of the world; the Way, the Truth, and the Life, the spotless mirror of God's majesty. The flame represents the love with which the Divine Dweller in the Tabernacle burns for souls, the fire which He came to cast upon the earth and which He longs to see enkindled in every human heart.

The oil of the olives symbolises the sweetness and mercy of Jesus in the Sacrament of His Love. The flame consuming itself recalls the Sacrifice of the Calvary and of the altar, while the perpetuity of the Sacrifice is represented by the Lamp perpetually lighting though being always consumed.

The Sanctuary Lamp also symbolises the Church which in the darkness of unbelief and of error discloses Christ to the world. It represents also the prayer of the Church that day and night continually and without ceasing ascends to the Throne of God.



**WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE WORD MASS?**

The Catholic Encyclopedia defines the Mass as "the complex of prayers and ceremonies that make up the service of the Eucharist in the Latin rites." Webster's dictionary says the Mass is "the service or liturgy of the Eucharist." Hence you see that there is no great divergency between the dictionary definition and that of the Church. The word Mass is derived from the Latin "Missa," and is by no means the first name applied by the Christians to their great sacrifice of the Eucharist, the sacrifice which commemorates and is a renewal of the sacrifice of the Last Supper and which the Lord Himself commanded His disciples to commemorate and renew. In the beginning, the usual name given to this sacrifice was the "Eucharist," or "Breaking of Bread"; "rite" and "obligation," "The Lord's Supper" were also used; likewise "thanksgiving," "Benediction," and also "sacrifice" without any qualification. In the Western Church all these names were superceded by the classical Missa, or Mass. While it has been variously attempted to give this name a much earlier introduction, it seems certain that it was first used towards the end of the fourth century. The word Mass (Missa) is a late Latin form for Missio and meant originally merely "Dismissal." It was used to designate the dismissal of the catechumens who were not allowed to remain for the entire Eucharistic service, and the people began to use this name for the real service from which the catechumens were excluded. When the discipline of the Catechumenate disappeared, the word Missa (Mass) began to be employed simply for the whole function. This is the historical explanation of the origin and meaning of the word Mass. You must remember that this is not an essential name for the Eucharistic sacrifice; in fact there never has been any one, recognized, proper name used everywhere and at all times. In the Eastern churches the word Mass is not used, but the older term "Liturgy." The name Mass derives its authority through historical associations and from the constant use for the last many centuries. In this matter, the Church is not concerned with names, but with the fact and the doctrine.

## Guard of Honor

OF THE

## The Blessed Sacrament

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The Divine Master to give us proofs of His love has multiplied almost to infinity the figures and emblems proper to render it sensible, and accessible to all men. Sometimes He presents Himself as the Good Shepherd seeking with touching diligence the strayed sheep; sometimes He is the Master who prepared a marriage-feast or the husbandman sowing his field. Again He is the distressed father, the nursing mother, even the hen sheltering her brood under her wing. For His love the greatest things seem to descend to the most touching familiarity, while it elevates the most to divine sublimity.

Such are especially the beautiful allegories He has chosen to make us understand the effects of a good communion. He gives Himself under the transparent veils of bread and wine and, in each of these symbols, He has hidden the magnificence of the effect under the simplicity of the act.

Let us, to-day, meditate on one of these eucharistic symbols, the wine, and give our thoughts to a twofold consideration.

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**Our Lord shows forth in Himself all the  
characteristics of the true vine.**

The vine recalls His nature, say St. Augustine and St. Bernard with one voice, for it is not raised from seed, it is transplanted. Our Lord as God was not born but

begotten, having with His Father the same substance, the same glory, the same Divinity. God the Father, the Divine Husbandman, wishing to fructify the eternal Vine of the Uncreated Word, transplanted It from heaven to earth, into a virgin soil, into the bosom of Mary. This chosen field, pure and blessed, beheld it increase in her and gave to the world the Divine Shoot.

Like to the vine by His nature, Jesus Christ resembles it also by the treatment He underwent and the culture given it by the Divine-dresser.

The vine must be pruned. At a certain season the vine-dresser cuts mercilessly leaves and branches; he spares but the stalk with some sprouts, thus reducing the vine to a state of nudity and poverty apparently cruel. But wait, this pruning is going to bear fruits. It communicates new vigor to the vine and the first days of summer behold it again clothed with verdure and glory.

Thus did Jesus submit to all kinds of trials during His mortal life. Still more than the vine under the knife was His flesh lacerated by the blows of the flagellation. Then did His divine beauty disappear under the livery of misery; His grandeur was effaced to give place to humiliation, and His sorrow was such as to cast in the shade all human sorrow. But how beautiful is this mystical Vine on Easter morn, at the hour of His rising from the tomb! In what glorious vestments is He clothed! What abundant fruits He bears! His tears are changed into joy, His humiliations become His strength, and His wounds are so many trophies.

Under another aspect Jesus resembles the vine. Like to the branches which the vine-dresser ought to gather up and bind around the trunk, Jesus, to repair the constant abuse that we make of our liberty, which removes us from God and renders our spiritual life sterile in fruits of salvation, will be bound as a malefactor, He, the God of liberty and innocence. But let us not forget that He has taken our chains only to break them. He allows Himself to be bound in order to free us. His servitude becomes the price of our true liberty.

"Moreover," continues St. Bernard, "the vine-dresser drives long poles into the ground on which He fastens

the principal branches and thus supports the vine. Raised up and trained in this manner the vine presents a beautiful sight and a plentiful crop of grapes is easily grown. Its fresh green foliage affords an agreeable shade against the heat of the sun.

Behold a figure of the Crucifixion! How beautiful and expressive! And this vine laden with abundant fruits is, indeed, ours since the evening of Holy Thursday. But the setting sun of Good Friday was necessary to ripen them perfectly, to turn them purple, and to render them fit to become a rich and generous wine. Then the christian, full of hope, extends his hands toward the blessed tree of our Redemption and gathers therefrom abundant and delicious fruits of salvation.

Consider now the fruits of the vine. Of all the fruits of the earth the grape possesses the most exquisite properties. It gives the precious liquor which cures the infirmities of the body, the wine which strengtens man and makes him overcome all troubles.

Here again Our Lord Jesus Christ may be called the veritable vine. From that cluster of grapes, which the cruel hands of the Jews placed under the wine-press, was pressed blood divine which mounted even unto the throne of God and, after having softened His divine justice, descended again into the depths of this earth to purify it from its stains. It is the Precious Blood of Calvary. But the Divine Cluster is not exhausted; It still flows, for the mystery of this thrice blessed Vine is every day renewed on the altar, at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Come, dear Guards of Honor; see how this precious Wine is pressed out into the chalice. But even that is not enough. Put your lips to this cup and you will find in it holy joys and sweet rapture.

*(To be continued.)*

## HOLY THIRST

HE TO YOU

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I sit beside thy spring,

My lips are parched and dry,  
Thirsting I wait and hungering  
Until thou drawest nigh.

Until thou drawest nigh  
I cannot quench My need,  
My thirst I cannot satisfy  
If thou wilt pay no heed.

If thou wilt pay no heed,  
If thou dost say Me nay,  
My Heart must thirst, My Heart must bleed,  
And I must go My way.

And I must go My way:—  
So few will fill My cup!  
And yet those founts of living grace  
'T was I that opened up:

'T was I that opened up  
Those waters underfiled.—  
Oh, fill Me but one little cup;  
Give Me to drink, My child.

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## YOU TO HIM

"Give Me to drink, My child!"

My soul is very parched and dry,  
Its faintness yet I scarcely heed,  
Or else, at broken cisterns try,  
In foolishness, to quench its need.  
Fountain of life alone Thou art,  
Give me the waters of Thy Heart.

Yes! quench my thirst, but keep me still  
For ever thirsting after Thee;  
Each morning, Lord, my vessel fill,  
Yet sated never let me be,  
But let me by the well abide  
Thirsty at once and satisfied.

Teach me to know, teach me to keep  
The gift of God at last, at last,  
That life which I have held so cheap,  
Wasted so sadly in the past;  
More and yet more, oh! give me part  
In the deep waters of Thy Heart.

So very tiny is the cup,  
My shrivelled heart, mean and unfit,  
Yet pity, as I hold it up,  
And pour Thy torrents into it;  
Fountain of life Thou only art  
Dear, eager, patient Sacred Heart.

A sister of N. D.

## THE SACRED HUMANITY OF OUR LORD.

## ADORATION

Our Lord Jesus Christ is at once God and man. The humanity which the Word, the second person of the Blessed Trinity, took in Mary, where the Holy Ghost had formed it with the most pure blood of the Immaculate Virgin: this humanity composed, like ours, of a soul, a body, blood, nerves and bones, was united to the Divinity in so close and perfect union, that all the grandeurs, all the perfections, all the prerogatives of the Divinity itself were communicated to it fully, without measure, and for ever.

Hence the result that, without having ceased to be a humanity created out of nothingness, and like to ours in its nature, the humanity of Jesus merits nevertheless to receive the same homage as God Himself. This is easy to understand, seeing that the Word of God has united Himself with it to the extent of making His own of it, and of its becoming His own personality.

Moreover this is why Jesus as a child, Jesus working, Jesus as an artisan as well as Jesus condemned and crucified, has merited and deserved the adoration which is due to God alone. The Magi prostrated themselves before Him, the man who was born blind adored Him, the disciples and the angels worshipped Him.

Well, then, does the Church say and proclaim it: the Eucharist is the body, the soul, the blood of Jesus, that is to say, the humanity of the Saviour, invisibly yet really present under the species. Therefore we ought to adore the Blessed Sacrament and beneath its veils Jesus Himself; we ought to adore Him and to believe that we owe to Him the same supreme adoration that we owe to God Himself.

Now to adore Jesus is to recognize with the mind the infinite excellence of Jesus, our nothingness; it is to love Jesus with the heart more than all and more than ourselves, as our last end and our supreme happiness; it is to submit with the will and to give ourselves to His will, to His rights, to His desires in regard to us.

Let us make these acts, let us offer this triple homage to the Most Blessed Sacrament; seeing that it is Jesus Himself.

## THANKSGIVING

The greatest blessing for which we are indebted to the Most Holy Sacrament is, that it render present to men of all times and of all countries, the holy humanity of Jesus, Jesus living always man like

us, with His human soul, His human body, His human heart, His human feelings, His affections and His sufferings.

What was the greatest misfortune to which the world was subject before the Word became man by the Incarnation? It was to be separated from God, to be subjected to the just anger of God, to be the ungrateful and rebellious child of God. But by the Word becoming man, peace was concluded, God comes to us, we possess Him and we live with Him.

Well, then, it is this blessing of the presence, of the goodness of God, which the Most Holy Sacrament brings to us nineteen centuries after the Incarnation. Beneath its veils we have, we possess Jesus, that is to say, God Himself, God made man for us; and we possess Him as really as did Mary and the Apostles. It is true that we did not behold His human features, and from that point of view we are less happy. But we feed on Him, we touch Him with our lips when receiving Him, we feel Him descending into our bosom, we press Him to our heart; is not all this a magnificent compensation?

Render, therefore, thanks to Jesus for the blessing of His presence in the Eucharist; with the mind, by recalling to memory all that you have read respecting the greatness of the blessing of the presence of Jesus; with the heart, by being touched with the sweet and intimate reality of His presence; with the will, by offering yourself in order to profit by His presence, and to increase His love in you.

#### REPARATION

If Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament be truly the Man-God, it is evident that He desires to be treated therein with all the consideration due to the only Son of God.

Now, let us closely examine the ordinary behavior of Christians towards Jesus in the Eucharist; do those who forget Him year after year, without testifying the least love for Him in His Sacrament, treat Him as man, as having a heart?

And those who offend Him, do they think nothing of His blood shed with so much suffering on the Cross, and such profound humiliation upon the altar?

And sacrilegious men and profane men—how do they treat the living God-man when they tread the Host under foot, or receive the communion into a soul where Satan, death and corruption reign?

And we ourselves, have we for this Jesus so truly man, so sensitive, so loving, so desirous of our love that He joyfully accepts all

kind of sacrifices that He may obtain it: have we, for His real and living presence, the respect, the tenderness, the attention which we render to our equals from mere motives of politeness?

No, alas! let us confess it with grief; Jesus is less present to us, less living, than the stranger that we elbow in the street without paying any attention to him. But He conceals Himself in the Sacrament, will you say? That is only another reason for respecting His weakness, imposed upon Him by the love He has for us.

Make reparation. Ponder in all their reality, your forgetfulness and your rudeness with regard to the Man-God living in the Host. Detest with your heart the faults which He sorrows over, seeing that He is there only to make Himself understood and loved. Form your will to be respectful and tender towards Jesus.

#### PRAYER

The Word of God became man that He might be able to pray in the name of humanity, which, after sin entered into the world, could not make its desires ascend to God with any certainty of their being granted. He became man also in order to excite, by means of His Goodness and His blessings, confidence in the heart of guilty man, mistrustful because of his unworthiness.

Since the Incarnation God listens to the prayers of man because of His Son; therefore also man since then prays without hesitation and trusts in the power of God to grant his desires.

The Eucharist continues these two graces so necessary to prayer. Jesus prays in all the tabernacles in the name of guilty humanity. There He shows Himself to be easy of approach, making most merciful advances; lastly, giving Himself, He says to all those who have need of succor from high. "Pray in my name; have confidence; all that you shall ask in My name, you shall receive, that your joy may be full."

Let us pray, then, before the Eucharist, at the foot of the Eucharistic throne. Our prayers will be sanctified by their union with those of Jesus; they will be more powerful and more consoling, because we offer them before the eyes of Him who wept, near the heart of Him who was touched by all our sufferings and all our infirmities.



## GOD'S GARDEN

Julia threw down the book she was reading.

"I think it a shame," she said "that I can't do something wonderful like Joan of Arc."

Mother looked up from her sewing. Mother seemed always so calm and gentle. Julia was almost certain that mother was not going to agree with her.

"I am sure that I would not want my little girl to be burned at the stake," she said at last.

Julia laughed good-naturedly. It is easy to laugh good-naturedly when there is not much danger of unfortunate things really happening.

"Oh, yes mother dear," she cried, "but just think of riding at the head of a great army and making a country, win a war, of saving her country, as Blessed Joan did! I think it would be wonderful."

Mother kept on quietly sewing for a few minutes, and then she spoke.

"But surely Joan would never have done such great things for God and France had it not been for the fact that she was very faithful in little things!"

"Oh, mother, who would bother about little things when a whole country was to be saved?"

"I am sure that Joan did," returned Mrs. Harrison, "otherwise she would not have been faithful over big things, if she had proven false to little ones, and I believe that my little girl could do many things which would seem quite as big in God's sight."

Julia pouted. "I know what you mean," she said, "you mean washing the dishes without grumbling and dusting the parlor."

"Yes, those are somethings," mother admitted, smilingly, "and, too, there is another thing that you could do for God Himself, just for Him, no one else but God and Julia would benefit by it."

"What could I do, mother," Julia questioned, "I'd love to, especially if it wasn't washing dishes and dusting."

Mother threaded her needle, then she looked out to the space beyond.

"We have a big yard, Julia, dear, why don't you keep a garden for God?"

"A garden for God?" echoed the little girl.

"Yes," mother answered, "a garden for God. You can dig up the ground, you may buy some seeds, and plant flowers for the altar. You alone may take care of them, cultivate them. And when the buds are opened you can pluck them and have them put on the altar. I am sure that the God of the Eucharist would appreciate your gift to Him."

It took no time for Julia to fall in with her mother's suggestion. The book was put away, and with trowel and shovel Julia ran out into the yard. In two days' time the ground was prepared, and the seeds were planted. How Julia did attend to the garden! She watered it often, so often indeed that her mother was afraid that the seeds would rot in the ground. But at last the little green shoots came up from the brown earth and then stalks grew taller, and at last buds appeared and finally flowers.

How happy Julia was when she brought God the flowers. She fairly ran into the sanctuary and gave them to the priest.

"Don't you want to put them in the vases?" he asked her, and Julia gladly consented.

All summer long she took care of her flower garden, and all summer long it produced flowers for God's altar. And she felt she was really working for God as was Joan of Arc when she led troops of the King of France to victory. Joan did what God wanted her to, and Julia did the little that she could.

"The garden is God's own," she told her mother one day, "and I'm glad that I am not worrying because I'm not Joan of Arc. My garden keeps me too busy!"

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### Apparition of Our Lord in the Host.

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The following apparition took place in the Loreto Chapel, at Bordeaux, in the year 1865:

The Sisters of St. Joseph with their pupils were, one Thursday, assembled in their Chapel for Benediction. The priest, a venerable man attached to the Cathedral of Bordeaux, knelt in profound recollection at the foot of the altar, while the "Pange Lingua" was being sung. The server was the first to observe a change in the appearance of the monstrance. Gently touching the priest upon the shoulder, he whispered with emotion: "Father! Father! Behold the dear Saviour appeareth!" The priest on raising his eyes beheld the same miraculous appearance, but endeavoring to conceal his surprise he replied that it might be the effect of the light; nevertheless he directed his whole attention to the apparition. There could be no doubt: the beloved form of the Saviour became every moment more distinctly visible. The servant of God fell trembling prostrate on the ground. Two little girls who had lately received their First Communion next perceiving the bright countenance of Our Lord, exclaimed in a whisper: "See! the beloved Saviour is there!" and both did reverence before the Divine Majesty.

Soon those words were in every mouth, and when the moment for giving the Benediction was come, the form of our Blessed Lord was still visibly enthroned upon the altar. With a courage almost supernatural, the priest approached, and after adoring the King of Kings, he took the Saviour—to use his own words—in his hands and turned Him towards the congregation, in order that He might Himself give the blessing. His eyes fell upon the head of the apparition, upon which he observed a tonsure, also a broad red band which hung over the shoulders and breast, the two ends of which were joined on one side of the God-man. The apparition continued until the genuflection after the Benediction, and then

vanished, when the Host alone was to be seen in the monstrance.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux was at once apprised of the miracle, and the holy man, deeply moved at the recital, commanded perfect silence on the subject. In reward for the obedience of the Sisters, our Blessed Lord renewed the same apparition for eight days, for which reason the Archbishop instituted a yearly commemoration as a memorial of the same.

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### The Magnet of Souls

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The Blessed Sacrament is the magnet of souls. There is a mutual attraction between Jesus and the souls of men. Mary drew Him down from heaven. Our nature attracted Him rather than the nature of angels. Our misery caused Him to stoop to our lowness. Our repentance wins Him to us. Our love makes earth a paradise to Him; and our souls lure Him as gold lures the miser. On the other hand, He draws us to Himself by grace, by example, by power, by lovingness, by beauty, by pardon, and above all by the Blessed Sacrament. Every one, who has had anything to do with ministering to souls has seen the power which Jesus has. Talent is not needed. Eloquence is comparatively unattractive. Learning is often beside the mark. Controversy simply repels. But the simple preaching of Jesus Christ and Him Crucified, will collect a congregation, fill a church, crowd the confessional, furnish the altar rail, and solemnize a feast when nothing else will do so. All the attraction of the church is in Jesus, and His chief attraction is the Blessed Sacrament.

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is the queen of all devotions. It is the central devotion of the Church. All others gather round it and group themselves as satellites. How can a man be a Christian who does not



worship the living Presence of Christ? It is the devotion of all lands, of all ages, of all classes. All times are its own. As a sacrifice, it is the daily expiation, and as a Sacrament the daily bread of the faithful. It is the cause and the object of many religious orders, whose lives and energies it simply engrosses to itself. There is incessant adoration of it ever going on in the Church; there are many cities where the Blessed Sacrament is only taken down in one church when it is put up in another, and night and day the inhabitants watch and pray before it. In many convents through the silent night, gentle victims of reparation weep and worship before the lonely tabernacle. In many countries pious seculars, men and women, are banded in associations to take hours of adoration in succession, wherever they may be. Here and at the antipodes, if we count both sides of the earth at once, through the four and twenty hours there is uninterrupted Mass. And what with preparation for Mass and Communion, and what with thanksgiving, if we could see the whole world at any given hour, we should see multitudes deeply absorbed in the Blessed Sacrament. Nor less wonderful is its power over private life. It is at all hours making all men happier, because it is hindering sin, sweetening bitterness, calming angry temper, soothing sorrow and engendering countless works of mercy. Social life, with marriage and its domestic institutions, is always feeling its hallowing influence; and it is ever multiplying peace in the political world between governments and the governed. It can even attract heretics by a kind of spell, and in gentle but erring hearts it silently preaches itself, sweetly constraining more souls into Peter's fold than the close reasonings of the controversialist or the greater influence of the hot words of a true preacher of Jesus Crucified. Its alliance with the deep spiritual life of interior souls is unbroken, and is continually leading to the heights of self-renunciation and the wonders of supernatural prayer. The ordinary world, the moral, social, political, literary, devotional, ecclesiastical, and mystical worlds,—the Blessed Sacrament is brooding over them all with fertile, pacific, and creative power throughout the mighty centuries. O silent whirlpool of divinest love! how

calmly and strongly art Thou ever drawing Thy creatures within the bosom and the inner circles of Thy gracious influence! O swiftly and surely and compassionately draw us down into the depths of everlasting love, down to the very Vision of the most dear glorious Trinity!

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass pays all our infinite obligations to God. Through it comes all the graces earth receives. We have never had a grace which did not come to us through the Mass. Numberless temporal calamities are averted by it daily all over the world. From it is continually rising up to the Majesty of the Most Holy Trinity a perpetual incense of adoration, intercession, thanksgiving, satisfaction, and supplication, itself in man's imperfect words equal in worth to the worth of the uncreated God. Multiplying words will not enable us to say more.

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"KNEE MEDICINE."

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A Chinese convert when asked by a missionary what remedy he found most effective in curing his fellow countrymen of the opium habit, idolatry, fear of persecution and other sins, replied laconically: "Knee medicine."

Is there any other potent remedy for doubts and discouragements, failure and sin than that found through earnest, persevering prayer? That has proved the efficacious remedy for opening closed doors, illuminating darkened minds, cleansing impure hearts, strengthening weak wills, supplying needed workers and funds, guiding a perplexed and struggling church and transforming whole communities. "Knee medicine" is a powerful tonic and remedy for all spiritual ailments.

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### “Walk before Me and be Perfect”

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It seems as if the seeds of the supernatural life, sown from Heaven into our souls, could only spring forth, germinate and blossom under the illumination of grace that shines forth from God's Face, in the sunshine of His Divine Presence. All good for us, as for Tobias, is summed up in the act of walking with our guide, who for us is Jesus, in holding His sacred Hand, in walking closely at His side, and being ever, at least spiritually, in His Presence. And here we would remark how greatly men disregard and overlook a fact that results from the the real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. If it is true that the Blessed Sacrament is a continuation of the Presence of God upon earth, begun by the Incarnation, and that the Lord who will help and protect us, and be our light and consolation upon earth, is the Lord Personally Present in the Blessed Sacrament to walk, in the Presence of God is to walk in the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament. To overlook this phase of the Presence of God, so evident and so striking, is to depreciate the value of the sacrifice made by Jesus in the Incarnation and the Eucharist. It is above all, to deprive ourselves of the great light and help furnished continually by a Presence so constant, so real, so helpful, so powerful, the fruit of a paternal love which seeks our only good.

To walk with Jesus in the Eucharist, is to receive It frequently, even daily, to visit It constantly, to consult Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament habitually, and to submit to Him all our undertakings and desires. It is to have recourse to the Eucharist in our trials, in our temptations. It is to seek It out in the Tabernacles of our churches in city and country, and to be attracted habitually to this Pole of the Christian life, to be ever animated and inflamed by the glowing Sun of divine Love.

David expresses this truth and prophesied it when he cried out in the 22nd Psalm: “The Lord leadeth me and I shall want for nothing.” It is the God of the Eucharist of whom he speaks and in the never-failing assist-

ance of this guide that he confides, for he says: "He hath prepared for me a table against my enemies; a drink that strengthens and refreshes me against all weakness, In His shadow will I find repose from the ardors of the sun" And he concludes by saying: "Though I journey in the midst of the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; though mine enemies pursue, though I am wounded unto death, I will not lose hope, for even unto the borders of the tomb Thou art with me, O My God," My Raphael. To be ever with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, to abandon oneself to His direction, to walk onward with Him therefore, is the only return that Jesus asks for the infinite love with which He guides us, and the fruits of this union and companionship are so delightful and so certain that no one could hesitate to submit himself to a joke so easy, a guidance so blest.

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### *Frequent attendance at Mass.*

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Many people who hear mass but once a week and then in a perfunctory manner, merely, do not realize or are entirely careless of the great graces and blessings waiting on attendance at the holy Sacrifice. They hurry in late and hurry out before the priest is out of the sanctuary, as though they are afraid of giving too much time to God. Surely an hour a week is little enough time.

The Church makes it an obligation for us to assist at Mass once a week, but that is a minimum. Her wish is that the faithful should share as often as possible in the fruit of the Eucharistic sacrifice. Experience proves, besides, that piety, true and solid piety, the piety that produces great Christian works, cannot dispense with this as its daily succor, or if not daily, at least frequently. . . . In order to be generous, devoted Christians, forgetful of one's self and ready for good works, one must have

in the heart reserves of energy, self-denial, virtue, which the Holy Sacrifice alone, is able to produce and to maintain. It may be laid down as a general rule that a person whose position, health and duties would allow him to hear Mass often during the week, and who voluntarily deprives himself of this supernatural support, will not rise above a very moderate level of piety. If, on the contrary, such a person uses constantly this incomparable means of sanctification, he will make rapid progress in virtue and in the love of God. He will be very quickly and very completely transformed.

It is of course to be distinctly understood that this applies to those only who can really adopt these holy practices without any interference with their natural duties. The mother of a family who in order not to miss Mass, would leave her house in disorder, or would hand over to servants the whole care of her children, would be laboring under an utter and fatal delusion. One meets now and then with persons who deal in this unreasonable piety and whose pretended devotion is singularly like sloth. God has never asked any one to neglect a duty that is certain for a practice which, however useful, is not obligatory. The piety that turns people away from the duties of their state is more apparent than real.

When this restriction, however, has been plainly laid down, we cannot but urge all souls that are desirous of perfection to assist at Mass as frequently as possible. There is no better means of getting into their lives something of the supernatural; a day begun thus at the foot of Calvary cannot but be rich in the fruits of virtue. Let us pass courageously over the little difficulties which the devil, in partnership here with our corrupt nature, will be sure to suggest—distance from the church, the cold, the rainy weather, the necessity of thus rising too early and going out fasting: all these reasons may have weight in certain cases and on certain days, but generally they are only pretexts, cowardly concessions to nature. Do we not see thousands of persons submitting to these and far worse hardships for a small salary, a little pleasure? And shall divine love be with us less courageous than

pleasure or interest? This half-hour gained from sloth, from dawdling, nay even from work, will not be time lost. It will be God's share of our daily life, and we shall be rewarded a thousand fold by the choice graces that the Heart of Jesus reserves for those who love Him.

What an eager and loving welcome the Divine Master on the threshold of Heaven will give to those who will have paid Him this tribute of fidelity and love each morning! Jesus will recognize them from having seen them crowded every day around His altar, the little chosen flock favored with His most precious graces. How could they dread Him as their judge, those generous souls who have made Him their friend so long? These are indeed the good and faithful servants whom Jesus with His sweetest smile will invite to enter into the joy of their Lord.

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#### OUR TRUE AND ETERNAL HOME.

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If we had been with Jesus in Galilee He would have been all in all to us when we knew His Divinity. He would have been our first thought in the morning, our last at night. So He was with His Mother. So He is with His Church. So should He be with us on earth, as He is at all hours with those in heaven. Sometimes we seem to get a glimpse of the deep abyss of love which the Blessed Sacrament truly is, and we begin to sink beyond our depth in joy, and love, and wonder. We can pray no more, but our silence itself is prayer. We can utter no praise, but then our whole soul itself is praise. And tears begin to burn our eyes with fire, when alas the world has made some noise in our soul, or self has drawn attention to itself and the light is gone. But in heaven it will not be so. O that we were come therefore to that happy shore, to that first unveiled sight of Jesus, which is our beatific welcome to our only true and eternal home.

FABER

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING AT THE ELEVATION.

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It was a sultry summer's morning and the heat oppressive. All night long it had thundered and lightened. The sky was overcast with dark lowering clouds, the atmosphere grew ever more sultry, and all indications pointed to an approaching dreadful storm.

Early that morning the farmers were in the field. The oppressive heat cost them many a drop of perspiration, but this would not keep the industrious farmers from their duty, as they consider the sweat of their brow in harvest time, as a thank-offering to God for the blessing of a bountiful crop.

From the village near by came the sound of a bell, the first call for holy Mass. In the busy harvest time, those of the peasants who are strong and well scarcely find time to go to Mass on week-days. Old people and children then go to church and represent the parish, while the rest unite themselves with the Holy Sacrifice in the midst of their labors in the field.

The second signal of the bell is now heard. Far away along the horizon the clouds begin to collect, the air grows more and more heavy, in an instant the black clouds unite, and the wind blows violently across the land. Suddenly there is a clap of thunder in the distance; one flash of lightning follows another; with alarming speed the storm approaches.

Meantime, the Holy Sacrifice had begun. A strong and healthy farmer is in the midst of his work and he cannot make up his mind to interrupt it. The nearer the storm approaches, the faster he works, in fact, he scarcely notices how rapidly the storm is coming on until it is ready to break upon him; he continues his labor while most of his companions have already sought a safe shelter.

All at once big raindrops, as come usually at the beginning of a storm, begin to fall, and soon there is a veritable downpour. The lightning flashes, and one clap of thunder succeeds another. Our farmer stops his work and looks about for a place of refuge. A large



tree in an adjoining field, about two minutes walk seems to offer shelter. Ready to hasten thither, he hears the bell in the village sound the moment of elevation.

It is an edifying custom in many Catholic countries that when the church bell announces the elevation, the devout country folk—whether at home, on the street, or in the field—unite themselves with the priest at the moment of consecration. Devoutly they fall on their knees and in spirit adore the Sacred Host which the priest holds in his hands.

Our farmer hears the bell and kneels down. A voice says to him, "Why, you can pray just as well after you get to the tree. Our Lord does not expect that you kneel down now and get all wet." And this consideration seems to him very reasonable. But today—he knows not why—he feels a special impulse to recommend himself in the Holy Sacrifice. "Ah, well," he thinks, "what does it matter if I get wet a little more or less." He kneels down, blesses himself and adores the Sacred Host in the hands of the priest, offering it up to the Heavenly Father.

Suddenly—a terrible crash! The people in the church, as they related later on, were greatly frightened. They supposed the lightning had struck somewhere in the village and expected every moment to hear the fire-alarm. But still more terrified was our farmer. While absorbed in his devotion he was dazzled and envelopped by a sudden flash of lightning accompanied by a deafening crash as though the earth had been cleft before him. He closed his eyes in horror, but it seemed the glare was written in them. When he opened his eyes, he saw what had happened.

The lightning had struck the tree where he had meant to seek shelter, and rent it asunder from top to bottom. The cold perspiration stood on his forehead when he realized the danger. Had he not followed the interior warning, what would his fate have been? He thanked God from his heart for the good inspiration and the grace to follow it. The prayer at the elevation saved his life.

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**SUNDAY REST DOES NOT IMPOVERISH**

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Underlying the wholesale violation of the Third Commandment in so many European Cities—a violation which, unfortunately is becoming more and more common in our own Country—is the idea that cessation from business or work on Sunday must necessarily mean reduced profits and a decrease in material prosperity. On the face of it, of course, this idea looks plausible enough; yet we believe it quite susceptible of the fullest proof that the directly opposite result comes from the non-observance of the Lord's Day. The following anecdote is typical on the subject:

Cardinal Gousset, of Rheims, once sent for a prominent business man, and begged him for the sake of good example to discontinue every species of sale on Sundays and holy days. The merchant objected that such action was quite impossible: his business would suffer, and the future of his children would be compromised.

"Verywell," said the Cardinal; "then do this. Stop selling on Sunday, calculate every evening the gains of the day; and if at the end of a year their aggregate does not equal that of the preceding year, I promise to make up the difference.—"But does your Eminence dream—"

"On condition, however," broke in the Cardinal, "that if there is an excess instead of a deficit in the year's gains, you will give the difference to me for my charities".

The offer was accepted, and at the end of a twelve-month the merchant waited on the Cardinal.

"Your Eminence," he said, "here are six thousand francs, the excess of last year's gain over the previous year."

Verily, when one seeks first the Kingdom of God, all other things are added unto him.

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### WHEN IS A PERSON LATE FOR MASS.

One is late for Mass when one is not in the church when the priest enters the Sanctuary to begin the Mass. The Church obliges us to hear Mass on certain days, that is, Sundays and holy days of obligation. The Mass begins when the priest comes to the foot of the Altar and says the opening prayers. If one is not in the church at this time, evidently, one is late for Mass. Such a one is guilty of the same offense as he who leaves the church before the end of the Mass, that is, before the priest leaves the Sanctuary after the Mass has been said. It is a sin to be late for Mass, but it is a greater sin to miss Mass, and one can be in the church during a part of the Mass and yet have missed' Mass and thereby be guilty of a grave violation of the law. There are three parts of the Mass at which it is necessary to be present under pain of mortal sin. These are the Offertory, the Consecration and the Communion. If a person is not present for these parts he is not only late for Mass, but he has missed Mass; he is guilty not only of some sin but of mortal sin, presuming, of course, that he is responsible for not being in the church at the proper time. In confessing the fact that one had come into the church after the Offertory of the Mass, by telling the priest that he was "late" for Mass, a person would be making a bad confession. He should say that he had missed Mass. This sin is evidently of a different character altogether from that of being late for Mass, though each is a sin.

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### *A daily offering for the dying*

An indulgenced prayer, by which all the Masses celebrated throughout the world are daily offered to God for sinners in their agony, is as follows:

My God, I offer Thee all the Masses this day celebrated throughout the world, for sinners in their agony, and for those who shall be overtaken by death to-day! May the Precious Blood of Jesus, Our Redeemer, obtain for them mercy! (Indulgence of 300 days.—Pius X., Dec. 18, 1907.)

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

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As a consequence of the war, the cost of living has been raised in nearly all the fields of human activity. There is probably none wherein the necessary materials have undergone a greater increase than the line of printer's supplies. The advance has been constant and monthly and rumor is that paper and ink have not as yet reached their highest market prices. For instance, we beg to say that the paper we were buying two years ago at four cents a pound is now paid eleven cents and there are probabilities of a further increase in the near future.

In other countries the paper crisis has led publishers to the necessity of discontinuing their publications. This we would not even think of for it would mean the ruin of a twenty years labour to the glory of the Blessed Sacrament. We have come to the conclusion that the subscription price to our reviews should be raised in order to meet the cost of paper bills. This is done after mature consideration and very reluctantly.

We are confident however that every one of our subscribers not only will be glad to pay his share for the maintenance of our Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament during this crisis, but will strive to secure new subscribers, bearing always in mind that he partakes in the benefits of a daily mass and of many other spiritual advantages.

The yearly subscription to the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, from the 1st. of September 1916, will be for Canada 75 cents and for the United States, 85 cents.

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### FAVOR

Little Falls. Minn, 8th of June. 1916.

Sir,

I wish to thank Ven. Peter Julian Eymard for special favors received, such as regaining my health and obtaining a good position.

A grateful Member.

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*Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montréal.*