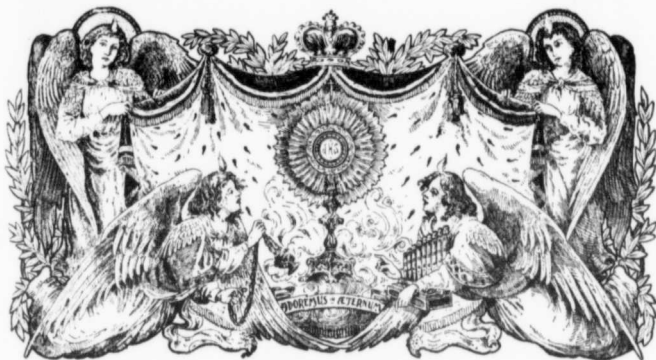




Jésus in the midst of the Doctors.



Where Dweldest Thou?



For the "Sentinel"

Love, O Love, Where dweldest Thou?
The Scribe quoth wearily;
And Love in human form replied,
Come thou, O Scribe, and see!

The quest goes on, man asks again,
The question, Lord, of Thee,
Where dweldest Thou? and as of yore,
Love saith, Come thou, and see!

In Eucharistic guise to-day,
The Lord waits patiently,
Deep unto Deep, in silence speaks;
Love still saith, Come and see!

HONORA McDONOUGH.

➤ *Personal Love of Our Lord* ➤



OUR Lord was the most beautiful of the children of men and the most lovable. The reason why we do not love Him more is because we do not know Him. The more we shall know His Divine beauty, His goodness, His honorableness, His perfections, the more we shall love Him. Represent to yourself our Lord in all His beauty, try to appreciate His character. Look at His soul, His human soul, and try to understand His relation to God the Father, in His prayer. We must remember that the union with the Divinity did not prevent Him from making human acts, just as it did not prevent Him from feeling physical suffering. We fail to realize that although united to the Divinity, soul and body, His sacred flesh felt every pang of the lash, every thorn of the crown, the bruise of every blow on His sacred limbs, as vividly and as really as any human creature, and more vividly because of the more perfect physical organization of His body and the more perfect appreciation of His intellect.

Prayer was a human act for Christ, but of Divine merit on account of the union with the Divine Person. We can see Him at prayer to His eternal Father. His soul's attitude of adoration, supplication, love. When He went up into the mountain to pray, or into the solitude of the desert, His prayer was real. He adored His Father, in humility, in confidence, praying for His work, for His glory, for souls, for sinners. And in His prayer He is the model of our prayer, in the "Our Father" in the Agony in the Garden, in His patience and resignation, in His Passion and on the cross, and we should ask Him to teach us to pray as He did, to teach us the "Our Father," and the meaning each word of that prayer had in His Heart.

Our Lord was lovable in His soul. The acts of His human intellect were not absorbed by the Divinity ; for

Christ had a human intellect, and a human will, as well as a Divine intellect and Divine will.

And oh ! how beautiful must have been His thoughts about God the Father, how perfect beyond measure above every other intellect, the operations of His mind in the contemplation of the Deity ! In the minds of some of the saints their consideration of the perfections of God have been such as almost to take away life itself by the sublimity of the mysteries presented to their intelligences. What must have been the operations of the mind of Christ in relation to God the Father, and to God the Holy Ghost, as these unscrutable mysteries unfolded themselves before His penetrating and responsive mind !

How His thoughts were wrapped up in His Father, in an ecstasy of love, such as no mind, not even the Blessed Virgin's, could deal with as His did ! How He thought of the souls that had been brought into existence, of their salvation, how all His thoughts were absorbed in the great work He came on earth to do for His Father's glory, to draw to His love the souls of sinners, sanctifying the just still more, and how He was to deal with the lives and souls of men down the far distant ages !

In the mind of Christ there were no idle thoughts, there were no useless thoughts, there were no thoughts not in perfect harmony with the mind and the will of His Father.

The lovable mind of our Lord ought to tell us of its great worth and value. That mind always fixed upon God is the object of our most profound admiration. True love is based upon esteem ; who could be more worthy of esteem and admiration than Our Lord, and consequently who could be more worthy of our love than He ? Christ is not known by us. We do not think of Him as He really is. The saints were so filled with this love they could not think of anything else. St. Stanislas loved Him so, and prayer had such a burning, consuming effect upon his strength that he was bidden to lessen the rapt attention of his thoughts of God, lest their ardor should burn out his very life.

Our Lord was most lovable in His words. How few of those words have been recorded, how few were spoken and how important they were ! In all of them there was nothing useless, nothing that was not admirable. Could anything be more attractive or more beautiful than the words that fell from His Divine lips ? These words first were addressed to His holy Mother and to Saint Joseph. How lovable He was in His dealing with His Mother, not only as a child, but as a young man, and to Joseph how submissive, how respectful, how helpful in word and action ! The world tells us of hero worship. People rave over individuals who have said things, or performed actions that appeal to their sense of the heroic. What heroes can compare with Christ ? His whole life from beginning to end was Divine heroism. All the appreciation and admiration of our heart ought to go out to our Lord, for the wonderful beauty and heroism of His life, for His thoughts and His acts and His qualities of soul, and the offering He made of Himself for others. Yet many who have devout worship for heroes give little of their love to Christ, the hero of heroes in the world's history.

Oh, God, if we did love Thee for Thy beauty and goodness in Thyself, and for Thy goodness to us, as Thou dost deserve to be loved, how different would be the love of our hearts !

Not only for His thoughts is our Lord most lovable, and for His words, but also for His actions. How perfect in doing the will of His Mother at Nazareth, promptly, without hesitation or excuse, or complaint, absolutely as bidden, whether it was the lifting of a chair or drawing water from the well ! Under St. Joseph the planing of a board was done, without change or deviation, as directed, and with a cheerfulness of compliance in every act that won the admiration of the Angels who were His administering spirits. Our Lord in His duty of obedience was most lovable.

Our Lord is lovable in His dealing with human sorrow. When the widow of Naim was coming from the city mourning her dead son, our Lord was filled with compassion for that sorrowing mother left alone in her widowhood. He understood the sorrow of the human

heart and without the asking brought to it comfort and consolation.

Thus, too, was it with Mary and Martha at the death of Lazarus. He wept with these two sisters over their dead brother and for their consolation restored him to life and health. How lovable, too, His condescension to the centurion whose servant He healed at the prayer of faith ! Add to this His wonderful kindness, sympathy and help to all kinds of suffering, the healing of the lepers, the blind, the paralytic, the deaf and dumb, the infirm.

More wonderful and lovable is He in His mercy to sinners, to Mary Magdalene, the Samaritan woman, the woman taken in adultery, to Peter, to the good thief on the cross. Acts that are unselfish, generous, courageous, win our hearts. How, then, ought we to love our Lord, who loved us independently of any reason on our part ! How good He is, how sweet and amiable, how sympathetic !

Our Lord was most lovable in His dealing with His Apostles. We extol the great man who is kind to his inferiors. What must be our appreciation of our Lord for associating familiarly with His Apostles ! Our Lord was infinite in intelligence, refinement, culture. His Apostles were untrained fishermen ; yet He calls them His friends, makes them His companions, exchanges with them His ideas, listens to them not only with condescension and patience, but makes them enter into His life, and He enters into theirs. We, too, with all our poverty of spirituality, our lack of every virtue, we are able to be His friends. Is there anything greater than the great God who made Heaven and earth ? He is my Friend and I can give Him the love of my heart, and He is pleased to receive it.

Our Lord was lovable in His dealings with the world. He did everything that could be done for man. He omitted nothing, He blessed the little children. He consoled the weeping women of Jerusalem. He loved the world and received little in return but ingratitude. We ought to do for our Lord, if we love Him, what others neglected to do. We ought to make up for their omission. To His persecutors our Lord was lovable.

His first prayer on the cross was for them, for those who betrayed Him, for His executioners, Judas, Pilate. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Why does not our heart go out to our Lord for his patience and enduring forgiveness? If one offers us a slight or an unkind word, we resent it for a month. If one fails to treat us with consideration, we resent it for two months. If we are hurt, we show it in our expression, we wish people to know we feel it. Where is our spirit of forgiveness? This was the special loveliness of our Lord, that under injury He showed ineffable meekness, humility unspeakable, charity and zeal turning into love.

Have we a personal love for our Lord? We can test it by the signs of human love. One who loves others (1) thinks of the beloved ones, (2) wishes to be near them, (3) wishes to talk to them and hear their voice, (4) fears to displease them by word or action. Do we think often of our Lord, do we like to be close to His Divine Heart, to talk to Him in the Blessed Sacrament of our trials and worries and pains? Do we like to tell that Heart which has so loved men that our love for Him is very great?

Do we think of Him, as the only thing to be thought of? If we do, we love Him; but if we have to make an effort, can we say we love Him? "My Beloved to me and I to my Beloved." We are glad to talk with our friends, to know what they think; there is no weariness in their presence. Do we wish to talk to our Lord or do we find tiresome the time spent with Him?

If we love, we dread to offend the one we love. Our love for Christ ought to make us fear displeasing Him. Those who love each other are very sensitive about small matters. We love Him if we are glad to be near Him, to suffer for Him.

Christ our Lord is so beautiful. Christ our Lord ought to attract all that is good in us: our mind, our will, our memory, our eyes, our ears, all our affections, all in us ought to be His. Let us ask ourselves if the personal love of Christ our Lord has taken hold of our whole being.

J. F. X. O'CONNOR, S. J.



Little Children and the Blessed Eucharist.



PEAKING of the first ideas, words and sentiments to be placed in newly opened souls, Fenelon says: "Nothing but the most exquisite should be placed in such a tiny reservoir."

The Church, in her maternal solicitude hastens to put therein first of all the grace of Baptism, and desires that as early as possible afterwards the Spirit of Strength and of Light, take possession thereof by Confirmation. But in those little reservoirs, whiter than the lily's spotless calyx, could not also room be found for what is most exquisite in the whole world, the Body of Jesus Christ? Would they be incapable of receiving it; or to be more exact, would there not, from time to time be one or two among thousands to whom this divinely exquisite food might be given?

Generally about four or five years of age, children are allowed to the family table; this privilege encourages them to be good and teaches them how to live. There is another table whereat the soul rises to the very source

of life; could not such or such a little child anxious to live be admitted to It also? I know my question is open to debate, and I do not in any way pretend to transgress wisely established rules or prevalent customs, nevertheless I say that rules have given way before virtue; that even in France, custom has been overlooked and that such a little child of five years was judged worthy to be admitted to the Eucharistic Table, to the Bread of the Strong.

Examples from the Lives of the Saints.

What conditions are amply sufficient yet absolutely necessary for the reception of the Holy Eucharist? The knowledge of the Mystery and the belief therein, purity of soul, desire of the heart. To find those qualities and conditions realized in very young children we have only to turn to the lives of the saints; for instance, the first pages of that of St. Chantal. At what age, Jane Frances de Chantal was admitted to Holy Communion, I do not know, neither does her illustrious biographer, especially as in her time children approached the Holy Table singly and not in pious crowds as now. But at five, our little saint knew enough about the Eucharistic dogma to be able to defend it against the Huguenots, and to cover with confusion a prominent member of the so called Reformed Church.

One day when barely five years old Jane Frances was playing in her father's office when a lively discussion concerning the Blessed Eucharist arose between president Frémyot and a Protestant gentleman who was visiting him. The Protestant was loudly asserting that what pleased him most in the reformed religion was the denial of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist. At those words the child could restrain herself no longer, running up to him and looking at him fearlessly but sadly she said: "My lord, you must believe that Jesus Christ is in the Blessed Sacrament because He has said so; when you do not believe you make a liar of Him." The astonished man looked in amazement at the little child, and began to argue with her, but she cut him short by the wisdom of her answers

and delighted the onlookers by the intensity of her faith. Realizing he was getting the worst of the situation he thought to smooth matters over and end the discussion, as one generally does with children, by offering her some sugar plums. Holding out her apron for them and without even touching them, she threw them into the fire saying: "See, my lord, see how all heretics will burn in hell fire because they do not believe what our Lord said."

Did not this little Christian of five years, by her knowledge of the Mystery and her zeal in its defense, her lively faith and deep piety merit to receive the Blessed Sacrament? Assuredly; besides, no law of the universal Church excludes from Communion, little children who believe, know and desire; still another point in their favor is: "Our Lord's delight to feed among the lilies."

Moreover the Eastern Church formerly admitted to this favor children as yet but little able to distinguish the living Bread of the Altar from other food. Nicephorus, Calixtus, and Gregory of Tours, relate that in those countries where leavened and not unleavened bread is consecrated, after the priest's Communion the fragments or crumbs were distributed to the little children. Gracious and touching custom answering in a way, Our Blessed Lord's counsel to His Apostles after the multiplication of the loaves, and thus initiating from the very dawn these little christians into the superabundant life of Christ.

The same authors, as well as Cardinal Baronius, relate, that at Constantinople the little son of a Jewish glass-blower, accompanied a number of Christian children to the church and seeing them communicate did likewise, as if he were a Christian. His Father on hearing what he had done was so enraged that he threw the child into the roaring furnace of his glass factory. Three days afterwards the boy's mother found him there unharmed and happy. As a result of this miracle, mother and son received Baptism and became fervent Christians.

P. V. DELAPORTE.

(To be continued.)

REPARATION

Heart of Jesus, beating ever,
 On the Altar for my sake
 From thy child tho' poor and sinful,
 Lord, a lowly off'ring take.
 'Tis the month of Reparation
 Let thy child now do her part,
 Heart so humble, Thou wilt accept
 What I give Thee with my heart.

Heart that grieved to see me falling,
 Heedless, thoughtless as I trod;
 Take my sorrow for Thee grieving
 For Thou art my King and Lord.
 Who can stand if Thou wilt reckon?
 Who can hide from Thee a stain?
 Only Mercy can admit me
 To Thy favour, Lord, again.

Lord, Thy Mercy Thou hast promised
 If my heart will contrite be,
 Humble sorrow, Thou canst give it
 If the sinner prays to Thee,
 Jesus, grant me grace to banish
 From my heart all self and sin,
 Thus can I Thy Kind Heart comfort
 And for sin Thy pardon win.

Take my grief for all the outrage
 Thou receivest night and day,
 From the men who will not love Thee
 And due homage to Thee pay.
 All the pain of wounded self-love
 I will offer to atone
 For the suff'ring that they cause Thee
 Lord, by Thee with patience borne.

Pardon Jesus, all the heathen
That in darkness sit forlorn,
Heretics and all schismatics
Who 'neath satan's thralldom groan.
All the weariness I suffer,
Pain of body and of mind,
Jesus, take that men may know Thee
And Thy saving Gospel find.

What afflicts Thee oft, my Jesus?
Thou hast said it long ago:
It is that Thy loved ones cause Thee
Most of all Thy bitter woe.
Is there pain like love rejected?
Jesus, Thou its victim art.
Thou hast felt that sharpest anguish
It has crushed Thy tender Heart.

Pain that comes like darted arrows
From the children of Thy fold,
Who from Thee with coldness turning
False and alien doctrines hold.
They who've sat at Thy Sweet Banquet
And forget that mercy great,
And, ungrateful from Thee wander,
While Thou lovingly dost wait.

Jesus dearest, bid me offer,
Every pain that wounds my heart,
As a tribute of amendment
Every sharp and bitter smart.
Jesus, let me bring my sorrow,
Only for Thine Eyes to see,
None can heal, and sooth and comfort
Save the One that bled for me.

Heart of Jesus, what I give Thee
Valueless it sure must be.
They shall perish — all my actions
If united not with Thee
By Thy own most gracious merits
Lord receive this gift of love
Bless me Jesus, and my dear ones
And bring us to Thee above.

(Written for the Sentinel.)

S. M. F.
Holy Angels' Convent
Trevandrum,



Eucharistic Thoughts



OW still and quiet lies the sacred and immaculate Host upon the altar, how placid rests the Precious Blood within the chalice ! No sign of violence, no hint of suffering, no trace of pain or of death, but all about the Blessed Sacrament an atmosphere of calm and a suggestion of that perfect life that knows no change, nor slightest shadow of alteration ! All recognize the calm that hovers round the sacramental presence of Jesus Christ ; but few realize how truly it is the calm that succeeds the storm, the quiet that soothes the tired waves after they have done their worst. Alas, how much there had to be of bruising and of mangling that we might have the Bread of Angels and the Wine of Virgins !

The Blessed Sacrament is not merely the Body and Blood of Christ, much less is it merely the appearance of bread and wine, it consists in the union of both,— in the union of the invisible substance with the visible sign, of the sacramental veils with the Author of grace. The accidents of bread and the accidents of wine, the adorable Body of Christ and the Precious Blood, are all there ; but they have come, one and all, through the portals of death.

The seed of the wheat had to be buried in the earth, and the bursting sheaf had to be torn from the stalk, and the golden grain had to be beaten by the flail and crushed in the mill : not until it had lost all semblance of life was it fit to receive the consecration of the priest. The full ripe cluster of grapes had to be plucked from the vine and trodden in the wine-press and bruised to death, that so it might be made worthy to be poured into the cup that is offered at the Mass. And the Body of Christ, was it not torn and broken and its bones num-

bered, and its flesh furrowed and scarred in the dread sacrifice of the cross, of which the Blessed Sacrament is the reminder? And the Precious Blood, how it reddened Gethsemani and stained the Praetorium and clotted on the scourges, and lay on the streets, and trickled down, in its piteous flood, to the place of skulls!

There is nothing in the Blessed Sacrament that has not come to us through death. Even the deathless and immutable personality of the Word emptied itself to take the form of a slave suffering and dying, not indeed in itself, but in the human nature it had made its own. Surely the Holy Eucharist is a sacrament of sacrifice. Its abyss of love and its miracles of power are no more astounding than its excess of immolation. Indeed, the depths of its abnegation are the measure of its love, and there is no greater miracle of power than that the God-man could have and should have done all this for us, sinful creatures that we are. And all this He has done, not that we might die, but that we might live, even though it be by His death.

Who, then, would not be ashamed to count the sacrifices that are involved in being loyal and devout to such a sacrament of sacrifice?

Jesus in the midst of the doctors.

(Frontispiece.)

THE picture represents the finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple. There He stands, in the flower of His twelve years, in all the simplicity and candor of boyhood. On His brow sits enthroned the majesty of God; in His eyes the light of love, and on His lips eternal truth. But the Catholic Temple takes the place of the Jewish, and on the Catholic altar we have the same Jesus who stood in the midst of the doctors. Let us seek Him often in Holy Communion, for it is here indeed that He is about His Father's business, namely, the spread of the Kingdom Eucharistic.



✧ *Little Maude* ✧

A TRUE STORY.



GREAT and holy day has dawned on the convent of B. It is first communion day, and the white-robed, radiant-faced girls present the very picture of purest delight. All are beaming with inward happiness, — save one. Little Maude is ruefully contemplating Mary and Lucy, her sisters and first communicants too! She alone, poor little mite, was excluded from the celestial banquet, and her eyes are full of tears. If you ask her why she is sad, she answers with a deep sigh: "because Jesus did not come to me." The other girls are telling her she can communicate spiritually. "I did," she would say; "but Jesus didn't come!" Then she is told that she will make her first communion next year. "O but that's so far off!" sighs the little maid with a mien so disconsolate as if you had asked her to wait a thousand years.

The kind Sisters were told all about Maude's great distress and from that time they observed her carefully. They soon noticed that the child very often whispered with her sister Mary during mass. Of course, Mary was called to order rather severely and told: she ought to know better than talk in church, thus setting a bad example to her schoolmates in general and her young sister in particular. Mary was silent. At last the teacher asked her what they two could have to tell each other at such a moment.

"Please, sister," the girl replied timidly, "Maude wants to make her spiritual communion during mass and I have to help her."

"Well, and how do you help her?"

"Maude first examines her conscience by means of her prayerbook and I have to explain to her the things she can't understand; then she makes her act of contrition and after that she says: O dear Jesus, I believe in You; I hope in You; I love you; come into my heart!" And then she moves quite close up to me, so as not to be disturbed, and she adores Jesus."

"And does she do that every day?" the Sister asked.

"No; when she has committed a fault, she does not communicate."

"And do you really think Maude understands what it means to communicate?" questioned the Sister thoughtfully.



"Oh! yes," Mary quickly replied; "she knows perfectly well that it means receiving our Lord, and when she sees us rise and go to the altar rail, she always has tears in her eyes."

So much love and ardent desire could not be withstood, and little Maude was told she should make her first communion, all by herself, on the feast of the Sacred Heart. — The child's eyes sparkled with joy, and more than ever she tried to be "very good", in order to prepare for her first *real* communion.

And it was a most touching sight to see this tiny girl receiving her dear Jesus, for whom she had sighed so ardently. All day long she was very quiet, and at each following communion showed the same touching fervor. On those days she would beg for permission to go to the chapel during recreation, asking to be accompanied by some girl that *would not disturb her*.

— Would we all resemble little Maude, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven!

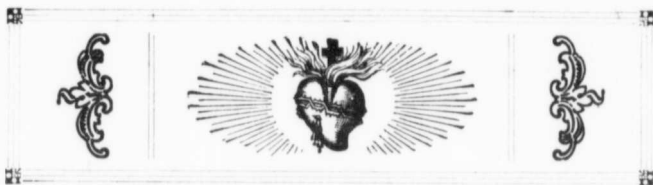
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 *The Time Will come* 

▲

The time will come when I can no longer visit Jesus in His prison of love. Then may the Sacred Heart of Jesus visit me on my bed of death! When the lamp of my life begins to flicker, and my eyes grow dim, and shadows of death grow fast around me, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, be with me in that dread hour! Remember the times, dear Lord, that I visited Thee in Thy Sacrament of Love!





## Heart of Jesus, Son of Mary.

HOUR OF ADORATION.



(Concluded)

### Reparation.

“*Cor Jesu, Filii Virginis Matris, miserere nobis!*” Nothing more closely unites two beings than sorrow, whether one endures it for the love and service of the other or, struck by the same blow, they help each other to bear the burden together. Their common grief is a millstone that grinds both hearts, their tears make an indestructible cement of the dust, and the wounds that are dug into their hearts, afford a retreat into which they flee, there to remain forever strictly united to each other. Thus it was with the common martyrdom of Jesus and Mary. It created between them new ties while rendering all others more intimate.

By virtue of the requirements of Divine Justice which demanded this supreme expiation, this Son, who would have wished to shield from all sorrow His faultless Mother, by her very innocence exempt from the law of suffering,—this Son so loving and so tender, must draw His Mother into the tempest of His Passion and deliver her to its fury by which He Himself was to be bruised and broken. She suffered only from His sufferings. He alone was her executioner and her martyrdom. He constituted all her pain, which was as great, immense, infinite as Himself! Mary, on her side, loved Jesus so much that, in spite of the martyrdom which she was to endure, she willed to follow Him in order to share His pains and opprobrium, to endure in her compassion the punishment of His Passion, to mingle her tears with His Blood and, by that faithful co-operation, to help Him, to support Him, to relieve and indemnify Him as much as in her lay.

In this mutual combat, in which are united so much love and so much sorrow, Jesus attaches Himself to Mary by the sweetest ties of infinite compassion. To testify to her the feelings that pass all expression, He allows His Heart to be opened under her eyes. As she is standing nearer the Cross than all others, she receives in greater abundance the waves of Blood and grace that issue from It. She was the first to enter by her longing gaze, by

her sorrow and love into that retreat to which Jesus attracted her, commanding her to abide therein forever, to exercise her sublime and maternal functions of consoler of her only Son and of reparatrix for all her other children.

From that moment Mary's ministry of reparation near the Sacred Heart was crowned with success, for it was to her intercession that the Good Thief owed his pardon ; the centurion, the soldiers, and the crowds that were converted, the contrition and faith which made them strike their breast, saying, "Indeed, this was the Son of God !"

Mary continues her intercession all through the ages, as we learn from the following vision of Blessed Margaret Mary :

"One day, on the feast of the Visitation, I was before the Most Blessed Sacrament, asking of God some special grace for our Institute. But I found the Divine Goodness inflexible to my prayer. He addressed to me the words : 'Say no more to Me about it. They turn a deaf ear to My Voice; they are destroying the foundation of the edifice !' —But the Most Blessed Virgin, assuming our interests with her Divine Son, now so irritated, prostrated before Him, saying to Him these tender words : 'Exercise upon me Thy just wrath. These are the daughters of my heart. I shall be to them a shield to receive the blows which Thou wilt deal out to them.' Then the Divine Saviour, assuming a sweet and gentle expression, said to her : 'My Mother, it is for thee to distribute My grace as seems good to thee. I am ready for love of thee to endure the abuse that they make of it. . . If their interests are dearer to thee than Mine, thou canst arrest the course of My justice.' But the Queen of goodness and of love more than maternal, replied : 'I ask for delay only till the feast of the Presentation. Until that time I shall spare neither care nor trouble to render Thy graces victorious and to frustrate the efforts of Satan, by snatching from him the prey that he looks upon as already his own — Some time after, the Blessed Virgin presented herself to my soul. She appeared quite worn out with fatigue. She had in her holy hands some hearts that were covered with wounds. 'See,' she said. 'what I have snatched from the hands of the enemy, who was having his sport with them. But what most afflicts my maternal heart is that some take his part against me. They despise the help that I offer them.' "

It is for us to render fruitful by our prayer, contrition, and penance, united to her sorrow and tears, Mary's reparation to the Sacred Heart for our sins and those of the whole world. Let us confidently present them to Jesus, repeating to Him without wearying : "Remember with all thy Heart, O Thou best of sons, the agony and the groanings of Thy Mother and, by that remembrance, have pity on us : *In toto Corde tuo gemitus matris tuæ ne obliviscaris !*"

#### Petition.

"*Cor Jesu, Filii Virginis Matris, miserere nobis !*" To all the other relations that bind the Heart of Jesus to that of Mary, we must add those of justice ; for God Himself has laid it down

as a law that whoever has faithfully accomplished here below what was intrusted to him, shall receive in heaven as a recompense jurisdiction over great things : "*Euge, serve bone, quia super pauca faisti fidelis, super multa te constituam*—Well done, good and faithful servant ; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things "

Now, Mary wisely, faithfully, and successfully administered all the graces she had received. She valiantly co-operated in the grand work of the Incarnation and the Redemption. She was a Mother as courageous in delivering her Son for the world on Calvary as she was faithful in giving Him to the world at Bethlehem. It is due to her that Jesus was able to fulfil the will of His Father, redeem mankind, and regain for Him the eternal empire which He now possesses in His glory. These works were infinite and worthy of infinite reward.

Jesus must, then, recompense His Mother with glory, power, and royalty. Having placed her at His right, crowned Queen of heaven and earth, His Heart tastes ineffable satisfaction in putting at her disposal all the treasures of Redemption, all the created forces of the world of nature, grace, and glory, so that nothing is done without her, nothing bestowed but through her, nothing, whether of expiation, prayer or praise, accepted but by her mediation. Jesus has constituted her the universal mediatrix between mankind and Himself, the constant co-operatrix in His government, the sovereign dispensatrix of all His treasures.

"*Deus totius boni plenitudinem posuit in Maria : ut proinde si quid spei in nobis est, si quid gratiæ, si quid salutis, ab ea moverimus redundare quæ ascendit deliciis affluens, innixa super Dilectum suum.*—God has placed in Mary's hands the fulness of all good, so that we can have no hope of grace and salvation, but through her who, taken up into heaven and there inundated with the delights of the blessed, rests on the Heart of her well-beloved Son".

It is, then, our duty as well as our interest to pray by the name of Mary, to trust in the merits of Mary, to cover ourselves with the sanctity of Mary, to bear as far as in us lies a resemblance to Mary, if we would touch the Heart of Jesus and become pleasing to Him. She is the Queen and the Sovereign of His Heart, because she is His unique love, He having loved her, as He still loves her, more than all other creatures together of whom He loves not one but on account of His Mother. This is what the glorious title, "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart proclaims. With this title the Church has crowned her. She, like a mistress, disposes of that Sacred Heart as is pleasing to her. She inclines It to what she desires, gives It to whom she wills. Jesus finds exquisite and infinite delight in being thus delivered into the hands of His Mother! All that she asks of Him, her Son owes her, since she it was who furnished Him with the means of acquiring it by giving Him her blood. God Himself is her debtor : "*Euge, euge, quæ debitorem habes Filium tuum, qui omnibus mutuatur ; Deo enim universi debemus, tibi autem etiam ille debitor est!*"

## Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus.



ARIE-Françoise-Thérèse Martin was born at Alençon, France, on the 2nd day of January, 1873. After fifteen short years in the world, but not of it, she entered the Carmel of Lisieux, where, after nine and a half equally brief ones, passed in the practice of every virtue, she died in the odor of sanctity, in 1897, aged twenty-four. At the command of her Mother Prioress, she wrote the "Story of a soul," and from those pages, which record God's dealings with her soul, and wherein may be read so many lessons of sanctity, we have gathered a few thoughts for the lovers of Our Eucharistic Lord.

They who familiarly call her "The Little Flower of Jesus," rather than by her name in religion, may recall that even before her First Communion, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus offered herself "to be His little flower." "I longed to console Him, to draw as near as possible to the tabernacle, to be looked on, cared for and gathered by Him." And Jesus granted her desire.

She made her First Communion at the age of eleven, and the memories of that day were too sacred for words. "I would not and I could not tell you all," she wrote in later years to her Mother Prioress, the *confidante* of her soul secrets. "How sweet was the first embrace of Jesus! It was indeed an embrace of love. . . . We were no longer two. Thérèse had disappeared like a drop of water lost in the immensity of the ocean; Jesus alone remained. He was the Master, the King! . . . My happiness was perfect, and nothing troubled the inward peace of my soul. Night came and so ended that beautiful day. Even the brightest days are followed by darkness, one alone has no setting, the day of our First and Eternal Communion in our true Home." . . .

After this first visit of Our Lord to her pure heart, the little Thérèse, who had then given Him all her love,

longed eagerly to receive Him, she longed indeed, as she says herself, "for nothing else"; and in those blissful moments of Eucharistic union, an ardent desire for suffering was kindled in her virile young soul. "I had one other wish," she adds, "it was to love God only, and to find my joy in Him alone. During my thanksgiving after Holy Communion I often repeated this passage from the Imitation: 'O my God, Who art unspeakable sweetness, turn for me into bitterness all the consolations of earth.'" Again her prayer was heard, and Our Lord, and He alone, was always her only joy.

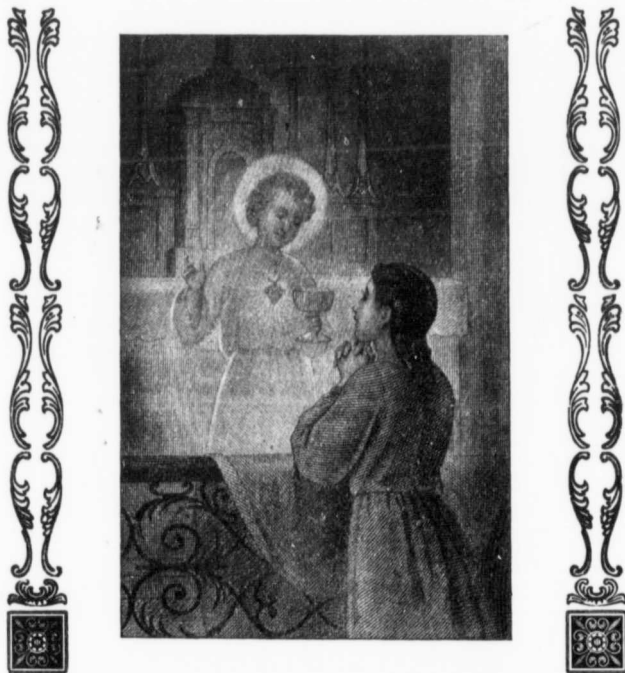
Many were her visits to Jesus, in the chapel of the Benedictine Abbey of Lisieux. "Here . . . I found my one consolation, for was not Jesus my only Friend? To Him alone could I open my heart; all conversation with creatures wearied me." At this period she passed safe through the scathing trial of scruples, and her own experience give weight to the words she addressed later, from her cloister, to one suffering a similar purgation: "You have grieved me greatly by abstaining from Holy Communion, because you have grieved Our Lord. The devil must be very cunning to deceive a soul in this way. . . . He tries to shut out Jesus from a tabernacle which Jesus covets. Unable to enter this sanctuary himself, he wishes that, at least, it remain empty and without its God. When the devil has succeeded in keeping a soul from Holy Communion, he has gained all his ends—while Jesus weeps! . . . Remember this sweet Jesus is there in the tabernacle for you and for you alone. Remember that He burns with the desire to enter your heart. Do not listen to Satan. Go to receive Jesus, the God of peace and love, without fear. . . . What does offend Him, what wounds Him to the Heart, is want of confidence.

"Pray much that the best portion of your life may not be overshadowed by idle fears. We have only life's brief moments to spend for the glory of God."

How well Thérèse practised this advice is proved by her own fidelity on this point in spite of spiritual anguish, or physical infirmity. "Our Lord gave Himself to me oftener than I should have dared to hope. I had made it my practice to go to Communion as often as my

Confessor allowed me, but never to ask for leave to go more frequently. Now, however, I should act differently, for I am convinced that a soul ought to disclose to her director the longing she has to receive her God. He does not come down from heaven each day to remain in a golden ciborium, but to find another heaven—the heaven of our soul in which He takes such delight.”

Fortified by the “Bread from Heaven,” Thérèse was enabled to surmount the obstacles which opposed her



entrance into Carmel, at the age of fifteen. And in 1884, after many trials, she obtained her cherished wish. Aridity, darkness, suffering, was the portion of her religious life, for those whom Our Lord loves most share most deeply in the Cross. But nothing could disturb her beautiful peace, for the Cross had become sweet to her, and she could sing :

*"My joy I find in pain and loss ;  
I love the thorns that guard the rose ;  
With joy I kiss each heavy cross,  
And smile with every tear that flows."*

During an epidemic, which laid the Community low, she was granted the privilege of daily Communion, not usual even in religious houses in 1891.

"How sweet it was ! For a long time Jesus treated me as a spoiled child. I had not asked this favor, but I was unspeakably happy to be united day after day to my Beloved." To add to her joy she was appointed Sacristan at this same time : "Great was my joy in being allowed to touch the sacred vessels, and prepare the altar linens on which Our Lord was to be laid. I felt that I must increase in fervor, and I often recalled those words addressed to deacons at their ordination : 'Be ye holy, ye who carry the vessels of the Lord.' "

But hers was the joy of a faith that believes not seeing, for of her thanksgiving after Communion, she says : "There is no time when I taste less consolation. But this is what I should expect. I desire to receive Our Lord, not for my own satisfaction, but simply to give Him pleasure. I picture my soul as a waste field and beg our Lady to take away my imperfections, which are as heaps of rubbish, and to build upon it a splendid tabernacle worthy of Heaven, and to adorn it with her own adornments. Then I invite all the angels and saints to come and sing canticles of love, and it seems to me that Jesus is well pleased to see Himself received so grandly, and I share in His joy."

Sœur Thérèse's was not the way of fear, but of love. "I can always make myself happy and profit by my imperfections," she says. "and Our Lord Himself encourages me in this path. Once, contrary to my usual custom, I was troubled when I approached the Holy Table. For several days there had not been a sufficient number of Hosts, and I had only received a small part of one : this morning I foolishly thought : 'If the same thing happens to-day, I shall imagine that Jesus does not care to come into my heart.' What a joy awaited

me ! The priest hesitated a moment and then gave me two entire Hosts. Was not this a sweet response ?”

But the flame of love kindled at the first Eucharistic Kiss was rapidly consuming this heart, which could now exclaim : “I ask not for riches or glory, not even the glory of heaven. I ask only for love. To love Thee, Jesus, is now my only desire.” And how well her Beloved responded is revealed on the last page of her Autobiography : “O Jesus ! Forgive me if I tell Thee that Thy Love reacheth even unto folly. . . How could my trust have any limits ?”

Even the last heavy cross laid on her dying shoulders could not disturb a heart which “Our Lord’s Will filled to the brim.” The last six weeks of her life, she was unable to receive Holy Communion, because of her continual sickness. Our Lord had often visited this seraphic heart, which so hungered for His Sacramental coming, before imposing this supreme sacrifice, the consummation of her martyrdom of love.

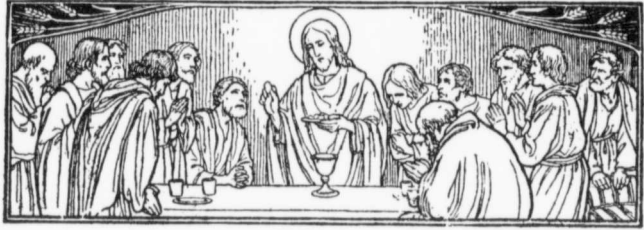
*“Sweet martyrdom ! to die of love’s keen fire,  
The martyrdom of which my soul is fain !  
Hasten, ye Cherubim, to tune your lyre :  
I shall not linger long in exile’s pain !  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Fulfil my dream, O Jesus, since I sigh  
Of love to die !”*

As He could come no more to the “Heaven of her soul,” after a long agony, the “Little Flower of Jesus” was transplanted to Paradise, her native air, to contemplate, not now under the Eucharistic veils, but face to face, Him, “Whom not having seen” she loved. From the gardens of Paradise, she has kept the promise made on her death-bed : “I will spend my heaven in doing good on earth. After my death, I shall let fall a shower of roses.”

May she obtain for everyone of us a share of her burning love for Jesus-Hostia !







## FATHER CARSON EXPLAINS

A dialogue on early and daily Communion for all.



(Continued)



AND do you think," said Mrs. Mary "that I might sometimes—very often—go with him too? Because I need grace myself, too, don't you think, Father Carson? And someone told me, you know, that Mrs. Manley goes with her boys all the time!"

Father Carson threw up his hands in despair. "Oh, to ask such a question!" said he, "after all my reading and explaining in the Church, about the Decrees of the Pope on Daily Communion! Here, Mrs. Mary," and he rang the bell loud and long, "I had rather hoped, until now, that we would get through our little discussion nicely without any need of my books. But that last question of yours will bring an avalanche of print on your devoted head! Put them on the table, please!" said he to the housekeeper, "that's right, the little one on top. And you!" said he to Mrs. Mary "just fold your hands and listen!"

"Why, I'll be very glad to, of course" answered Mrs. Mary.

"To begin with, this little pamphlet I have in my hand is the famous Decree of our present Pontiff, Pius

X, on the Daily Receiving of Holy Communion. It is to me one of the most splendid Acts of our Holy Father's glorious Pontificate ; and if everyone heeded his earnest and fervent words, how speedily they would change the face of the earth ! Mind, then, these are the words of Christ's own Vicar on earth, and every Catholic owes them assent and obedience. To argue against what is herein contained, to refuse obedience, even to be slow in obeying, would be to show oneself a very poor sort of Catholic, indeed."

"You needn't begin with a sermon, my dear Father Carson," said Mrs. Mary. "If the Holy Father tells us to go to Holy Communion often, that is just what I want to hear. But don't READ it at me. Tell me the substance of it, please, as you go."

"Well, I'll give you the gist of it, then," said Father Carson, opening the pamphlet. "First of all, the Decree recalls what was ordered by the great Council of Trent, as long ago as the year 1562. Listen to the words of this Council, which spoke with all the authority of the Church to all the Faithful. 'The Holy Synod would desire that at every Mass the Faithful who are present should communicate not only spiritually, by way of internal affection, but sacramentally, by the actual reception of the Eucharist.' Mark that, Mrs Mary!—at every Mass, the Faithful who are present are desired to go to Communion. And the Pope's late Decree goes on to point out that these words of the Council express 'the wish of the Church that all Christians should be daily nourished by this Heavenly Banquet.' Therefore, ever since the 17th of September, 1562, daily Communion for all who can come to Mass, has been the desire of the Church."

"Well, why in the world—" began Mrs. Mary.

"Just a minute, please. I know what you want to ask, and you shall have your answer," went on Father Carson, "But everything in its place. The Pope next declares that this wish of the Council of Trent is the very wish of Our Lord Himself when He instituted the Blessed Sacrament. For He chose bread, our daily food, for the matter of the Sacrament. He compared it with manna,

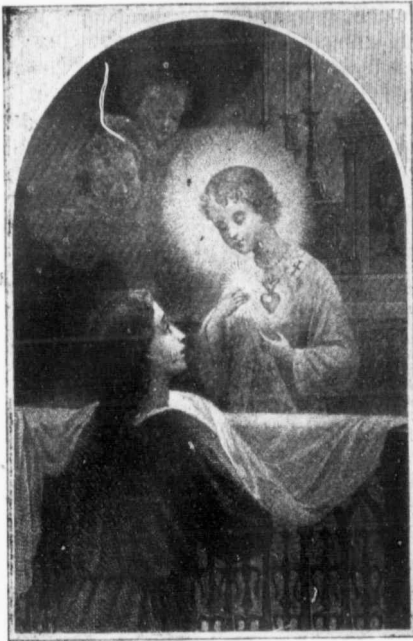
the daily food of the Jews in the desert, and He bade us pray, in the Our Father, 'Give us this day our daily bread', a phrase which the Fathers of the Church understand to mean Holy Communion. The early Christians, the Holy Father goes on to say in this Decree, understood Our Lord's wishes very well, and so they flocked to Daily Communion. And all through the years, some fervent souls kept up the practice of Daily Communion with 'great fruit of holiness and perfection.' And now, Mrs. Mary," and Father Carson paused and looked up from the book, "the Holy Father answers the question which I think you were about to ask me just a moment ago 'Why in the world, did not the Faithful obey the wish of Our Lord and His Church, and keep up this blessed custom of Daily Communion?'"

"Yes!" said Mrs. Mary, "that's just what I wanted to ask!"

"Well, now, I will read you the answer. But remember, please, this is not a matter of Faith or Morals. If it were, God never would have allowed so many good Catholics to go astray. The question merely was this: 'Should we receive only seldom, out of reverence for Our Lord's Body and Blood, or often, and even daily, because of the wish of Christ and of the Church and because of our own need or desire for the Holy Eucharist?' The Apostolic ages, as we have said, answered: "Often and daily, because of God's wish, our own need and our love!" 'But when in later times,' the Decree goes on, 'piety grew cold, and more especially under the influence of the plague of Jansenism, disputes began to arise concerning the dispositions with which it was proper to receive Communion frequently or daily, and writers vied with one another in imposing more and more stringent conditions as necessary to be fulfilled. The result of such disputes was that very few were considered worthy to communicate daily, and to derive from this most healing Sacrament its more abundant fruits, the rest being content to partake of it once a year, or once a month, or at the utmost weekly. Nay, to such a pitch was rigorism carried, that whole classes of persons were excluded from a frequent approach to the Holy Table .

for instance, those engaged in trade, or even those living in the state of matrimony.' Meanwhile, as often happens, some foolish folk went to the opposite extreme and insisted that daily Communion was a divine commandment, so they gave It even on Good Friday!

"The Holy See, ever vigilant to correct abuses, issued a Decree on February 12, 1679, condemning these errors

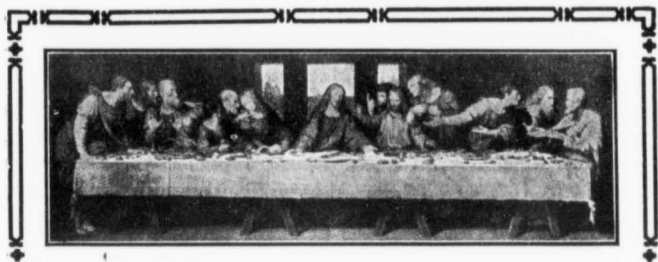


and abuses, but the poison of Jansenistic fear and reverence still worked in many of the Faithful, and men still held controversies without end as to the dispositions necessary for the lawful and laudable frequentation of the Sacraments. Not for its *fruitful* reception, mind! They were all agreed, as I explained to you before, that Baptism and the state of grace, and some previous desire were enough for that, — but for its *lawful* and *laudable* reception.

“And these discussions, despite the clear instructions of the Church, have waxed and waned for the last three centuries, even to the present day. ‘Accordingly,’ says the Decree once more, ‘certain distinguished men, themselves pastors of souls, have urgently besought His Holiness, Pope Pius X, to deign to settle, by his supreme authority, the question concerning the dispositions requisite for daily Communion; so that this usage, so salutary and so pleasing to God, might not only suffer no decrease among the Faithful, but might rather be promoted and everywhere propagated: a thing most desirable in these days, when religion and the Catholic Faith are attacked on all sides, and the true love of God and genuine piety are so lacking in many quarters. And His Holiness, *being most earnestly desirous*, out of his abundant solicitude and zeal, that the Faithful should be invited to partake of the Sacred Banquet *as often as possible, and even daily* and should profit to the utmost by Its fruits, committed the aforesaid question to this Sacred Congregation, to be looked into and decided once for all.’

“Now this Sacred Congregation of the Council.”—(a Committee of Cardinals, which was originally established by the Council of Trent, to deal with such matters as the present,) held a plenary Session on December 16th, 1905, and ‘submitted the whole matter to a very careful scrutiny; and, after sedulously examining the reasons adduced on either side’—that is, for and against daily Communion for all the Faithful—‘determined and declared as follows; And now follow, under nine divisions, the conclusions reached by the Congregation of the Council these, remember, were all submitted to His Holiness (as is declared at the end) and he ‘ratified and confirmed the present Decree, and ordered it to be published anything to the contrary notwithstanding.’” And so these conclusions give us the mind of the Holy Father himself, instructing his faithful children all over the world, how they are to think and act regarding daily Communion. But is your brain growing weary?

(To be continued.)



## Holy Communion for Children

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What has been already said about private Communion, or about the age appointed for solemn First Communion, is in no way intended, and cannot tend, to diminish the importance and splendour of the public or solemn communion. On December 7th, 1887, Leo XIII told the Archbishop of Cambray: "If I were still Archbishop of Perugia, I would do as you do in France. It would be a great benefit to Italy if the custom of holding solemn First Communions were adopted here."

We may also mention a letter addressed by His Holiness, Pius X to the Cardinal Vicar, ordaining that a solemn celebration of the First Communion of children should be held annually in all the parishes of Rome.

There is a decree granting Indulgences, to the children for the day of their First Communion, to their parents and relations down to the third degree, and to all assisting at the ceremony.

It only remains for us to add a few words about the ceremonial usually followed at First Communion, though it would be more correct to style it "Solemn" Communion, since it may often have been preceded by private administrations.

This ceremonial no doubt varies somewhat in different countries and parishes; but its main features will be more or less the same everywhere.

For a year, or more, previously, the children have been carefully instructed in their catechism: some of the more advanced and pious among them will perhaps

have had the privilege of frequently receiving Communion in private form, along with the other faithful. And this will only have made them long the more for that happy morning when they will receive their Jesus amid the brilliancy of outward pomp. Then, for months, the little ones seek to outrival each other in mastering the instructions given to them, and in correcting their tiny faults, in order the better to qualify for the solemn parochial ceremony of First Communion. A retreat of a few days crowns the work of preparation. The eve of the great day has been partly occupied by the confessions both of parents and children. On the morning itself, perhaps, the parents communicate at an early hour, if custom does not authorise them to receive at the same Mass as their children. Then on their return home they will if need be—awaken the children, and with the help perhaps of an elder child, or a sympathetic friend, array them in their festive apparel. Parents, as one may hope, will not have tried to vie with their wealthier neighbours in richness of display; a mother will not have risked filling her daughter's head with thoughts of foolish vanity on so sacred a morning; very likely, in the case of the struggling poor, even such modest adornment as they can provide has been procured only at the cost of many a little privation and by means of gradual and patient saving. The delicate and secret kindness of some charitable benefactress has made it possible for the very poorest to put together the simple trousseaux.

The long desired hour strikes and the echo vibrates — oh, how joyfully — in those young and unspoilt hearts! The congregation, which should be as one large family, filled with a Christlike spirit of brotherly love, assembles in the church, and— on so great an occasion—perhaps fills it to overflowing. All the resources of the parish are brought into requisition for the occasion.

The altar is gay with flowers and lights, the sacred chants sound more beautiful, and move the heart more powerfully than ever, the priest puts on his richest vestments, the choir is robed as if to receive a king. And it is so; for these little ones, who are being

marshalled to their places of honour, are indeed about to receive the King of kings into the pure new chalice of their heart.

The girls veiled in white and crowned with roses raise our earth-bound thoughts to that band of virgins who, amid heavenly glories, follow in the footsteps of the Lamb Divine, singing a song of mystery; and those innocent and tense faces of the boys are no unfit emblem of the cherubim and ardent seraphim who surround unseen the Tabernacle in which their Sovereign Lord abides. Those childish souls are indeed beautiful, and they are soon to be the delight of Him "who feedeth among the lilies". And now the priest turns to address them. He speaks to them of Jesus, the Jesus whom they have so eagerly desired, Who bids them come to Him and is about to nourish them with His own Body and Blood. The great moment has arrived, the moment beyond description for its sweetness, when at length the divine Host is laid upon the tongues of the young communicants!

How pure and simple is the adoration paid by those guileless hearts! Christian parents may well shed tears of joy, as thank God they often do, at such a moment. For the children whom they hold so dear, whom they have brought up with so much care and anxiety, then receive "the pledge of eternal life".

Then comes the family gathering, and the love-feast at home. In the afternoon, perhaps, all gather again in the church for some devotions and Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, renewal of baptismal vows, and the consecration of the heroes and heroines of the day to the Mother of God.

O, happy children, blessed in spending the years of childhood under the Eucharistic reign of Pius the Tenth, promise freely to be true to Jesus Christ; pledge yourselves never to turn your backs on Him who has given you life, and has also given His life for you. The day of trial will come. Satan will raise the storm of passion in your souls; the fires of concupiscence will kindle in your hearts; pride and hatred, unchastity with its deadly allurements, the immoderate thirst for riches, will excite in you mad and fatal desires.



Around you the false maxims of the world will abound in the conversation of men, and in the press ; wicked example will invite you to sin.

The sight of the triumph of vice and of virtue oppressed, godless politics and perversity of sects, the licence accorded to vile scandals for disporting themselves in broad daylight—all these will contribute to shake your constancy in the hour of temptation and struggle.

But, in such times, the fragrant balm of your First Communion will still cling about your soul for its preservation, your baptismal vows will still be graven on your hearts, and Mary Immaculate, whom you will often have gladdened with the fervour and frequency of your Communions, will continue to watch over you ; and, strengthened by the divine Eucharist, you will travel onward with head erect and heart undaunted, towards the holy mountain of God where lie the Eternal Throne and your imperishable crowns.

PÈRE H. MAZURE, O. M. I.

Translated by F. M. De Zulueta, S. J.

(Concluded)

As we advance in life, we do not forget our early sorrows ; they awaken again at each new affliction, and form of our life a sad chain of successive griefs. Jesus calls from His Altar-throne, and says to me, "Listen, My daughter, I am with those who love me in affliction; nothing can attract Me to you more surely than your sorrow ; come to Me, and I will comfort you.

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