



Barbieri

The Virgin Mary.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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CONSECRATION

(Written for the Sentinel)

LO! the sacred words are spoken
And God obeys the call to earth;
Once born of a Virgin Mother
Now of Eucharistic Birth.

A God-head veiled in humble form,
His love on us to shed;
To dwell upon an earthly throne
To be our Daily Bread.

O Sacred Host! O Precious Blood!
With zeal our hearts inflame,
To further spread an ardent love
For Thy Eucharistic Reign.

CARMEL.

THOUGHTS

FOR THE

Month of September



O one can kneel long before the Blessed Sacrament without having his thoughts tinged with sadness. Our Blessed Lord's Eucharistic life is so compassed with insult and neglect, His abjection is so complete, His surroundings are so unworthy, His worshippers so few and thoughtless, that those who love Him, as they kneel before Him, often alone in a deserted church, cannot but feel their hearts mourning with His over man's ingratitude. The Sacrament of His love is the memorial of His passion, and so it colors our thoughts, no matter what be their character, with the recollection of His sufferings; but apart from this connection, His sacramental life is one of such humiliation that it forces all to realize that on the altar, as on the cross, Christ is a Man of Sorrows. Knowing this, we come to console Him. The shame with which we at first steal into His presence to confess our share in His abandonment comes to be mingled with compassion, sorrow forms a link between us, for we, too, have known sorrow, and we offer Him our poor love, not because it is worthy but because He asks it in reparation and atonement.

Surely, it must sweeten the pain of those who have to bear much of life's heaviest burden to know that each of their sorrows can give to their hearts a greater power to compassionate their Saviour and a deeper sympathy with His humiliation in the Blessed Sacrament. In the day of His bitter passion the heart that beat most in union with Christ's was His Blessed Mother's. Her sympathy was worth more to Him than the sympathy of all the rest, and the reason was, at least in part, because



MATER DOLOROSA.

she had known more sorrow than they. He was the Man of Sorrows and she was the Lady of Dolors. Her heart by its sufferings had not only learned but merited the privilege of going out to Him in His agony with most perfect compassion. She atoned best, because she felt most for Him; and her feelings were most like His because, as the lance opened His Heart, so the sword pierced hers.

So shall it be with us. As we grow in suffering, we grow in the ability to sympathize with Christ. If we consult our daily experience we shall find this to be abundantly true. It is not mere kindness of heart that we look for in those to whom we go for sympathy; it is, rather, the ability to appreciate the character and intensity of our affliction. They who have been humbled will know best how to sympathize with us in the day of our humiliation; they who have stood at the bedside of her whom they loved best and caught her dying sigh will feel most keenly for us when we are called on by God to give up our nearest and dearest. It is the motherless who know best the loss of the orphan; it is the poor who realize most fully the pinch of poverty.

We should, therefore, prize and treasure up the trials that make us like our Blessed Lord. If we have been insulted, we shall know better how to grieve over the insults offered to His Sacred Heart; if we have lived in obscurity and been unknown and unappreciated, we shall find ourselves more filled with abiding sorrow for the neglect and indifference which is the constant portion of the Blessed Sacrament; If we have known what it is to give and to get no return, we shall enter more certainly into the feelings of Christ when He complains of the ingratitude which He receives from those He loves. This is a hard lesson, but if we learn its meaning from the Lady of Dolors, our moments before the tabernacle will be more consoling to our Blessed Lord and more precious in the sight of God.



MY REFUGE



may be apparently very near to Jesus, while I am in reality at a great distance from Him. My thoughts and my heart are where my treasure is. If I love the world, it keeps possession of my thoughts and affections, and I bring nothing to the Tabernacle but a dissipated mind and a dry and barren heart. In the Tabernacle, Jesus does not only desire to receive our homage; He desires to have our heart, as a place of delight, where He will show forth His power and mercy. But if my heart, open to the attacks of vanity, formally opposes His Spirit, He departs; for the Holy Spirit, who is wisdom and light, loves to dwell in peace and humility, whereas pride produces trouble and darkness. If Jesus implores me so earnestly to return to Him, it is because He appreciates the value of my soul. It is His heritage, His temple.

Jesus came into the world to save souls, and He dwells here in order that they may know Him and love Him better. Why, then, should we fly from Him? why so rarely approach Him? He is not come to punish, but to heal me. Alas! each day, each hour, how many graces, which were offered to me, are lost through my carelessness and malice! Of how many others do I deprive myself through my own want of gratitude. Often I think myself doing well in not abusing the bounties of God, sometimes even in consenting to receive them; and I forget a duty no less sweet than sacred: that of gratitude to our Blessed Lord, who pardons my offences, who covers me with His grace and mercy, who redeems my life from death, in offering Himself unceasingly for my salvation. But when Jesus calls me, where shall I go? Wearied with the vain glitter of the world, turning from

the dangerous seduction of its pleasures, I need a shelter and a refuge. The sanctuary shall be the blessed retreat where I will hide myself, for I am stained with sin ; where I will repose sweetly, for Jesus is my protector ; where I shall sleep in peace for Jesus will watch over me ; where I shall increase in holiness and learn to rise above the world by humility, above the love of riches by poverty, above the pleasures of sense by mortification. My soul may also procure the glory of God by extending the reign of Divine love in all hearts by means of her prayers and good works.



A Mother's Thought

*** About ***

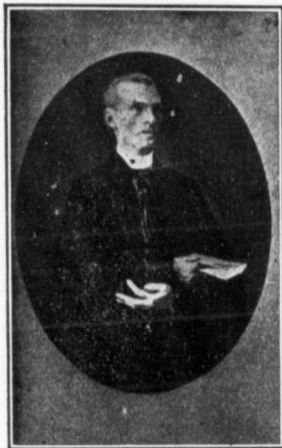
Early First Communion.



DEVOUT Catholic mother was one day talking to a Religious about the Decree "*Quam Singulari.*" Among other cogent remarks, she said: "Sister, I am delighted that our Holy Father allows the little ones to receive Holy Communion at so early an age. I did not make my first Communion until I was twelve years old. I seemed so fully to realize the meaning of that great act that all my life I have been tormented with scruples. None of my Communions have had for me the sweetness the Divine Lord meant them to have. But now our children go to the Holy Table with minds less mature, it is true, but with all the loving confidence of early childhood. By going so frequently they will acquire the habit of approaching Our Lord as the most indulgent Father, and not as an exacting Master. So I feel sure my little daughter will be happily spared many of the interior trials that have been the portion of her mother."

This remark, so original, and so true, is only one of the many reasons why we should rejoice at early first Holy Communion.

Favors Through Ven. Père Eymard.



NEW BRAUNFELS, Texas, June 3, 1912. — A nephew of the undersigned was taken with a severe attack of spinal meningitis. He was attended by four physicians and two nurses. Their united verdict was certain death. What was most deplorable was death without the Sacraments, as he was unconscious from the moment the fatal malady struck him. As human aid and medical skill seemed useless, we had recourse to fervent prayer. A novena to the Blessed Sacrament through Ven. Père Eymard was begun, with the promise of publication should

the boy rally sufficiently to receive the Sacraments. On the third day of the novena, to the great surprise of the doctors and beyond all expectation, he was able to receive all the Sacraments. From that time he rapidly improved and in one month was convalescent. Thanks to Jesus-Hostia and Ven. Père Eymard's intercession!

Sr. R. of L.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 9, 1912. — My brother was suffering from heart trouble. Having been taken suddenly sick on a street car, he had four spells in a few days. We began a novena to Ven. Père Eymard for his recovery, promising a Mass and publication if our request were granted. Thanks to Jesus-Hostia and the venerable servant of God, my brother is cured. He has not had a spell since we began the novena. Enclosed find one dollar for a Mass of thanksgiving.

Sr. M. B.

June, 11, 1912.—Two girls were out of a position. After praying to the Blessed Virgin and St. Ann they obtained good positions. They promised publication in *The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*.

Readers.

ELIZABETH, N. J., June, 1912.—Enclosed I hand you an offering in honor of Ven. Père Eymard and for his Beatification. For years I was troubled by terrible pains in side and stomach, for which the doctors could give no relief. A short time ago I had a very severe attack, which lasted six days and from which I thought I should never recover. I applied a picture of Ven. Père Eymard and made a novena in his honor. Since then my trouble has entirely ceased, thanks to Jesus-Hostia and Ven. Père Eymard.

A Subscriber.

BALTIMORE, Md., June, 1912.—With a joyful heart I return thanks to Ven. Père Eymard for having so graciously obtained from Jesus-Hostia the cure of my lower limbs, which were partially paralyzed. In March 1911, my limbs began to weaken. They grew worse from day to day, especially the right one, which retained scarcely any life in it. I was able to go about the house on crutches, and when I went out, which was very seldom, I was obliged to be aided by some one. In August a Visitation nun sent me a picture of Père Eymard. I wore it constantly and, with my mother, sisters and brother, made novenas to him. We prayed very fervently to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and, as the weeks went by, my limbs strengthened. In October I attended Mass in my parish church, which I had not done for nearly five months. One physician never expected me to walk again, and another said, perhaps in a year or two. My limbs are now cured. All praise and thanksgiving to Jesus and His noble servant Ven. Père Eymard, who, I trust, will soon be beatified. Besides this great cure Père Eymard has obtained other favors and graces for me, one being his great help in a dangerous case of double pneumonia.

M. T. H.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., April, 1912.—Having obtained favors through Ven. Père Eymard, I wish to publish them. Some time ago, a terrible storm visited our city and inflicted much damage. The wind was over sixty miles an hour and our strong building (Sacred Heart Academy) shook before it. We prayed to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament through Ven. Père Eymard, and sustained no loss.

About three weeks ago, one of our boarders was very sick with measles. Pneumonia followed and I feared for the child's life. I begged Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to spare her through the intercession of Ven. Père Eymard. I promised publication. The favor was granted, and the child is out of danger. Gratitude now prompts me to keep my word that the servant of God may receive due honor.

Sr. M. F.

LONG ISLAND, May, 1912.—Please say a Mass for the poor souls in purgatory for a favor received, and for which I promised publication in THE SENTINEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

For three days we were in great distress of mind in regard to the signing of some important papers. I invoked God the Father through the Precious Blood of His Divine Son. I asked the intercession of His Blessed Mother and all the saints and angels in heaven. I thought of Ven. Père Eymard and asked him to pray for my request and obtain it, if it were God's holy will. I promised Masses of thanksgiving and publication. The favor was granted on the third day of the Novena with less trouble than I expected. I feel strongly convinced that, if we ask Ven. Père Eymard to obtain favors for us in honor of our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, they will be granted, if it be God's will.

M. G. McG.

BATHURST, N. B., Dec. 29, 1911.—One of my little girls, about two years old, had a sore mouth which prevented her from eating. The whole mouth was covered with pimples. The doctor had done her no good. We applied a picture of Ven. Père Eymard, promising publication if cured. The next day she was entirely well.

Mad. J. J. R.

JESUS and

Jesus and the Children

When Jesus walked and talked with men,
And made our lowly earth His home,
He loved the little children well
And unto Him, He bade them come.

Great was His Mission in the world,
And none but He it could fulfil,
Yet, He deem'd not lost, His Precious
[Hours,
When tarrying to please the children's
[will.

He loved their pure and stainless hearts,
And warned the aged and the grave
That only with a child-like soul
Themselves for Heaven they could save.

Amidst the crowd's loud paens of fame,
And plaudits of a nation strong ;
He heard with joy and said He found
Perfected praise in infants' song.

'Twas thus He loved them, and now —
Does not the self-same gentle Heart
Yearn for their nearness and their love ?
Oh, who would dare them keep apart ?

the children

He wants not knowledge, but the Love
Of children's hearts so pure and white
His Vicar sees the Master's wish,
And yearns to grant it day and night.

'Tis Jesus' call, the Pope seconds
And bids them now to Jesus come :
" Forbid them not "—and let them make
Their guileless hearts His happy home.

The flames of Love from off His Heart
Will scorch the growing roots of sin.
The laving stream of Precious Blood,
Will fructify virtue within.

Oh, let them then to Jesus come
As bids His Vicar, true and just ;
The world in after years shall see
Their lives, and in his bidding trust.

In grace and wisdom they too will grow,
If Jesus nestles in their breasts
As age advances — till at last,
With Him they shall for ever rest.

(Written for the Sentinel)

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



The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

(See frontispiece)

LET us rejoice, let us exultantly salute Mary's birth, the birth of our Queen, which filled heaven with joy, earth with hope, and hell with terror. Behold, at last, the "strong woman" the predestined Mother of the Messiah.

We shall speak neither of the place nor of the circumstances of her birth; but it may be supposed that, like her Divine Son, she was born in poverty. St. Joachim and St. Ann were poor and, belonging to the Levitical family, they lived on the tithes of the Temple. But, notwithstanding this, Mary was born amid grandeurs that far surpassed all the riches of the daughters of this world.

I.—Mary possessed human greatness. She was born the daughter, the sister, the heiress of Juda's kings. The Word willed to be born of a royal mother. He willed to be, according to the flesh, the brother of kings, in order to show clearly that it is from Him that all royalty flows,

and that kings should come to adore Him as their Master and Sovereign Ruler. His Mother was, therefore, a queen. True, as her Son was a King without an earthly kingdom, without riches, without armies, so she was poor and unknown. Earthly grandeur does not constitute royalty; it is only its appendage. Even when royalty is despised, its rights still exist. And, moreover, the day was to come on which Mary's royalty, like that of her Son, was to be proclaimed and honored. The Church was to salute her as Queen, Queen of heaven and earth; "*Salve Regina!*" - The angel had announced it. "*Dabit illi sedem David patris ejus.*" - "The Lord, O Mary, will give to thy Son the throne of David, His father." - But before that day He had to regain it by the combat of humility, poverty, and suffering.

II.—Mary possessed all supernatural greatness. Supernatural greatness is nothing else than the reflection of God upon a creature whom He associates to His power and glory. Now, what did God do for Mary? He associated her to His great Mystery. The Father calls her His daughter, the Son loves her as His Mother, the Holy Ghost guards her as His spouse. She was called to share in the great works of divine power, she is associated to the empire of God Himself. Contemplate her thus on the beautiful day of her birth. With St. John, behold her clothed with the sun, *amicta sole*, coming from God and resplendent with His divine light. She is as it were, penetrated with the rays of the Divinity, like to a most pure crystal which the sunbeam enters at every point. The moon is under her feet, typifying her unshakable power which defies inconstancy, for she vanquished once and forever the infernal dragon.—Her brow is encircled with a diadem of twelve stars, typical of the graces and virtues of all the elect, for Mary is the centre of creation. Jesus has intrusted to her hands all the means of Redemption, and she is crowned by all the saints, who are the work of her love and her protection.

III.—Mary was born with all personal greatness. She was enriched with God's gifts. But that is little, for on the day of her birth she was already rich with her own

merits. She had already acquired treasures of merits during the nine months of silent and uninterrupted adoration passed in the bosom of her mother. She was, even before her birth, penetrated with the divine light, and she had given herself entirely to God, whom she loved with a love of which we can form no just idea. She was born with the treasures that she had won, with the riches that she had acquired.—O if in spirit we could have seen Mary's birth, could have contemplated that sun rising out of the ocean of God's love!—in her mind, was the purest light; in her heart, the most ardent love; in her will the most absolute devotedness. Never was there a creature with such a birth!

Even in her cradle, Mary was the delight of the Holy Trinity, the admiration of the angels.—“Who is this privileged creature,” they ask, “who, at the first dawn of life, is so rich in virtue and adorned with such glory? —*Quæ est ista?*”

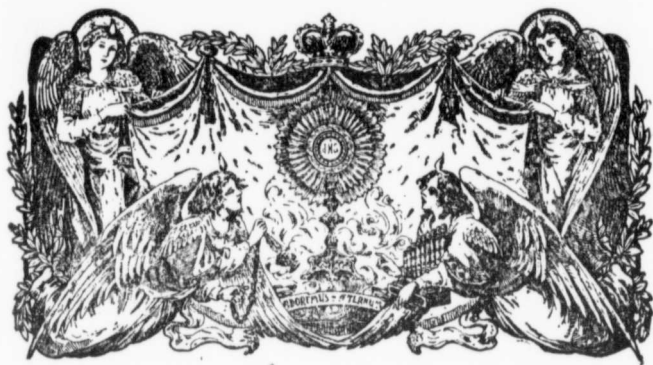
And the demons trembled. They beheld her advancing against them strong as an army in battle array. They felt the humiliation of their chief's defeat and they already foresaw the terrible war that this child of a day would wage against them: *Sicut acies ordinata*.

But the world rejoices, for we behold the advent of our liberatrix. Her birth heralds that of Our Saviour. O yes! Let us rejoice: *Nativitas tua gaudium annuntiavit universo mundo*.

As for ourselves especially, we ought to rejoice that Mary brings to us the Bread of Life. From the day of her birth we salute her as the aurora of the Eucharist, for we know that the Lord will take from her the substance of the Body and the Blood that He will give us in the adorable Sacrament of His love.

Venerable P. EYMARD.





HOUR of ADORATION

Jesus promises Paradise to the Good Thief.

Rev. Père CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

“Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom.”

Adoration.

The thief's reprimand to his companion in suffering and his request to the Saviour, prove that he recognized Jesus as the Messiah-King. That is the reason of his asking Him now at the time of His coming into it, a remembrance in His Kingdom.

What magnificent reparative adoration Jesus received on the Cross from this miserable robber! Never, perhaps, in the whole course of His life had He been so solemnly glorified!

First of all, it was Jesus' innocence that the thief recognized in spite of the whole world. Only two voices during the whole of the Passion proclaimed the Saviour's innocence in the midst of that furious mob of calumniators: that of the dastardly Pilate, and that of the cou-


rageous thief. The High Priests from their judgment-seats had declared Jesus worthy of death, and the judge of the Empire from his tribunal had delivered Him over to death.

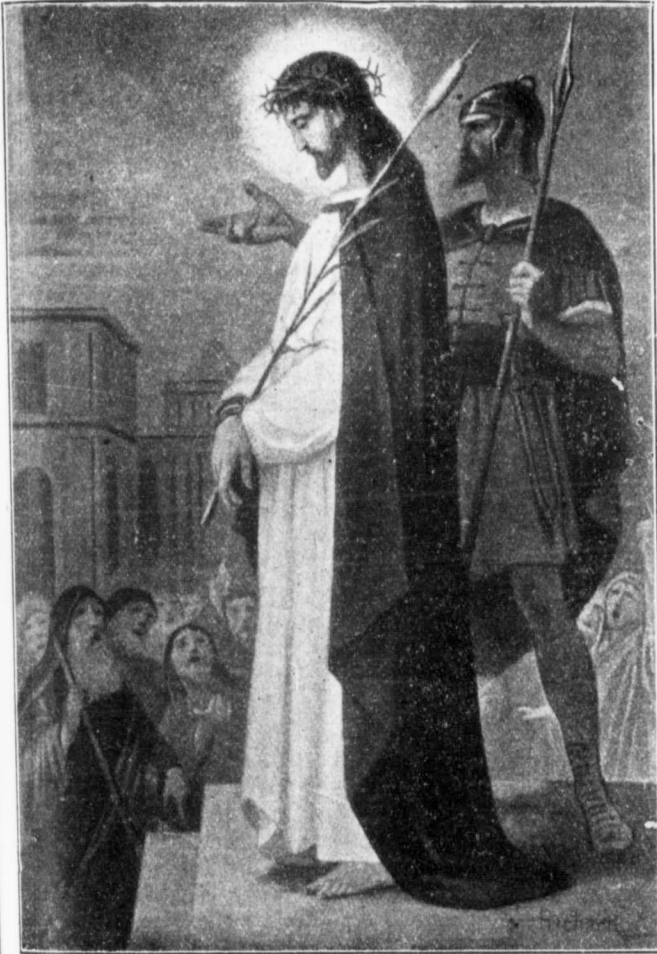
And now that Jesus is crucified, not a disciple, not a friend ventures to take up the defence of the Master. Nicodemus, Jesus' disciple, not wishing to compromise himself, hid for fear of the Jews. John, the poor fisherman,—what resistance could he oppose in favor of his Master before men so ferocious ! Peter, who had denied Him that self same night, could he expose himself anew to the great danger of apostasy ? All the Apostles had taken flight. The Heavenly Father Himself from the height of heaven appeared to have abandoned Him to the caprices of His enemies.

And at the moment when the princes of the Jewish nation at the foot of the Cross were hurling their frightful blasphemies, when the multitude were pouring out gross insults, when the pitiless soldiers were rallying Him, when women were silently weeping—in the midst of the rage of some and the silence of others, a single sympathetic cry was heard, one man alone lent his voice to the cause of outraged innocence, and that voice came from the thief hanging by Jesus' side: "*And we, indeed, justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds ; but this Man hath done no evil !*"

Could a more beautiful, a more courageous eulogium of Jesus be made ? Robber, do you not forget that you are publishing His innocence before His greatest enemies ? Do you not see that you are accusing the High Priests and Pilate ? Do you not fear the Centurion and the soldiers ? Do you not understand that they might transpierce you at once with their lances ? No, he fears nothing. He believes, and therefore he openly takes the part of oppressed innocence, What a magnificent apology ! What fervent adoration !

Why, O Jesus-Hostia, have I not similar courage to defend Thee from the attacks of Thy enemies and to take in hand Thy sacred interests ? Yes, in the face of heaven and earth, I proclaim Thee Sanctity itself, purity





ECCE HOMO.



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by essence, the infinite Beauty ! I adore Thee in my own name and in that of all Thy friends,—too timid to do it themselves,—in the name of all Thy enemies who have tried and who are still daily trying to tarnish Thy reputation.

The converted thief has just confessed himself guilty. The better to show forth his own culpability in clearer light, he compares it with the innocence of Him who is dying at his side. Filled with the light of grace, with the spirit of adoration, he proclaims the Divinity of Him whom he has just defended. " Lord," he said, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom ! " Oh, beautiful prayer ! Oh, beautiful adoration ! At the sight of Jesus hanging on the Cross, he entreats Him as if he saw Him in His kingdom. He beholds Him in the midst of humiliation and torments, and he adores Him as if he saw Him seated upon the throne of His glory. He sees Him condemned to infamous punishment, and he invokes Him as the King and the Sovereign of the universe. What tenderness for Jesus ! All his desires are limited to desiring to be with Him !

He acknowledges Him as God, the Lord of all things : *Domine !*—Shepherds had adored Him as an infant, but they had had the music of the angels and their invitation for a manifestation of His Divinity. The Magi had come from afar to adore Him, but they had had the star to lead them and teach them His divine origin. The Apostles had recognized His Divinity, but they had beheld miracles, and three among them had been witnesses of His glory on Thabor. Peter, in the name of all the Apostolic College, had solemnly proclaimed Him the Son of God, but it was after having heard Him speaking in heavenly language of the promise of the Eucharist. At this moment, on the contrary, there is nothing in His exterior to show forth His Divinity. His appearance has nothing attractive, all look upon Him as the last of men ; and the thief, becoming at the moment the great Doctor of Theologians, in spite of all those unfavorable appearances, confesses His Divinity and Royalty : " O Lord, my God, *remember me when Thou shalt have come into Thy kingdom !* "

Again, this God, according to him, is King. He believes it, and before all Israel, now prevaricating, he proclaims it. No, never confession, never adoration was more striking. Jesus, *denied by all*, is proclaimed by one in his last agony, having nothing to expect, with no earthly interest to impel him, and is publicly acknowledged as the promised Messiah, the Son of God, the Eternal King of heaven and earth.

Adore Divine Providence who shines forth in a very wonderful manner in this trait of Jesus' Passion. The Jews had made His death the most ignominious possible. They had placed the Saviour between two notorious brigands, the better to emphasize His guilt. And behold, by this precaution they render His death only the more glorious. Instead of obscuring His innocence, they make it only the more manifest; instead of destroying His titles of Son of God, Messiah-King, they publish them openly and proclaim them solemnly. Without knowing it, without willing it, they offer to Jesus in the person of that thief, an unfortunate creature upon whom He may exercise His mercy, a martyr to whom He gives a crown, a disciple who believes in Him, an apostle who preaches Him, an adorer who renders Him homage.

Before Thy Sacrament where Thou dost remain in a state of humiliation much more profound than on the Cross, let me be the good thief of Calvary! There, again, Thou art denied by the majority of Thy people. Grant that like him I may be the *advocate* of Thy cause, the defender of Thy rights,—Thy *apostle*, Thy preacher, Thy evangelist, never fearing to affirm aloud my faith in Thy Presence of love, in all Thy titles, in all Thy rights,—Thy *adorer*, by acknowledging Thee therein for my God, my King, and my All,—Thy *martyr*, if necessary, by dying in support of this truth!

Thanksgiving.

What is Jesus going to reply to that sinner who awhile ago was blaspheming Him on the cross, but who now, filled with repentance, asks of Him a remembrance when He shall have entered His kingdom? Jesus, whose lips did not open to protest against so many horrible blas-

phemies, now makes the sweetest of answers to the prayer of the penitent thief : " Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." Without delay, Jesus gives him absolution and the assurance of his salvation. God alone can pardon with such forbearance ! The Divine Master is realizing His own words : "*He that shall be ashamed of Me before Men, I shall be ashamed of him before My Father.*"

Jesus made that promise to the good thief with an oath : "*Amen, I say to thee....*" Jesus makes use of the solemn formula that He employed when making known things important and difficult to understand. For several reasons the thief might have doubted Jesus' promise. He himself — is he worthy of such a reward ? Is it possible that it will be so easy for him to pass from the cross to a throne ?... Jesus Himself — is He indeed a King ? Has He the power to give a place in the kingdom of heaven?... To take away all hesitancy of faith in His generous remembrance, Jesus seals His divine promise with an oath.

And when shall this promise be realized ? "*To-day !*" This very day. It is to be not only the day of his future, but this very day itself, in a few hours. To-day, I shall make thee happy for all eternity. To-day, I shall make thee king in the kingdom of My divine glory. To-day, I shall associate thee to My empire, and even without making thee pass through purgatory !

"*Thou shalt be with Me !*" This reward is in itself far above all others. Not only in the company of the angels will the good thief soon find himself, but with Jesus, and that forever !

"*In paradise.*" In Our Lord's most delightful company—that is the true paradise. "*Ubi est Christus, ibi est paradiscus,*" says Cornelius à Lapide.

Jesus could not give him more. The penitent asked of Him a mere remembrance, and the richest gift has been bestowed on him — beatitude in the bosom of God. Yes, all that was in His infinite power, not only the pardon of all his sins and of all the temporal punishment due to sin, not only the promise of heaven, but heaven itself, heaven this very day, and heaven with *Him !*

Never did divine word deserve such thanksgiving ! Never, perhaps also did the heart of man swell in so

short a time with so lively gratitude and so great love ! Unite your voice to that of this good thief, changed in a few instants to a great saint — unite with him in thanking the Heart of Jesus for having operated so great a miracle of love !... How the thought of this divine trysting-place must have consoled the dying man when the soldiers broke his legs, and he was awaiting death at Jesus' side !

If Jesus remains perpetually in the state of death on our altars, is it not to be our consolation in trials, and lovingly to repeat to the crucified of all times the merciful words that He addressed to the thief from the height of His Cross ?

The afflicted soul who has just received Jesus in Holy Communion, does she not hear this consoling word falling from the lips of the Crucified : " To-day, this very moment, thou art with Me in paradise ! " Paradise—it is the possession of Jesus. The *Imitation* expresses it very well : " To be without Jesus is a grievous hell ; to be with Jesus, a sweet paradise. If Jesus be with thee, no foe can harm thee. Whoever findeth Jesus, findeth a good treasure, yea, a good above every good. And he that loseth Jesus, loseth much, yea, more than the whole world. He that liveth without Jesus is in wretched poverty, and he who is with Jesus is most rich..." Yes, Communion is truly a paradise on earth.

Thank Jesus for having procured for you the means of being truly happy here below. How many times has He not offered you that grace ? How many times, you have, perhaps, refused it ? The good thief after having heard those sweet words, would not have exchanged his cross, his frightful agony, for the throne of Pilate. And you—have you not esteemed the pleasures of the world above the paradise of Communion ?

What a subject for hope these words afford the sinner of long standing who would wish to be converted ! There is no repentance too tardy. Besides, what a salutary lesson for us is the sad example of the bad thief who was lost in spite of all the helps of grace ! " Let the good fear," says Saint-Augustine, " but let not the sinner despair."



The Emperor of Austria
and the International
Eucharistic Congress of Vienna



HIS Majesty the Emperor of Austria, Apostolic King of Hungary, has made known through Mgr. Nagl, Prince-Archbishop of Vienna, to the committee of preparatory organization of the coming Eucharistic Congress convoked at Vienna, that he takes upon himself the patronage of this grand international Catholic manifestation.

This is an act worthy of Ferdinand II, Ferdinand III, and Leopold I, Emperors of the House of Austria. It does great honor to the aged Sovereign whose name of Francis Joseph recalls one of the religious manifestations of his grand-father, Leopold I, making a vow to the Blessed Virgin to give the name of her spouse to the first born Archduke. This Emperor, already married a third time, had not yet a male heir. In consequence of this vow the Archduke Joseph was born, July 26, 1678. He was elected King of the Romans, January 24, 1690, and proclaimed Emperor under the name of Joseph, May 5, 1705.

Since that vow the name of Joseph has always been borne by one or several princes of the Most Serene Archducal House, of which an entire branch bears to-day the title of "Branch Josephine." It comes down from the Archduke Joseph of Austria-Tuscany, Palatine of Hungary, younger brother of the Emperor Francis II of Germany, Francis I of Austria, a branch which resides in Hungary.

The Emperor Francis Joseph's act is one of homage to the Divine Eucharist. From his tenderest youth he loved to take part in public manifestations in honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Every year he piously joined

in the procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi, no matter in what part of his dominions he might be.

The imperial patronage gives to the coming International Eucharistic Congress a guarantee that this grand



The Cardinal Van Rossum, Redemptorist, named by His Holiness the Pope to preside the Eucharistic Congress of Vienna.

Catholic manifestation will be worthy of those of preceding years, so greatly admired by the Catholic world, notably those of Venice, Metz, Cologne, London, Montreal, Madrid.

Vienna, the ancient capital of Saint Leopold, Margrave of Austria, where died Marcus Aurelius in 180, the capital of the Princes of the dynasty of Hapsburg since 1276, was enriched by them with numerous religious monuments, among them the Church of Saint Stephen, the present Cathedral. This sanctuary dates back to the year 1144, when the son and successor of Saint Leopold laid the foundation stone.

In this religious edifice will be held the principal solemnities of the Congress. The area of the church is less than that of Notre-Dame, Paris. The latter is 130 metres in length, 48 in breadth, and 37 in height; the former, Saint Stephen's, Vienna, is only 108 metres long, and 27 in breadth, and the same in height. But Saint Stephen's tower is 136 metres high, exactly double that of the towers of Notre-Dame, Paris.

Not far from Saint Stephen's, Vienna possesses another religious edifice of vast dimensions, the Basilica of the National Vow, dedicated to the Divine Saviour. It is a grand structure, with two Gothic towers 99 metres high. It was erected as a memorial of the Emperor Francis Joseph's miraculous escape from the hands of an assassin, February 1853.

Besides these two sanctuaries situated in the city proper, it and the eighteen other parishes of Vienna possess one hundred parochial churches, conventual churches, and chapels of ease. Among the conventual churches there are notably the superb church of the ancient University of the Jesuits, that of the Scotch Benedictines, and that of the ancient Jesuit College from whose loggia Pius VII, on March 22, 1782, gave his benediction to more than 80,000 of the faithful on their knees in the square before the church. Added to these are the church of the Augustinians and the Court-parish church in the precincts of the royal residence; also that of the Redemptorists, where are enshrined the remains of Saint Clement-Marie Hofbauer.

All these churches are situated in the city proper, which forms the principal parish of the capital.

In its nineteen parishes and suburbs Vienna numbers about 2,250,000 Catholics. Such a city, such a popula-

tion, such a reigning house, such an Emperor, guarantee to the Faithful invited from all quarters of the globe to the coming International Eucharistic Congress the certainty of taking part in a manifestation truly worthy of the Divine Eucharist.

H. G. FROMM.



AN Irish Priest was giving Holy Communion to an old man who lay sick in his cabin. The moment after he had "received" — to use that word absolutely in its Eucharistic sense, as it is through reverence used in some parts of Ireland — the old man exclaimed eagerly, "God speed ye back to my soul!" The Priest, in mentioning this little incident, said that he considered this a beautiful prayer, pointing to the exact moment of sacramental grace and denoting the eagerness of the Saviour's love in this sacrament. It is as if we might say to our Lord what He said to Zacchaeus: "Make haste, O Lord, and come down: for this morning Thou wilt deign to abide in my heart." Even so we may venture at the moment of Communion, to bid our Lord welcome, to offer Him to '*ceade mile faillte*' of a faithful Irish heart; and, at the end of our thanksgiving, to beg Him to return quickly — "God speed Thee back to my heart."

This good Priest speaks of "the exact moment of sacramental grace." "During the time that the Body of Christ remains really present within us and that is as long as the species remain unconsumed — there is not a continuous bestowal of new degrees of grace, if the dispositions remain only habitual, or simply such as are compatible with the state of grace. It is however, very probable, and it may be piously believed that during the whole of that time, fresh installments of grace are continually being bestowed, and this in virtue of the Sacrament, and of its own efficacy, if there are then new acts of actual disposition on the part of the receiver, and in proportion to the duration or number and perfection of such acts."

* ❁ Henriette of Jesus ❁ *

The Little Lover of the Holy Eucharist.



OHAND, or Said, formerly a brigand, became after his Baptism one of our best Christians. But, we must confess, that lately our good Antoine was a little negligent about Holy Communion. For several weeks at a time, even certain feasts were allowed to pass without his approaching

the Holy Table.

On this point, he had to have a serious call to order. He got it, and from whom, do you think? Would you believe it? From his little girl of two years, pretty Henriette, *Riette*, as they call it here in our mountains.

It was the 19th of March, at the mission of the Ouedhias, and they were celebrating as solemnly as possible the feast of Saint Joseph. The holy Patriarch's altar was ornamented with flowers, the chapel decorated as on the grandest day, the nave filled with neophytes come to communicate.

When the men's turn came to go up to receive their God, Henriette began to watch with all her eyes, manifesting the greatest interest in the going and coming. Turning from time to time to her mother by whom she was sitting, she said in her childish way :

"Those men are good. They are going to Jesus!" and a moment after: "Jesus is good, He is coming to those men!" and her pretty face shone with joy, her whole being thrilled with happiness. But suddenly these marks of joy faded away. The little girl saw that her beloved

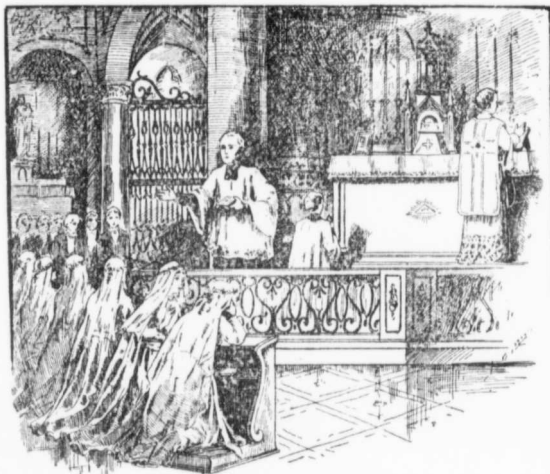
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papa had remained in his place and was not going with the other men to the Holy Table. She appeared surprised, pained, almost scandalized. Turning again to her mother, she said with a great sigh :

“ Papa is bad. He is not going to Jesus ! ” Hortense fully agreed with her little daughter, but she made her a sign which said :

“ Little Riette, silence ! We are in the house of Jesus, and Jesus does not like us to talk here. ”

The child understood, and was silent, but her sad glance went from her father to the tabernacle and from



the tabernacle to the father. What was passing at that moment in the child's heart? She already understood that to receive Jesus is a feast ; to neglect going to Him, a misfortune. The angels know.

Thansgiving over, the Christians went to their homes for breakfast and to prepare for their return to High Mass. Hortense lighted her fire and prepared the remains of the *couscous* of the evening before. To while away the time of waiting and, also, because he loved his little girl, Antoine called her to him, but she appeared not to hear. He repeated :

“ Riette, come kiss papa ! ”

A sad look was the only reply. Antoine began to be vexed. Hortense, who remarked it, tried to make the little one obey, and even pushed her somewhat quickly toward her father. Lost pains ! Then the parents began to say :

“ Riette does not love her papa any more ! ”

“ Riette does not obey her mama any more ! ”

Finding herself between two fires, the child decided to break the silence, but only to repeat the words that she had uttered in the chapel :

“ Papa is bad. He did not go to Jesus ! ”

Though used to the language of his little girl, Antoine appeared at the moment not to have seized the sense of her words. Hortense, who very well understood them, took upon herself the duty of explaining them to him. Still more, she added a commentary on frequent Communion, and ended by sending her spouse straight to hell, if he continued his neglect of the Bread come down from heaven.

Scarcely had the terrible woman finished her sermon, when Antoine, quite moved, turned to his little daughter :

“ Riette, darling,” he groaned, “ you are right. I am bad, as you say. But I swear by Sidna Aissa (Our Lord Jesus Christ) that it shall not last long. ”

Then, springing up, the good Antoine came running to the mission, and related to me what I have just written. Then, and there he took the resolution never again to pain or scandalize his daughter as he had done in the morning, and for that he would henceforth be more faithful at the Holy Table.

Perhaps the reader may ask how so extraordinary precocity can be met in a child of two years.

I might answer that in Africa the development of the intellectual faculties is, like the sprouting of vegetation, more rapid than in Europe ; but I prefer to ascribe it to the fact, that our dear little heroine has received from Providence an admirable mother.

The Kabyle women, fearing for their new-born “ the evil eye,” which, they say makes them thin and ema-

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ciated, and even takes their life, keep them in the house six months after their birth. Hortense, who despised this superstitious belief, took Henriette out as soon as possible and carried her straight to the church. From that day, she continued to take the child with her to services and her own numerous visits to the Blessed Sacrament.



As soon as her baby appeared to notice attentively the various religious objects, her happy mother showed her the tabernacle, and taught her to repeat: "*Iesu ibah, ibah!*" (Jesus, who is there, is beautiful, very beautiful).

The mother's teaching soon bore fruit in that angelic soul. But it did not end there. When Hortense was

going to Holy Communion, she put her child on the bench, saying in a low tone:

"Riette, I am going to Jesus. Be good!"
And the darling made a sign of the head which meant:

"All right, mama. I shall not cry!"

Returning from the Holy Table, the pious mother took the little one again into her arms. If the babe wanted to say a word, the mother, pointing to her heart, would merely say. "Jesus!" and Henriette would keep still, knowing that Jesus was there, so near.

But Jesus found the child so beautiful that He took her into His paradise, in the month of November, 1911.

I went to the village to console the parents and weep with them. At sight of me, Antoine exclaimed:

"Ah! Father, it is we who have caused her death. We are so bad, so weak, and perhaps we should have spoiled her later. The good God who sees all, did not will to leave the angel on earth. He has taken her to heaven near Himself. May His will be done, and may He be blessed for having allowed us to have her nearly three years! How many little incidents I could relate to you about my daughter! They would fill a book as large as your breviary. Let me tell you some of them:

"It sometimes happened that, worn out after a day of hard labor, I threw myself on my mat to sleep without having said my prayers. Our Henriette, would never have done that. Every evening, we would see her kneeling down over there before that Crucifix on the wall. 'Little Jesus,' she would say, 'take care of papa, take care of mama, take care of Riette, take care of Sœur Denise' (one of the White Sisters of the mission of the Oudhias). 'Little Jesus, you are good. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Sometimes, having fallen asleep without saying her prayers, as soon as she awoke she would want the lamp lighted, recite her usual formula, and go to sleep again satisfied."

"On the very morning of her death," the poor mother told me, in her turn, "hearing the Sisters' bell, she turned toward me and said: 'Mama, I think it is the

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Jesus' bell,' that is according to her way of talking, that of the Mass at which they would communicate.

"No, my child, I replied."

"I think it is, mama,' the little sick darling repeated, and she looked at me as if to see whether I was not going to the chapel to communicate.

"At the moment she entered into her agony, her father said; 'My daughter, do not be afraid, do not be afraid!'

"Her only reply was to knit her forehead. I repeated the same word, adding 'Jesus and Mary are there, there at Henriette's side!'

"At these words, our dear child began to smile like an angel, and while thus smiling, expired."

A White Father,
Missionnary in Kabyle.



A helpful little story.



A poor man, so poor that he had *nothing more than his eyes*, found out how to discover the great RICH ONE. For many years he passed the greater part of his days at His feet, looking at Him, listening to Him. From time to time, he said to Him only these words: "Lord, James is here before Thee," and then he was again silent. An hour or two later, he repeated: "My God, James is here before Thee." No other word passed his lips. Only with heart and soul did he utter his prayer so profound in its simplicity: "James is before Thee." At last, death came, and the holy man expired, Jesus having said to him these words: "James is going to be before Me for all eternity!" A holy priest on hearing this prayer, exclaimed: "That is the prayer of simple regard, self-abnegation, annihilation. It is sublime!"



THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL



I do so pity you having to look on these dreary roofs and chimneys continually " said a kind hearted visitor to a poor invalid. If you even had a window box of plants, now, that would be a pleasure to look at."

" But I have the best of gardens smiled the invalid. " It has many lovely nooks. It is the Garden of God, the church. There are saints to think of and admire as roses, lilies, violets, mignonettes ; there are martyrs, virg ins, humble saints and hidden saints of every day life only known by their sweetness. I have the garden of the Sacred Heart, too, and there I have a plot — my own heart. Our Lord lets me take what flowers I will from His garden for mine — that is, try to copy the virtues of His Heart."

" The sweet plant He gives me all for myself is the fragrant herb of content. I am more than satisfied and interested in my wonderful garden. I try to help Him, too, in weeding the church's garden ; that is, by praying and offering my sufferings for poor sinners and for the dying. My garden is wonderful."



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