

The Resurrection of the daughter of Jairus.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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❖ The Assumption. ❖



Mother! How oft at Nazareth,
Thus calleth thy Child for thee,
And thou answereth, O so sweetly,
' Jesus, come unto me'!

And then those years of longing,
When thy Child was far from thee,
When thou gavest up thy treasure,
Mother, for me!

But today at the portals of Heaven
The angels are waiting for thee,
And, the voice of thy Child is calling:
'Mother, come unto Me' !

S. M. I. J.



EXPOSITION



Da Ponte says, that the sight of the Blessed Sacrament is the "richest vein of prayer," and he would have us look up humbly at the elevation of the Mass, to catch a glimpse, like Zaccheus of old, amid the branches of sycamore of the Saviour momentarily passing by. What riches then for the spirit of prayer, when for long quiet hours the Church exposes Him for our adoration and delighted love.

I think it is Lanzi, but I am speaking from memory who gives three methods of devotion at Exposition, for those who prefer to go with a method traced out for them. The first is to regard Him on His Sacramental throne as the Brazen Serpent lifted up by Moses in the wilderness, whereon all who gazed were healed of the mortal bites they had received from the serpents; for that is one of the most eminent and beautiful types of our Lord in His office of Redeemer. We have all been bitten by the infernal serpent, and are sick with our wounds, and it is to Him we must look, and a look is sufficient, for the healing of our wounds. Or again we may gaze upon Him as exalted and enthroned as the Head of creation, according to that passage of the Apocalypse, "The Amen, the faithful and true witness, who is the beginning of the creation of God." We may approach Him as it were in the company of all His creatures, and present ourselves to Him for His blessing, and give free expression in our hearts to the loyal joy we feel in being His creatures; for to be a creature, rightly considered, is our highest honour and our most precious right. Or again, which I have already spoken of, we may look upon Him as our Judge.

comparing the silent gentle majesty of the Host with His blaze of glory at the Great Assize; and we will be beforehand with the terrors of His judicial royalty, by making peace now with His sacramental meekness.

❖ Before the Tabernacle. ❖



The prayers and acts of love that rise from our hearts before the tabernacle, ascend not unassisted to the throne of the Almighty. God receives them united to those of Jesus Christ; our prayer, imperfect and weak though it be, is intimately associated with the prayer of God; human prayer shares in the limitless power and merits of His own. No matter how unworthy we may personally be, we need not fear for we are clad, as it were, in the garment of the infinite holiness of God Who prays and adores with us. There at the foot of the tabernacle, if there be a single spark of Faith within us, and if our heart be not entirely of stone, how can we help but be most profoundly penetrated with sentiments of lowly adoration, gratitude and love?

Is it conceivable that we should not open wide the shutters of our soul to Him Who seeks but to fill it? Is it conceivable that we still retain any wilful liking or what is sinful, not only for what might separate us from God, but even for what might be displeasing to Him or offend Him? Is it possible that we should value the empty vanities of the world and not rather consider them a menacing danger? Is it possible that we should not endeavor to become virtuous, to practice humility, purity, patience, and the spirit of prayer? That we should place

any obstacle in the way to our being uplifted by every powerful grace to divine life and to the spiritual favors that spring from it? That we should forbear crying out to Jesus like the Apostles, with all the fervor and energy of life and being: "Who shall ever separate me from Thee?" Finally, is it possible that we could ignore the Blessed Eucharist—the most wondrous Miracle, the most sublime Mystery in the Catholic Church?

If God had allowed man to choose and to ask for the most signal blessing he desired, never could he have asked for a gift superior to the Holy Eucharist; nay, man would never have thought of demanding so exalted a grace—a God to give Himself as a Friend, as a Companion in the weary ways of a land of exile and as our daily Food. This is a marvel that surpasses all that our mortal minds could imagine.

My eldest little child cried bitterly on Sunday, because as she was ill, we would not allow her to go to Mass. She would not touch food but kept asking and pleading for Jesus "Whom I want in my heart". Finally, seeing her distress and thinking it might do her more harm than her sickness I gave in and she went to Communion at half past nine. Had I not let her go then, she would have waited until vesper-time and then received, because she wanted Jesus and nothing would satisfy or console her but to receive Him in Communion. Moreover I was pleased with her ardent desire and the energy she displayed in carrying it out.

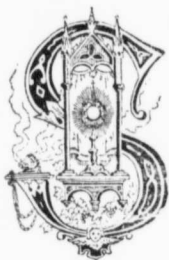
«Communicate often, as often as possible.»

St. Francis de Sales.

Life of Jesus

IN THE

Blessed Sacrament



O near us, so always with us, so full of love towards us, so many widowed, orphaned, tempted, tried, weary, sin-worn, and broken hearts pouring their griefs into His ear, and yet He speaks not; though He knows one word would make a heaven in the most aching heart, and be a spell of peace and power such as the world did not give and cannot take away. He is called down from heaven; and He comes when He is called. But He comes in silence, obeys in silence, is broken in silence, remains in silence, and in silence is consumed. Nay, even in miraculous manifestations, He has spoken many times by pictures, images, and crucifixes; but hardly ever, or very rarely, has the Voice been heard from the Host, and when it is, it is not His own voice we hear. So deeply does He love His characteristic silence, that we can think of nothing more silent than the Blessed Sacrament. Neither do we know of anything more hidden. It is the very deepest of His hiding-places.* His Divinity was hidden in Judea; His Humanity also is hidden in the tabernacle.

The method of His sacramental life itself is hidden, and the doctrine of it hidden, and even the very truth of it hidden from multitudes of men, He was not so hidden at Nazareth, as He is in the secrecy of His predilection. In the days of His Three and Thirty years He was sweetness itself to all who came near Him. The darker were the poor penitent's sins, the more sweet was the welcome and the mercy of his Redeemer. Yet, where or when was He so sweet as He is now in His Sacrament of love? Sweet-

ness is the very word which theology sets apart to express the effect of that mystery on the soul; and we look for it so naturally in communion that we are disappointed when our own unworthiness has hindered its delightful plenitude. If we picture to ourselves our Lord abiding week after week in the dishonourable tabernacle of some lonely unfrequented Church, or in the rude hands of an insolent heretical multitude, we shall see that the patience of the garden, the prætorium and the way of the Cross, has so charmed the Heart of Jesus Glorified, that He has continued to make it a part of this new artifice of love, His sacramental life. As to His humility, He has united in the Blessed Sacrament all His preceding humiliations, with circumstances of abasement peculiar to itself, and in themselves so tremendous that they have sometimes been a stumbling-block to the proud intellect of man. Yet, notwithstanding all His silence and hiddenness, He is so attractive in the Blessed Sacrament, that it is difficult to account for it upon any natural principles. Nothing draws the faithful to churches, feasts, functions, and services, so surely as this most venerable Sacrament. He said while He was on earth, referring to His Crucifixion, when I am lifted up, I will draw all men unto Me. This is especially true of Him now in the Blessed Sacrament when He is raised on His throne for Exposition or Benediction. And think of Him in His life of glory, worshipped in celestial amazement by the hierarchies of spirits and souls, and then think of Him in the little pyx, why He is there, and how, and under what laws of mysterious abjection, and what must the Blessed Sacrament seem but the very crown of all His inexhaustible unselfishness. In a word the character of the Blessed Sacrament, as the Blessed Sacrament, is precisely the same with the character of the Teacher of Judea and Sufferer of Jerusalem,—silent, hidden, sweet, patient, humble, attractive, and unselfish.



A CONVERSION




"O, grandfather, I do wish you would come", said Rose.

"No, no," replied the old man rather gruffly. "You go to church. I will stay at home. The church is no place for a man like me."

The speaker, who was an elderly man, stood on the broad veranda of his house. The little girl to whom he had been speaking was to lead the procession in the church that evening, as it was the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

Her grandfather had not been to church for a long time and all the pleading and coaxing on her part had proved useless. Rose was the only child of his son. It grieved her to see him act so cold and stern whenever she mentioned religion.

Some people said that in a fit of despair and sorrow, when his youngest son was lost at sea he had turned away from God instead of seeking in Him the consolation he needed.

Rose had made a novena to the Sacred Heart, which had ended that day, and she could scarcely help feeling discouraged to find him as unyielding as ever.

Rose was ten years old and had grown very dear to her grandfather because she reminded him of his son, the same curly black hair and laughing blue eyes.

The child sighed softly and went slowly into the house. The old man stood with his hands clasped behind him and watched her until she disappeared up the stairs.

About half an hour later Rose came out dressed all in white, a wreath of June roses resting on her dark hair and carrying a great bouquet which was to help decorate the altar.

"Grandpa," she said as she went up to him, and laid her hand on his arm, "Won't you please come?"

"No, dear," he said stooping to kiss her to hide his embarrassment for the big eyes were wistful and sad and fast filling with tears.

"Goodbye," he said hastily.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorman had gone and picking up his hat the old man strolled down the driveway, and out into the street. He walked leisurely toward the Cathedral and though he could not explain how it happened, the next thing he knew he was inside the door.

He slipped into a seat in the shadow of one of the big pillars. No one seemed to notice him as he glanced cautiously about.

He straightened up with a start. The procession was just forming and the organ pealed through the stillness. Then slowly down the aisle they came the long line of white robed figures.

On and on they came, Rose leading them with a little tot on either side of her. The dark lashes almost rested on the flushed cheeks. Across her breast she carried a sort of shield on which was pictured the bleeding Heart of Our Lord.

Then they began to sing:

"As the radiant dawn is stealing,
Far up the glowing east,
To thy faithful ones revealing,
Again the happy Feast,
Sacred Heart in spirit lowly,
I consecrate to day heart and soul
That I may wholly be
Thine own dear Lord's to-day."

“ Sacred Heart, Sacred Heart,
Hear the prayer we now implore.
In living or in dying,
We may love Thee more and more.”

“ Thou art here in loving meekness
Through ever changing years,
Thou hast strength in human weakness
And balm for human tears,
On the cross Thy heart was bleeding
My sins to wash away, now Thy Heart
For mine is pleading with tenderest love to-day.”

The man quivered from head to foot and dropped his head in his hands with a low cry.

When Rose entered the main aisle, she raised her eyes but only for a moment, as she gave one appealing glance toward the statue that stood with outstretched arms just inside the chancel.

After Benediction was over, Rose slipped out into the church to say a few prayers. When she started down the aisle she stopped and looked with surprise at the bent figure. Going up to her grandfather she touched him gently on the shoulder.

“ You have come grandpa and I am so glad,” she whispered.

“ Yes, dear,” he answered . “I have found He has been waiting through ever changing years and that here there is a balm for human tears.”—

M. McCarthy.



HOLY COMMUNION



In the sixteenth century St. Philip Neri, taught by his long experience in ministering to souls, was in the habit of saying that frequent Communion, united with devotion to the Blessed Virgin, was the best, the only means, especially for the young, to preserve intact the purity of their souls; that it was by this alone they could persevere in the faith, or make progress in virtue, in the midst of the world. "Let us all go to the Eucharistic Table," he used to exclaim; "let us go to it burning with a most ardent desire to nourish ourselves with this sacred food. Let us hunger for it, let us hunger for it!"

St. Francis de Sales, about the same time, wrote in his work, "The Introduction to a Devout Life": "Communicate frequently, Philothea, and as often as you can . . . by adoring and eating beauty, goodness, and purity itself in this Divine Sacrament, you yourself will become altogether fair, altogether good, altogether pure. . . If worldlings ask you why you communicate so often, tell them you do so because you wish to learn to love God, to purify yourself from your defects, to rescue yourself from your miseries, to receive comfort in your afflictions, to be strengthened in your infirmities."

St. Ignatius of Loyola, writing to the inhabitants of Azpetitia, in Spain, among other things, spoke thus to them: "I beg, I implore of you, with the deepest earnestness to devote yourself to the honor and service of Jesus Christ in this most admirable Sacrament of the Eucharist". And after having declared to them that the most effectual means of honoring Our Saviour was to receive Him frequently and worthily in the holy Communion he then went on to say: "Alas! at the present

day there remains naught of Christianity save the empty phantom of the Christian name. . . . We should, then at all costs restore the pious practices of Christians of former times. The interests of the Divine Majesty demand it; our own most pressing needs require it."

In the seventeenth century, St. Alphonsus Liguori, who was so distinguished for his devotion towards the Most August Sacrament of the Altar, said: "What should men desire more than to receive Jesus Christ as often as possible in the Holy Communion. . . . If I may say what I wish to say, generally speaking those persons are the most exemplary in their lives who go most frequently to holy Communion."

St. Leonard of Port Maurice, exclaimed in one of his mission sermons: "Ah! my brethren, do you wish to be angels in the flesh, do you wish to live pure and chaste, do you wish to conquer your temptations. If so, here is the means. Go and feast at the table of the angels, if not every day, at least every eight days. Yes, holy Communion, weekly received will change you into angelic beings; it will preserve you in the grace of God, and conduct you to the glory of the heavenly kingdom."

Visits: A priest writes: I consider it my duty to take an active interest in the Work of the Daily Visit, because to it, I owe in a great measure the numerous and frequent Communion daily multiplying in my parish. The oftener one comes to our Blessed Lord, the more he wants to come. About two weeks ago a young man—who for six years had never missed his daily visit—said to me: "Father, what brings me to Communion now every Sunday, when formerly I only went at Easter, is my daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament."

The voice of Jesus



Jesus speaks to your heart, in the first place, by the voice of your conscience; but perhaps its remonstrances have been little regarded, it is so easily stifled by the voice of the world. He speaks to you by His grace, by providential circumstances which you may perhaps have slighted. Above all you hear His voice in Holy Communion; and in it you feel the irresistible attraction wherewith He captivates our souls. Continue to listen to our Lord with docility and simplicity; you will then acquire lively faith in His Real Presence — a standard of judging superior to worldly principles—and a secret unction will influence everything you do.

It is not sufficient only to listen to the voice of Jesus; you must interrogate Him in your doubts, bring your difficulties to Him to be solved, consult Him on every occasion of any importance. Be faithful to the secret inspirations of grace. In this manner you will reap more fruit from your Communions, and thus they will best advance your spiritual welfare.



Not very long ago a bright little lad of seven made his First Communion. The same day he said to his mother: "Mamma, I would like to go to Communion again tomorrow.—But you are not obliged to, John.—I know "Mamma, I am only obliged to go at Easter, but I feel the day I go to Communion is not like other days, and besides it does n't seem half so hard to be obedient then."

Needless to say John's mamma let him go, not only the next day, but every day he wanted to."

Subject of Adoration

Jesus Dies on the Cross,

Et hæc dicens, inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.

'And saying this, bowing His head He gave up the ghost.'
(JOHN, XIX, 30.)

I. ADORATION.

And bowing His head, He gave up the ghost!" For three long hours Jesus hung on that gibbet of agony, tortured in body, desolate in soul. He addressed some words of tender confidence to His Divine Father and then, bowing His head on His breast, "*He breathed out His soul, He expired.*" His beautiful eyes became dim, His lips ceased to speak, His Heart to beat. He was dead!

O cruel and pitiless Death, to snatch from earth Him who was its support, its delight, its ornament and glory ! O cruel death, to ravish from the unhappy children of men their Father, their Brother, their Friend, the faithful Companion of their exile, their Saviour!

Thus died in absolute despoilment "He who became poor in order to enrich us." Thus died in torture He who is beatitude itself. Thus died in abandonment He who is the Heir of all things, by whom all things exist, to whom all the nations of the earth have been given as an inheritance. The most extraordinary of the prophecies . . . was then accomplished: "Thou hast brought me down into the dust of death."

Adore Jesus voluntarily yielding His last sigh for the redemption of the human race. Adore Him performing the office of Priest and Victim at one and the same time, by immolating Himself to the Sovereign

majesty of His Divine Father. His death is a true sacrifice. It is the sacrifice *par excellence*, alone pleasing to God, alone proportioned to His greatness. Here are found a *perfect priest, a perfect victim a perfect offering, a complete immolation of the victim.*

Jesus Christ dying on the Cross is priest and perfect priest. The priesthood, according to the most general idea, is contained in this double mediation, which at one and the same time makes of the priest God's ambassador to men and man's ambassador to God. He is the man of God and the man of his brethren, charged with both the interests of God and those of men. The priesthood exacts that the priest "should be taken from among men," as says Saint Paul, and be a man in all things like to those whom he has to represent, direct, and bless. Jesus Christ is man in all things like His brethren—"save sin". He is man, weak and infirm like His brethren, but "Holy innocent, immaculate, without contact with *simmers*", and thereby ever worthy "*of being heard favorably on account of His reverence.*"

The priesthood exacts of the priest that he should be compassionate. What priesthood, then, can be truer, more complete than that of Jesus Christ, whose birth, life, and above all death, have been one perpetual act of love, commiseration and devotedness?

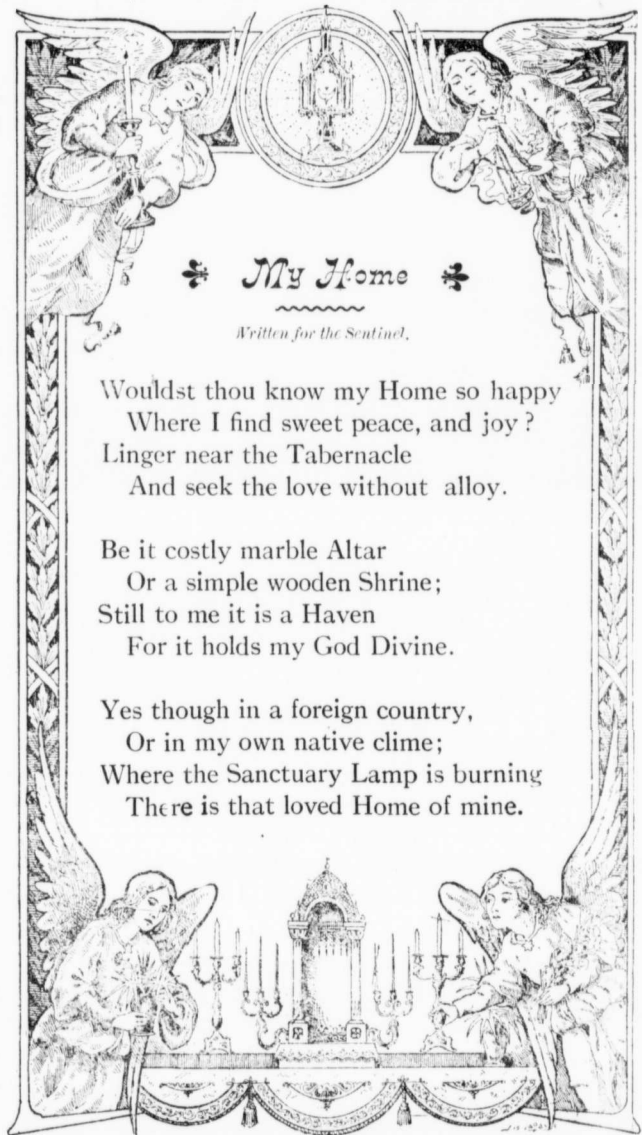
The third condition of the priesthood is the divine call, and Jesus realizes that with unique perfection. Christ did not clothe Himself with the splendors of the priesthood in order to become a priest, but it was He who said to Him: "*Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee.*" It is God who has invested Him with the sacerdotal power: "*Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech.*" From eternity God predestined Him, consecrated Him priest. Jesus Christ is even the sole, the only High-Priest of whom all others are only figures or

ministers. He is the Pontiff *needful* to fallen humanity, for He alone is capable of accomplishing the infinite work exacted by God. In effect, there was need of High-Priest both man and God at the same time: man to immolate; God, to give infinite price to his oblations.

Adore Him hanging on the infamous gibbet of the Cross! Adore Him, that mysterious High-Priest, there before you in the thrice-holy Host! He dwells here below, in spite of appearances in all things like unto His brethren. He is always so compassionate. His Heart repeats to all men this loving word: "Come to Me, all you that suffer and are heavy-laden, and I will refresh you." His mission on earth is propitiation for our sins and intercession in all our needs. Yes, I believe it, O Jesus! Under the Eucharistic appearances, Thou art the Priest, the only, the sovereign Priest of the human race.

Jesus Christ is Priest, the true, the only, the eternal Priest. Hence, there must be a victim to offer, a holocaust to present to the Most High; for "*The priest is ordained for men in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins.*"

For the last two years a little child of nine has received nearly every day even during vacation. Generally, especially in winter, he gets up without being called, slips into his clothes as best he can in the darkness and runs off to the seven o'clock Mass. One day he happened to be late and arrived after Communion had been distributed. Going into the sacristy he knelt down and with tears in his eyes begged to be given his dear Jesus. His request was gladly complied with. After witnessing this touching scene some of the parochial priests until then but little inclined to early and frequent Communion of little children were completely won over to the wishes of our Holy Father Pius X.




❖ *My Home* ❖

Written for the Sentinel.

Wouldst thou know my Home so happy
 Where I find sweet peace, and joy?
 Linger near the Tabernacle
 And seek the love without alloy.

Be it costly marble Altar
 Or a simple wooden Shrine;
 Still to me it is a Haven
 For it holds my God Divine.

Yes though in a foreign country,
 Or in my own native clime;
 Where the Sanctuary Lamp is burning
 There is that loved Home of mine.



Home! where I may ever tarry
As my Jesus' welcome guest;
Home! where even when most guilty
I find forgiveness and rest.

Home! where my heart's most secret grief
Is hushed to sweet repose;
Home! where the thorns of daily life
Oft reveal the hidden rose.

Home! my treasure in Life's exile
Sacred mem'ries round it twine;
Vain anguish, gladness, all are known
To its Prisoner Divine.

Home sweet Home of Joys Eternal,
Ne're shall I from thy precincts roam;
Shield me till a Father's summons
Calls me to my heav'nly Home!

CARMEL.



THE EUCHARIST; CHRISTS' KEEPSAKE.

(Excerpt, Rev. Robert Kane, S. J.)



H, gentle Christ! Dearest Friend, Brother best beloved, hallow my lips that they may reverently reveal the sacred and most treasured secret of thy love! Do Thou, O Lord of light, O King of Love, while my weak faltering accents awaken the ear to human words, speak to them, in divine intercourse, heart to heart and soul to soul. Tell them, Jesus, gentle Brother, dearest, truest, tenderest Friend, tell them the meaning of the Eucharist, Thy Keepsake.

In our Lord's own words at the Last Supper, we have an echo of what was in his Heart. What full strong flood of feeling, what keen emotion, what strange stirring of mysterious chords, what unutterable vibration of palpitating soul-strings, what uprising waves of affection, what withdrawn depths of yearning thrilled and throbbed, and beat and rocked within His Human Heart when the hour came that He should bid His beloved friends farewell!

Do you know what it is, when, after days that slip too swiftly through the reluctant grasp, the hour comes at last to part? Oh, that last hour, the dearest though the saddest hour of all! Did you forget it, then, the love of long ago? Did it not grow more intensely strong, more intensely true, when that last hour was about to end? So, "Jesus, knowing that His hour was come, having loved His own who were in the world. He loved them to the

end." To the end of life, yea, to the end of Love. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend." He is about to die for them, in broken-hearted shame, humiliation, abandonment, grief, agony. But he is not thinking of that now. Another anguish now rends his heart, the wound of a fatal word, "Good-bye." His noble love is most unselfish now; He thinks of them. His great strong tenderness stoops over them in mother-like pity; "Little children, yet a little while and I am not with you." No, no. It is not for ever. "I will come again and take you to myself, that where I am you also may be."

Even while away His love will linger near them still. His spirit will be upon them and within them. "I will not leave you orphans; I will send My Paraclete, the spirit of Truth. Let not your heart be troubled nor let it be afraid." But, do not forget Me. True friendship is ever near, even in distance, nor does it die with death. "Remain in Me, and I in you." In that supreme moment, before the last word, before the last look, as hands that were clasped were loosened, severed, sundered, love speaks out its whole soul. Listen: "As the Father hath loved Me, I also have loved you. Remain in My love."

Do you not also know, how, when life seems aimless, the earth empty, the heart itself benumbed or dead, when the love that we had known and loved is lost, we instinctively turn, with supreme sacredness, in unutterable entreaty, to the Great God, praying that He would bless those to whom we bid Good-bye? So, Jesus, in His last love-prayer: "Father, I pray for them whom Thou hast given me. All Mine are Thine and Thine are Mine. Keep them in Thy Name whom Thou hast given Me. I do not ask that Thou take them away out of the world, but that Thou preserve them from evil. I in them and Thou in

Me, that they may be made perfect in one. Father, I will that where I am, they also may be with Me; that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them." (John, XVII, 9, 15, 23.)

Can you then, in some way or measure—can you at all understand what was in the Heart of Jesus when He said "Take ye and eat; This is My Body. Do this in memory of me." What, was His keepsake nothing more than a shadow which should pass, a figure that had no substance, a type that had no truth, a gift that had no reality, a memorial that should mock the memory, a word that was not spoken in earnest, a pledge that should mislead, an empty sign fitted only to delude the soul with a mystery that had no meaning and to exasperate the heart with a secret that said nothing, with a hope that was hollow, with a love-token of truth and of tenderness less real than a roseleaf or a likeness? No, no, no, It is not so, it can not be. That is not like the love of Jesus. It is not like the love of God. His keepsake is no phantom form, no unsubstantial sign. God's gifts are Godlike, true, sterling, solid, real. Christ's Keepsake, our Eucharist, is Himself...

Behold the meaning and the motive of the Eucharist. It is our God Who loves us with a human Heart. Wonder not then that God should have shared the toil and sorrow of our life; He his our Friend. Wonder not that He should have healed the sick and comforted the sad; that He should have raised Lazarus to life for the sake of his weeping sisters; or that He should have given back to Magdalen the dead innocence of her childhood. He is our Brother. Nay, wonder not that He should have laid Himself like a meek Lamb, upon the cross for our salvation. He is the Lover of our souls. Ah, beneath the cross whereon His love has fastened Him with nails, behold that torn and

mangled Body. Behold the quivering of His agony. Hear the wail of His soul-thirst. Look upon that wide wound in His Sacred Side, through which His Blood, His Heart, His Love, are emptied forth for you. Through blood and tears look into the eyes of Him who loved you to the end of love. Through blood and tears read in those eyes of Him who loved you first, and who loves you most, the meaning of His Eucharist. Through blood and tears meet the gaze of Jesus Christ, and now wonder no more. Wonder not that He should linger near you still. Ah, brother or sister of Christ, if you had stood beneath the cross, you would indeed marvel much had He not given you His Keepsake, His Eucharist, Himself. Good Friday explains Holy Thursday.

Wonder no more. For you He lived, for you. For you He died, for you. To you He comes, heart in heart and soul in soul; His precious blood poured out upon you, His great Godhead overshadowing you, your great King of Love, to you, to you.

Oh, let me utter once to-day the mysterious word that is the Name of God, the word that beats with waves of blood in every human heart; the word that thrills with waves of melody through every human soul; the word that brought heaven down to earth, and lifts earth up to heaven—*Love*. Oh, let no unholy thought profane this sacred word. Let no sacrilegious meaning blaspheme this divine word. God is our glorious Creator of Love. Christ is our broken hearted Saviour of Love. The Eucharist is our Keepsake of love. O God, O Love, O Christ, O King! O Love that didst love us first, O Love that dost love us most, teach us to know Thee, to trust Thee, to love Thee, now and for evermore! Amen.

Proofs of Friendship



How many there are who count themselves good friends of Our Lord, says the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J., in the *Messenger*, who could easily spare the half or three-quarters of an hour which it requires to hear a low Mass every weekday morning! Many a man or woman might manage very well to rise a little sooner, to leave the house a bit more promptly, and so be present every day at this most august and tremendous of all the acts that a human being can assist in offering up to God. Does Our Lord wish everyone who can to come to Mass every morning? Surely! It is one the most pleasing remembrances which we can offer to His Sacred Heart. How touching are those words of His, spoken just after He had instituted this sublime Sacrifice at the Last Supper, the night before His death! When He had finished the consecration of the wine into His Sacred Blood, the Saviour paused and looked at His Apostles. "As often as you shall do this", He said, "do it for a commemoration of Me." It was a living remembrance that He desired of them, a most sublime remembrance such as may be had in no other friendship, for there we have at once the presence and the recollection of our Friend.

The thought of daily Mass brings with it the thought of daily Communion—that other most blessed act of friendship and recollection of Our Blessed Lord. Not all, perhaps, even of those who can very readily attend daily Mass, feel able to go daily to Communion, for there are inconveniences in the way. Yet is it not the part of sincere friendship to overcome inconveniences? And is not our willingness to bear a little pain and trouble a very

good index of the depth and sincerity with which we love Our Lord? There was a time, indeed, in which one might have felt a doubt as to whether he was worthy to offer this daily proof of friendship to the awful majesty of the Word made Flesh. But no one who is in the state of grace and has a good intention in receiving can doubt any longer. The word of Christ's own Vicar has assured him that he may receive, indeed, that the Church and Our Lord wish him to receive, every time that he attends the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

There, again, is the immensely fruitful and praiseworthy custom of making frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament. How many times a day do most of us pass by a Catholic church or chapel in our daily travels about the town! It is only the matter of a moment's delay to run up the steps, kneel a little while there in the cool and the silence, and tell that gentle Presence in the tabernacle how simply and truly and deeply we love and adore Him. Then, with a refreshed and hallowed heart, we go forth to our duties, stronger and happier all day, for the slight cost of that precious converse with our Friend. When we look back from Heaven upon our short lives on this earth, what moments will be more precious to us than the moments we have spent with Christ!



Sanctioning a request presented by Mgr. Zorn of Bulach, Auxiliary Bishop of Strasbourg, Pius X urgently exhorts all the clergy, all religious and all the faithful to offer fervent prayer to the God of Mercy, so that the Catholic Church, may be brought back to the unity of the faith through the Divine Sacrament and Sacrifice of the Eucharist.

✠ Do we realize This? ✠



WHEN we bow our heads at the awful moment of Consecration; when we gaze with love and awe upon the Blessed Sacrament as we kneel at Benediction, we know beyond a doubt, that it is Jesus Christ Himself Who is behind those thin, mysterious veils. We believe it, but do we realize this glorious dogma of our holy faith? Do we realize that it is the same Jesus Who of old sat by the well waiting for the poor, unfortunate woman of Samaria? Do we realize that in the Blessed Sacrament there is really and truly present the same venerable, patient, compassionate Jesus, Who so touchingly restored to the poor, disconsolate widow of Naim her only son? The same Jesus Who so tenderly cleansed the lepers of their foul stain? Ah, yes, the Blessed Sacrament is Jesus abiding with men, to console them, to comfort them, to help them on over life's rough ways.

The Blessed Sacrament is God finding His delights with the children of men. The Blessed Sacrament is Jesus—remaining night and day in His prison of love—"awaiting, calling, welcoming a'l who come to visit Him." "Come to Me all ye who labor and are heavy burdened and I will refresh you!" Come to Me, when sorrows weigh you down, when times oppress you! Come to Me when death robs you of those who are near and dear! Come and I will explain to you the meaning of the death of your only son; of a loving mother, a faithful husband! Come to Me, all ye who are tempted, at My feet, in My presence, ye shall find comfort and strength.

Will we heed that sweet invitation of the Sacred Heart—of that Heart that hath so loved men? Or will we seek

to heal our aching hearts—our distracted minds—with human consolation? Will we refuse to nourish our souls with the Sacred Body and B'ood of Christ our Saviour? of Christ our human yet Divine Friend? O Mary Immaculate, maiden Mother of God, lead us to the Sacred feet of thy Divine Son! Sweet Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, pray for us!

DAILY COMMUNION

One great difficulty that kept the faithful from daily Communion was the wide-spread teaching that special dispositions of soul were required in those who would receive oftener than once a week. Daily Communion was supposed to be the privilege of a select few, who were striving for perfection; the rest were not deemed worthy of such frequent union with our Lord, and the Sacrament was regarded as a reward of merit, rather than as the means of obtaining grace and the antidote to preserve the soul from serious sin. The Pope removed this obstacle by declaring that in order to communicate worthily every day no other dispositions are required than those to communicate once a year. No one should say: "I am not holy enough to communicate so often." What he should say is: "I am in the state of grace and our Lord is calling me." Oh, if we could hear with our bodily ears the Divine Master calling to us from His home in the Tabernacle, and saying: "Come to Me, come every day," is there any one of us that would turn away and refuse to please the Sacred Heart? Well, our faith teaches us that the voice of the Pope in a matter of this kind is the voice of Christ. He is the visible representative of Christ, he speaks in our Lord's name.

What does the Pope say in the Decree? Listen to his words: "Frequent and daily Communion, as a thing most earnestly desired by Christ our Lord and by the Catholic Church, should be open to all the faithful, of whatever rank and condition of life; so that no one who is in the state of grace, and who approaches the Holy Table with a right and devout intention, can lawfully be hindered therefrom." Two conditions, therefore, and only two, are required on the part of the soul, namely, the absence of mortal sin and the right intention, which is explained as the desire to please God, to become more closely united with Him by charity, to seek this Divine remedy for weaknesses and defects.



VIATICUM

Who can tell its power? It comes on the verge of life, and stretches out beyond it, and clasps and buckles together life and death, time and eternity, mortal suffering and immortal bliss. We die in the strength of the Viaticum; our judgment is tempered by its weakness, and purgatorial pains are cooled beneath its shadow, and its energy waxes not feeble till it has landed us with more than angelic hand at the feet of God in heaven. Foregoing life, the coming journey, the untold spiritual and invisible combat, the many-sided act of dying, all find their mysterious completion in the plenitude of the Viaticum; and the very flesh falls to dust, and is resolved into its original elements, bearing away with it the unseen force, the indiscernible and immeasurable and indivisible seed which will one day call it all back, make it cognizable and numerically the same, and bathe it in a flood of immortal beauty in a glorious Resurrection.

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Guard of Honor
OF THE
Most Blessed Sacrament.

In my heart, Lord, Thou didst whisper,
"Child, O hear my quest of love.
Wilt thou joys of earth relinquish
For Eternal joys above?"
And my answer, dearest Jesus,
Is the gift of self I bring;
Not I, but Thou in me shalt live
Reigning ever as my King.

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The July meeting of the Guard of Honor proved that the zeal and fervor of its members had been instrumental in adding still more to the Society's number as forty one new Adorers were received, thereby offering to their Eucharistic God a filial and loving testimony of their loyalty.

What a beautiful thought, to know that we are privileged to spend an hour with Him who is the Creator of Heaven and earth! Those sad words of Jesus addressed to His Apostles previous to His passion and death "Couldst thou not watch one hour with me?" is often again the reproach He has to make to His children.

Shall we too sleep in indifference, and leave Our Beloved Redeemer to the insults and dishonors of the world to-day, without offering Him some reparation and consolation in His suffering? No, let it not be so. God dwells in His tabernacle and on His earthly throne for

the love of us. Let us be generous then in showing our gratitude for this incomprehensible love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; that Mystery which shows us how dear to the Heart of Our Lord are the souls for whom He shed the last drop of His Precious Blood, on the Altar of the Cross.

Do we not often wish that we had known and held intercourse with God during His earthly sojourn? We have the same privilege, now, for He is present on all parts of the globe. In cathedral and humble chapel, in splendor or poor array, wherever the sanctuary lamp, that sentinel of love, is burning, there that same God is patiently waiting for a visit from his children. In sad sweet tones he pleads: "Come to Me; there is no sorrow of mine I know not, no grief I can not share."

Ah yes! Often when laden with grief and suffering, when our heart seemed ready to break, was it not at the foot of the Altar that we found relief? Did not a calmness overspread our soul when we told that loving Father our story of sin and guilt, and in the innermost recess of our heart we heard that tender message of pardon, "All is forgiven." When sorrow bowed us down and we turned for consolation to the One who tasted the most bitter grief of all, did we not feel that there was One who suffered in spirit with us, with the pity of a dearest Father who loved us to such an extent as to leave His Heavenly Home to take a human form like ours?

Did we not often bring to that same Haven of Rest the numerous trials of our spiritual and temporal lives, finding there the only true strength and encouragement to carry the cross assigned to us? Go where we may, seek where we choose, Home is only wherein love is ever the same, where no matter how the storms of life have thrown our frail bark across the dark waters of trib-

ulation, we may ever find a Father's outstretched arms ready to welcome back the child of His love.

With the memory of the past in our heart let us strive to repay our Lord all we owe Him, not by waiting for sorrows to draw us to His Sacred Presence, to His love and friendship in hours of peace and gladness.

Let us ask Jesus in the Eucharist to grant sinners the grace of repentance and a knowledge of their iniquities, thereby appeasing the wrath of the Eternal Father and also meriting pardon for our own sins, and the blessings of the Son of God whose love for sinners was so great that when expiring at the cross he uttered that cry, "I thirst." He thirsts no less to day for souls, and may we not hope for eternal recompense if by our prayers we have been the means of bringing but one soul back to the path of righteousness?

Then let us spend as much time as possible before the throne of Love, and instead of that reproach of the Saviour to the Apostles, we shall merit those beautiful words of Jesus, "As you have meted it unto others, so shall it be meted unto you."

Yes, so near to Thee united
By a bond so sweet, divine,
That each heart throb shall reecho:
"Thou art mine and I am Thine.
Thine throughout life's weary battle,
Never from Thy love apart,
Thine through countless years of gladness,
Sheltered safely in Thy Heart,"

MARGUERITE FELDMANN.
Cor. Sec'y.

→ The Accursed Bread ←



TOWARDS the end of the Fall in the year of grace 1090, the Christian army laid siege to St. Jean d'Acrc. Many times already had that valiant corps repulsed the formidable Saladin who with his vast army from Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia and Egypt sought to take the city.

Things had reached a sad state in the Crusaders Camp, their only food consisted of roots and herbs and even those grew scarcer day by day, till finally, soldiers, princes, barons, knights all suffered the keen pangs of hunger and died by hundreds of weakness and want.

Then the demon of despair took possession of many and whispered that the God for whom they had taken up the Cross was not with them, that He was unjust and ungrateful; and to escape from so many calamities the poor unfortunates put the finishing touch to thier misery by turning traitors.

Under cover of darkness they stealthily deserted, joined the Caliph's army, accepting the Koran and trampling under foot the Cross, for which, but a short time previously, they had sworn to combat even unto death.

Among those renegades was a blacksmith of herculean build named James Smidt.

When he left his natal land with the crusaders his wife and children had accompanied him and after having bravely borne the hardships and perils of the route, were settled, like the other, soldiers of Christ, in a little tent,

on the hillside facing St. Jean d'Acre where the blacksmith worked making battering-rams, etc.

We must confess the besieged were adept in defence. No implement of war no matter how strong or fierce could resist their diabolical Greek fire. One day when the Crusaders and with them, James Smidt, were fighting Saladin and his army at the foot of the hill, they invaded the Christian's private camp, massacred many women and children and carried away thousands as prisoners.

When the engagement was over and the blacksmith returned to his tent, and found it a mass of ruins and his wife and family gone, his anger and despair almost bereft him of reason.

Seething with bitterness he hastened to Mount Karouba and offered his services to the indomitable Caliph, who three years previously had routed Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem's army and again placed the city under the dominion of the abhorred Islam.

Saladin's received him with great joy and set him to work to make breast plates for his warriors.

He was not long in his new sphere when remorse began to torture him; night or day he had no peace, ever and always a plaintive voice condemned and upbraided: "James, you have denied Christ, because He gave your loved ones the martyr's crown; be accursed!—James, to avoid the pangs of hunger, you have denied the Bread of Life, the Body and Blood of Jesus; be accursed! Accursed is the bread of Islam, accursed is the bread of Judas!"

And the more he ate the more acute became hunger's pangs; moreover the remembrance of his children coming from the Holy Table with radiant happy faces pursued him constantly, so that he could never see any kind of food, without thinking of the divine Food the Saviour had given, and of which he had rendered himself unworthy.

After weeks of this agonizing strife, exhausted, subdued, repentant, he returned to the camp he had so shamefully deserted.

Here the situation was wonderfully changed and showed him at first glance how unfounded had been his want of confidence in God.

The Sacred Host

A flash of white, unleavened bread,
Upheld by consecrated hands,
O'er which the Saviour's words were said
Responsive to His dear commands!
And thousand hearts, bowed low in silent prayer,
Thrill with the thought the "Hidden Lord" is there!

O hour of glory! Hour of gloom!
Of that stupendous Thursday night!
And Oh! the agony, the doom
To follow on the morrow's light!—
Yet spoken then those words of power divine,
Which changed to Flesh and Blood, the bread and wine.



«Let your only sorrow be the deprivation of this sacred nourishment.»

St. John Chrysostom.