



Vol. VII

May 1904.

No. 5.

The Sentinel
OF THE
Blessed Sacrament.

Office : 320, Mount-Royal Ave., Montreal.

Subscription : 50 cents a year.



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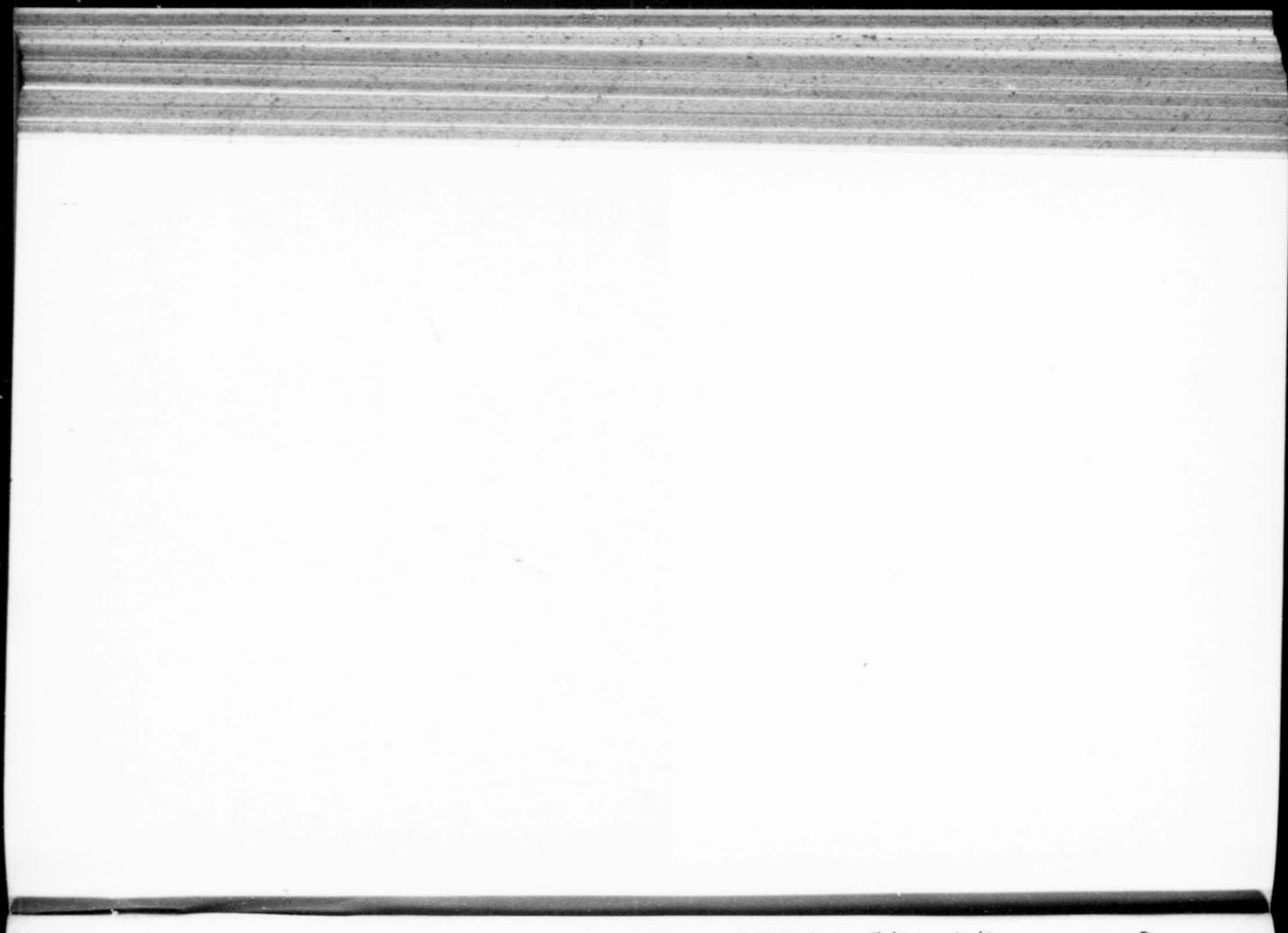
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SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Offered to the Subscribers of The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament

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





THE BLESSED VIRGIN
After a drawing by Steinle

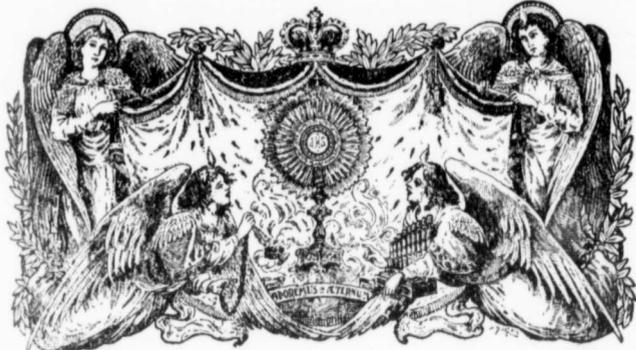
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JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE

Emmanuel : God with us



IN answer to the two disciples who followed Jesus, saying : " Master, where dwellest Thou ? " He answered : " Come and see ! "

" Come and see " where He dwells now in the Blessed Sacrament.

Poor was His dwelling place in the stable, in the desert, on the cross, in Bethlehem, Nazareth and Judea and still for love of us how poor is His abode upon our altars. And, alas ! how poorly is He lodged within our hearts ! The home of Jesus is in the tabernacle. Our dear Lord and Saviour dwells among the poor as much as among the rich ; He abides in the noisy crowded city as well as in the lonely quiet country ; in stately cathedrals as well as in the poorest churches and most dilapidated chapels, hidden away in rural lanes, on the mountain side, and in sequestered districts, seldom visited by strangers. There He remains that all may be able easily to come to His dwelling place, to converse with Him, to obtain graces from Him, and to enter into the most intimate communion with Him. On

the night in which the Redeemer took leave of His beloved disciples, to go to His death, these faithful followers of Christ shed tears of sorrow at the thought of being separated from their divine Master, but Jesus consoled, them saying substantially ! : My children, I am going to die for you in order to show you the love which I bear you ; But at My death you will not be left alone and separated from me ; I will remain with you in the Most Holy Sacrament ; I leave, you my body, my soul, my divinity." Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

The soul that loves Jesus need not go far to find Him. He can be found in every church in which the Blessed Sacrament is preserved, and there the King of kings, our Lord, our Saviour, and our God, is content to remain shut up in a tabernacle of wood or of stone, often even without a lamp burning before Him and without any one to keep Him company. And yet from His humble sacramental home we hear His voice : " This is My rest forever and ever ; here will I dwell ; for I have chosen it," " My delights were to be with the children of men." Oh ! how is it that men show so little love for Jesus and do not visit Him more frequently ? From the tabernacle the pleading voice of our kind Father comes : " My Son, give me Thy heart," and we turn a deaf ear to His cry of love — the gold, the favors, and the pleasures of the world hold our hearts enthralled. We hear the cordial invitation : " Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you " and yet men run hither and thither for help in their distress before they think of Jesus in the tabernacle, Who holds in readiness there all the remedies for human woes. Real faith and ardent love are wanting to men ; else they would show a greater appreciation of our divine Saviour's presence in our midst.

How tender is the devotion which pilgrims feel in visiting the Holy Land, the holy house of Loretto, the cave at Bethlehem, the hill of Calvary, or the holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem ! But how much greater and more tender should be our devotion in the actual presence of Jesus Christ upon our altars !

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Let us ask our-selves whether we in reality, by our conduct, display a living faith and show a proper love and veneration for this great sacrament? Do we always enter the house of God with appropriate interior dispositions and a respectful exterior deportment? When we come into the presence of Jesus, is not our soul immersed in distractions, earthly affections, and wordly desires? Let us not approach the tabernacle without profound respect mingled with holy fear and confidence. Christ is holy and we must be holy to be pleasing in His sight. Let us go to Him; but let us put off our shoes, that is to say, let us shake off the dust of the world; let us fall upon our knees in respectful homage and ask the Holy Ghost to animate our faith in the sublime mystery of divine love and to give us humility and true sorrow for our sins; let us recollect ourselves in holy thoughts and pious acts of adoration, Thanksgiving, Reparation, and Supplication; let us make protestations of the most fervent love, saying again and again: My love, My Lord, My God, and My All! Let us promise to visit Jesus in the tabernacle more frequently and to think of Him often during the day; let us seek, in the hour of adoration, to rival in fervor the adoring angels, who surround the altar and we may rest assured that the sweet perfumes of our piety will ascend to the throne of the Lamb of God, Who, from His sacred heart and pierced hands, will shower down graces and blessings upon ourselves and families. Let us also be generous in giving aims to poor churches and foreign missions; let us aid, by joining either the Tabernacle Society or some other Eucharistic Association, all efforts to enhance the beauty of the house of God and to spread devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle.



The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday May 19 at 6 o'clock, in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.



Mary, Model of Communion

IN the house of Ephesus where St. John received the Blessed Virgin, sacred legacy of his dying Saviour, was a little chapel, where the adorable sacrifice was daily offered; where the beloved disciple renewed the immolation which redeemed the world and of which he was a privileged eye-witness; where Mary welcomed anew into her heart the Son to whom she had given birth. Sublime and unparalleled sight contemplated by the angels in wondering admiration, great and soul stirring mystery, the very thought of which enraptures us even after the lapse of eighteen centuries.

Have you ever thought, dear reader, on what the communions of Mary must have been? On her life of communion during the long years she spent on earth after the Ascension of her divine Son into heaven? Have you realized the example, the perfect model, she offers you in this as in every other action of your life? No, perhaps not, as this fertile subject is as yet so unexplored; piety has not as yet culled all the lessons blossoming there. Nevertheless, what sweeter and more consoling than trying to enter into the sentiments and admirable dispositions of Mary receiving Jesus; the marvels of sanctity and grace wrought by Jesus in her sinless soul!

What words can describe the faith of Mary when approaching the Holy Table! So vivid, so ardent, penetrating the veil of the sacrament, seeing Jesus Himself, present, living, glorious under the Sacred Species. Communion is in reality for Mary the renewal of the Incar-

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nation ; the divine Word of God coming to dwell in her virginal womb ; the joys of Bethlehem and Nazareth, as she held her Babe in her arms and hushed Him to sleep close to her heart ; the voice of Jesus, clear and convincing as she heard it in the Temple ; the emotions of Calvary, as she held Him dead and bleeding in her arms. All this past, all these mysteries unroll again before her eyes, live again in her heart ; and what a flood of thoughts they bring, what deep impressions they make !

What words can express the humility of Mary in presence of her Son and her God ; leaving the joys of heaven where He reigns glorious forevermore to become once more a prisoner in her chaste womb ? It is not Emmanuel, alone who comes to weakness and poverty, laden with the weight of human miseries ; but, moreover, the triumphant Saviour, who has completed His work, vanquished Satan, redeemed the world, conquered nations, and merited the first place at the right hand of His Father. How the handmaid of the Lord humbles and abases herself before His supreme majesty. How she rejoices in this abjection which the Lord regards with such complacency. How willingly she classes herself among "the little," among those "who hunger and thirst," "whom the Lord " feeds and exalts !" How she acknowledges her total dependance on the God whom the Blessed Sacrament gives to her !

What words can describe the purity of Mary on approaching the Holy Table, of her in whom the years far from tarnishing her spotlessness have on the contrary rendered it more immaculate, more lustrous. At the moment of the Incarnation she had her virginal purity alone to offer to her Son and her God, whereas, now she offers it to Him augmented by the graces of her divine maternity, by the virtues and sufferings of her life. She offers Him a heart tried by constant fidelity, pierced by swords destroying in its very essence the human me, washed by the redeeming blood, sanctified by long years of patient exile, transformed into the image of uncreated purity Itself. Thus, when Jesus descends into her heart, we seem to see two bright rays blending into one, two perfect grains of wheat merging into a perfect whole.

Who can depict the fervor of Mary in face of this gift, where the love of God exhausts itself, before this Son who possesses her entire being, who is her joy, her adoration, her delight, her life, her all. Though separated from Him by death, through this Sacrament she sees Him again, she finds Him again, she enjoys again His conversation, His living presence. And she finds Him more beautiful even than during His mortal life, more lovable and more loving ; He accepts her maternal effusions, her loving tenderness. He comes to her to sustain her, to console her, to shorten her days of exile, to give her a foretaste of heavenly delights. For this purpose He accepts the humiliations and sacrifices of the Tabernacle ; and at sight of His unspeakable goodness, the love of complacency, the love of desire, the love of gratitude, the love of sympathy, the love of zeal and devotedness enkindle in Mary's soul the source of boundless, unlimited fervor ; so much so that she can say in unison with her divine Son : " I love to the end, to excess." This love is so absorbing that it causes her to live in a continual ecstasy, so consuming that finally it will wear out the mortal covering under which it operates and through its impetuosity Mary will surrender her pure soul in a last communion.

What words can express the generosity this love excites and entertains in Mary's soul ! How unreservedly and with what plenitude she gives herself to the Host of her communion ! With what eagerness she accepts His will and co-operates in His designs ! With what zeal she offers herself to His service ! With what courage she embraces sacrifice and immolation, becoming a victim in union with the Eucharistic victim ! With what gladness she renounces all earthly reward desiring only the happiness of serving Jesus for Himself.

What abundant profit Mary draws from her Communion ! What light for her daily guidance ! What ardent charity for God and her brethren ! What heroism in the practice of virtue ! What invincible strength in labor and in suffering ! Each communion marked a new step in her complete transformation into the divine image until heaven itself re-echoed the cry of admiration : " Who is this that ascends, ascends incessantly ? "

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Faith, purity, humility, devotedness and love, — Mary's disposition, for holy communion, should we not strive to make them ours also? And besides what better model to copy, what surer guide to follow, what truer help to invoke each time Jesus comes to us by communion than Mary in the Cenaculum? Ah! let her mould and prepare our hearts. She will decorate them with love, embellish them with precious virtues, with flowers of holy desires; she will light therein the flames of ardent faith, love and confidence; she will offer us to her Son as a beautiful repository, the work of her hands, into which He will enter with delight. According to Père Eymard's beautiful expression, "let us clothe ourselves with our Immaculate Mother's mantle, that it may fall over our imperfections, our manifold weaknesses, that Jesus seeing in us a Mother so well loved, may look benignly on us, and may, like her, work marvels of grace in us."

Let us resolve to place all our communions under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, but more particularly those of this month in which the universal church offers her special homage and veneration. Let us study her Eucharistic life applying ourselves with zeal to imitate it; let us ask Jesus to live and reign in us as He did in Mary by repeating daily the fervent invocation of Mr. Olier: "O Jesus, living in Mary, come and live in thy servants, in the spirit of Thine own holiness, in the fullness of Thy power, in the reality of Thy virtues, in the perfection of Thy ways, in the communion of Thy mysteries. Have Thou dominion over every adverse power, in Thine own spirit, to the glory of Thy Father. Amen."

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When you are in special want of help, go before the Blessed Sacrament and tell your trouble to our Lord; there is so much direction to be had from Him, if we would only seek it and talk over our affairs with Him. Who can understand us so well? Who can help us so efficiently?

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O Immaculate Virgin, you are the Vine of Engaddi from which the vermilion grapes hang, quenching our thirst, refreshing our hearts!



## Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle.



WE all believe that the Blessed Sacrament is the true body and blood, soul and divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine. Yes; we all believe it, but do we realize it?

We can imagine your indignant asseveration, that you do; but have patience and think a little. When you discuss, say, over the breakfast table, some terrible railway accident, earthquake, explosion, or any of the calamities which sometimes startle us in the morning papers, you doubtless feel great sympathy for the sufferers and, if the account be in a reliable paper, you believe the report of the accident. But do you imagine you have realized it? If you could properly picture to yourself the mangled limbs and the agonies of these unfortunate people, crushed past recognition beneath, say, the debris of two express trains, do you imagine you could dismiss the subject from your thoughts at a moment's notice, with a mere: "Dear me! how dreadful"? Why, if, in cutting your bread, the knife slipped, and made but a slight wound upon your hand, that insignificant occurrence would make more real impression on those present than half-a-dozen accounts of wrecks or of collisions?

So it is with our belief in the Blessed Sacrament: we all believe in it, without the shadow of a doubt; but we realize it so lightly, that hours and days pass by without our thinking of its presence in the world. Indeed, many, perhaps, who would not dream of missing their Sunday Mass are actuated, if they would but examine themselves, not so much by the desire of coming into the presence of the Holy Eucharist and of assisting at its sacrifice as by mere habit of obedience to the Church,

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or through fear of becoming guilty of mortal sin by culpable absence. Not that I depreciate for one moment either of these motives — God forbid ! Only, if we realized what we profess to believe, we would require no command from the Church to make us hear Mass, and no threat of incurring the guilt of sin by failing to do so.

There are many persons who wish they had lived at "the time of Our Lord." Now, this is ten thousand times more the time of Our Lord than when He walked the earth in His visible humanity. Then He was corporally present in but one place at a time, and comparatively speaking but a small number of men were blessed with the sight of His divine countenance. But now, in every place where His word is preached, He Himself abides, not in figure, but in reality. Many of you live quite close to a church; you, perhaps, pass it daily in your walks, or as you go to and from your work. Do you think of it? Do you realize that He Himself is there as truly present as He was present in the Holy Land eighteen centuries ago? Do you realize that the same pierced hands are waiting there to bless you, the same gentle eyes to gaze upon you, and that the same adorable Heart is calling you, loving you, waiting for you to give it some little sign of love, or at least recognition — if nothing more than a genuflection?

Oh! do you think that if Catholics realized what they believe, it would be possible to go into a church at any hour and find it empty? Do you think that people — aye! and good people, too who go regularly to their duties, and, perhaps, hear Mass daily — could pass and re-pass churches without seeing or feeling the necessity of entering, even if only for a moment?

Again, others, after five minutes prayer, seem to find nothing to say, and, if they have not come prouded with some book of devotion are at a loss what to do, and what to think about. Now, supposing you had lived centuries ago, and, by some happy chance, had dwelt near the holy house at Nazareth: if our dear Lord had given you permission to go in and speak to Him as often as you wish, would you not have found something to say? Would you not have wished to discuss with Him every

daily joy and sorrow, to seek His sympathy in every disappointment or contradiction? Would you not have entered sometimes to thank Him for gladdening the earth with His presence, to acknowledge His kindness, to beg some gift, or to ask a blessing on yourself and others? And if any one insulted or denied Him in your hearing would it not be an occasion for you to hasten and assure Him that you, at least, would always show Him love and veneration? Even supposing that at times you had nothing to say, would you not still have loved to enter, and to stay near Him, blessed by the mere fact of His sacred presence?

Alas, people will cheerfully undergo endless pains and fatigues in making pilgrimages to holy relics and holy places, and yet they will not turn down the next street in order to visit Him from whom both relics and places derive their holiness!

Truly we "have eyes and we cannot see, ears and we cannot hear." I am afraid we have also understandings and we cannot understand!

Perhaps you will object to me that in His Sacramental life Our Lord does not speak to and console you as He would have done in His home at Nazareth?

Your very objection proves how little knowledge and experience you have of the Holy Eucharist. God Himself has said, "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you:" and none can go to the Blessed Sacrament with faith, with earnestness, and above all, with love without experiencing the infallibility of that divine promise. Go to the altar when you are in grief, and at the feet of Jesus you will find resignation, if not consolation; go to the Blessed Sacrament when you are beset with worries, doubts, and discouragement, and in the silence of the sanctuary you will remember that a faithful friend is near you, one who has said, "Behold! I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." Go to the Holy Eucharist simply out of love; and oh! with what divine peace will your hidden God repay you, filling your soul to overflowing with the sense of His awful yet most gentle, Presence even if to try your faith and affection He occasionally withdraws all sensible consolation, so that you find your-

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self filled with distractions, and apparently deprived of all devotion, why should you fear? He is none the less there because He does not see fit to speak to you. Say to Him, in the words of the saintly Eymard, the Apostle of the Blessed Sacrament : O my God, when I loved Thee with tenderness I was very happy ; now, my heart is cold and desolate..... Well, I will love Thee more than the sweetness of Thy love ! Does my heart tell me I do not love Thee ? I will love Thee in spite of my heart — with my will ! ”

Oh, if we only learned to realize that the Blessed Sacrament is our God, what a sense of joy and protection would enter into our lonely lives ! God living here with me. God living here for me. We would haunt our altars at every grief and trial that crossed our path. Instead of which I have seen good, pious Catholics who, when oppressed with sorrow, have shut themselves up for days, considering that the bitterness of their woe dispensed them from their daily Mass and visit. Poor souls ! How little they know Our Lord, to think that, because they are unable to go through their usual prayers and devotions, it is useless to come in before Him ! They would not have acted thus in what they are pleased to call “ the time of Our Lord.” They would have known that the mere sight of their tears was prayer enough for Him. God, the eternal, immutable God, is the same now as then, and now, as then, He never sees His children weeping in His presence, without being moved to compassion.

Let us resolve never to pass by or near a church without entering it. If we have plenty of time surely we need not grudge Our Lord a few moments, while we make a quiet little act of adoration at His feet ? If we are pressed for time, let us still enter, if only to make a genuflection, and hurry out again. For, even if we do not say one word with either heart or lips, what does that genuflection mean ? It is in itself an act of faith, and a proof of love : an act of faith, because, by that reverent bending of the knee we acknowledge the Divine Presence otherwise we would not have troubled to come in and pay it homage. And, supposing time does not permit of even a moments visit, let us at least salute our

Master in our hearts, and not be ashamed to acknowledge Him as we pass His door, reverently raising our hats, or quietly making the sign of the cross. Protestant smiles and astonishment notwithstanding.

Above all, let us always remember that every time we set foot in a church where the Blessed Sacrament is kept God does us an immense favor and condescension in allowing us to enter His presence ; and let us beware of that feeling which sometimes creeps into our hearts (after, say, turning a good bit out of our way to visit the Blessed Sacrament), a feeling that we have been very good indeed, and that, in fact Our Lord ought to be grateful for the trouble we have taken, and the attention we have paid Him.

*Rev. Francis Xavier Lasance.*

### Pius X on first Communion.

On receiving in audience the General Council of the Redemptorist Order, on September 6, 1903, Pius X addressed the Reverend Fathers as follows, on the subject of First Communion :

"Children ought to make their First Communion soon as possible. They need to receive Holy Communion to be protected and fortified against the dangers of the world. Besides, no tabernacle is so beautiful to Our Lord as the innocent heart of children."

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However habituated we get to the ineffable gift which Jesus-Christ made us on the eve of His Passion the bright, dear feast of Corpus Christi brings strange increase of love to our heart, and the Blessed Sacrament seems more our own than ever.—  
*Dom Gueranger. Litur. Year.*

We ought, after the example of St. Teresa and St. Francis, endeavor to appreciate what prayer is, says Archbishop Ryan. Even among the distractions of the world men can do it and have done it. St. Louis, amid all the distractions of a king, thought of the Divine Presence many times in the day, and said as often as he performed any kingly functions, "My God I do this for Thee." Every man has two lives. The outer life is the only one seen by the world : the real life is the life of motive. The life of prayer is a life of union with God, a life of love hidden with Christ in God. Prayer is not merely petition but an elevation of the soul to God to adore Him but not merely by being a beggar of favors but by acknowledging Him as our Creator.



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## The True Resurrection.

 TRUER and fuller life is man's greatest want. In the midst of all the modern appliances for enjoyment, this want is felt as keenly as ever. Universal unrest prevails.

Why is this? It is because rest and peace are being sought in things which have no power to impart these blessings, in pleasure, in wealth, in intellectual pursuits. But these are insufficient; they leave the heart of man unsatisfied. The truth is that it is only by union with one who is unlimited in His goodness, power and mercy that the yearning and aching void of the human heart can be filled. This union is the means, and the only means, by which man can truly live.

And how is this union to be attained! First of all, by faith, trust and confidence in our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. He is the life; no one cometh to the Father but by Him. Then we must truly repent of all our sins and resolutely resolve to turn from them. Then we must receive the breath of God which giveth life to the world; we must receive our Lord's body and blood in Holy Communion.

There are, however, many who from time to time do all that I have mentioned, and yet go back again very soon to earthly things and even to sin. In some it is from insincerity and malice. Of these I will say nothing this morning. Many, however, fall away because they do not consider, do not treasure up, do not form a worthy estimation of the gifts bestowed upon them in Holy Communion. Their communions are mechanical and thoughtless, and they leave the talents bestowed upon them unemployed. They go to communion, make five or ten minu-

tes, thanksgiving, and spend the rest of the day, if it be Sunday, in reading the newspapers, choosing oftentimes the worst of these. This is not the right way. This shows where their hearts are — that it is on worldly things that they are fixed, not on the heavenly. And it is no wonder if, after communion so made, that such as these soon pass over the bounds and fall again into deadly sin or make very little progress in the life of the Spirit.

Consider, my brethren, the fruits of Holy Communion, and you will then value them more highly. They are so many that I cannot mention one-tenth of them now. To those who are in the state of grace our Lord comes, body, soul and spirit. He not only comes Himself: He brings with Him to each worthy communicant an increase of grace to which will correspond for all eternity in heaven a higher degree of glory; in each He remits a part, perhaps the whole, of the temporal punishment of forgiven sins. Each one is united more and more closely to Himself, becoming more and more one with Him, and thereby becomes a mediator and intercessor along with Him for grace, mercy and pardon for others. He thus renders every one receiving Him a source of strength, blessing and mercy to his fellow-men.

All of these things and many more we should receive in a greater degree if we more fully co-operated with God's intention in coming to us. That you may receive a greater share of those benefits, be more careful in making your thanksgiving after communion, and in keeping recollection during the whole day; not to do so is to act like a man who should toil in ploughing and sowing his fields, and then when harvest came should neglect to gather in the fruit of his toil.

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O Immaculate Virgin, you are the mother without stain of whom was conceived and born the Son of God made man, who has made Himself our Bread in the Blessed Sacrament!

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the Valiant Woman bringing us from afar our Bread, Christ come down to you from heaven!

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the fruitful root on which has blossomed and ripened the Bread which nourishes our souls!



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament

Method of Adoration According to the Four Ends of Sacrifice.

I. — Adoration.

FIRST QUARTER OF AN HOUR. — 1. Adore our Lord in His Divine Sacrament by, first, the exterior homage of the body.

As soon as you perceive His Adorable Presence in the sacred Host genuflect profoundly and with extreme reverence as an evidence of your faith and love. Adore Him in union with the Wise Men, when prostrating themselves to the earth they adored the infant God, cradled in an humble manger and wrapped in swaddling clothes. After this first silent act of homage, adore Our Lord by a vocal act of Faith. This act of Faith is needed to awaken the senses and render them susceptible to the influence of devotion. It will open to you the heart of the divine Master, and the treasures of His grace. Be faithful to it and make it with simplicity and devotion.

2. Offer now to Jesus the homage of your whole being, specifying the homage of each particular faculty of your soul. Offer Him your mind to know Him better, your heart to love Him, your will to serve Him, your body with all its senses, that each may glorify Him in its own way.

Offer Him your thoughts, that the Eucharist may be the dominating thought of your life and may reign over your heart and its affections; calling Jesus your God and your King, and desiring no other aim in life than to serve, to love, to glorify Him. Give Him your memory, that it may dwell on Him alone, and thus desire to live but for Him, in Him, and through Him.

Since your adoration is in itself so weak and imperfect, unite it to the adoration of the Blessed Virgin at Bethlehem, at Nazareth, in the Cenacle, on Calvary and before



the Tabernacle. Unite it to the adoration of holy Church and all pious souls who are adoring Our Lord at this moment, and with the heavenly court, glorifying Him in heaven, and your adoration will share in their merit and holiness.

II. — Thanksgiving.

SECOND QUARTER OF AN HOUR. — 1. Adore the immense and personal love of Jesus Christ for you in the Holy Eucharist.

That you might not be left lonely and orphaned in this land of misery and exile He comes Himself from heaven to abide with you and to be your Consoler and Comforter. Thank Him then with all your heart and with all your strength. Thank Him in union with all the saints.

2. Wonder at and admire the sacrifice He makes for you in His sacramental state. He conceals His divine and human glory that you may not be dazzled or blinded by its splendor and effulgence. He veils His majesty that you may dare to approach Him familiarly and speak with Him as friend to friend. He restrains His power and holds it captive that He may not punish or affright you. He hides from you his wondrous perfections that your weakness may not be discouraged. He tempers even the ardors of His divine love, the love of the Sacred Heart, lest you could not support its strength and its tenderness. He permits His divine goodness alone to escape and to radiate from the sacred Host as the rays of the sun shine through a light and fleecy cloud. Oh, how good He is, your sacramental Jesus!

He receives you at all times, day or night. His love knows no repose. He is ever full of sweetness to you. He forgets your sins and your imperfections when you visit Him, to testify only His happiness, His delight, at your visit. It would seem that He needed you to make Him happy. Oh, thank, then, this dear and loving Jesus with all the effusion of your soul. Thank the heavenly Father for having thus given you His divine Son. Thank the Holy Ghost for this new Incarnation of Our Lord upon the altar by the ministry of the priest and for you personally.

Invite heaven and earth, angels and men, to join you in thanking, in blessing, in glorifying Our Lord for His marvellous love.

3. Contemplate with wonder the humiliations of the sacramental state which Jesus has taken upon Himself for love of you. He is more powerful in the Holy Eucharist than in Bethlehem even, for there He had His Mother, and here He has her not. He has brought with Him from heaven only His grace and His love. How obedient He is! He yields a sweet, a prompt obedience to every one, even to His enemies.

Admire His humility. He descends to the borders of annihilation, uniting Himself to the common and inanimate matter of the Sacred Species, whose frail elements have no consistency but that given them by the word of the almighty which preserves them continually. His love for us keeps Him our prisoner forever. It is the chain that binds Him, until the end of the world in that Eucharistic prison that should be our heaven upon earth.

III. — Reparation.

THIRD QUARTER OF AN HOUR. — 1. Adore and console Jesus abandoned and despised by men in His sacrament of love. Man has time for everything except to visit his Lord and his God Who waits for him so patiently and thirsts for his love in the Tabernacle. The streets, the theatres are crowded; the house of God, alas! is empty. "O poor Jesus," "O neglected Jesus!" how canst Thou abide such indifference from those Thou hast purchased at so great a cost: from Thy friends, from Thy children, from me!"

2. Weep over Jesus betrayed, insulted, mocked, and crucified more cruelly in His sacrament of love than in the Garden of Olives, in Jerusalem, or on Calvary. And it is too often those whom He has most loved, most honored, and most enriched with His gifts and graces who offend Him most, who dishonor Him most in His holy temple by their irreverence—who crucify Him anew by tepid or even sacrilegious communions.

O divine Jesus, couldst Thou have believed that the very greatness of Thy love would furnish man with an object for his malice, that he would turn against Thee even Thy most precious gifts and graces!

And I, alas! have I nothing to reproach myself with? Have I ever been negligent or unfaithful to Thee?

3. Adore Jesus, and seek to make reparation for the negligence, profanation, and sacrilege that He meets with

so frequently, Offer with this intention all the sufferings that you must endure during the day or the week. Impose upon yourself some penance for your own sins and those of your relations, or for those whom you have disedified by your want of devotion in Church, or even by your distractions and levity.

But since all your satisfactions and penances are so few and so worthless in reparation for such great sins, unite them with those of Jesus Christ your Saviour on the cross. Gather up the precious blood that flows from His sacred wounds and offer it to the Divine Justice in reparation. Offer the prayers and sufferings of the crucified Jesus to the heavenly Father, and beg in return grace and mercy for yourself and all sinners.

IV. — Prayer.

FOUR QUARTER OF AN HOUR. — 1. Adore Our Lord in His most divine Sacrament, pleading unceasingly for you, showing His sacred wounds, His sacred heart pierced with the lance to His heavenly Father to win mercy for you and yours. Unite your prayers to His and ask what He asks,

2. Jesus prays His heavenly Father to bless, to exalt, to defend His Church; He prays Him to make it better known, and better loved and served among men. Pray for Holy Church so tried, so persecuted in the person of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, that God may deliver Him from His enemies, that he may convert them and bring them humbled and repentant to his feet. Jesus prays continually for the sacred priesthood, that its members may be filled with the grace and unction of the Holy Spirit; that they may grow in all virtues and be consumed with zeal for His glory and the salvation of souls He has purchased with His death on the cross. Pray earnestly for your Archbishop, that God may preserve him to you, that He may bless and console Him and grant success to his zealous desires for God's greater glory.

3. Pray for your pastors, that they may grow in the virtues of their state and may be enlightened and strengthened to lead and sanctify the little flock confided to their solicitude and direction.



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An Apostle of the Eucharist,

Reverend Peter Julian Eymard.

(Continued.)

In establishing the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, Father Eymard desired to carry out one of the logical consequences of the Eucharistic presence. Though Jesus annihilates Himself in the Blessed Eucharist, He still remains King of heaven and earth and as such is entitled to solemn and incessant worship, to compensate Him, as much as possible, for the glory of heaven which He sacrifices to dwell amongst us. The ordinary faithful could not render this incessant worship without neglecting the duties of their state, without disturbing the recognized social order. Consequently, led by divine inspiration, Father Eymard gathered together his community of adorers to supply this want to compose the terrestrial court of the hidden King. This King will be enthroned in solemn exposition, He will leave the humble tabernacle to manifest Himself publicly in the golden Ostensorium. He will reign. He will be Master, having servants exclusively devoted to His personal service, leaving all other ministry aside for the service of His throne, the exigencies of His royal presence.

They will serve Him directly by themselves and not indirectly by their works. Others, fired by the desire of martyrdom, will cross the seas, carrying light and life to nations slumbering in the shadow of death ; others, understanding the wonderful influence of Christianity on civilization, will spend their lives in bringing up strong Catholic generations ; others will combat by preaching or by writing the false doctrines, the fatal prejudices of the age ; but the sole vocation of the religious adorer, is to honor the presence of the King, to be His Chamberlain, His body-guard.

While valiant soldiers of the cross fight for the glory of Jesus Christ and His Church, their work is only to serve the royal presence and take care that the Master is never left alone.

This is the dominant obligation placed by Father Eymard at the beginning of his rule. Let all our members thoroughly understand that they have been chosen, and professed only in order to devote themselves to the service of the divine Person of our Lord, Jesus Christ, Our King, and Our God, really truly, and substantially present in the sacrament of His love. Like good and faithful servants of such a mighty King, they will unreservedly consecrate to His greater honor and glory, all personal honor, talents and distinction. Thinking always of the Master, working for Him, with their eyes ever upon Him and not upon earthly things. This service calls for various forms of ministry: The King must have a palace. He must have His heralds; thus the sacerdotal and the laical state both share in the employments of His service, whose functions are all equally noble and royal, since they have the King for their object, a vast field for their zeal, and a varied horizon for their different aptitudes.

The rules say: "All live in common, without distinctions or privileges, that is to say the family life, animated by the spirit of divine love, uniting them as members of the same household, in personal service of adoration and public worship."

The religious of the Most Holy Sacrament responds to God's designs concerning the order by a service of continuous adoration. Adoration is their distinctive duty, all others are subservient to this. This is clearly demonstrated in the rule from which we quote: "In order to be exclusively devoted to the sovereign service of their Heavenly King, to be always ready to comply with the duties of their vocation, our members will retain freedom and full liberty as regards every foreign employment or worldly intercourse. They are not to share the toils of the missionary, nor devote themselves to any absorbing ministry."

Can we find a more charming commentary on this fundamental point, than those words of Father Eymard's addressed to his young novices: When you came knocking at the door of this community, did we ask you what aptitude, what talent you possessed? how much virtue? Did we ask if you had performed few or many good

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deeds? No, we merely asked you, who sent you here? Jesus Christ. — To whom do you come? To Jesus Christ. Have you any conditions to make? None. Welcome, then, into the royal service.

You were then invited to adore: Will you kneel on this prie-dieu and burn like the candle beside you? Will you be a loyal, devoted servant of the Eucharistic King? Yes. — Then thrice welcome.

We advised you to address yourself directly to Our Lord. He alone is Master: let Him be your superior, your guide; we are satisfied with being His vicars, other John the Baptists saying to you: He is there! retiring after having introduced you. Serve Him devotedly, love Him ardently and be not solicitous about your perseverance. He will keep you among His courtiers as long as He is satisfied with you and no one can gainsay His wishes."

Three times daily every individual member of the Community is on royal duty before the King. He goes successively through the different hours of the day and night, thus participating in the joy of the morning, the gentle calm of the evening, the religious solemnity of the night.

"Look upon your hour of adoration," says Father Eymard in his inimitable graceful language, "as an hour of delight. Go to it as you would to paradise to the banquet of the Lord. Desire it, say to yourself often: in four hours, in two hours, in one hour, I shall go to the King's audience of grace and love. He has invited me, He expects me, He awaits me. When your allotted hour is one painful to nature, be doubly glad; it is the privileged hour which will be counted for two! If through infirmity, sickness, or other impediment you cannot put in your hour of adoration, let your heart indulge its regret for a moment, then unite your adoration to those adoring for you."

(to be continued.)

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the propitiatory altar on which was offered for the first time the sacrifice of the Word made flesh!

Tantum ergo

BLANCHE GAGNON

First system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: *Igni-lum u-go sa-cra-men-tum Ve-re-ri-to-ri-ge-re lo-que-tur*

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: *re-mur-cer-ni-i et an-ti-qui-sa-lus ho-nor*

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: *do-cu-men-tum No-vo ce-dat re-ti-e-ri-lis quo-que Sit et de ne-ga-ti-o*

Fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: *Pras-let fi-cus sub-ple-men-tum don-ze Pro-ce-len-te at u-bio-que*

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Communion of the Early Christians.



IN his magnificent little book upon the Lord's Prayer, which St. Cyprian wrote in the middle of the third century, a passage occurs in his explanation of the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," from which it appears that it was the custom of the early Christians to communicate daily. He says: Christ is the Bread of Life. We pray that this Bread may be given us daily, that we who are in Christ, and daily receive the Eucharist as the food of salvation, may not by any mortal sin be shut out from the partaking of this heavenly Bread, may not be separated from the Body of Christ; for He Himself hath said, "*I am the living Bread which is come down from heaven.*" So now we pray that our daily Bread, which is Christ, may be given to us daily, in order that we who are in Christ, and who live in Him, may never fall away from His salvation nor depart from His Body.

In his work upon the lapsed, viz. those unhappy Christians who in times of persecution, through fear, denied our Lord, the holy Bishop writes: 'They have done violence to the Body and Blood of the Lord; yea, truly have they sinned far more against Him with their hands and mouths than even in denying Him;' an unworthy Communion being held by the Saints as a greater offence against God than denying our Lord would be. From this passage we may see, as was the fact, that in primitive times it was the custom for the faithful to receive the Body of the Lord in their hands. It was also the custom to communicate little children, but only under the form of wine.

On the spot where St. Cyprian gave up his spirit under the sword of the executioner the Christians erected an altar, which they called *mensa Cypriani* (the table, or altar, of Cyprian), because there Cyprian was offered for Christ. Here the Most Holy Sacrifice was offered up, and, as is related by St. Augustine, very frequently a great number of the devout would assemble before it to

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give thanks for the triumphal birthday of the Saint and Martyr, "receiving" (these are his words) "on that spot the Blood of Jesus Christ, in honour of the birthday of Cyprian, with great joy and delight, who himself, with such glowing love, shed his blood for the name of Jesus."

At the time when St. Cyprian suffered martyrdom St. Cornelius governed the See of St. Peter. It was a time



Communion of the captives.

when the Church of Christ needed a strong hand to guide her through the storms which broke over her on all sides. Fearful wars and pestilences were followed by the still more fearful persecution raised against the Christians under the Emperor Valerian; and that which increased

to its highest pitch the grief of the Holy Father was the confusion caused by the wickedness and obstinacy of the heretics within the fold of Jesus Christ. During the persecution forty-six priests were put to death. Whilst they lay in chains every kind of means was made

use of by the faithful to visit them in their captivity, in order that the Holy Sacrifice might be celebrated in their prisons, and that they might receive in their hour of dread the support of the Blessed Eucharist. Now here there was no altar, and, in the absence of a table, the bread and wine were consecrated upon the open hands of the deacon.

This same persecution reached as far as the land of Egypt. Already under the Emperor Decius had the blood of Martyrs flowed, and many fell away from fear of the executioner. Now these lapsed ones were, after long and severe penance, received again into the company of the faithful. Amongst others, an old man, Serapion by name, after leading a most blameless life, had been induced to offer incense to the false gods. He had bitterly repented his fall, but in vain had he entreated for absolution and reconciliation. At length he fell ill, and was for three days without speech. On the fourth day, recovering the use of his senses for a moment, he cried to his young grand-child, his daughter's son: "How long, my son, how long! Haste thee, I entreat, and bring me a priest, that my sin may be forgiven." The child ran; but the priest was himself ill, and could not go. "As," writes the holy Bishop Dionysius, who himself relates this story, "I had ordained that the dying, when they desired it greatly, should receive the Holy Eucharist, that they might depart in good hope of eternal life, so did the priest give to the child a little particle of the consecrated Host, desiring him to moisten it in water and to place it in the mouth of the sick man. Now when the child returned, Serapion as he entered the chamber, raising himself a little, said, "Dost thou come back, my child? The priest indeed cannot come; then do that quickly which has been commanded thee." The child dropped the Holy Eucharist into a little water and poured it slowly into the mouth of the old man, who having received it gave up the ghost.

From this story, which happened in the third century, it is clear that in those days, as in these, the Most Holy Eucharist was reserved for the sick and carried to them; also that Holy Communion was even then administered under one form. St. Cornelius suffered martyrdom in the

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year 225, and was succeeded by St. Hippolytus. He was a disciple of St. Irenæus, and is described by St. John Chrysostom as "a faithful witness, a most holy teacher, a meek and most charming man." Theodoret, the historian, calls him "a spiritual fountain of the Church."

A LAST SUMMONS

Anna Sadlier



It was during the penal times in Ireland, when priests were hunted like wolves and the laity dared not practice their faith openly, but followed their pastors into secret hiding places, where the Sacred Mysteries were offered up and the Sacraments administered.

Terence O'Mahony lay dying in a corner of a little cabin, which he inhabited, just in the shelter of the Galtic Mountains. He had lived there, for many long years and his father before him and had been remarkable for his faith and piety and a special devotion to the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. It was now his greatest grief that he should have to die without receiving that Bread of life, which in happier times, it had been his practice to receive, so often, and his faithful wife who knelt beside his bed, likewise lamented that her pious husband should lack this supreme consolation.

The children, varying in age from three to fifteen, stood around an awestricken group, their blue eyes dimmed with tears, as they gazed upon their stricken father. At last Phelim, the eldest son, starting forward, with sudden, eager determination, whispered in his mother's ear :

"Sure, mother dear, I know where Father Peter is, up in the hills beyond, and, please God, I'll find him and bring him, so that father may have the last Sacraments."

A startled look came into the mother's face, as she whispered : "Whisht ! whisht alanna ! if any one should

hear you, it'd be as much as the priest's life is worth, and oh ! acushla, if the priest, hunters were to catch you going upon such an errand. And yet, may be, if it's God's Holy will, Father Peter might reach here in safety and it would be the greatest comfort to your poor father and to us all, if he could receive his God for the last time.

" I'll try it, mother ! " cried the brave lad, " sure, I can only die once, and as for Father Peter, be sure, he's risking his life, morning, noon and night, to help the sick and dying."

Go ! then, in God's name, and may the prayers of God's holy Mother keep Terence alive, till the priest gets to him.

" Don't be afeard, Mary. aroon ! " said the dying man, speaking with surprising distinctness, though in a short, gasping voice, " my soul will not go forth while the Soggarth's on the way to me, with, the Bread of Heaven ! "

Out at the cabin door, sped Phelim and up the steep and rocky path which led by circuitous windings to that hut fashioned of brambles, which the devoted priest had erected for himself, in an inaccessible spot.

The gorse and the heather were clothing the hill-sides with their beautifull blended hues ; the mountains were literally clothed with living green, the budding trees in vernal freshness, the grasses upspringing from clefts and crannies in the rock, the linnet and the blackbird vied with each other, in chanting their exquisite melodies. But, the boy unheeding, spurred on, impelled by that one thought of bringing the Blessed Sacrament to his dying father.

The road became, at last, move precipitous and almost impassable, the boy, at times, crawled upon his hands and feet. At last he found himself, at the foot of a frowning rock, and crouching, as it were, in a corner and almost hidden by a mass of undergrowth, was the hut, in which Father Peter Maguire abode. There he had suffered every possible privation, and even in the worst of weather, despite the fury of the elements and the greater fierceness of the human wolves, who dogged his path, the intrepid priest had ministered to his scat-

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tered flock, ever since the storm of persecution had burst. Never had he been known to refuse a sick call, no matter what the circumstances, and he had baptized and confessed and offered Mass in innumerable places, each time, at the risk of his life.

The boy, approaching, cautiously, made the customary signal, and soon beheld, with a mixture of reverence, love and almost awe the figure of the priest emerge. He was an old man, spare of frame, emaciated, but with a certain vigor and alertness, imparted by high resolve, by the workings of the spirit within. He wore nothing to distinguish him from the ordinary farmer of that neighborhood, though it was rumored that he had assumed many disguises, and had penetrated into the strongholds of the enemy. He beckoned the boy to approach and heard his whispered communication, laying a hand benignantly upon the boy's head, when he had done. "You are a brave lad to make your way hither!" he said kindly," but we must not lose a moment. The faithful Terence shall not be deprived of Holy Communion, if, by any effort of mine, I can reach him."

He disappeared into the hut to make some necessary preparations and in a few moments reappeared, making a sign to Phelim to precede him. The priest followed, absorbed in meditation and in the reverential silence befitting the Christ-bearer, but he kept a keen and vigilant eye about him and occasionally diverged from the path he was pursuing, when something suspicious arrested his attention. At last, they were in sight of Terence O'Mahony's cabin and after a careful survey of the immediate surroundings, from the shelter of a clump of trees, Father Peter hastily entered. Exclamations of joy greeted his arrival, from those surrounding the bed and the wasted face of the dying man was lit with supernatural joy. Father Peter lost not a moment, for he knew that time was precious. Terence, he saw at a glance, was near the end and moreover, there might be an interruption.

The family withdrew, during the confession, which was soon heard, but re-assembled for that supreme moment, of the giving of the Viaticum. A small table had been prepared, with an humble crucifix, a couple of

tapers, which had been religiously reserved for that great event, some holy water and a snow white cloth. There was a look almost of ecstasy upon the countenance of Terence, when he turned his fast-glazing eyes upon the Sacred Host, and there was a solemnity, a deep reverence, an ardor inconceivable, in the expression of the priest, as he, too, fixed his gaze upon the Living Bread. For Father Peter lived in daily and hourly expectation of the summons, which should call him home and had over and over again offered his life, as a holocaust. Information had reached him upon the preceding day, that his movements were closely watched, his hiding-place known and he had been urged to fly the country, while there was yet time. He had smiled when that advice had been given him, and he smiled now, a smile of ineffable joy and peace, in the gladness of his heart that he had brought the last consolation to Terence, the devoted lover of the Blessed Sacrament.

He placed the Sacred Host upon the lips of the dying, he heard the faint murmur of boundless gratitude and rejoicing, and murmured within his own heart :

"Lord, I, too, thank Thee and give Thee praise. Cheerfully, I offer my life that I may feed Thy lambs !"

The soul of Terence O'Mahony passed, with one last fervent ejaculation, and Father Peter began the prayers for the dead. The prayer was scarcely ended, when a shot fired through the window, overthrew the crucifix and pierced the faithful heart of the holy priest, who fell forward, almost upon the body of Terence.

Upon the scene which followed, unnecessary here to dwell. The ruthless bursting open of the cabin door. The fierce joy of the priest hunters, in discovering the dead body of the intrepid servant of God, who had so long defied them and for whose capture, living or dead so large a reward was offered. They ferociously cast forth the dead and the living together and wrecked the cabin, taking with them only the body of the priest and bidding the widow and her children be thankful, that they were not taken away to be hanged. Left alone, with her little flock, Mrs. O'Mahony, gave glory to God, first of all that he had permitted her husband to receive his God and while deploring the martyr's fate, she cried out : "Oh !

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then, Father Peter, it's you that's above in glory. Look down upon us now and pray for us all, for him that's gone and for us that are left."

And turning she exhorted her children to hold fast by the ancient faith no matter what came upon them, and to ever love and adore that Sacrament, for which their father had so longed and for the love of which Father Peter had died. The scene was long remembered by the trembling neighbors who witnessed it nor were the widow's words without their fruit. Phelim lived to become a missionary in foreign lands, giving testimony, if need were, with his life and was always noted for his burning love towards the Blessed Sacrament, and a fair-haired daughter, who stood near, became a cloistered nun, in an order specially pledged to adoration of Jesus on the altar, whence her prayers ascended to the Throne above, long after her pious mother had fallen asleep in Christ. But the memory of the O'Mahony's and of Father Peter remained in the neighborhood as a benediction, "the just shall be in everlasting remembrance."

HOLY WEEK

In our Church

WITH Holy Week began the close of the Lenten season, and for but one burst of glory on Holy Thursday the deep sorrow grew more intense as it approached the end.

Palm Sunday with its palms and procession opened the great week, and on this day the history of the painful Passion of our dear Lord is first sung by three deacons. — On Wednesday the tenebrae offices began and the sadness grew till on Holy Thursday, when after mass, the Sacred Host was carried in solemn procession to the altar of repose and there reserved for adoration. From this time on the day assumed a festive character.

The sanctuary was magnificently decorated. The Royal mantle and crown had been replaced by the altar of repose, frames of green branches and floral designs ranged about the walls and new furniture added. The altar was loaded with natural flowers and plants of every kind interspersed with more than three hundred wax tapers. The front was draped with a green blanket of natural sod bearing the inscription, "*Hoc est Corpus Meum*,"—"Thi

is my Body." The whole was encircled by bows of two hundred and fifty electric lights. But in the center of all, in a little cell back upon the altar among the flowers was tenderly laid the Incarnate Word, the Light of the World.

The chapel was thrown open to the public all day and all that night, and the crowds that kept pouring in speak for the piety and devotion in general, of the catholics of Montreal. Adoration was continued until the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified on Good Friday when the Adorable Body that on this day has been nailed to the cross for us was carried again in solemn procession back to the official altar and consumed by the priest in the Mass. On Good Friday the saddest day of the year the church commemorates the death of the Savior of the World. The priest and deacons appeared in black vestments and prostrated themselves on the floor at the foot of the altar before beginning Mass. The Passion was sung, the priest prayed for the whole world and then began the touching ceremonies of the unveiling and veneration of the cross. After Mass the Blessed Sacrament was gone from the chapel. The altars were bared and the tabernacle doors thrown open, desolation reigned everywhere. Heavy rains and darkening skies added gloom to the scene. This is the only day on which we of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament do not have the Holy Eucharist exposed to view in our chapels. On Holy Saturday, after mass, the Blessed Sacrament was again exposed and it seemed that Easter had already dawned.

But when Easter did dawn it was as if in another world. The chapel was again a scene of beauty. Loving hands had carried back the flower-banks of Holy Thursday. The Royal mantle was raised and over it the beautiful crown set with vari-colored electric bulbs. But to-day four hundred electric lights were used and nearly as many candles, and from out them all Jesus looked down on us from an open monstrance. In the afternoon and again at night Benediction was given. It was a fitting close to Holy Week.

F. O'C.





MADONNA OF THE LAMB
After a painting by Raphaël.



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