

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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**To the Heart of Jesus pleading
in the Blessed Sacrament.**

O Heart of Jesus pleading,
How strong and sweet Thy prayer,
Where Thy love for us lies bleeding
In Tabernacles fair!

My soul is wearied with the strife
Of life's perplexing woes;
I thirst for Thee, O Fount of life,
And seek Thy prayer's repose.

Thou art my Life, my Hope, my Love,
My soul's true Fount of health;
Oh, give me from Thy heaven above
Thy peace — my soul's true wealth.

How sweet my prayer, when full of peace—
The foretaste of Thy home!
Let peace and pleading love increase:
Jesus, Thy kingdom come!

O Heart of Jesus Pleading,
How strong and sweet Thy prayer,
Where Thy love for us lies bleeding
In Tabernacles fair!

J. C.



The Sacred Heart of Jesus.

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Family Devotion to the Sacred Heart

Devotion to the Sacred Heart reaches its flood-tide in this precious month of June. The Irish Messenger asks each of its readers to put this question to himself or herself and to answer it honestly and practically, "What am I doing for the Sacred Heart?" Let them examine themselves on this point in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, recalling Our Lord's promise that "those who propagate this devotion shall have their name written in My Heart, and it shall never be effaced." The editor goes on to show parents the splendid opportunity they have of winning a place in this greatest of honor lists:

"The heads of families have got peculiar opportunities of working within the family circle for the interests of the Sacred Heart. They can teach the little ones whom God has given them to know and love the Heart of Jesus. Let the parents see that their children make their first confession and Communion at about the age of seven years, and are fittingly instructed and prepared for this, the most important duty of their lives. Let them subsequently facilitate in every way the very frequent reception by their children of the life-giving and strengthening Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist, and teach them both by precept and their own example, never to miss going to Communion every First Friday, without fail. Devotion to the Sacred Heart and the wondrous blessings that accompany it are sure to be found in the family where every member of the household—father, mother, children and servants—approaches the Holy Table regularly every First Friday of the year. It is a sight that makes the angels in heaven rejoice to see the entire family thus gathered at the Eucharistic banquet, each First Friday morning. On such a household peace—the solid happiness and peace of God—will rest, and as long as they are faithful to this blessed practise of First Friday Communion they may rest assured

that neither want nor sin nor misery of any kind will ever gain a footing in their home. If only this beautiful and sanctifying custom existed in every family we should see none of the intemperance, the discord, the destitution, and many other miseries that afflict and oftentimes, alas! destroy so many homes.

"Yes, parents and heads of families bring devotion to the Sacred Heart into your homes, with all the untold blessings and graces that accompany it, and peace and holiness, even material prosperity, such measure of prosperity at least as God sees to be for your best interests, will be ever with you and your household."

Paved With Flowers

The festival of the Corpus Christi is celebrated with great splendor throughout Spain and her colonies, but nowhere else is the day observed in such a picturesque fashion as in Orotava, in the island of Tenerife, which lies under the shadow of the peak in a valley declared by the great traveler Humboldt to be the most beautiful in the world. In addition to the beauty of its natural position the valley is celebrated for its wealth of lovely flowers and blossoming trees, and it is these the inhabitants lay under contribution for the decoration of their town on the occasion of the Corpus Christi festival.

All the streets through which the procession passes are then paved with blossoms—roses, carnations, hyacinths, magnolias and other flowers on a background of the foliage of olive trees, orange trees and ferns. Rich and poor, young and old, all help to decorate the streets, each person having allotted to him a certain position of a street or square. They commence their task early on the morning of the festival, and before the hour of the procession arrives the streets are covered with carpets of flowers arranged in different designs, many of them executed with great taste and ability.

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“Suffer the little Ones to come unto Me.”

Yesterday morning after seven o'clock Mass I saw one of the little children who had received Communion and said to him:

“Gerald you've been crying this morning? Your face is dirty.”

“No Father, I did not cry but I couldn't wash my face. Mamma wouldn't let me come to Mass so I stole out.” (He lived about fifteen minutes walk from the church).

“Why did you do that?”

“I was hungry for Jesus and now I'm alright.”

As he spoke the last word the little lad laid his hand on his heart and the light of happiness that shone in his eyes was good to see.

Those sentiments are common enough among the little ones. If we would only help them on a bit, many of them would gladly receive Communion every day, and the greater number would always keep up the good habit. And so what a race of heroes as sturdy as the First Christians would gladden the Church, and serve as beacon-lights to guide many a wanderer safe Home.

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A little boy of six and his sister of five wanted, oh! so much to receive Communion, but their parents would not allow them. One morning they stole out early and went to Communion; their return was as noisy as there going had been quiet, they fairly danced and shouted with joy.

“Oh! what have you done”, asked the anxious mother, “and without going to Confession either.”

“Yes, Mamma”, Gerald fearlessly answered: I went to Confession a few days ago.”

"And your little sister?"

"Why yes, she went too. I heard her confession myself."

No wonder the Master pleaded: "Let the little ones come unto Me."

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Lately a little girl of six went to confession and when she had finished said: "Father it's the last time I am going to confession.—Why child?" asked the surprised priest.—"Yes, it's the last time because I'll never commit sin again so I can receive Communion every day." Angelic child! May daily Communion ever keep her so.

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Another of seven: "How many times can I receive now —Child!—you are so little... and in winter too... You will go on thursday at eight o'clock." Like a flash she darted out of the confessional stood on tip-toe before the door and shouted through the bars: "Father look at me, I am quite big, am I not?" Vanquished by such artlessness, when she resumed her place in the confessional I said: "Child, you may go as often as you wish." Since then, about four years ago, she has gone nearly every day, and I assure you her heart's shrine grows ever more and more pleasing to Jesus in the Eucharist.

FROM THE HOST

The love of the Blessed Sacrament is the grand and royal devotion of faith. Out of it there come three especial graces which are the very life and soul of an interior life—an overflowing charity to all around us, a thirst to sacrifice ourselves for God, and a generous, filial love of Holy Church. Happy ourselves, and with a happiness so exquisite and abounding, we are anxious to make others happy also. Charity is the choicest as well as the most exuberant emanation from the Adorable Host.

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EMMANUEL, OR GOD WITH US.

To nourish and to cherish an ardent faith in the real and substantial presence of the adorable Son of God, Jesus Christ, in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the altar should be our daily ambition and endeavor. In order to preserve and strengthen this faith, Pope Pius X., of blessed memory, introduced the practice of frequent Holy Communion. By a lively faith in Jesus, the Redeemer of mankind, who dwells in our midst in the Most Blessed Sacrament, the world should again return to God from whom it has gone astray by its infidelity and indifference. Frequent Holy Communion is the great means of salvation in our time. By Holy Communion our Divine Saviour desires to unite the hearts of men with His Divine Heart. Jesus in the Sacred Host is the centre of Catholic life; the bond of union is Holy Communion; the fountain of grace is the tabernacle. From Him the streams of graces should gush forth upon the world. Blessed are they who hear His words and believe them.

To Christian fathers and mothers our Lord Jesus Christ desires to give special graces for bringing up their children as God's children, but these special graces are communicated to parents and children through the means of Holy Communion.

In Holy Communion our Lord says to every soul, as it were, "Receive Me, and I will enfold thee on My bosom, and thou shalt rest on My Heart. Commend to Me everything that oppresses thee; tell Me that thou lovest Me and I am satisfied. I promise thee, thy cross shall not weigh upon thee so heavily as before. Thou shouldst bear all thy sufferings in union with Me and for love of Me. The love of My Heart will reward thee a hundred fold."

Jesus in the tabernacle thinks of you, Jesus aids you in your combats, Jesus, the hidden God, will impart to you from the tabernacle most precious graces. May the present year bring us nearer to Jesus in the tabernacle.

PRIESTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, a noted Protestant minister of England, writing of his experiences at the front in France in the London Daily Chronicle, says:

"There are plenty of priests in the trenches acting simply as private soldiers, but ready at a moment's notice to comfort the wounded or shrive the dying, or even as opportunity affords to bring the rites of religion to the hale and sound. There is no scoffing at them now, whatever used to be the case. They have paid freely with their blood for the new respect they have won from the armies of France. It is officially stated that there are no fewer than 60,000 priests serving with the belligerent on all fronts—and this exclusive of the priests of the Eastern Church serving with the Russian forces, and the thousands of ministers of all denominations serving with the Protestant troops of Great Britain.

"I heard some months ago from Roman Catholic sources a moving account of the work of one of these soldier-priests. A half-ruined church within the zone of fire was filled with wounded men laid in rows upon straw along the nave, chancel and aisles. Yet the altar was lighted, and by it expectant servers stood waiting. Presently the door opened and a cavalry captain entered and made his way through the dolorous scene of pain and death, his spurs clinking on his heels, while with his right hand he made the sign of benediction over the ranks of moaning men. From pallet to pallet he passed, listening to whispered confessions from tortured lips and giving absolution, at length seating himself in a chair near the altar, where those who were able came to him one by one with their penance or grief, and he declared to them the peace of God. Outside, remember, the guns were thundering all the time, and the surge of battle breaking on every side. Confession over, this accoutered officer proceeded to the altar and said Mass. He was a priest. Did ever any priest say Mass under more solemn and awful circumstances? Did ever any soldier fight a nobler fight?"

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Guard of Honor

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The Blessed Sacrament

The Second Annual Celebration of the Guard of Honor and of the Guards of the Blessed Sacrament held on Sunday afternoon, May 7th, in the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, was an overwhelming success in every way and one of the most impressive testimonies of faith and reverence ever seen.

This reunion was all the more remarkable as it was the first time the two young and flourishing associations met in common assembly.

The weather was not ideal in the early morning, but the sky cleared toward noon, and just as the ceremony began the sun scattered the last clouds and streaming through the glass windows flooded the church with subdued radiance. The large church was taxed to its utmost capacity, even standing room in the nave was at a premium.

The pews on both sides of the middle aisle were reserved for the Guards of the Blessed Sacrament and were filled by a fine body of men, some in the strength of manhood, some bowed down beneath the burden of years, rich and poor mingling as brothers in Christ. As they knelt there silently and reverently the air of determination, of earnestness about their manly countenance compelled one's admiration. They were mostly men of business whose hours of relaxation are few, yet staunch Catholics all of them, lovers of Christ whose ideals are serious and true.

At three o'clock the ceremony began. A long line of little girls prettily dressed in white marched the two main

aisle followed by a score of altar boys in red cassocks. The whole congregation then arose and sang the hymn "Come, Holy Ghost" after which the Rev. Joseph A. Côté, S. S. S., in charge of both associations, read the yearly report. He prefaced it by the expression of his unfeigned happiness at the sight of this sympathetic gathering, of his admiration for the work accomplished and the spirit of charity and zeal that makes all the members so visibly one.

A few extracts from the interesting report will show the result achieved and the projects for the immediate future.

"The Guard of Honor has been in existence but two years and already numbers exactly 1,312 members. During this period of time 43,350 hours of adoration have been offered by the members to our Eucharistic King. Out of this grand total 28,348 hours were made during this, the second year of its existence, fairly double the number made during the first year."

Speaking of the secondary aim of the Guard of Honor:—the promoting of public adoration in parish churches on days of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament,— he said: "In the early fall I intend taking steps towards putting this purpose into effect by so arranging matters that the Guard of Honor may, in every English-speaking parish, respond to the calls of their Reverend Pastors. But to realize fully this noble ambition more members will have to be enrolled. Therefore, to work!"

We cull the following item from the first yearly report of the Guards of the Blessed Sacrament.

"The Guards consider it their duty to enhance the solemnity of Exposition in the parish churches. A very effective means of doing so has been decided upon and already put into effect. At the request of the Pastors the Guards assemble at a set time, in those churches where the Forty Hours' devotion is going on, and there recite the Divine Office in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. This work has been inaugurated on April 15th, when a large representation of the Guards met and chanted the Divine Office at St. Agnes. Even a larger body assembled for the same purpose at St. Dominic's,

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April 30th. A hymn of praise has thus been intoned, the echo of which will not be allowed to die out before we take it up again in some other churches."

The reading of the yearly report was followed by a reception of 128 new members in both associations. Reverend Arthur Letellier, S. S. S., Superior, who presided at the reception addressed the Guards of Honor in burning words of praise and encouragement that went straight to the hearts of his hearers.

"All Catholics," said the Reverend Father, "are bound to know and love the Blessed Sacrament and, as a rule they profess to do so, but, too often, their acts belie their words, for they keep aloof from church so long as a strict obligation does not force them to come. As to you, you are logical, and your conduct is in keeping with your belief. You know how to arrange your duties so as to find time for visiting the Blessed Sacrament. In fact, all of you every month, and a good number every week, even oftener come to pay their homage to the Divine Guest of the Altar. The work achieved during the past year by your league is indeed most consoling. Not only have you been an object of edification to our people, but in your own churches you have caused Our Dear Lord to be better known and served. During the days of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament you have always been on hand to form a Guard of Honor to Our Eucharistic King.

"And you especially, my dear men, you have begun this year a work which will spread, I am sure, and become the chief feature of the Nocturnal Adoration in a great many parishes of this city. The hour of Adoration you have spent at night in some of the churches has proved of the utmost interest to the faithful. The impressive way in which you chant the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, the various prayers you recite, blended with those moments of silence for the soul to reflect during this hour, have deserved the greatest praise from many pastors. Continue your great work. Be always true Guards of the Blessed Sacrament, and feel proud to be called upon to enhance the beauty and the solemnity of those blessed days when Our Lord exposed on the

altar, in return for your faithful and loving adoration, lavishes upon you His choicest blessings."

After an exquisite organ solo by Prof. Carrier a stirring sermon on the dogma of the Holy Eucharist was delivered by the Rev. Edward J. Devine, S. J. He briefly summed up the strong argument for the Catholic doctrine drawn from the plain language of Our Lord, the literal interpretation given His words by His disciples, and His conduct towards those who found His divine words too hard for belief,—all this as related in the Sixth Chapter of St. John's Gospel. Assuming, then, as proven the fact of the Real Presence the preacher went on to show its bearing on the life of the Church and of the individual soul. He concluded with an eloquent appeal for more frequent communion and a closer intimacy with the Divine Friend of our tabernacles.

Immediately after the sermon the new marble statue of St. Joseph, donated by the members of the Guard of Honor, was solemnly blessed. The artist has deftly chiselled the dear Saint carrying the Divine Infant on his right arm, while in his left hand he holds a lily typifying the purity of his soul. The Child Jesus points towards the heart of His foster-father as to the purest and most loving heart after that of Mary.

Hardly was the blessing over when a glorious vision of splendor burst upon all eyes reminding one of the heavenly Jerusalem.

On a sudden all the electric bulbs that stud the sanctuary flashed with light, and their soft refulgence filled the holy place betraying the half-hidden beauties of the great white altar whereon the King of glory was enthroned in the midst of countless flowers and tapering candles. Saint Joseph's beautiful flower, the lily, was the only one on the altar, but it was scattered there in lavish profusion and seemed proud to lift its white corolla upwards and breathe its faint fragrance before its Lord and Maker.

Benediction had begun. The singing by the Community Choir was truly devotional and of a high order.

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When, at length, the last echoes of music died out and the organ ceased to pant, a deep silence of awe and reverent piety filled the church and the King of the Host Blessed His faithful Guards, kneeling devoutly at His feet.

The impressive ceremony closed by a grand chorus in the hymn "Holy God," every one singing with his whole heart and voice. Thus ended this remarkable Celebration—one that will live in the annals of the Guards of Honor and linger in the memory of all who assisted at it as a short but blessed foretaste of the everlasting joys of heaven.

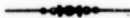
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CHRIST'S PRESENCE



Jesus, our Saviour, is wholly present not only in every individual Sacred Host, but also in every individual particle of the Sacred Host. In order to keep this truth constantly fresh in the minds of the faithful, it was customary during the early ages of Christianity, that only one large host be consecrated for the faithful, and then broken into as many particles as were necessary for the Communion.

The presence of Jesus in every particle of the Sacred Host is a miracle of divine omnipotence. If with five loaves Jesus fed over 5,000 men, why could He not in virtue of His omnipotence, be present in every part of the Sacred Host? If by God's omnipotence a great landscape can be represented on the small retina of the eye, can not the same omnipotence multiply the body of Christ as many times as there are Sacred Hosts on the altar?



ADORO TE DEVOTE.

I worship Thee O hidden God, devotedly, alone,
 Who here in helpless figure liest truly and unknown!
 My heart and soul are silent when they only look on Thee,
 Because they falter, gazing, and are vanquished utterly.

Sight fails, and taste and touch are here no guides to guide me
 Only Thy promise cannot fail, my Anchor and my Light! [right,
 O Son of God! Thy lightest word is all the world to me,
 What Truth Himself has said, how can it aught but truthful be?

The Cross but hid Thy Godhead, and we knew the Christ was dead,
 But here Thy very Manhood lies beneath the Wine and Bread:
 Believing and confessing Thee for God, and God made man,
 I pray as prayed the penitent who shared with Thee the ban.

Thy Sacred Wounds, as Thomas did, I cannot gaze on here,
 Still I may know Thee for my God, unseen, unheard, but near:
 Make me to know Thee, better, Lord — help Thou my unbelief —
 Hope in Thee in my hopelessness, love for Thee in Thy grief!

Mark and remembrance of His death — my Master and my Lord!
 O Bread of Life, by whom we live, forgiven and restored!
 Fill up my heart with thoughts of Thee, to live my life as Thine
 And mayst Thou ever find in it the shelter of a shrine!

O loyal Friend, Lord Jesus! Thou hast pierced Thy breast for me
 I clamor for Thy cleansing Blood on my impurity:
 Whereof one single drop can change a sinner to a saint,
 And from a teeming world can wash a teeming world of taint.

Jesus! whom now I cannot see, but darkly through a veil.
 Hear Thou my earnest prayer, O let my cry to Thee prevail!
 That looking on Thee, O my God, not hid, but as Thou art,
 The vision of Thy glory be, world without end, my part.

Robert Stuart, S.J.

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SUBJECT OF ADORATION

The Sacred Heart of Jesus

ADORATION

On your knees at the foot of the altar on which is your God and your King in His majesty, veiled by love, adore Him in union with the Blessed Margaret Mary, when she saw Him and heard Him in the most solemn of the revelations of His Heart. "Once, when the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, He suddenly showed me His adorable Heart, environed by flames, which issued from His sacred breast like a furnace. His five wounds shone in His hands and in His feet like suns; the whole of His holy humanity was environed with flames."

It is Jesus Christ Himself, in the perfection of His holy humanity, who shows Himself by raising the veils of the Host and by illuminating the profound retreats in which are hidden the real presence. The heart of Jesus did not show itself in the Sacred Host separated from the breast of the Saviour in which it beats, or of the holy humanity which it animates. Jesus, in person, appears, uncovers His breast and shows His Heart. Oh! in spite of the obscurity of the species, thoroughly believe that it is Jesus in person who is in the Eucharist; adore Him always in the totality of His being and of His life. *Christum totum!*

And then the Saviour said to the confidant of His Heart: "Behold this Heart which has loved men so much, that it has spared itself nothing, even to the exhausting and consuming of itself, that it might testify to them its love. In return, I receive from the majority of mankind nothing but ingratitude, coldness, contempt, irreverence, and sacrileges inflicted on the Sacrament of my love. Do thou, at least, endeavor to console Me, by making Me some return." And He tells of what this return should consist: "I deserve to be honored by men in the Blessed Sacrament! I desire to be treated as a King in the palace of a king!"

The honor of solemn exposition and of perpetual adoration, it is this which must be given to the Eucharistic Christ in order to satisfy the desires of His Heart.

Ah, Lord! we desire to offer Thee honor and love; to surround Thee with splendor, to create for Thee a court of faithful adorers, who will honor Thee by their perpetual presence, adore Thee by their profound reverence, and all the homage with which interior religion will fill their soul; faith, love, admiration, submission, all the homage of adoration.

THANKSGIVING

The splendor of the worship of the solemn exposition of the Most Holy Sacrament, and the homage of the perpetual adoration ought to be a consolation for whoever understands the love and the blessings of the Eucharist, for they are thereby permitted to pay a sacred debt, and to lighten the weight of gratitude the too great gift of God lays upon them.

The perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament claims more than does the ordinary worship of Our Lord: *Quantum potes, tantum aude!* It is magnificent and it is for this reason that it better responds to the love of the Sacred Heart and of its desires.

He has spared nothing "even to the exhausting and consuming of Himself," in order to testify to us His love, and we are sparing in the gratitude we show Him? We deny ourselves the joy of putting aside the ordinary, to do more than is strictly required; to exhaust ourselves, and to consume ourselves? There are ineffable joys contained in giving, in being lavish towards those we love; let us give ourselves this holy and lasting joy, from gratitude for the excess of love in the Saviour who, during His life and on His cross exhausted Himself for us, and in His Sacrament consumes Himself every day for our salvation.

Let us, then, offer to our most loving Saviour all the homage of gratitude, thankfulness, joy, fidelity; all the acts of thanksgiving. Yes, Thy adorers, oh, Lord! will employ themselves in nothing else except thus offering everything to Thee, uniting themselves with Thee, Priest most holy, Victim of infinite merit, and at the same time, God all powerful, infinitely kind, who claims our homage and grants our prayers.

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REPARATION

To experience the sentiments and accomplish the works of just reparation towards the Sacred Heart, weigh the sorrowful words which compose the second part of the revelations: "And in return I receive from the majority of mankind nothing but ingratitude, coldness, irreverence, contempt and sacrileges inflicted on the Sacrament of My love."

"In return," instead of the loving gratitude justly due for so much love; oh what a sad contrast between Him and us, between His Heart and our hearts; between Him who exhaust and consumes Himself for us and we who are so afraid of laboring, of striving and of suffering for Him!

"I receive from the majority;" He does not say from all, but from the majority. There are faithful souls still, but they are in the minority; the majority respond to His love only by ingratitude.

In these words He sums up all the shortcomings and the outrages of men in regard to His Sacrament. Coldness, irreverence, contempt and sacrilege: what is all this if it be not the evil fruit of ingratitude, of the absence of love? He complains therefore of "coldness that is to say of the egotism, of the hardness of our hearts, which nothing can touch, move, or enrapture! He complains of the irreverence and the contempt with which He is treated, the lack of respect, zeal, honor. The Church claims certain forms of respect: genuflection, prostrations, a lamp, wax tapers, linen cloths... All night long He is shut up in His temples and no one thinks about Him until the next day; His lamp becomes extinguished from want of attention; negligence allows dust to accumulate about the altar and the tabernacle; meanness rules over the expenses attendant upon His... No, oh Lord! Thou art not treated as well as the meanest amongst ourselves!

And the sacrileges, profanations and destruction of His churches, the pillage of His tabernacles... "All this" Thou didst add, "is more felt by Me than anything which I endured in my Passion."

And we hesitate to obtain honor for Thee, we hesitate to attend the solemn manifestations of Thy presence in the Blessed Sacrament, the splendor of which should know no limit but that of gratitude for Thy innumerable blessings, of purest love, its one desire being to be measureless!

PRAYER

By the Heart of Jesus is to be understood His feelings and dispositions. The Heart of Jesus signifies His virtues—His love for His Father and for us, His meekness, His humility. It signifies also, the sentiments which exercised an ascendancy over Him throughout His life and during His Passion; sentiments of ardent zeal for His Father's glory; of mercy, tenderness, and compassion for us, to the attainment of which two ends He sacrificed His life.

To be, then, solidly devoted to that adorable Heart is to endeavor to discover, by the aid of prayer, its dispositions and inclinations; the virtues which formed its habitual practice, and the sources whence flowed its pleasures and pains. It is to cultivate the sentiments which should actuate us in regard to that sacred Heart—sentiment of love and gratitude, of regret for sin which caused its sorrows, and of sincere and efficacious desire to glorify it, and to leave nothing undone for the expiation and reparation of past infidelities. It is, in fine, to direct our most strenuous efforts to imitate the example of Christ, according to the exhortation of the apostle, "having in us the same mind which was also in Christ Jesus; "putting on the Lord Jesus Christ," speaking, thinking, and acting like Him, from the same principles and for the same ends, so that we may, in all, resemble Him. This is the doctrine of the Gospel and of the apostles. This is the most solid and the most practical purpose to which the knowledge of religion can be applied. This is the very essence of genuine piety, the most agreeable to God, and most beneficial to the soul. "This is eternal life: to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent."

Aim at the substantial reality of this devotion, reform your heart on the model of the Heart of Jesus, copy the virtues He presents to your imitation—His meekness, His humility, His patience, His charity. Examine how He thought on all subjects, and strenuously labor to imbibe His sentiments; incessantly pray to Him for strength to acquire them, and deeply regret the dissimilarity between yours and His. This is truly to honor the Heart of Jesus and to enter on the paths of real interior devotion.

"Do thou, at least, endeavor to console Me by making Me some return, according to thy power." As to exterior devotion, we ought to believe that we really can, by our ardor, our zeal and our

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homage, not only render to Jesus the religion which is His due as to our supreme Master, but also that we can solace Him, compensate Him, console Him.

Strong in this faith, let us adore Him, let us receive Him; let us also, adorn His temple with beauty and splendor, let us strive to propagate the solemn worship of the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. We shall thereby satisfy the Heart of Jesus, we shall appease His "thirst to be honored by men in the Most Holy Sacrament."

Compassion of the Sacred Heart.

"It's all his own fault. I haven't a bit of sympathy for him." We often hear words like these. Sometimes perhaps we say them. They could be said with truth of any sinner in the world, ourselves included. Sin is deliberate or it is not sin at all. If we have sinned, why should we be pitied? Not so did Jesus reason. Had he done so what would have become of Magdalene, or Matthew, or Peter, or Thomas, or Paul. The Church would never have known these great saints. It would be harder for us to look up to heaven if they were not there. We owe them to the compassionate Heart of Jesus, to Him who is willing to be known and scorned as the friend of sinners, "who ate with publicans and sinners."

He has not changed. He has the same heart now as then. Since He went up to heaven, sinners have put His compassion to the test and have not found it wanting. A lost woman tested it and the result was St-Mary of Egypt. A wild young man tried it and we have St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, Confessor and Doctor of the Church.

We hear people who are trying to rise from a life of sin or negligence say, "I cannot go to Holy Communion; I am not worthy; I have been so great a sinner". They forget that when here on earth, our Lord ate with publicans and sinners, not indeed because He was indifferent to sin, but because He loved sinners.

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION

The grand test of a congregation's faith is attendance at the Forty Hours' devotion.

The Forty Hours' devotion, indicates quiet and steady belief and practice which are not borne to their purpose on the crest of excitement, but calmly persevere, not for forty hours, but for forty years, in their heavenly engagements. No exhortations to redeem fickleness from its follies are used in this silent and solemn devotion. The people quietly come, calmly stay and splendidly express the desire of watching one hour with the Voiceless One of the sanctuary.

How living is the faith of our people as it prompts them to kneel in love before our altars and receive adoringly the Guest of our tabernacles! Hundreds of thousands at Forty Hours troop to our churches and commune in silence with the Sacramental Christ for ever silent.

What joy replaces sorrow in the heart of the worshiper! What rest relieves harrowing care! What wisdom expels folly! What hope excludes despair! How near is Heaven brought in the realization of heavenly promises! How near is God in the annihilation of the distance of our home from His! What Divine condescension that found such a marvelous way for Christ to be near the children of men—yes, to be the very tenant of their hearts!

Christ in the Sacrament longs to occupy us and make of us very tabernacles—to fill our minds and transform them into very Bethlehems of grace—to enter our souls and give them a foretaste of eternal peace before Glory's gates will close behind them forever.

How much do we owe the Forty Hours! What inspirations to better things have thus come! What prompt-

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ings to majestic silence, like the Sacramental Christ's, which would never err in thought nor violate charity. What distaste for the noise of the street has been begotten in the exquisite calm around the throne of the Sacrament! What a halt has been given to our mad mob of grovelling desires! How like Heaven itself is the sanctuary where our King reigns, angels minister, and where lights and flowers commingle their radiances in silent adoration!

At the Mass, we think of Calvary, of which the altar is a miniature; at the Forty Hours we recall Mount Thabor and are made luminous by His Transfiguration.

Belief in the Blessed Sacrament' is the great center of the solar system of our faith. All other doctrines are understood through the Light of the Altar—that light of Christ which fills the world with beauty and eternity with glory.

In this screeching time of worldly purposes the tongueless Sacrament halts the "madding crowd," and brings them not to gaze, but pray, at the altar of Exposition.

The Blessed Sacrament is the banquet where minds that were troubled are refreshed and souls that were starving are regaled.

Praise to the Christ living in the Sacrament! Honor to Humility who came to exalt us to His native Heaven where the scales will fall from our eyes and the veils will withdraw from the glory charitably obscured on our altars.

FAVOR

Schenectady, N. Y.— Please publish my thanks to Ven. Peter Julian Eymard, for restoring my father sight who was very near blind, and was cured in a few days.

A. Subscriber.

“NOW IT'S ALL RIGHT.”

One day almost immediately on entering the English hospital, where there were many German wounded, and some terrible cases, the Ancient was summoned by a series of very peremptory nods and beckonings to a mere boy, pathetically childish-looking, who was sitting up, the better to attract attention, in the middle of his stretcher. He was badly shot in the head, and his bandages had a queer caricaturish resemblance to a turban: coming down a little over one eye, it caused him to hold his head sideways, and peer up sideways in an inquisitive alert fashion that was like a starling. There was not much of him, and what there was was very lean.

“*Kommen Sie hier,*” he kept calling, with volleys of smiles. “*Sie sind Katholisch? Ja! Ja! ich verstehe.*”

He was full of impatience. He had been, he said, looking out for a priest, and offering all the money he had to the orderlies to bring him one. They had assured him that he would soon get one for nothing, but he had not been quite ready to believe. He thought they might only want to save themselves trouble. He said he was not quite sixteen, and he certainly only looked fifteen: a most merry creature, though he fully realized that he was probably going to die.

“Now!” he cried triumphantly, “I’m going to confess!”

And he did, in no subdued tones; with extraordinary preparation, and with a most touching boyish simplicity and devotion.

All the time he knelt in the middle of his stretcher, his little face full of “recollection,” his small thin hands clasped, the bright black eyes tightly closed.

“Now!” he said decisively, when he had been absolved “Now, that part’s done. Now — anoint me, please.”

He stretched himself out as flat — as flat, alas! as if he had been in a coffin. And eagerly turned to the priest each part that was to be anointed.

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"And now!" when that was finished, "Now, my Father — give me Our Lord!"

"Yes, dear little son: but I must go to a church...."

"Well, go! Go, Father; be quick. It wouldn't do to die till you come back."

He didn't look like dying so soon: but still there might be no time to lose, and the priest went, bringing back with him more than one Host, as there were several terrible-looking cases.

When the little lad had received the Holy Viaticum he smiled and said:

"Now it's all right... "

HOLY SACRIFICE

What treasure is there in the universe of such incomparably value as a single Mass? And yet how incredible, how appalling the coldness, the lukewarmness, the sloth, the indifference of Catholics! If for one moment the veil were lifted from our eyes, and we saw what in reality the Mass is, we should be overwhelmed with wonder and gratitude. If we are not, it is because our faith is dead, our souls divided, our minds pre-occupied; because we do not forget the human, frail, mortal priest, in the overpowering consideration of the spotless, Divine Eternal One; nor merge the whole outward ceremonial in the awful reality of the Divine Victim and the ineffable drama of our redemption.

Open wide, then, the eyes of the soul. Lay aside for the moment all thoughts of care and trouble; and come to the Holy Sacrifice as the early Christians did with hearts full of awe and love and devotion; for He who on the Altar as on Calvary is both Priest and Victim, is also the Eternal King of Heaven.



THANKSGIVING

A poor old servant was in the habit of going very often to Holy Communion; and this she did with the greatest possible devotion and fervor; yet she was always complaining that she was unable to make any proper thanksgiving after Communion.

"And why is this Mary?" asked her mistress one day.

"Well, you see, ma'am, I'm not able to read, and I feel quite put out like when I see others around me reading such beautiful prayers out of their prayer books, and there I am not able to say a word at all."

"And tell me, Mary, what do you do when you go to Communion?"

"Nothing at all, ma'am. I do nothing but lament and complain."

"About what?"

"About my own sins and my ignorance."

"And what else do you do?"

"Well, I ask our Lord to grant me the grace to be good and to love Him and to help me to keep from sin, and to get to heaven. Then I say the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, as my Confessor told me to do. After that I ask the Blessed Virgin and my Guardian Angel to thank God for me, and to say a little prayer for me, and that's about the most I'm ever able to do."

Yet this poor creature was very dear to God. Her simple homely way of talking to our Lord, pretty much as she would to a fellow-creature, was just the very best sort of thanksgiving she could have made.

When we receive Jesus in Holy Communion He wants us to talk to Him just in the same way; to tell Him our trials and sorrows and difficulties; to place before Him our plans, and talk them over with Him. We stand in need of all sorts of graces and favors. This is the time to ask Him for them. We find it hard to

say our prayers, we have this and that fault to overcome, and we yielded to it several times, even within the last week; and then such and such persons have caused us a great deal of trouble, and we are worried and anxious about some business, or there is some undertaking in which we want very much to succeed; we want to become gentle, patient, cordial and kind. Tell Him all this, and ask Him to help you. This is an excellent way to make your thanksgiving after Communion.

“IN THEIR SCHOOL-CLOTHES.”

Anxious to have my choir-children receive Communion often, I soon noticed that the custom of requiring a special costume constituted a formidable obstacle to week-day Communion. I then invited the children to come to Communion in their school-clothes, the ones they usually wear to serve Mass on ordinary days. At first this caused surprise and I was blamed somewhat, but I was firm and held to my decision, and very soon the desired result followed. The children now without restriction as to special costume can more freely and more easily satisfy their ever increasing hunger for Jesus in Holy Communion.

The Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the perpetual jubilee of the Church, her glad hymn of praise for the mysteries of redeeming love.

A STRAYED LAMB

"Is there not somebody I might get to come and sit with you a while?" said Father Logan, as he prepared to take his departure.

"Yes," replied the sick woman: "there's Mrs Gillan in the third room down the passage. She might come if you asked her."

"I certainly shall ask her," rejoined the priest. "Now good-by, and try and remember all we have talked over. I'll come round in the morning."

Carefully closing the door behind him, he turned down the narrow passage, whose walls were dark with age and the accumulated dirt of years. At the third door he stopped and knocked, but it was not opened. He knocked again and hearing some shrill cry of "Come in!" opened the door, and, standing on the threshold, looked into the dingy, squalid room. At first he thought it was empty, but afterwards saw in the furthest corner a rough bed, made of boxes, on which were spread some ragged clothing. Out of the rags peered a thin sharp face, lit up by piercing black eyes. He started back, the resemblance to a rat was so striking. Then, recalling his errand, he asked for Mrs Gillan.

"Other side. What is it you want her for? Thought you might be a doctor coming to see me."

"To see you" said the priest, crossing the room to the speaker, "Why, are you ill?"

"I should think so. Why, I've been in three hospitals, but they couldn't cure me!"

There was such an unselfish pride in this statement that the hearer shuddered.

"I think you ought to be in a hospital now. This is surely no place for you. Can you not walk at all?"

"Never have walked. Why, that's what's the matter. Something wrong with my back, and the legs are all twisted."

"And no bed but this? How could they let you out of the hospital?"

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"Oh, I had a nice mattress, but — stoop down and I'll whisper; she'd beat me if she heard me tell. — She took it; it was worth pawning."

"Took it! Would beat you! Why, who is she?"

"Aunt Fan. Oh, she's pretty smart and she's real good to me, except when — you know."

Father Logan was deeply moved. This helpless sufferer at the mercy of such a guardian! But perhaps the story was not true.

"Wait a while," he said. "I'm just going to Mrs Gillan. I want her to look after a sick woman. Then I'll come back and we can have a long talk."

He was back in a few minutes, looking very grave. The child's story was evidently true, and the question was how could the grievous wrong be righted.

"Now, first of all," he said, "I want to be your friend you know. Tell me all you like; what you want and what I can do for you. And how you pass the days."

"I'm busy, working!" There was such importance in the voice and look that the priest repressed the smile that rose at the idea of such a frail atom of humanity working

But when, from under some newspapers, the child produced a few articles of wood, exquisitely carved, he was astonished.

"Did you do this?"

"Yes, all myself. When I was in the last hospital a sailor learned me, and it is real good to help pass the time. At first she wouldn't let me do it, but now that she can shell them, it's different. I can't do them fast enough for her."

"Well — oh, what name am I to call you?"

"Loys Cullan."

"Loys! that's a strange name for a boy."

"Oh, that's only a bit of it. It's much longer. I know because I saw it written in a book of mother's once. But she took the book. She put it on fire, and said something about rubbish. But it was not rubbish. It was quite new. Here comes Mrs. Gillan. What for?"

"You will see in a short time. She went to get a proper bed for you, and we will make you comfortable very soon."

A look, almost of distress, came into the child's pinched face. He hesitated a moment, and then, stretching out a thin, painfully thin hand, he grasped Father Logan's coat.

"Just a moment. Will they move me?"

"Yes, of course, unto a nice, fresh soft bed."

"And all my things too? oh, I'll have to tell you. I hid it from her the night she pulled away the mattress, but now it's day and you'll see. Promise I may keep it."

"If it's any treasure of yours, my poor boy, you may keep it and welcome. Don't you want Mrs. Gillan to see it?"

The boy shook his head.

"Give it to me, then, and I'll take care of it till you are settled in your new bed."

And, stooping, he received what seemed an old newspaper folded into a small square.

In a few minutes the exchange was made. A man from a neighboring shop had brought a small iron bedstead, together with necessary appurtenances, and in a short time Loys was reveling in the luxury of a soft mattress and clean bed clothing. His joy was of short duration.

"What's the use of your spending the money?" he said with a sob. "She'll only sell it."

"Not this time, I think," said Father Logan. "You see, now I've arranged with Mrs. Gillan to look after you, and see that you get sufficient food and are not ill-used. I'll have to go now, but, if you like, I'll come often."

"Oh, do come every day! I get so tired, all alone. Give me my parcel now. I'll let you see it, you've been so good."

Lovingly he unfolded the paper, and disclosed a torn, soiled picture, the first glimpse of which brought a rush of emotions to the good priest's heart. It was a representation of the Sacred Heart.

"Do you know, my child, what it means?"

"No, 'twas in the book she burnt. It must have been my mother's. I don't remember her at all, and then the pain makes me forget. But I love the kind face, and I make up little stories about it."

"What do you make up?" asked Father Logan, eagerly. He had forgotten all about his uneasiness and the work he must do before sunset. This little one

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so wonderfully brought under his notice, must be a child of Holy Church, a lamb strayed from the fold.

"When she's cross and I'm hungry and cold, or when the pain seems to twist my poor legs worse, I look at it, and think how kind He'd be. And then He points to His heart, and so I think that means He would love even me, though she says I'm so bad! Do you know about it?"

Then, in simple words, the priest told him the old, old story—the little Babe at Bethlehem in the arms of His dear Mother; the gracious boy of Nazareth; the gentle, loving teacher and helper, who loved especially to heal those who suffered (here he felt the little hot hand clasp his more tightly); the patient sufferer; the willing victim in the greatest tragedy of the world; the bright Easter morn, the empty grave and the rejoicing angels. Then he spoke of the love that prompted all, and how those He loved and lived and died for, treated with such coldness; of the vision of the humble nun, and from that the picture of the Sacred Heart.

The keen black eyes were dimmed with tears when the story was ended, and the voice quivered that spoke:

"I'm sure I heard all that before, but the pain makes me forget. Come and tell me often, for I never want to forget again."

Nearly every day found Father Logan by the bedside of the crippled boy; and he never came empty-handed—pictures, books and everything he could think of to lighten the long, weary hours. From one of his rich parishioners he obtained an invalid's table, that could be fastened across the bed and enable Loys to have his treasures and carvings in front of him. But of all the gifts, what Loys loved most was the rosary, sent to him by another little invalid to whom Father Logan had spoken of him. But how different were their conditions! The little girl, surrounded by every luxury and comfort love could devise and money procure, and the boy, bereft of all save what charity vouchsafed. Loys loved to hear of Gertrude, of her beautiful home or wonderful toys. Often he would sigh at the hearing, but always, if he did, he would say.

"Never mind, I'll have a beautiful home, too, some day, and I shall be able to walk then."

He could not rest until he had learned to say the rosary, and then, as he would explain quaintly, he never had any more lonely hours, for pain and weariness were forgotten while the beads slipped through his frail fingers and his loving heart followed all the joys, sorrows and triumphs of Jesus and Mary. He was very happy now, for, by some wonderful means, his aunt had been induced to leave him in peace; and so, with his books and carvings and, best of all, his beads, the days slipped happily away. Father Logan had made due inquiries, and found that his full name was Aloysius; that his mother had alienated her family by marrying a Protestant; had died when Loys was about five years old, and had been compelled to leave him to the care of his father's sister, whom she had begged on her deathbed to bring up the boy in the faith. How that promise was kept was only too evident. The boy was eager to learn, however, and the heart that had longed so for some one to love poured out its love on the Sacred Heart, winning in return such treasures of grace that, ere long, he was allowed to prepare for his First Communion.

"Father," he said one evening in June, "I would like to make my communion on the feast of the Sacred Heart."

"I don't think that is possible, Loys, I thought that the 15th of August would be a good day."

"The day Our Lady went to Heaven! Yes, beautiful. But I think I've made up my mind for the other. I loved Him for such a long time before I knew Him."

"But I don't think you'll be ready by then, and, besides, I'll have such a busy day. You will have to wait, Loys."

"Very well," he answered, bravely; but the tears gathered in his dark eyes, and his lips quivered.

Father Logan, gazing earnestly at him, was struck by his look of extreme delicacy. The skin seemed transparent, the eyes darker than ever, by reason of the deep shadows of pain beneath them, and he noticed

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how much weaker he had grown. The books, the pictures, all were laid aside; only his rosary was his constant companion.

"Perhaps, after all, Loys, we'll say June," he said, as the thought crept into his heart that the boy might celebrate the feast of the Assumption with the countless hosts who press round the throne of Mary Immaculate.

The boy's eyes shone with love and joy, and, drawing forth a tiny package from under his pillow, he handed it to the priest.

"I did it for you," he said. "I meant to give it to you on the feast, but I'll give it now, and perhaps on the feast you'll bring Him to me."

The package, being opened, revealed a small statue of the Sacred Heart, exquisitely carved.

"How clever you are, Loys! Many a great sculptor couldn't do better—perhaps not so well, for love has glorified your work. I'm afraid I can't arrange for the day want, as I'll be so busy."

"We shall see," said Loys, gravely.

Yes, it was, after all, the feast of the Sacred Heart when the King of Love came to the little longing heart. The frail thread of life was worn, and now Loys lingering in agony on the threshold of eternity, was awaiting the coming of the Lord he loved so dearly. Father Logan, summoned in haste, feared lest he should be too late, but the boy's trembling voice reassured him as he crossed the threshold.

"I'm waiting, Father—oh, such terrible pain! But I know He will take me when He comes."

Then, folding his frail hands, he made his last confession and prepared to receive his Lord and love, and, having received, lay so still that he seemed lifeless. The moments passed. Father Logan feared when he noted the trembling of the hands that clasped the crucifix, and caught the whisper of the first aspiration he had taught him. "Heart of Jesus, burning with love—" He drew back. Not by word or motion would he break in on that holy moment, when the weary little soul was resting in the embrace of the Sacred Heart.

Alas! that such calm moments should pass so quickly. The little, feeble frame quivered, the eyes opened widely, dark with intensest agony, the dewdrops gathered on the shrunken face. Yet even in this suffering he managed to whisper:

"He comes, Father, on the feast. He will take me. I'm not frightened now."

And, as his agony increased, not one cry or complaint broke from him, only the holy names of Jesus and Mary. Then the tremor ceased, the lids drooped over the shadowed eyes, and Father Logan, bending over him, caught the last utterance:

"Heart of Jesus, burning with love—"

In the eastern sky the light gathered and spread in faintest hues of rose and amber; the morning star, quivering on the deep blue of the zenith, paled before the coming day. Another feast of the Sacred Heart had dawned upon the waiting world, and in the darkened room the good priest knelt in prayer beside the little lifeless form of the weak lamb now gathered into the bosom of the Good Shepherd.

C. M.

RABBONI

Lord when I am dying how glad I shall be
 That the lamp of my life has been burnt out for Thee;
 That sorrow has darkened the pathway I trod,
 That thorns and not roses, were strewn o'er the sod;
 That anguish of spirit full often was mine,
 Since anguish of spirit so often was thine.
 O! Sweetest Rabboni how glad I shall be
 To die with the hope of a welcome from Thee.

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