



HOFFMANN.

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.



A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.

*If the Blessed Sacrament were better known, earth would be bright and Heaven nearer.*  
E. FABER.

Vol. XIV.

July, 1911

No. 7

## O SACRAMENT !

(for the Sentinel)

Not for herself doth winter hide her store,  
Of unknown beauty, that concealeth more ;  
Nor for herself doth spring true promise give,  
Of life now struggling in all things to live.

Not for herself doth radiant Summer bloom,  
And with essential sweetness all perfume ;  
Nor for herself doth Autumn yield her fruit,  
In glad fruition giving up pursuit.

Not for herself doth Nature life receive ;  
Nor for herself the soul a garment weave,  
Of seamless love, pure in divine intent,  
But for her Lord, on whom her love is spent.

O Sacrament, Thy veil of winter white,  
Doth purest faith of Christian soul invite,  
To Spring's fulfilment, Summer's destiny,  
And Autumn's fruit of perfect love in Thee !

HONORA McDONOUGH.

## THOUGHTS ON THE EUGHARIST

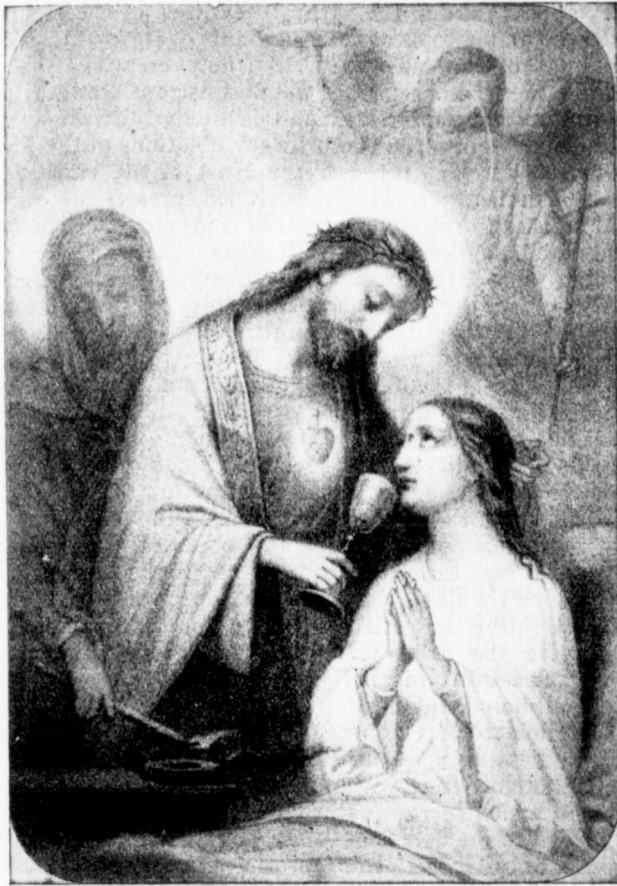
### THE EUGHARIST AND THE PRECIOUS BLOOD



HERE is too much of God everywhere to allow either of permanent or general unhappiness. He, who can find his joy in God, is in heaven already ; only it is a heaven which is not secured to him, unless he perseveres to the end. Yet is it hard to find our joy in God? Rather, is it not hard to find our joy in any thing else? The magnificence of God is the abounding joy of life. It is an immense joy to belong to God. It is an immense joy to have such a God belonging to us. Like the joys of heaven, it is a joy new every morning when we wake, as new as if we had never tasted it before. Like the joys of earth, it is a joy every evening resting and pacifying the soul. But it has a gift of its own besides. For its novelty grows fresher and more complete.

Let us look into the great joy of the morning Sacrifice and Communion. There the Precious Blood puts on the vesture of omnipresence, and it becomes it well. Multiplied by how many hundreds of thousands of times is it not dwelling, whole, living, and glorified, in the Hosts reserved within the tabernacles of the world? Into how many thousand human hearts does it not descend daily, whole, living, and glorified, in the glory of the dread reality of Communion?

Into how many thousand chalices does it not empty itself from out the Sacred Heart in heaven every day? The very whirling of the earth, as it makes day and night, by turning to or from the sun, ministers to the longings of the Precious Blood. It is bewildering to think of the countless graces of expiation which flow daily from the Sacrifice, or the countless graces of union which flow daily from the Sacrament. This is the great laboratory in which the Precious Blood makes holiness.



In the heart of the Andes, vast interwoven, and mutually enfolding mountains cover themselves with gigantic forests. The condor, as he wheels above, looks down upon an ocean of impenetrable foliage, without a rent or break, or insight into the green abyss. So does the Precious Blood, in Mass and Communion, mantle the whole church with tropical exuberances of grace, as

they appear, hiding the natural features of the ground with the ample folds of their verdant overgrowth. The tinklings of the Mass bell, like new creative words, change the whole aspect of the unconscious world. Unknown and unsuspected calamities are daily driven away like clouds before the wind, by the oblations of the Precious Blood. Nay, through the crust of the earth the superincumbent weight of that Blood presses its way, and reaches to the sinless caves of Purgatory. Consolations of all shapes and patterns come there, and are the cooling rains of the Precious Blood. Who can class them? They are like the monotonous diversities of crystals, beautiful for their variety, and beautiful also for their sameness. The angels, who had the Precious Blood in their keeping during the Tridua of the Passion, have also the administration of it in Purgatory, and are well pleased with this labor of congenial love. But the arithmetic of all this prodigality of the Precious Blood, is it not impossible to the imagination and distracting to the heart? It disquiets our love. Let us leave off the calculation, and contemplate in quietude the ocean of painstaking graces, of vast satisfactions, and of kingly expiations, into which the daily Masses of the Church pour out themselves, lighting the patient darkness under ground, flashing up to the skies as so much additional light and song, and beautifying the poor exiled earth in the eye of the all-holy heavens.

Devotion to the Precious Blood brings out and keeps before us the principle of sacrifice. Sacrifice is peculiarly the Christian element of holiness ; and it is precisely the element which corrupt nature dislikes and resists. There is no end to the delusions which our self-love is fertile enough to bring forth in order to evade the obligation of sacrifice, or to narrow its practical application. If it were enough to have correct views, or high feelings, or devout aspirations, it would be easy to be spiritual. The touchstone is mortification. Worldly amusements, domestic comforts, nice food and a daily doing our own will in the lesser details of life, are all incompatible with sanctity, when they are habitual and form the ordinary normal current of our lives. Pain is necessary to holiness. Suffering is essential to the killing of self-love. Habits

of virtue cannot by any possibility be formed without voluntary mortification. Sorrow is needful for the fertility of grace. If a man is not making constant sacrifices, he is deceiving himself and is not advancing in spirituality. If a man is not denying himself daily, he is not carrying the cross. These are axioms which at all times offend our weakness and self-indulgence. But they are of peculiar importance in times like these, when comforts and even luxuries are almost universal. It is comfort, which is the ruin of holiness. Gayety, fashion, ostentation, expensiveness, dissipation, frivolity are undoubtedly not the component parts of sanctity. There is a smoothness in the mere lapse of a comfortable life which is fatal to holiness. Now, all the forms, and images, and associations, and pictures, and ideas, of the devotion to the Precious Blood breathe sacrifice. Their fragrance is the odor of sacrifice. Their beauty the austerity of sacrifice. They tease the soul with a constant sense of dissatisfaction and distrust with whatsoever is not sacrifice ; and this teasing is the solicitation of grace. In time they infect us with a love of sacrifice ; and to gain this love of sacrifice is to have surmounted the first ascent of holiness, and to be breathing the pure air and yet treading the more level road of the upper table-land of the mountains of perfection.

It is the very mission of the devotion to the Precious Blood to preach a crusade against quiet, sinless comforts.

What more can we say ? Sweet worship of the Blood of God ! a worship with so many of man's peculiar rights in it, embracing all theology in itself and then turning all its vast theology into tenderly triumphant song ! Dear Fountain that rises in the heart of God's human Mother, and flows down through Communion over the souls of men into the Bosom of the Eternal Father, while those countless souls, like the pebbles of the stream, make everlasting music as it flows ! It is consoling to feel that the Precious Blood is bearing us onward into that adorable Abyss of Love and is carrying us this hour with such breathless swiftness to our home, our home with the Mortal Mother and the Unbeginning Father of the Eternal Son.

*Extract from "The Precious Blood" Father Faber.*



## A Precious Privilege



HE love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament has ever been the distinctive mark of deep, loyal faith. In Catholic doctrine the Real Presence holds a unique place ; it is the mystery around which all others group themselves, and its glory sheds radiance over them. " All doctrines lead to it ; all devotions are united and satisfied in it." In the Holy Eucharist the Blessed Sacrament becomes the food and nourishment of our souls ; in the tabernacle it is the object of our adoration ; when borne in procession, we worship the Body and Blood of the Man-God ; and our hearts and voices sing the *Lauda Sion*, while hosts of angels hover near in rapturous love. All the rites of the Church are most beautiful, most consoling ; but there is one which by many is looked upon with indifference, or at least without that high appreciation it merits—namely, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

“As sons might come before a parent at night,” wrote Cardinal Newman, “so once or twice a week the great Catholic family comes before the Eternal Father after the bustle and toil of the day ; and He smiles upon them, and sheds upon them the light of His countenance.” Such is Benediction—the smile and blessing of God. In the monstrance Jesus Christ is our King, and surely we owe Him allegiance ; He is our Father, and we owe Him our gratitude ; He is our Friend and we owe Him our love. We find in the sacred writings evidences of the value attached to a father’s blessing, and do we not ourselves know how the sweet unction of a loving parent’s hand upon our bowed heads sank into the depths of our hearts ? Jesus waits for us ; and as we bend before His throne, His blessing falls upon us as soft rain upon the parched earth.

We envy the little children who draw close to our Blessed Saviour, and who felt the influence of His benediction on their young souls ; we think with longing of those privileged followers who stood on Mount Olivet when Christ blessed the assembled disciples and ascended to His Father ; yet whenever we kneel before Him and receive the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, we are blessed by that same God ; and to us, as to His Apostles, does He whisper : “Peace be to you.”

What graces might be ours did we only assist at the offices of the Church in the spirit of those who believe and love ! We approach to offer our homage to Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar, and lo ! we find our burdens grow lighter as He blesses us ; we come to Him in grief, and comfort emanates from the Heart of our dearest Lord in the monstrance ; we bend before Him confessing our weakness, and upon the incensed air is borne strength to our souls. Father Faber says : “The grace of Benediction is not only in the faith and love which it excites in our souls — great is that boon ! but that it comes from Him substantial, solid and powerful ; purifying and creative, because it participates in the reality of the Blessed Sacrament Itself.” And how badly we need that grace, surrounded as we are by so much that is inimical to His interest ! The world is in a mea-



sure, an unbelieving world ; and the worship of the Blessed Sacrament is a protest against its spirit. Kneeling at the foot of the altar, the tapers gleaming through the clouds of incense, the flowers giving out their perfumed life before Him, in the soft hush of eventide, who could think of the world ?

Let us not lose a single opportunity of receiving our Saviour's blessing ; for, each time the Sacred Host traces the sign of salvation over a reverent, prayerful multitude, the hand of Jesus Christ is raised in loving benediction over those hearts which are offering protestations of loyalty, acts of love, or pleadings for a Father's mercy. If we would only realize the full meaning of the precious ceremony, how rich to us in graces would be the days on which the Church allows Benediction ! And as the soft-toned bell announced the passing of Jesus, head and heart would bow in awed expectance, our souls echoing the tender words : "*Nobis donet in patria!*" Then, indeed, would we long for our new home, feeling the depth of that word *patria*, "so sweet to an exile's ear, so sad on an exile's lips ;" and our hearts would yearn for the last Benediction : "Come, ye blessed of My Father !"

---

## PRACTICE FOR A VISIT TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT

**T**HEY who are faithful in visiting the Blessed Sacrament as often as they can know, from their own experience, that there is no more sure and easy means for obtaining from Our Lord everything we want, provided that we ask Him for it with a reverent confidence, both in the general assembly of the faithful, and also especially at certain hours of the day when He is most seldom visited, or by very few persons ; but for this we must, when we approach Him in the church, be filled with reverence, gratitude, confidence and love.

All the sanctity which the Birth of Christ communicated to the stable of Bethlehem, all that His Precious Blood communicated to Calvary, and His Sacred Body to the sepulchre, also invests our churches ; and if when we enter them, and approach the altar, we are not penetrated by the holy awe which fills us when we draw near to the most holy places, if we have not those feelings which cause the loving tears of pilgrims who are so happy as to visit the manger in which our Lord was born, or the mount on which He died, it is because we are wanting either in faith or in attention. But we must try to remedy this evil before entering a church by making some reflections on the sanctity of the place, and on the majesty of Him who dwells therein. How many people would think themselves very fortunate were it as easy to enter into the palaces of the great as it is to enter the churches ? And yet they think nothing of the happiness of being able so easily and at all hours to approach the adorable Person of Jesus Christ.

When in the church we must never forget to worship the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This devotion is exceedingly pleasing to Him, and will prove of the greatest utility to those who practice it. Generally speaking, it is more profitable when we are in the Presence of Jesus Christ to meditate much and speak little. An affectionate silence, which is, one may say, the language of the heart, is very much more pleasing to our Blessed Lord in those visits than a great many vocal prayers said hurriedly and without attention. The exceeding love of Jesus for us, His goodness, gentleness, generosity and patience in this adorable mystery, ought to awaken in us the most tender affections.

These offerings of reverence, confidence, and tender love for Jesus Christ should occupy us nearly all the time. We ought to seek His presence in the same spirit and with the same intent as did the angels, the shepherds, and the Magi, who visited Him after His birth, namely, to adore Him ; or, as did the Apostles, to hear His words and to learn of Him ; or as did the Magdalene, prostrate at His feet, to weep for our sins ; or, as did the sick, to ask of Him patience and healing ; or, as did His Blessed Mother, pondering in her spotless heart His admirable perfections, and growing ever more and more unto closer likeness to Him.

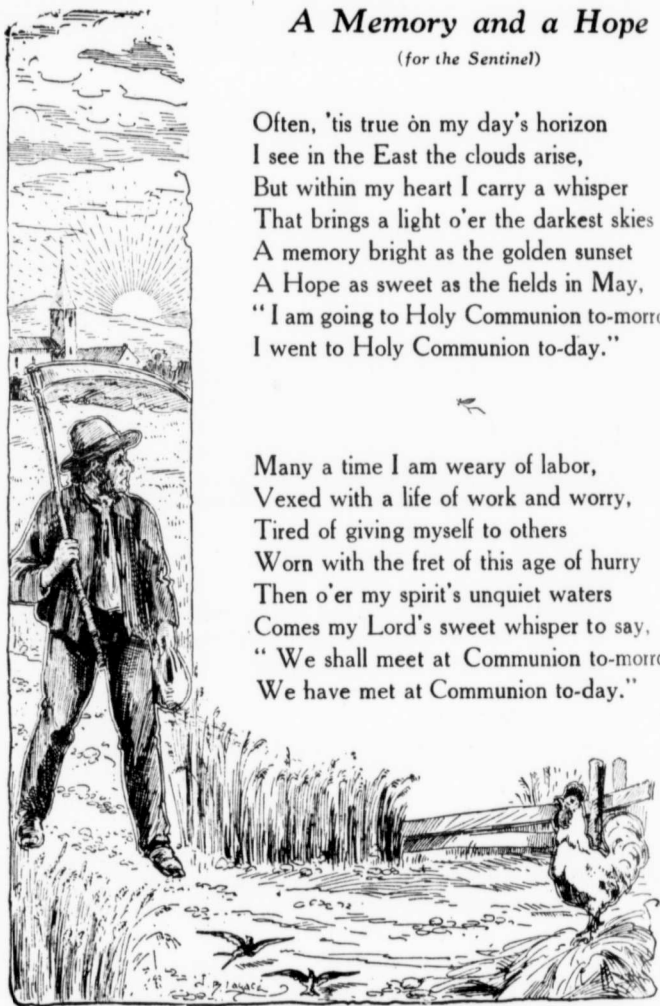
F. CROISSET, S. J.

## *A Memory and a Hope*

(for the Sentinel)

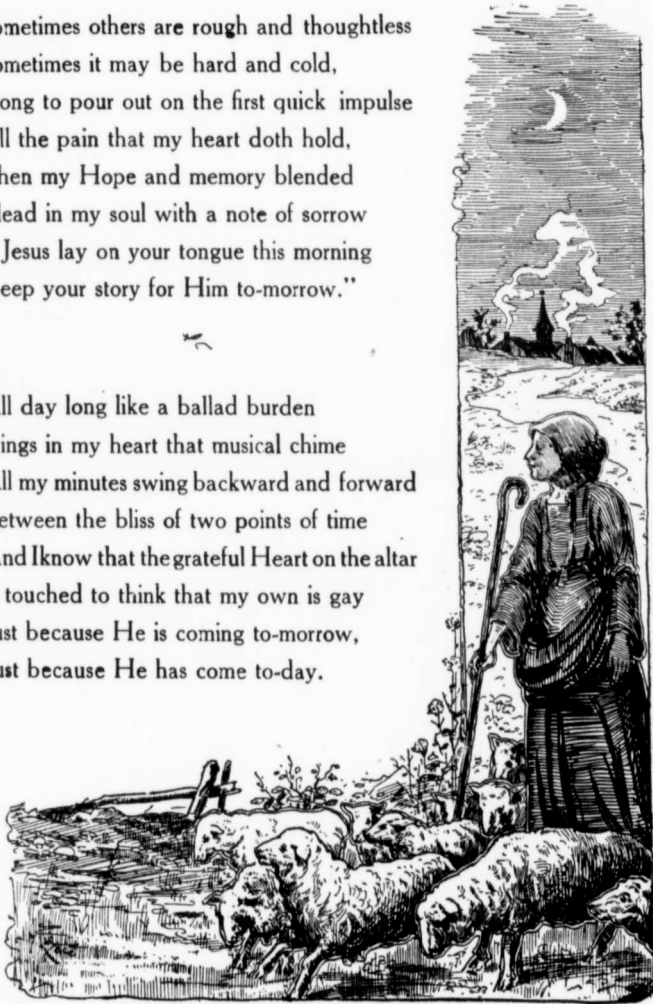
Often, 'tis true on my day's horizon  
I see in the East the clouds arise,  
But within my heart I carry a whisper  
That brings a light o'er the darkest skies  
A memory bright as the golden sunset  
A Hope as sweet as the fields in May,  
"I am going to Holy Communion to-morrow  
I went to Holy Communion to-day."

Many a time I am weary of labor,  
Vexed with a life of work and worry,  
Tired of giving myself to others  
Worn with the fret of this age of hurry  
Then o'er my spirit's unquiet waters  
Comes my Lord's sweet whisper to say,  
"We shall meet at Communion to-morrow  
We have met at Communion to-day."



Sometimes others are rough and thoughtless  
Sometimes it may be hard and cold,  
I long to pour out on the first quick impulse  
All the pain that my heart doth hold,  
Then my Hope and memory blended  
Plead in my soul with a note of sorrow  
" Jesus lay on your tongue this morning  
Keep your story for Him to-morrow."

All day long like a ballad burden  
Rings in my heart that musical chime  
All my minutes swing backward and forward  
Between the bliss of two points of time  
And I know that the grateful Heart on the altar  
Is touched to think that my own is gay  
Just because He is coming to-morrow,  
Just because He has come to-day.



## THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED

### THE HILL OF THE CALL

*Blessed is he whom Thou hast chosen and taken to Thee :  
he shall dwell in Thy Courts. Ps 64 : 5.*



THESE words we can apply to those who listen to the voice of the Master and walk in the way He lovingly points out. We have not been cast adrift aimlessly upon the sea of the world. Every human life is freighted with immense glory to the Sacred Heart if it is lived on the lines which God in His mercy points out. How are we to know the state of life to which we are called, for which our Heavenly Father has chosen us ?

There are some calls about which there can be no doubt, no misgiving. When our Lord, after His night of prayer on the mountains, came down at the dawn into the valley, and looking with love into the tanned faces of the fishermen, whispered to each : "Come : henceforth you shall be fishers of men," there could be no perplexity as to the will of our Blessed Saviour. Again, that day when Jesus was in Galilee, and as He went forth, saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom, and said to him : "Follow Me", Matthew could have no hesitancy as to the Master's wishes; he could entertain no doubt as to his manifest vocation.

These vocations, however, are extraordinary and unusual. To look for them when there are at hand the natural means of knowing God's will would be presumptuous. The Magi had surely been called by the apparition of the star in the East, to the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem. The memory of that star had led them on and guided them from their distant homes, over the desert and over Mount Nebo and the Jordan, to the very

walls of Jerusalem. In the Holy City the Magi could by their own efforts get an answer to the question : "Where is He that is born King of the Jews ?" Had the Magi neglected the natural means to obtain this information they had never reached the Babe of Bethlehem and gazed into His loving face and beheld the welcome in His Mother's eyes or heard her gracious thanks. We cannot, therefore, look for the knowledge of a vocation through any extraordinary action of God's providence while the ordinary means are at our disposal.

A vocation can be defined as the qualifications for a state of life with the desire to embrace it. Evidently if our Lord wishes us to follow Him in a certain path, the first requisite is the bestowal of the ordinary qualities required. When these exist and with them a sincere desire in the soul for a particular calling, nothing else can be reasonably demanded. If these qualities are lacking, no matter what the desire is clearly there is no call.

One day when our Blessed Saviour had just finished laying His hands upon the heads of the little children, a young man came to Him and asked : "What shall I do that I may have life everlasting. To the answer of Jesus : "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments," he replied : "All these have I kept from my youth, what is yet wanting to me ?" Then Jesus said to him : "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have a treasure in Heaven ; and come and follow Me". "And when the young man had heard this word he went away sad : for he had great possessions". This young man had all the qualities for the following of the Master ; everything now depended upon his own will, his own choice. He refused and went away sad, as every soul must be sad that turns away from Christ. Outside of the light of that countenance, there must be darkness. Beyond the influence of His grace there must be weakness. Away from His sweet presence there must be lonesomeness if not despair.

Perhaps an illustration will make this important subject clearer. In New York there is a certain model Catholic home. One of the daughters, who is strong, in-

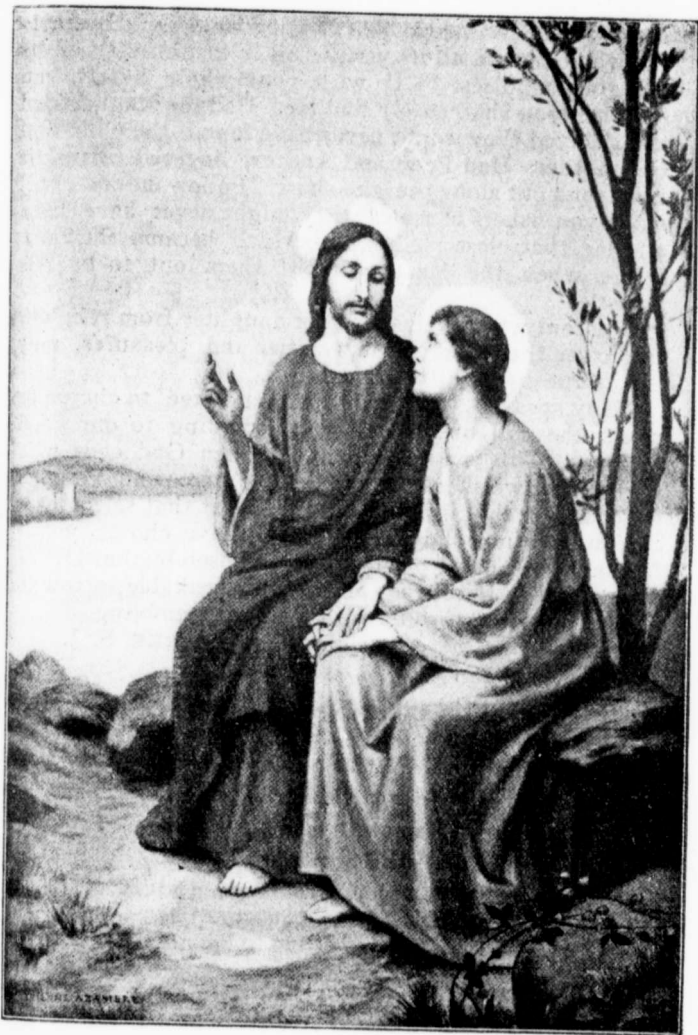
telligent and solidly pious, accepts the attentions of an honorable, upright Catholic man of the same social standing as herself. There is no question of his financial competency ; and he is a Catholic to the heart's core. That would be a strange Mother who should object to her daughter's marriage on the plea that she did not feel sure her daughter had a vocation for the married life.

But let us change the picture. In the same family there is another daughter, beautiful, intelligent and solidly devout, who longs to give up her life to God. Her health is sufficiently robust ; she as the intellectual and moral qualities that fit her for the life. Has she a vocation? Is she called to follow Christ as truly as the Apostles were when our Lord chose them? Who can doubt or question it?

Yet how many mothers there are — who will consent to admit a vocation in the first instance and require other signs in the second. What different indication of God's will can be demanded short of a divine revelation, which will not be forthcoming? How can a Mother refuse her child to Jesus Christ when He comes asking her heart and her hand?

Sometimes parents do not refuse outright to let their children embrace the holier life ; but they plead for a delay. They insist that their children wait for a while, go out into society and see the world and its gayeties and pleasures. St Luke tells that when our Lord was passing through Samaria "steadfastly facing" Jerusalem, a young man met him and said : "I will follow Thee, Lord, but let me first take my leave of them that are at my home." Jesus said to him : "No man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God".

These sayings seem hard, at first, from the lips of Him who was so gentle, who loved His own Mother so tenderly. Yet for three days she sought Him sorrowing while he was about the Father's business in the temple. After thirty years of the sweetest and holiest intercourse that earth has ever witnessed, He left her to begin His public life, and the home at Nazareth was broken up and saw Him no more. When He put His hand to



"The Divine Call."



the plough for our welfare, He never looked back. When He calls, He wants no half-hearted answer. He wants the whole soul in all its youth, all its brightness, all its generous impulses. "If with your whole hearts you seek me, you shall surely find Me." Had the Magi tarried and delayed they would never have found the child and His mother. Had Peter and Andrew lingered when His voice rang out along the lake-shore: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men," they might never have been allowed that closer fellowship which became their privilege when the Master picked them out to be His Apostles.

A parent who detains a son or daughter from religious life to see the world and its vanities and pleasures, may live to rue such guilty action.

Many speak as if we were perfectly free to choose or reject the call of Jesus Christ according to our good pleasure. This is a sad illusion. When God calls who are we that we should turn Him a deaf ear? We must never forget that it is the Sacred Heart that selects us: "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." It is an inestimable privilege to be chosen by that Divine Heart, but to reject the call is an unspeakable sorrow to ponder over in our souls with fear and trembling.

John H. O'ROURKE, S. J.

❖ "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" ❖

❖ "Pray tell me, child, where is thy God?" ❖

❖ The unbeliever cried. ❖

❖ "Great doctor, tell where He is not," ❖

❖ The simple child replied. ❖

❖ Thus in the mouths of little ones ❖

❖ Truths deepest we may find, ❖

❖ For He who is the Absolute ❖

❖ Speaks in the infant mind. ❖

❖ Rev. P. T. O'REILLY, D.D. ❖



## THE SON OF THE WIDOW OF NAIM

*(See frontispiece)*

ESUS said to the Centurion : Go, and as thou hast believed so be it done to thee ; and the servant was healed at the same hour.

It was a public cure and as such incontestable. Yet, notwithstanding the assurance of the Centurion's domestics, who declared, that on their return to the house they found their fellow-servant, whom they had left dying, completely cured, there were among the Jews some who doubted, some who prided themselves in being above believing in miracles and who according to Gregoire de Nazianze sooner than being obliged to admit the miracle denied the fatal illness.

In order to confound their rashness and audacity Jesus will work an even greater miracle, and raise the dead to life before their very eyes.

With this intention accompanied by His Disciples and the multitude that went with Him from Capharnaum, the Son of God, goes to the City of Naim a short distance away.

Scarcely had He reached its gates when a sad sight met His gaze. A young man, the only son and comfort of a widowed mother being borne to the grave while the desolate mother, followed weeping bitterly.

The sorrow of this woman, only a short time a widow and now deprived of her only son, aroused universal sympathy and through pity for her the whole city took part in the funeral procession.

Absorbed in her grief the heart-broken mother never even thought of praying, but the very sight of her sorrow was an eloquent petition that went straight to the tender Heart of the compassionate Saviour.

O kind and loving Master, Thy goodness is so great that often we have only to show ourselves to Thee in all our misery or soul-affliction to feel the effects of Thy gracious clemency illustrated in this Gospel incident.

Thou art ever and always merciful, kind and tender but especially so in the Sacrament of Thy Abiding, and it is there I will come to adore Thee, to love Thee, to praise and bless Thee, to render homage to Thy infinite perfections and to beg of Thee to let Thy tender mercy overshadow me and make me pure and pleasing in Thy sight.

\* \* \*

The Gospel tells us : " Jesus went into a city called Naim, and there went with Him his disciples, and a great multitude. And when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold a dead man was carried out, the only son of His mother, and she was a widow, and a great multitude of the city were with her. Whom when the Lord had seen, being moved with mercy towards her, said to her : Weep not. And He came near, and touched the bier. And they that carried it stood still. And He said, Young man, I say to thee, Arise : and he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother. And there came a fear on them all ; and they glorified God, saying, a great prophet is risen up among us, and God hath visited His people."


What pen can describe or imagination picture the gratitude and thanksgiving of that mother ?

But what thanksgiving do I not owe Thee myself, merciful Saviour, for the life Thou hast given back to me in Holy Communion, not a life subject to sickness and death ; but a life of grace, a life that saves from the death of sin, and delivers from sin ; a life that breaks the bonds of evil habits, and conquers the passions that eventually lead to the tomb ; a life that makes me feel the virtue of Thy All-powerful Hand and restores me healthy and strong to the Church of which I become a living member.

Thanksgiving and Praise then be to Thee, O merciful Jesus Who hast inspired the Prophets, Who hast come among us, Who hast deigned to visit Thy people and sought my soul even while it was still in the way.





 EACH soul has been eternally loved by God. In the Sacred Heart of Jesus each has his own place. Not one of our troubles, sufferings, or disappointments is unknown to Him. Before His eyes the past, present, and future of our lives is one open sheet. He sees, too, our secret sorrows, those of which men know nought. Each bitterness, each adverse fortune, our physical state of health or weakness, our difficulties or embarrassments, the injustice of our fellows are all so co-ordinated as to work out the designs of God's everlasting love. Nay, even our falls can be made stepping-stones to the acquisition of virtue. Therefore, we must believe and hope firmly in that everlasting love. When earth's trials are over, in the great calm of eternity, then, and then only, shall we realize that God has indeed loved each of us with an everlasting love.

*He knows !*

*Yes, Jesus knows ; just what you cannot tell*

*He understands so well ;*

*The silence of the heart is heard.*

*He does not need a single word.*

*He thinks of you,*

*He watcheth and He careth too,*

*He pitieth, He loveth ! All this flows*

*From this sweet word : He knows.*



### THE PRECIOUS BLOOD IN *Holy Communion*

**I**F in other sacraments the Precious Blood is morally applied to the souls of those who receive them, in Holy Communion it is physically communicated to body as well as soul. We have the wonderful privilege of being brought into bodily contact with the Precious Blood, whether it be under the species of wine in the chalice, or of bread in the Sacred Host. How pure our bodies should be if they are thus to touch the source of

feed  
Hin  
nor  
mini  
stoo

all purity, the Holy of Holies, the God whose infinite purity is such that the very angels are not pure in His sight. How can we venture thus to touch Christ Himself, to receive the Precious Blood into our sinful and impure bodies.

Yet Christ our Lord invites us to do so. In His inexplicable love for us, He desires us, asks us, to receive His Precious Blood in Holy Communion. Instead of saying as He did to Mary: Touch Me not; He says, Drink, O my friends, and be inebriated, O my dearly beloved. Admire His Divine condescension and beware of presuming on His patience and His love.

How are we to account for Jesus' willingness, nay, anxiety to be thus received by sinful men? It is because in thus communicating Himself to us, He makes us more like to what He Himself is and what He desires us to be. The Precious Blood imparts to our souls all heavenly gifts and graces if we receive it as we ought. O Jesus! grant that I may receive Thee frequently, fervently, with a complete oblation of my whole self.

REV. F. CLARKE, S. J.

---

## EMMANUEL

(Concluded.)



FROM the Tabernacle our Lord works miracles, on souls and bodies. He goes forth, in the hands of His Priesthood, and visits the sick. He cures the lepers by cleansing from sin. He gives sight to the blind, by opening the eyes of unbelievers to the truths of faith. In Holy Communion He renews the miracle of feeding five thousand with five loaves; for He gives Himself wholly and entirely to each one of thousands, nor does He multiply Himself, nor does He become diminished. The Gospel tells us how one stormy night He stood on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and watched

His disciples in the ship laboring at the oars, for the wind was contrary ; and pitying their tribulation He came to them walking upon the sea. Even so He watches us from the shore of eternity, from the throne of His glory, as we labor and struggle through the night of this mortal life upon the rough sea of this world ; and He comes to us in the Blessed Sacrament, walking upon the waters of this mortal, earthly life in a mysterious, miraculous manner, as not of it. And as He entered into their ship, and immediately they found themselves at the land, so He enters into the ship of His Church, staying with us in the Tabernacle, or giving Himself to us in Holy Communion, bringing us safe to the land whither we are going, that is, Heaven. He chose twelve apostles and seventy two disciples, and send them forth to teach and to preach ; He chose also the holy women who followed Him, and ministered unto Him, and stood under the Cross. So He chooses men for Bishops and priests, and sends them out to teach and to preach ; and He chooses Religious, who should help Him, and have part in His labors and sufferings, and teach His little ones ; and He chooses you also, who read this, to follow Him as His disciple, and to accomplish His designs in your regard and obey His holy inspirations, and do His will. Is it not true that our Lord is accomplishing a public ministry in the Blessed Sacrament now, even more than on the shores of the Sea of Galilee ?

We also find a counterpart of the Passion and death of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He was rejected by the Jews ; so He is rejected now by heretics and infidels. He was seized, dragged from one unjust judge to another, buffeted, spat upon, beaten, blindfolded and mocked. So He is treated now in the Blessed Sacrament, by the hatred shown to Him by many men, by the writings and speeches of infidels, by the haters of religion, who in some countries would close the churches, drive our Lord from the Tabernacle, and turn out priests and religious. So also He is treated in Holy Communion by bad Catholics, and by cold and indifferent hearts ; The Blessed Margaret Mary had son terrible visions, about the Communions of proud and indifferent souls, how dis-

pleasing they were to Him, how much pain they gave Him, how in their communions they dragged Him, as it were, through thorns and briars. But when the soul is one with our Lord in humility and fervor, then her holy Communion is a most pleasing and acceptable act in the eyes of His Heavenly Father, and of great fruit to the recipient. For she puts few or no obstacles in the way of the graces and blessings which flow out from the Heart of Jesus.

As for the Glorious Life of our Lord, which He led after the Resurrection, and is leading since, and will forevermore, that is the very life that He is actually leading in the Blessed Sacrament. The life He leads here with us in the Tabernacle is His Glorious and Risen Life. He is with us in the Blessed Sacrament as a consequence of the Resurrection and Ascension ; and His Sacramental Presence is a constant reminder of those happy Mysteries. He is in the same actual state now, in the Tabernacle, that He was in on the morning of the Resurrection, and when He was parted from His Apostles on His Ascension Day. He comes to us from the glory of Heaven, fresh from the Bosom of His Father's love, crowned and sceptered, and Sovereign of the Kingdom of God and desiring to confer all this blessedness, glory, and royalty on all who will open to Him their hearts. Blessed are we, who have Him with us night and day! In Him we have all we want ; for in the Holy Eucharist He gives us all He ever was, and is to be. " Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see ; for I say to you that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that ye see, and have not seen them ; and to hear the things that ye hear, and have not heard them." (St Luke X- 23.)

F. A. SPENCER, O. P.







## The Mother

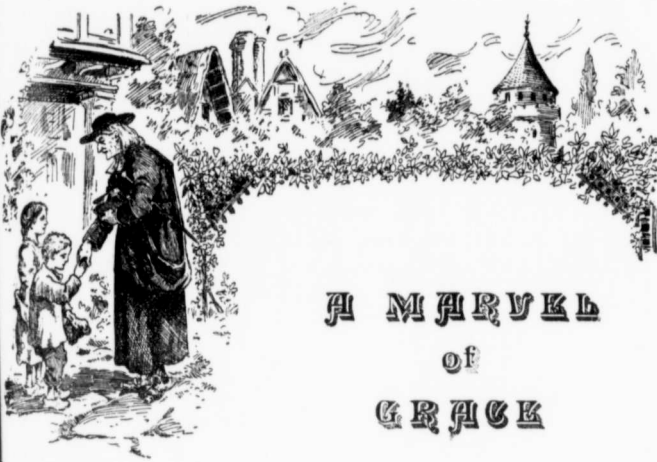
By Maurice Francis Egan.

Home from Mass the mother came,  
 The Blessed Host a part of her,  
 And all her soul in solemn flame  
 That burned—'twas love—the heart of her.

Sweetly lay her son in deep  
 Child's slumber in the trundle bed ;  
 She breathed upon him in his sleep ;  
 " I breathe the breath of Christ," she said.

" For Christ is mine and I am His,"  
 Enraptured by the child she stood.  
 " This babe the heart of my heart is,  
 And Christ the heart of motherhood.

" I breathe the breath of God upon  
 The lips and head of Christ's dear heir ;  
 I give God to the little one—  
 The sacred life with him I share."



A MARVEL  
of  
GRACE



IT was the mission time, and after my sermon I had come from the church to the rectory. As I passed the parlor I saw an elderly lady standing there alone, as if she wished to speak to some one. I addressed her and gave her a chair.

She was a woman whose kindly face bore an expression of serene content and mother-love ; and with the lines of past sorrow sweetened by religion. She was no longer young, but her bearing commanded profound respect and deference.

After a few commonplace remarks about the sermon, I waited for her to speak.

"When I hear of God's wonderful goodness to the world, Father," she said, "I cannot help reviewing the events of my own early life. They were so remarkable, so filled with Divine mercy, so unusual in their trend, that they were evidences of the purest goodness and love of God, and worthy of being recorded for the edification of the skeptical and the worldly ; I want to tell you something about them. Have you time to listen ?"

The address and language of this sweet old lady charmed me. I took a chair and bade her tell me her story ; I was interested already.

She then mentioned she was a convert : her husband had only died recently. God had blessed them with thirteen children, all of whom had done well, and were faithful in their duty to God and to her.

“ In all these long years, Father,” she said, “ my husband and I were lovers to the end. He never seemed to think I was growing old, and his courtesy and devotion were the light of my existence. When he died that light went out, and I, too, would have died were it not for my faith—that faith given to me through so much tribulation.

“ I want to tell you, Father, I was the daughter of a Methodist Bishop, reared in strictness and saturated with the Bible. I was well educated and given the best that the old-fashioned days could offer—in solid home training and academy instruction. Roman Catholics, however, and their creed, were the ‘scarlet woman’ of horror, in my mind—I knew none of them, and if I accidentally touched one, I felt contaminated. Bigotry in those days was more bitter than it is now.

“ My life was happy and peaceful, and as I grew near twenty, I met my future husband. He was a young lawyer, one of our neighbors. He was bright, clean, ambitious, and my heart went out to him in answer to his love. In time we were married by my father, and no young couple ever began life with more enthusiasm and devotion than we did. I was willing to go anywhere, as long as he was at my side, and so I agreed—almost without a pang in the greatness of my love for him—to leave my home town, my family and my friends, and go to the West with him and his father’s family to seek wealth and fame. His father, too, was a lawyer, and they were deeply affectionate and devoted to each other and to the new daughter in-law.

“ We were going to live on a ranch ; and they had made negotiations, investing every penny they had, in a perfectly beautiful and immensely fertile piece of land adjoining a flourishing town—land that came up to the

ver  
chu  
and  
pov  
and  
info  
to e  
liev  
of I  
“  
priv  
prep



very doors of an old-time abode church—a Catholic church, of course.

“And here the blunder was made that brought sorrow and misery and bitterness on our lives and threw us into poverty. How those two bright lawyers, my husband and his father, took such steps without acquiring all the information necessary to their negotiations, is a mystery to every one to this day ; but as it happened, I must believe it to have been one of the inscrutable dispensations of Providence.

“We took possession of the land, caring nothing for privations. We built ourselves a house and barn and prepared the ground. How happy I was in those days !

I went singing about my work ; my strong young hands counted the daily inconveniences of life as nothing when I looked forward to the evening return of my beloved husband, to his hearty greeting and embrace and then my approaching motherhood sent a rosy glow over the whole world. We were so happy that we cared nothing for the rumors and reports that now and then reached us about the title to our land.

"Suddenly a heavy cloud fell upon us like a thunderbolt"—She paused in her narration, and we were both silent. I was becoming deeply interested, and did not say a word, wondering what was next. She soon continued her story.

"Father," she said, and her eyes glowed and her cheeks flushed rosy, "I can speak it calmly now, but in those days I was like a lioness in fury and indignation. One day the United States marshal served a notice on us that we were on the land of the Catholic Church. The treaty of Guadaloupe-Hidalgo, by which the Mexican War was ended, guaranteed all church property. Because we had built on Church land (a fact of which we were unaware) our house, our barn, our ranch were Church property. The priest of that Roman Catholic Church claimed all. We were beggared if the Roman Catholic Bishop and his priest won the case. We were formally sued for trespass and ordered off the land.

"You may be sure our two lawyers—my husband and his father—contested every inch.

"The suit was long and bitter. The days were full of trouble, misery and forebodings. Ruin was staring us in the face, for every cent my husband and father-in-law had, was expended in the buildings and implements for farming, and in the preparations they had made for a prosperous settlement. How I hated the name of Roman Catholic ! The name of a priest, or Bishop, was enough to fill my whole soul with anger.

"Under these circumstances my first child was born. I felt that a new responsibility had come to my husband and myself, and now that poverty was hanging over us, the sweet joy that should have come with my baby was chilled with apprehension.

"My love for my husband, my sympathy with his troubles, was the great absorption of my soul, and he felt and appreciated my devotion.

"Father, can you imagine how we felt under such circumstances. Could you blame me that I hated everything Catholic?"

"Indeed, my dear friend," I replied, "I could hardly imagine a position more trying. It is truly a wonder that you ever became a Catholic."

"Ah! Father, you are right", she rejoined, "and this is what makes my conversion, and that of my dear husband so miraculous. Let me tell you how it all came to pass and you will praise the Lord with me and understand my desire to make known to the world the wonders God wrought in my behalf. I used to go over to the village on little errands, and often when I was lonely I took my infant in my arms for a little walk in the gay sunshine, although my heart was aching. I always had to pass the little abode church; I did so with my face averted. Once I glanced at it with a sort of curiosity—for there was no one to see me—then I stared inquisitively at it, then went around it to discover something to mock. But, instead, I found a grace and humble beauty about its proportions I hated to acknowledge. The door was always unlocked, as I found one day when I cautiously tried it, and I passed in, I could see nothing; it was so dark, and I hastily fled. But I thought about it constantly—at home, at my work; when I awoke at night, something drew me with a force I could not understand to the thought of that hated little Catholic Church. In vain I tried to grow angry, assuring myself it was treason to my husband and his family to harbor a thought, even a curious thought—about any place of worship especially this place which was bringing misery and trouble upon our young life. It was all useless. When my husband and the men would go to work, I would look at it, walk around it, meeting no one: then one day I boldly opened the door and walked in.

"A cool silence filled the place. I saw nothing but a bright red star half way to the ceiling at the upper end of the church. There was not a sound. I went on trem-

bling. Near a portion that was railed off I saw one or two Indian women squated on their heels, their hands clasped, their eyes fixed on a little door on a long white table hung with white linen. They never heeded me—never even turned their heads.

“ I sat down on a bench and looked long at that door. And then, Father, a strange sweet peace came over my troubled spirit, an overpowering sense of the nearness of God like the touch of a strong and soothing hand. Father, I believed. I knew the Lord was there. In one instant the prejudices of years fell off like scales. All my life's traditions on the superstitions and idolatry of the Church fell away like ashes. A miracle had been wrought in me. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament had drawn my tired heart to His Divine Breast, and — I was a Catholic—a believer in the Blessed Eucharist.

“ It seemed to me that I could linger there forever, drinking in the comfort my thirsty soul was longing for. Troubles, heartaches, poverty, the pending lawsuit, my husband's anger, my own bitterness—all — everything was swept away by the torrent of sweetness the Divine Presence poured into my soul. The red lamp shed its crimson glow on the montionless women, on the white altar, on my bowed head. I fell on my knees and my heart cried out, My Lord and my God ?”

She stopped ; the tears had gathered in her eyes, and my own heart had risen like a lump in my throat. Oh ! the goodness, the yearning love of our dear Lord— I thought— but I said nothing. She continued :

“ Father, do you not wonder that I say that my conversion was a marvel ? It began then and there, forever. I left the church with the peace of faith singing in my heart. Secretly I hurried home, my burdens lifted. Again and again, as the days passed, I returned, I learned to pray.

“ But I did not dare to tell my husband and father-in-law. They were absorbed in their trouble. The litigation in the United States Courts was raging furiously ; and at home the words, Roman Church, priest, Bishop, lands and treaty, were sounding in terms of execration from morning till night. How could I dare to say that

for weeks I had been daily visiting that church, and the altar where I firmly believed my God reposed day and night? How could I do it?

“The suit ended; we were beaten and ejected.

“With money I had we managed to tide over the crisis, to get on our feet again, and life went on, while I, speaking to no one, sought out the little church and found my consolation, my peace, in kneeling before the



altar—the altar of that religion whose ministers I had heard had robbed us and driven us into the street. I could not think of it—it did not seem to trouble me there. The Lord Himself held me in His arms, and spoke to me in the depths of my soul. ‘Daughter,’ He said, ‘I am thy God who dwells here on this altar, and My religion is the Catholic religion and none other.’

“It did not surprise me; I was not agitated; I knew it was true; no argument was needed; I knelt and adored; my heart cried aloud, Yes, Lord, I do believe.



" I arose and went to my home, a new joy in my heart. I had been taught by God Himself, and not a doubt remained. But the making known of my belief !

" Oh, Father, it was a long struggle—an agonizing struggle—between God's grace and my husband and father-in-law. They fought harder for my soul than they did for the ranch. I shudder when I look back to it all even now. I was forbidden, yes, hindered, from approaching even that little church so dear to me. I seemed to suffer all that woman could suffer for her conviction, but my heart was so full of calm and peace that I bore it all with serenity; nay, gladness. Even my husband marvelled, for it was long and bitter. But, the Church won, even as she did in the legal suit, and in the end God shed the light of faith on my dear husband's soul, and he abjured Protestantism and joined me. But oh ! it took such time and prayer and patience and long suffering

" All this time I had never spoken to a priest. At last I stole away, to San Francisco, found one, and was received into the Church. My husband followed. Our thirteen children have all been baptized. My life has had its share of trials, but my faith, the heavenly comfort of my religion, has supported me all through, and will, I know, support me to the end. Tell me, Father, is not my story a marvel of grace ?"

Her eyes were wet, her face glowing as she finished. She looked like one of the saints of old.

I felt like kneeling for her blessing—this holy woman in the world, whose life had been a beautiful record of God's lavish grace corresponded to amid the vicissitudes of the ordinary life.

She had done angels' work in the guise of common things.— Richard W. Alexander in *The Missionary*.

~~~~~  
My joy, Thy glory ; my hope, Thy name  
Sweet Heart of Jesus, my heart inflame.

Father RUSSELL, S. J.