



Our Lord Jesus-Christ.



Before the Altar.

*Body of Christ, of Mary formed,
Within her tender bosom warmed,
And nourished at her spotless breast,
Submissive to her least behest.*

*Body of Christ, so pure and white,
The sinner's hope, the saints delight ;
Behind the Tabernacle gates
Our prayers and tears Thy love awaits.*

*Body of Christ I worship Thee,
Once tortured, torn and slain for me !
Never a wound Thou didst not feel,
Never a wound I thou canst not heal.*

Mary E. Mannix in Ave Maria.



Under the Sanctuary Lamp.

Mount Thabor.



As the darkness from the hills of Gaulanitis creeps over Galilee and the crimson glow is fading where the western sky drops into the sea, He climbs the mountain with Peter, James and John. He must have been as weary as the day He sat at Jacob's well and asked for the cool water that sprakled beyond His reach. Do the efforts which He makes to reach our hearts fatigue Him? Who could think so that knows? He never tires struggling for our poor souls. We know the reason full well. "Where there is love there is no labor; or if there is labor, the labor is loved."

An entrancing view lay before our Saviour's eyes from the woody heights. Away in the distance the various objects stood out clear and distinct before the day had faded. How clear our spiritual vision becomes, when we look round about us from the altar! From its height and under its influence we see with a strengthened spiritual vision.

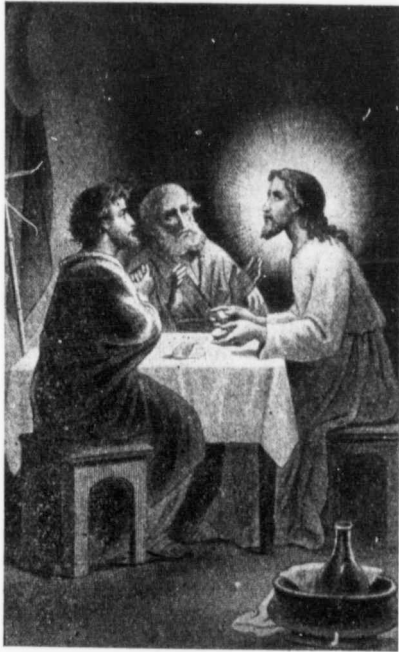
Every least detail of that gorgeous panorama He saw in the dying light of that evening, but not as distinctly as He sees every slightest circumstance, every minutest particular of our griefs, our joys, our hopes and our fears, and with us sorrows and rejoices.

"His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became as white as snow." For a moment the fear-stricken Apostles may have thought the sun had changed its course and come back Mount Carmel and was again glistening on the snows of Hermon or on the cedar groves of Lebanon, so dazzling was the aureole of brightness which lit up and radiated from the Master's face and garments.

When we kneel before His altar does He not make His face shine before our spiritual vision, and we realize that He is beautiful "above the children of men?" Do we not then feel that we must exclaim with St Peter:

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"Lord, it is good for us to be here?" There are joys in our homes, at our firesides, at our work, when we strive manfully to our duty; but there is no joy like that we feel, when before the mountain of the Altar His brightness in our hearts, the fire of His love glows in our souls. True, with mortal eye we cannot see His glory—no man can see it and live but with the eye of faith we can peer beneath the sacramental veil and see "the glory of the



Only Begotten of the Father full of grace and truth." Ah! then "it is good for us to be here", good for us to ascend to the mount of the Tabernacle; in joy, that He may purify us; in sorrow, that He may wipe away our tears.

"And behold there appeared Moses and Elias talking with Him. And they spoke of His decease that He should accomplish in Jerusalem." The lawgiver of the

Old Dispensation who had led the people of God out of the Slavery of Egypt, is with the Lawgiver of the New, Who was to lead the people from the captivity of sin and thralldom of Satan. Elias was His prophet who brought the rain upon the parched earth, as the Master was soon to rain His Blood upon parched souls. Elias in the strength of the bread which the angel gave him was to walk unto the very mountain of God. The Master is the living Bread, which the starving multitude must eat if they are not to faint by the wayside."

They spoke of His decease. Our Blessed Saviour loved to linger on the thought of death, because, no doubt, He was dying for us. We visit Him, like Moses and Elias—do we speak "of His decease," of that baptism for which He sighed, which He desired with so great a desire, that He was straitened till it was accomplished? Kneeling at His altar we can think of that death, from a love than which no man can have greater "For greater love than this no man hath than to lay down his life for his friends." Yet we were His enemies.

The vision vanished. The darkness is disappearing from the eastern hills beyond the Jordan. He bids them "tell the vision to no one, till the Son of Man be risen from the dead." The time is coming when they shall need the memory of that blessed vision on the Mount, when the Master will not be on Thabor with face "shining like the sun and garments white as snow," but on Golgotha with His face disfigured, and bruised, stripped and nailed upon the cross.

We, too, must make our way from time to time up the slopes of Thabor, not the Thabor in Galilee, but the Thabor of our Tabernacle. As in repentance and sorrow for sin, we turn to Mount Calvary, as in sorrow and anguish of spirit our footsteps make their way to the Mount of Olives; so in our joy and happiness we must go to Thabor, to the mount of joy on the altar.

Then all pleasure and all gladness will be purified, and the memories of those hours will linger with us in days of darkness and pain to enlighten and comfort and strengthen us as did the memory of Thabor during after years in the hearts of the favoured three.

J. H. O'Rourke S. J.



Daily Communion



THE institution of the Blessed Eucharist beautifully tells the solicitude of Christ for man. Surpassing all the wonders of Creation it brings man especially close to his Maker. Josue staying the sun in its course; Moses striking water from the rock; the fire coming down from Heaven to consume the victim, were the action of the Creator on the creature; the Blessed Eucharist is the action of the creature on the Creator. A few words from the priest, the bread and wine are robbed of their substance, yea of their very name; they are what He names them, the Body and the Blood of Christ. Really, truly, substantially Jesus Christ, the Consecrated Host makes the heart of the communicant a living ciborium; makes it like to heaven. For heaven is the enjoying of God's presence, and without God heaven is hell. Yes, after feeding on the Body of our Lord, our heart beats upon the heart of Jesus. This is His love "Having loved his own who were in the world, He loved them unto the end."

He has a desire of intimate union with man. He is the vine, we are the branches, and unless vivified by Him we wither and die. St. John clearly speaks the mind of His Master. "This is the Bread that came down from heaven. Not as your Fathers did eat Manna and are dead. He that eateth this Bread shall live forever." Crossing the dreary land of the desert the Jews were

fed on the Manna shaken from the clouds. Our Manna in this vale of tears, is the "Bread that came down from heaven," the consecrated Host. Vitalizing the body, the Manna was no preventive of death, but this the new Manna is a safe antidote against death. Yet not unlike the Manna of the Jews we must feed day by day upon the Body of Christ, that our strength may not dwindle. "The soul," reads the catechism of Trent, "stands in no less need of spiritual food than the body material."

An astonishing effect of Divine Charity, the Blessed Eucharist is eclipsed by the Sacrament of Communion. To be present in the closest proximity face to face with His chosen ones seemed not all His desire of actual union with each soul. A mother not only watches and tends her helpless offspring, but she draws the puny infant to her bosom. Not satisfied with "kissing it with the kisses of her mouth" she offers it her breast. Incorporating here very substance with that of her child, she makes him live by, feed upon, and wax strong on her flesh. Christ, motherlike, draws us tenderly to Himself and by Communion becomes part and parcel of our being. "I live no not I but Christ liveth in Me and I in Him."

Well might we exclaim, "Is there any other nation so great that hath gods so nigh them as our God?" "His delights are to be with the children of men," and He would penetrate, saturate, us with His presence like the water, the sponge. "No," says St. Augustine, "God as wise as He is, could give no more; God as rich as He is has no greater treasure; God as powerful as He is has here exhausted His power."

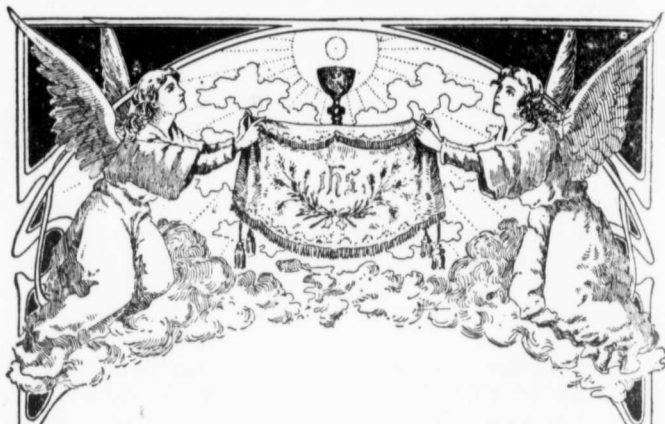
Indeed so extraordinary was Christ's doctrine, and so wonderful was His gift that the bewildered Jews, unable to realize the possibility of what seemed to them a wild dream, failed to follow Him. "I am the Bread of Life," He says, "Your fathers did eat Manna and are dead. This is the Bread which cometh down from heaven; that if any man eat of it he may not die. I am the living Bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever; and the Bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world. The Jews, therefore, strove among themselves, saying: How can

this Man give us His flesh to eat? Then Jesus said to them; Amen, Amen, I say unto you; except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath everlasting life; and I will raise Him up in the last day. For my Flesh is meat indeed; and My Blood drink indeed. He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood liveth in Me and I in Him. As the living Father has sent Me and I live by the Father; as He that eateth Me the same also so shall live by Me. This is the Bread that came from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat Manna and are dead. He that eateth this Bread shall live forever." (John vi., 48, 59).

Plainer or more emphatic words no man could utter. Mark how forcibly He brings home to us the necessity of frequent Communion. "I am the bread of life;" mark how He urges us, "He that eateth this bread shall live forever;" mark how He threatens those refusing to feed on His flesh: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." In face of these promises and threats, he is a bold man who shall remain indifferent.

Christ's whole life is one continual plea for the heart of man. Yet that He likens Himself to the pelican that was believed to feed her young with the blood from her own breast, to the wine giving life and nourishment to the branches is a cogent argument for His solicitude for us. Such indeed are His longing for us that He would seem to have need of us. "Oh how often as the hen gathers her little ones under her wings, I have called but you have not hearkened. Come to me, all of you that labour and are burdened and I will refresh you; come and I shall pour the waters of peace over your soul; you shall drink the sweet milk of My consolations. I am come that they may have life and may have it more abundantly. Compel them to come in that My house may be filled." Oh like the early Christians "persevering in the doctrine of the apostles, and the communication of the breaking of the bread" let us know the "gifts of God."

(to be continued)



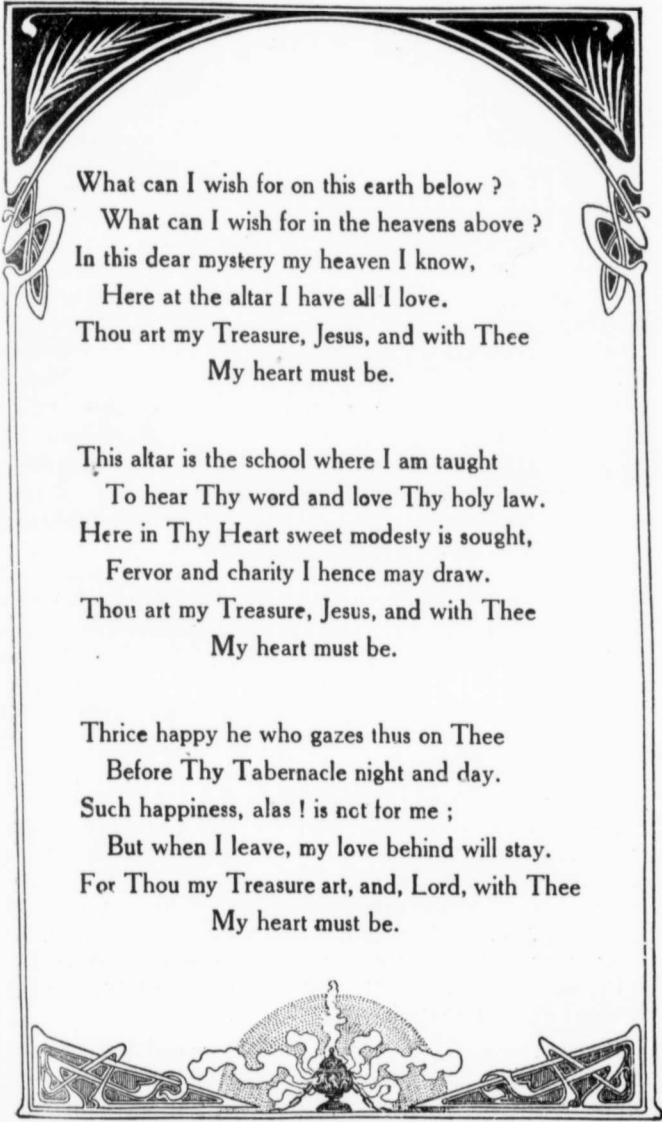
Thou Art My Treasure, Jesus.



Lord, Thou Thyself hast said this golden word :
 "Where'er thy treasure, there thy heart shall be."
 Here at Thy feet, my Eucharistic Lord,
 The meaning of the word grows plain to me.
 Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with Thee
 My heart must be.

Silver and gold and every precious thing
 That thief can steal or moth and rust consume,
 Not to such perishable goods I cling ;
 For treasure infinite my heart hath room.
 Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with Thee
 My heart must be.





What can I wish for on this earth below ?
What can I wish for in the heavens above ?
In this dear mystery my heaven I know,
Here at the altar I have all I love.
Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with Thee
My heart must be.

This altar is the school where I am taught
To hear Thy word and love Thy holy law.
Here in Thy Heart sweet modesty is sought,
Fervor and charity I hence may draw.
Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with Thee
My heart must be.

Thrice happy he who gazes thus on Thee
Before Thy Tabernacle night and day.
Such happiness, alas ! is not for me ;
But when I leave, my love behind will stay.
For Thou my Treasure art, and, Lord, with Thee
My heart must be.

Favors through Ven. Père Eymard.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. Feb. 13, 1912.—I am very happy to state that a friend of mine, pronounced incurable by many doctors unless an operation were performed, has become so much better that it appears miraculous. She had suffered greatly for over ten years, but refused to take medical treatment. Having much devotion to Père Eymard, she wore his picture and we made a Novena. To the astonishment of all, she improved rapidly. We are so thankful for her recovery, and we wish to do all we can to hasten the Beatification of Père Eymard and to spread devotion to him. Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass for this intention.

BONAVENTURE, P. Q., Canada.—I was suffering from a sickness which medical aid could not cure. I resolved to give it up, for my case was getting worse. My pains were so great that I thought it time to call in the priest. Then I asked for a picture of Ven. Père Eymard and laid it on the seat of my trouble. Most wonderful was the effect! At once all my pains disappeared, the inflammation diminishing so quickly that my friends looked on in astonishment. With all my heart I thank Ven. Père Eymard. I am rapidly growing better, and I hope soon to resume my daily duties.

SAINT-BARTHELEMI, Canada.—My husband was a confirmed drunkard. Not a day passed that he did not return home intoxicated. Judge of my sorrow and suffering! I began a Novena to Père Eymard to obtain his reformation. The last day of the Novena my husband lay, as usual, intoxicated. Suddenly he arose, came to me, and said: "*It is ended! I do not know what has taken place in me, but it is over.*" Since then he has not broken his promise a single time, and he is truly happy. Thanks to good Père Eymard!

MONTCLAIR, N. J., April 8, 1912.—I wish to return thanks to our Eucharistic Lord for the great favors He has granted us through the intercession of Ven. Père

Eymard. I asked for restoration to health, promising publication in THE SENTINEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT if I obtained the favor. My husband, also expresses great faith in Ven. Père Eymard for a temporal favor received. I offer a Novena of Masses in thanksgiving for the wonderful graces sent us.

R. M. S. C.

ST.-ISIDORE, Jan. 4, 1912.—I wish to proclaim the miraculous cure, obtained through the intercession of Ven. Père Eymard, of erysipelas in my face. Dejected at the sight of the inflammation, I begged Ven. Père Eymard to be so good as to cure it, if such were God's will, and I applied his relic. Next morning, the inflammation had disappeared. It is with a glad heart, I come to thank him.

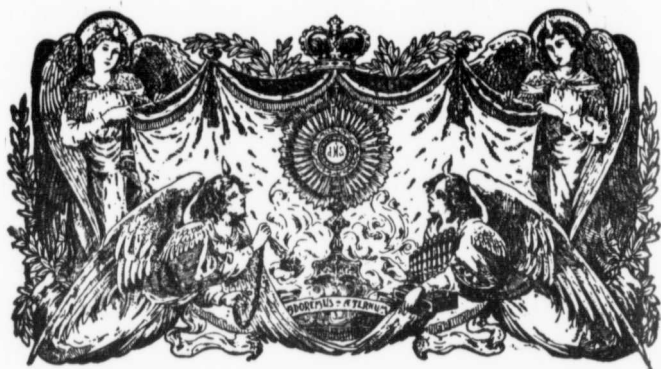
Mde F. P.

ST. BARNABÉ, Feb. 5, 1912.—I suffered long from an irreducible hernia. For a long time under the care of an able physician who did not hide from me the gravity of my case, I despaired of ever getting any relief. I endured frightful sufferings, and I was on the point of losing all courage and confidence when, yielding to the entreaties of my aged mother, I had recourse to the powerful intercession of Ven. Père Eymard. I made a Novena in his honor and promised to become a subscriber of *Le Petit Messager du T. S. Sacrement*, if I got well enough to attend to my duties properly.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 6, 1912.—Sr. M. J.— had a painful swelling on the back of her hand. It gave her much suffering, paining up the arm to the shoulder after any more than ordinary exertion. No remedy helped her. At last, she began a Novena to Ven. Père Eymard. One day, during the Novena, she slipped on the ice and fell. Her companion, in great consternation, thought only of the injured hand. But what was the astonishment of both to find the trouble entirely gone. The hand is perfectly well and has been so for months. She laughs and says that Père Eymard threw her down to cure her.

S. M. S.

QUEBEC, July 7, 1912—Thanks to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament for a special favor obtained after promising to have it published in the Sentinel. M. N. B.



HOUR of ADORATION

Jesus promises Paradise to the good Thief.

Rev. Père CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

“ Et dicebat ad Jesum : Domine, memento mei, cum veneris in regnum tuum. Et dixit illi Jesus : Amen dico tibi, hodie tecum eris in paradiso.”

“ And he said to Jesus : ‘ Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom.’ ”

And Jesus said to him : ‘ Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise.’ ”

(Luke XXIII, 42, 43.)

Adoration.

The Cross of Jesus was raised between two other crosses on which were hanging two criminals. Oh, wonderful thing ! Over six centuries before, a prophet of Juda, Isaias, had predicted this ignominious circumstance of the Saviour's Passion : “ *And with the wicked He was reputed.* ” If we are to believe Saint Matthew and Saint Mark, there two crucified criminals, hideous, bloody, ignoble, had been vomiting in concert blasphemies against the Divine Crucified. Sometimes they took the form of bitter reproaches for having deceived the hopes of the people, sometimes injurious language which

mingled with the abominable shouts of the maddened crowd. They are going to die, insulting Him to His face, adding to their crimes blasphemy against the Son of God and the sin of final impenitence.

The thief on the left added new injuries, repeating the sarcasm of the multitude : " If Thou be the Christ, save Thyself and us ! "

These words were a real blasphemy. By them, the thief appeared to say to Jesus : " If Thou dost not come down from yours, Thou art not the Christ as Thou hast pretended, Thou betrayest Thyself by Thy want of power ! " What more cruel injury could possibly be offered to the Son of God !

Instead of being converted on the cross, this thief became more guilty. Crucified at Jesus' side on the Cross, he was witness of His heroic patience. Still more, the thief who had so recently been his accomplice in sin, was converted, and he exhorted him to follow his example. He wanted to hear Jesus forgive his companion all his crimes and promise him paradise. But nothing can shake his obduracy. The Gospel has not one word of repentance from him that could assure us of his fate.

My God ! my God ! is it possible to be lost so near the Saviour, the Saviour agonizing, and under the eyes of Mary ! O my God, how unsearchable are Thy judgments ! To comprehend them, one should be able to scrutinize the souls upon whom Thou dost exercise them. At all events, on the day of the great assizes of the human race, when the malice of hearts will be exposed to the eyes of all, Thou wilt be proclaimed just in all Thy decrees. In advance, O God, my Saviour, with all mankind, I acknowledge and adore the wisdom and justice of every one of Thy divine dispositions.

But let us not forget, in the distribution of grace, there is a law which God has laid upon Himself and which He never infringes, and that is, man's free will. He constrains no one to act against his own will. Man is free, he has the power to choose. Only after this life will God recompense or punish us according to how we have used our liberty, well or ill.

Jesus offered to the two thieves the price of His Blood, which He shed to expiate their sins. The good thief

accepted it ; the bad one refused it. God did what He could to save him. If he loses his soul, it is with full liberty.

This example of obduracy on the part of the bad thief ought to penetrate us with holy fear for our salvation. However favorable to salvation may be the condition in which we live, we must always say, that with truth : *I may be lost*. If there is any place in the world in which salvation might seem to be secure, it should be in heaven. Judas, who had lived with Jesus so long, who had so often sat with Him at table—Judas died in despair. The thief lost his soul in presence of the Blessed Virgin and in the company of Jesus agonizing ! Have we not here lessons that ought to make us tremble for our salvation ? I myself, perhaps—I live with Jesus, I frequently assist at the mystical representation of His death, I even receive Him frequently into my heart by Communion and, nevertheless, I must labor at my salvation with fear and trembling. The obduracy of the thief proves clearly that, in spite of all exterior helps, one can die in final impenitence and be damned.

Even the example of the conversion of the good thief ought not to be for us a cause of presuming on the Divine Mercy. Of all the sinners whose conversion we read in the Gospel, he is the only one whom we see repenting at the last hour of his life.

If the thieves crucified by the Saviour's side united at first with the High Priests and the populace in blaspheming, it was not for a long time. One of them, urged by a sense of natural justice and by the fear of God, soon repented of his blasphemy, and became silent.

The other, on the contrary, was not disarmed. He continued to cast in the face of the sweet Victim the sarcasm of the multitude : "*If Thou be the Christ, save Thyself and us.*"

The good thief could stand it no longer, and over the agonizing head of the Christ Saviour, he engaged in a discussion.

Those around heard the thief at the right cry out to his comrade : "*Neither dost thou fear God, seeing thou art under the same condemnation.*" This was a magnificent act of faith in the Divinity of Jesus. It had been

sufficient for him to look upon the Divine Crucified to find faith and love.

When one loves, one regrets having offended the object of one's love. In truth, the good thief did penance. He confessed his sins and exhorted his companion to enter into himself. "*And we, justly,*" he said, "*for we receive the due reward of our deeds ; but this Man hath done no evil.*" What a beautiful act of contrition ! It was faith that inspired it, the fear of God mingled with love. "*Neither dost Thou fear.*" This is the humble confession, this the resignation which accepts the punishment lovingly. "*But we, indeed, justly.*" It is tender confidence toward the goodness of Him "*who hath done no evil.*" What sublime reparation !

Could I, O Divine Saviour, offer Thee more acceptable reparation than that of the good thief ? He acknowledges his wrong-doing, asks the grace to belong to Thee,—does he not fill the role of the angel of Gethsemani, coming to console and strengthen Thee ? And by asking for a remembrance in Thy paradise, not only does he sweeten Thy pains, but he gives Thee that delicious joy Thou art accustomed to feel when a sinner is converted and does penance.

Nevertheless, Thy Heart has been saddened at seeing the other thief hardened in his guilt. None of Thy graces could convert him,—neither Thy example, nor the sight of Thy agony, nor the streams of Thy Blood, nor the spectacle of Thy mercy, nor the anxious attentions of Thy Mother. Pardon, O Heart of Jesus, pardon !

Petition.

"*Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom !*"

After confessing his sins, publicly proclaiming Jesus' innocence, and defending Him against His accusers, the good thief turned his head toward Jesus, and addressed to Him his humble prayer : "*Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom !*"

"*Lord !*" He calls Jesus "*Lord !*" at the moment when the multitude and their leaders were blaspheming and outraging His royalty !

“Remember me !” What faith ! what confidence ! what love ! what humility !

He does not say : “ If Thou canst.” No, he believes all things possible to Jesus. He does not say even : “ If it pleases Thee.” No, for he has unbounded confidence in the love and devotedness of the Heart of Jesus. Nor does he say : “ I desire a share in Thy kingdom.” No, he dares not explicitly, directly implore for eternal salvation, paradise, glory ; that his humility forbade ; He adopts a touching roundabout way in addressing himself to the Heart of the good Master. He claims only a remembrance, he expresses only a simple : “ *Forget me not !* ” But he knows that if Jesus deigns to remember him, the power of so great a King, His wisdom, and above all His love will know how to come to his aid.

And this remembrance he demands when Jesus shall have entered into His kingdom : “ *When Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom.* ” This thief, the companion of the Divine Crucified, believes, then, in the kingship of Jesus !

Yes, he believes Him King, not indeed King of this world, but King of heaven. And by declaring that this Sovereign will go after His death to take possession of His kingdom, he makes a magnificent act of faith in the Resurrection of the Divine Crucified, in His Divinity, in His eternal reign.

Never did a prayer possess in so high a degree the qualities required for moving the Heart of God.

“ I exult with joy,” exclaims Bossuet, “ my heart is filled with rapture on beholding the faith of this robber. A dying man sees Jesus dying, and he begs for life. A crucified thief sees Jesus crucified, and he speaks to Him of His kingdom. His eyes rest on a cross, but his faith represents to him a throne. What faith and what hope ! ”

And he adds : “ If we are dying, my brethren, we know that Jesus Christ is living, but it is hard sometimes for our wavering faith to believe in that. The good thief, on the contrary, looked upon Jesus dying with him, and he hoped, he was consoled, and he even rejoiced in his cruel punishment. Let us imitate so holy an example and, if we are not animated by that of so many

martyrs, so many saints, let us at least blush, O Christians, for allowing ourselves to be surpassed by a robber."

What a difference between our penitence and that of the good thief! What difference between our faith and his! True, the shadows that conceal from our eyes the greatness of Jesus are more dense than on Calvary, for "upon the Cross the Divinity alone was hidden." And if faith was necessary for believing in the Divinity of Jesus on the Cross, it was not needed to believe in His Humanity and love. But here, in the Sacrament of the Altar, neither His Divinity nor His Humanity appears to our senses. Faith must here act on both the one and the other.

Nevertheless, with the Holy Church, I believe in Thy Presence, O Jesus, God made Man, King of heaven and of earth! I believe in Thy Presence, real, true, substantial, personal, hidden under the species of a little bread and wine. I believe in Thy love and Thy mercy.

I, too,—I am, perhaps, very near my death. I, too, I am a great sinner, a greater sinner, perhaps, than that thief, for I have known Thee long and my whole life is one tissue of Thy benefits. Hear, sweet Saviour, at this moment my prayer, as if it came from my agonizing lips: "*Lord, remember me in Thy kingdom!*" Thou art happily arrived at that blessed term, Thou art now living and reigning, and forever, in Thy Kingdom, upon Thy throne of glory, surrounded by innumerable subjects. I do not deserve a remembrance, for I am the most unworthy of Thy creatures. But I have entire confidence in Thy Sacred Heart. Didst Thou not make in one instant a finished saint of the greatest sinner?

(To be continued.)

He has loved us, even to the end.

(Our Frontispiece)

How good is Our Lord, and how He has loved us! Not content to suffer and die for us, He wished to remain with the children of men, to give Himself as our Daily Bread, to nourish our poor souls with the Food of Angels. Let us daily receive Him in Holy Communion, for there only will we find security and peace, for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the source of all true happiness on earth.

The Welcome of a Friend.

I will not call you servants but friends.

Before Communion.



FIRST among the privileges of perfect friendship, and comprising every other, is unreservedness of communication between us and our friend. Pain is softened, joy is doubled, by being shared with him. If it is an injustice or a disappointment that has upset us, we exaggerate the trouble of course, perhaps allow ourselves many an intemperate word that would be checked in any other presence. But he knows us so well ; knows us in every mood ; our way of looking at things ; our infirmity of character ; he will make allowances ; it does not matter what we say to him.

Oh what a resource we have in human friendship ! God Himself acknowledges and sanctions it when He tells us : " A steadfast friend shall be to Thee as thyself." " A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that found him hath found a treasure."

Yet it does not suffice Him to give us friends frail and feeble as ourselves. He would Himself be our Friend. All the advantages of friendship heightened to an inconceivable degree ; all the devotedness, faithfulness, resourcefulness, forbearance, which the annals of friendship or the wildest stretch of imagination can furnish, is but the feeblest image of what He offers, nay presses upon the acceptance of every one of us.

"The soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David. But what was this union compared with that between us and our Blessed Lord in Holy Communion ! We are engrafted in Him as the branch in the vine, a similitude of His own which should be pondered in detail till we come to realise something of its stupendous significance.

The friendship between the prince and the shepherd fascinates us. Yet the love of the God of heaven and earth for such as we are fails to excite wonder or enthusiasm. All the beauty and pathos of human friendship is found in the Divine ; sympathy, self-denial, generosity, carried to a length impossible to surpass even in thought. But we take it all as a matter of course, and see no particular reason why the duty of gratitude should be so urged upon us.

And surely, O Lord, there should be none. Surely the sight of the Crucifix or the Tabernacle, the very thought of either, should melt our hearts and carry us out of ourselves with admiration and thankfulness. We extol the wide brotherhood of Francis of Assisi. We are charmed by His sympathy with the innocent things of the irrational creation. But his passionate love of Christ Crucified, the vehemence and the tenderness of his heart outpouring the night through : " My God and my All ! " — this we fail to understand, this makes no echo in our own heart.

How long, O Lord, how long ! Thou didst die for me as for Francis ; draw my heart to Thee by a return of love. Make the Crucifix speak to my heart as to his. My God and my All, make Thyself more to my soul. Give Thy grace to me, mean and miserable as I am. Canst Thou refuse Thy grace who dost give Thyself ? I long to love Thee, my God, with a love less unworthy of Thee. Help me to love Thee. Take from my heart all obstacles to Thy love. Let me love Thee with my whole soul, with all my mind, with all my strength before I come to die, that I may love Thee according to Thy desire throughout eternity.

After Communion.

" Blessed be the Lord, for He hath shown His wonderful mercy to me."

" O my soul, bless the Lord, and let all that is within me bless His holy Name."

" What shall I render to the Lord for all that He hath rendered to me? "

"I will extol Thee, O God my King, and I will bless Thy name for ever, yea for ever and ever."

"And when they had adored God and given [Him thanks, they sat down together."

Here is the right ordering of our thanksgiving after Communion—God's claim's first, and these satisfied, the familiar intercourse with our Lord and the setting forth of needs. Though, indeed, the satisfying of God's claims is the first and deepest of our needs.

How is this to be brought about? His due is nothing short of the infinite, and our very best is finite. But—thanks be to God for His unspeakable Gift—what is absolutely impossible for us to do, is perfectly done for us by the Incarnation, and the extension of the Incarnation, the Eucharist.

Our Lord places Himself upon the altar, within easy reach of each one of us. He puts His Sacred Heart at our disposal, bidding us help ourselves freely from its treasures, and pay thus to the last farthing the debt we owe. To provide us with an adoration, praise and thanksgiving worthy of Himself is His chief motive in remaining with us all days; in offering Himself on the altar every day; in coming to us in Holy Communion whenever we will. By Him, with Him, in Him, we, little finite creatures, nothing of ourselves, worse than nothing by our sinfulness, can give to the supreme God worship which He accepts as sufficient, by which every Perfection receives its full meed of adoration and praise, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over.

"He that is mighty hath done great things for me," we may cry out in our joy, as we look at the Tabernacle, and fold our hands over our breast after Communion. He has perfected praise even in the mouth of such a one as I. For I am not alone; Jesus is with me. "I will rejoice in the Lord, and I will joy in God my Jesus."

He wants now to hear about ourselves—how things are going with us—how we have been getting on since He was with us last. Is union with Him strengthening? Does the sap flow more freely, more continuously from the Vine into the branch? Are we getting little by little to live by Him? Is there Communion of tastes, interests, joys and sorrows? Interchange of loving offices?

Is there devotedness to His cause at the cost of personal sacrifice? Does all that touches Him affect us more than it did once? Is He coming to be almost unconsciously to ourselves, the main need of our life?

And what about our work for Him—about the anxiety common to us both for those we love, those whose names He sees upon our lips whenever we come to Him? He wants to know all. Have we come to Him that He may share our gladness? Or is it the old sympathy, the sympathy of years on which we must draw still. Oh that fellow-feeling of His Sacred Human Heart, not only ready ever, but fresh as ever a constancy impossible in other friends! They must tire. They do tire. They brace themselves up to give us a patient hearing once again. They try—what more can they do—to draw upon the resources of their faithful hearts. But they are sensible, almost as much as we are, how feebly, almost mechanically, the words of sympathy come not from fault of theirs, but simply because the strain has been so long.

“Oh when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts

Come crowding thickly up for utterance,

And the poor common words of courtesy

Are such a very mockery—how much

The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!”

“Come to Me when it is not well with thee.” His invitation is as pressing the hundredth and the thousandth time as it was at first. “Come to Me you who are heavy-laden, and I will refresh you.” His Heart does not sink when He sees us coming. Nay, His delight is to see us take up our post before the Tabernacle, too weary, perhaps, to pray—but just to sit before Him, our eyes upon the little door, waiting for our refreshment. Thy sympathy of the Heart beating there is infinite.

I thank Thee, O dearest Lord, for all Thou hast given me, and for the love with which it has been given. I thank Thee for all Thou art to me, for all Thou wilt be to me in eternity. What return am I going to make—a personal return for a personal gift.

I offer Thee, O Lord the joy Thou wilt have to-day in the Communion of those who love Thee best; I share in their love, in their thanksgiving, in the welcome they will give Thee. I offer all this as if it were my own.

I unite all I shall do or suffer, all I shall think or say with Thy thoughts and words and actions whilst on earth. I thank Thee for every joy Thou hast in store for me. I accept every trial. I accept death in the form and at the hour Thou shalt appoint. I accept Thy Judgment of me when I shall stand before Thee to give an account of my poor, sinful life, and of the stewardship confided to me. I accept the eternity which will then begin for me. And if I had anything further, anything more precious to offer and to trust to Thee, I would lay it all here at Thy feet.

MOTHER MARY LOYOLA.

Our Daily Bread

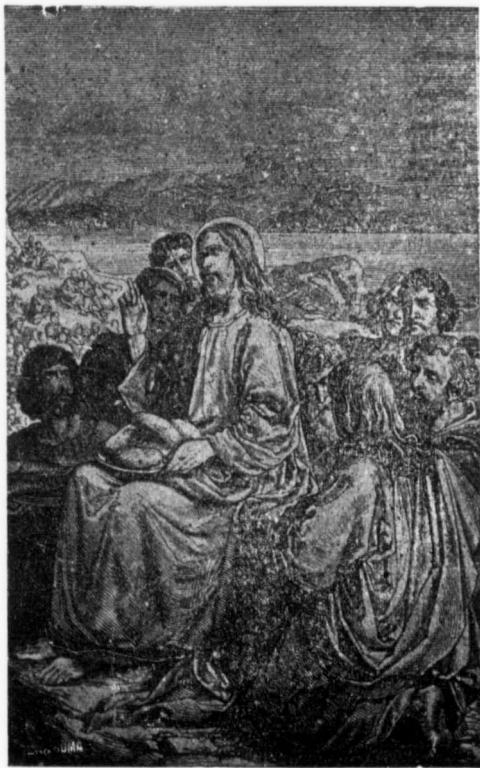


(Concluded.)

Besides the argument from authority, would it not appear that the very position in the Lord's Prayer of the request for daily bread and its relation to the other petitions demand for it the Eucharistic interpretation? For it stands the midmost of the seven, and it is the first of those bearing on the means we should use to gain our final end. When all the requests before and after the fourth are concerned almost wholly with the soul's needs, is it not unnatural and jarring to give to this petition an exclusively material sense, especially when the Divine Author of the prayer cautions us against oversolicitude for the life of the body? What more fitting after we have asked our Heavenly Father that we may save our souls than that we should pass at once by a natural transition to beg of Him the most effective means of attaining salvation, the frequent and worthy reception of the Bread of Life?

The "Our Father" would hardly be a perfect prayer if it had in it no reference to the Blessed Sacrament, nor would it be a compendium of all our needs if it

made no mention of what is so necessary for us as is the Holy Eucharist. It would be strange, too, if our Saviour had taught us a prayer which was meant to express all the longings of our nature, yet had in it no cry for Him. Our Lord surely placed the petition for



daily bread in the midst of His prayer to teach us that from frequent Communion we would merit to obtain the graces begged for in the other six petitions of the "Our Father."

In the light of this interpretation it will be clear that the fourth petition of the Lord's Prayer is a request for

daily Communion. We ask for "bread," that nutritious, familiar, common, universal food, which our Divine Saviour purposely chose as the veil of His Flesh in the Sacrament of the Altar because He would remind us that all Catholics throughout the world may receive Communion every day.

For what food is more common than bread? On our western prairies hundreds of miles of wheat, sown in the spring or fall, grow ripe and yellow under the sun and rain. It is then reaped and winnowed and stored away in huge granaries till it is brought to the mill to be ground into fine flour, when it soon reaches millions of consumers throughout the world, for it is sent as far as Alaska and India — it is exported to every clime and to every race.

Now, just mix a little water with this flour and bring it to the fire and you have bread, a food pleasant to the taste, easily assimilated, full of nourishment, low in price and suited to every condition of life and nearly every age; for bread is eaten with relish by men and women, children and adults, princes and peasants, from early life to its close. Bread is found on the tables of both rich and poor; it is a substantial part of every meal. It is not a luxury, but a necessity. By bread alone entire populations can be supported for years. It is considered everybody's right, for we give it freely to strangers and travelers, we do not deny it to the beggar at our door, or to the outcast of our streets. With bread the poor have enough, and without bread even the rich are in want.

Consequently, when Jesus willed to give Himself to us as the food of our souls, He selected as the form of His disguise, not some costly fruit or rare cereal that it would be hard to procure in large quantities and at all time and in all places, nor did he select one of the more permanent and durable foodstuffs, but he chose plain wheaten bread, that will spoil if it is not consumed, because He wished the Holy Eucharist to be the common, frequent spiritual food of all men throughout the world, till the end of time, and because He intended that

when their senses perceived in the Holy Eucharist all the qualities of bread, men would be led to infer that the Blessed Sacrament was meant by Him to be as common and as universal a food for the soul as bread is for the body.

Do not the very words used by our Lord when He gave us the Holy Eucharist indicate that He meant it to be, above all things, food? For as He handed the consecrated Bread to the Apostles, the great High Priest did not say: "Take ye and adore," but "Take ye and eat," showing that His main purpose in instituting the Blessed Sacrament was to provide our souls with food. The primitive Church, indeed, was so given to considering the Holy Eucharist almost exclusively as the Bread of the Soul that it is not till later ages that we see springing up those beautiful devotions to the Real Presence, like Benediction and Forty Hours.

Wherever there is even a small Catholic population, a church is generally to be found. In each of these churches there is a tabernacle, in each tabernacle a ciborium, in each ciborium one hundred Hosts, let us say, each of which must find a home in some human heart. Empty that cup and the priest will immediately fill with Living Bread another, so that the children of the Bridegroom may not be compelled to fast even for a single day from the "Finest of the Wheat."

For it is "daily" bread, be it noted, that we are bidden ask for in the Lord's Prayer, and that there may be absolutely no doubt about our meaning we are taught by Christ Himself to insist that it is daily bread "this day" that we require. With the bold, imperative "Give," we almost demand it as a right, for it is truly "ours" as sons. *Vere panis filiorum.*

If, then, in the light of the Fathers' interpretation and of reason, the fourth petition of the Lord's Prayer is a persistent request for daily Communion, why do we not receive it daily? Why do we not come to take what we repeatedly ask for? Our Redeemer surely would not bid us ask for what He has no wish to give. No; it is we that are wanting. "Give us this day our daily

bread," we plead with our lips, and then by our practice hasten to enter the caveat: "But give it not to me, Lord, for I have no desire or need of this bread of yours every day. Once a year, or, at most, once a month is enough for me."

But the petitions of a universal prayer like the "Our Father" have universal application. Our Lord meant that all Christians should use this prayer, and in doing so make it a fourth request; so He also meant unquestionably that as far as it is practicable they should receive what they ask for. Millions of the faithful, to be sure, have offered up to God this prayer through the ages without realizing its fullest meaning. But these prayers were not said in vain, for the Catholics of to-day are reaping the benefit of them. We have the good fortune to be living "when the tide is coming in," for God has given us in Pius X. a Supreme Pontiff who is doing his utmost to restore in the Church that practice of daily Communion which was universal among the early Christians. But the Holy Father cannot do this unaided. Its success depends upon the generous co-operation of the faithful.

"Give us this day our daily bread" we must all beg of God with fervor every morning, that this petition of our universal prayer, being correctly understood, may be more generally desired. For a loving Father is eager to provide Bread daily for His hungry children, and the Church, a tender mother, will prepare it for us in profusion, but we should then do our part and come daily to receive it. This will call for a little generosity and self-sacrifice. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread" was said of old to Adam. So he and all of his descendants have had to toil for this daily bread. But this law still holds, even when there is question of the daily bread of the Holy Eucharist, for we must toil a little to earn it, since rising promptly, and guarding carefully our hearts all day means work. But when we see how cheerfully men labor their whole lives long just to win the bread that perishes, shall we refuse to make daily the little effort that is required to earn the Bread that

lives? What comfort, too, shall we not bring to the Heart of the Master when the Bread we ask for daily, and which He is eager to give us daily, He sees us making in very truth "Our Daily Bread!"

WALTER DWIGHT, S. J.

A conversion at Lourdes.



PIRITUAL cures at Lourdes are not less numerous nor less remarkable than the cures of bodily ills, but as a rule they remain hidden from the world. God, however, sometimes permits certain cases to become known, for the edification of the faithful. Thus it was with much pleasure we read in a French paper the following interesting account of a conversion.

A Bishop whom we met at Lourdes, July 27, 1910, related to us the following fact:

In August of 1897, I was accompanying my brother to Cauterets, where he had been ordered by his doctor, when convalescent, to complete his cure. He was just recovering from a serious illness during which he had been in danger of death. On the way I urged him to break his journey at Lourdes. From the age of fifteen (he was then forty-eight) he had proclaimed in and out of season his irreligious convictions. A very clever man, a hard worker and active, he had attained to a high position in the offices of government administrations.

He would only consent to a short halt of a few hours on the score of rest, and on the condition of finding a hotel very near the Grotto, and a room on the ground floor to avoid the fatigue of going upstairs. We arrived at Lourdes towards 5 o'clock in the evening. On leaving the train, the desired hotel was found, and rooms were given as required. The proprietress told us the hour for dinner.

"No," said he, "I do not wish to go to the common table. I don't like crowds." At this time there were numerous pilgrimages going on; Lourdes was crammed with visitors. "But," replied the hostess, "the crowd you will find here is not like the crowd of the Paris Boulevards."

We dined at a separate table; after the meal, the valley seemed to be filling with far-off song. I got him to consent to watch the torchlight procession from the terrace above the Basilica of the Rosary. Where, leaning against the balustrade, we saw the long river of lights unfold itself, describing the outlines of an immense Monstrance on the vast lawn, then gathering its streams together, as it formed a lake of light covering the whole of the great space before the Basilica. He heard the endless "Ave, Ave Maria," intermingling without order in a sublime confusion of sound, then the glorious outburst of thousands and thousands of voices singing in perfect unison the grand "Credo in Deum!"

He remained silent; I watched him; tears were in his eyes.

The next day, Sunday, under the pretext of fatigue he let me go alone to celebrate Mass. You can easily suppose for what intention I offered the Holy Sacrifice. After lunch he wished to go with his wife and son for a drive round the town surrounding country. I was heart-broken that he was slipping away from me, he was flying from the supernatural torrent of grace which promised to overwhelm him.

I went to weep and to pray alone, in one of the dark chapels of the crypt. I then sought him everywhere without being able to find him. I did not see him until dinner time. "But whatever became of you, all this afternoon?" I asked him; and he told me how, after his return from the drive, which had only lasted an hour, he had mingled with the crowd to get near to the Grotto and piscinas; that, seated on the stone bench which runs along the side of Gave he had been present during some hours watching the sick people being carried to the entrance doors and from the exits of the baths; he heard the ardent supplications to Jesus and to Mary, on behalf



THE CROWNING OF MARY.

of the unfortunate sufferers who had come to beg for their cure. He declared to be profoundly moved by this extraordinary spectacle. His emotion had tired him ; he could not be present again at the torch light procession. After dinner he came into my room, where I had called him to-admire from my window the steeple of the Basilica, on which stood out in the darkness the monogram of Our Lady, in colors illuminated by electric light.

For some minutes we both kept silence in the darkness of my room. Then I said gently to him: "Well, my dear fellow, what do you think of it all? Did you notice that crowd? Did you observe that here all are brothers, no police officers to keep order, no hustling, no elbowing to make one's way; everywhere kindness and consideration one for another; everywhere faces radiant with joy; community of faith, of love, of hope? Here is the France, the France of former days, thrilling in union under the empire of one same thought, the adoration and love of the one same great and loving God, the Creator and Father of all.

Did you see with what delicate consideration all these strangers, who do not know you, drew on one side as you passed, to facilitate your access to the fountain, saying to you: 'You are ill, Sir. Pray pass before me?' Did you ever see anything like that in the ordinary crowds of wordly assemblies, at markets, on the exchange on the high streets?"

He was silent. I added: "Well! does not the thought strike you to do like all these people; to kneel, to pray, to communicate? See what heavenly joy shines from all these faces."

He replied: "When I compare myself with all this crowd of people, I am a miserable man. What you ask of me I am unworthy to do."

"My dear fellow," I went on, "if you are sincere in what you have just said, never were you at any moment of your life more worthy than you are to-day to approach Our Lord. Go and tell this to a priest; he will understand you, he will help you, and God will give Himself to you. I am going to spend the night in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament with the pilgrims. I shall make

arrangements to celebrate Mass to-morrow morning at the hour which will suit you best, so that you may assist at it, and communicate at it if you are ready."

The next morning he told me that he had not slept at all—that he was impossible for him to get up. It was the last assault of the evil one. I returned to my room much grieved. Suddenly my little nephew of twelve years of age ran up.

"Uncle! Uncle!" he cried. "A miracle! Father is getting up." He had fully decided not to go out, when he had heard a crowd passing under his window, singing hymns. It was a pilgrimage of men arriving from Rodez, their Bishop at their head on their way to the Grotto, their rosaries in their hands. This sight electrified him.

"Go and let your uncle know that I am coming to assist at his Mass."

Twenty minutes later, we were entering the Basilica of the Rošary, when I said to him: "Have you decided to receive Holy Communion?"

"But I must go to confession," he replied. "Well! find me a priest."

He remained for forty minutes with his confessor. He came out his whole face transfigured, his eyes red.

No words can describe the feelings of my soul at the moment when with my own hand I give him Holy Communion.

On leaving the church we fell into each other's arms. It was a clasp of loving happiness.

"Thank you," said he, "my dear brother." "I have always loved you, I love you much better and more than ever to-day."

During the day, a lady seeing him for the first time, said to him: "You seem ill, Monsieur. No doubt you have come to ask your cure of our Lady of Lourdes? I promise to pray for you."

He replied, "No, Madam, I did not come to ask the Blessed Virgin for my bodily cure; but she granted to me, this morning, what was better still, the complete cure of my soul."

Ten days later, my brother died suddenly at Cauterets. May everlasting thanks be rendered to Our Lord Jesus Christ and the Immaculate Virgin Mary!

The miracle of this conversion, for which I had asked the Blessed Virgin every night for the last thirty years is due without doubt to prayer, but also to the sight of the crowds at Lourdes.

In a letter which he wrote to our eldest brother the very day of his Communion, he owned that he had been unable to resist the powerful torrents of supernatural grace which in the grotto of Lourdes overwhelms souls, and carries them away, by its irresistible force — despite even their struggles against it—into the ocean of God's love.—Exchange.





“Come to Me, and you shall find rest for your, soul.” For more than eighteen centuries this invitation and this promise have resounded through the world. Come to your Jesus, whose Heart is ever open to embrace you and shelter you. Come to Him Who knows all, and compassionate all, Whose Heart yearns to comfort and to remedy all.



REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

Deceased Members.

Quebec: Mrs. James Kelly, Mr. A. J. Behan. — Katakis West Coast: Miss Bibiana Cicilia.

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