

Jesus at the home of Martha and Mary.

Hoffmann.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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➤ *The Sacred Host.* ◀

O mystery too deep for thought,
Too high for reason to attain,
Too wondrous vast to be enwrought
In any finite, human brain!
No mortal mind could e're this Truth conceive,
Nor earthly power compel men to believe.

"A clean oblation to the Lord",
Is offered now on land and sea,
Fulfilling thus the Prophet's word,
Predicting this Great Mystery:—
"From rising sun to setting of the same,"
This pledge is offered to God's holy name.

O Sacred Eucharistic Heart,
Not understood by mortal ken,
God only could invent the art
Of dwelling in the hearts of men,
Blessing their lives with Promise all sublime,
To be with them 'until the end of time."

O Heavenly Host! O generous Friend!
Make us to heed Thy loving call,
Thy Sacred Banquet to attend,
Whence graces flow to one and all.
Then ours Thy promise—when this life is o'er—
To see Thee, know Thee, love Thee, evermore.

MRS. S. B. ELDER.

I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.



Jesus comes of His own accord. Prompted by the goodness and tenderness that you do not comprehend, because you cannot fathom the mysteries of His infinite love. He comes to you of His own accord and your first duty is to ask yourselves: "Who is He Who comes and opens His arms to receive me?"

You know that He Who comes is God, Who created all things, Who disseminated in space the innumerable worlds, with as much care as a man might scatter a handful of dust, Who by a single word peopled the Heavens with millions of Angels ever ready to execute His commands, He to Whom, according to the prophet, Creation was as play, and Who accomplished this prodigious phenomenon by a single act of His Will—by a single Word let fall from His divine lips.

Now ask yourselves: "Who am I that I should attract such power and such greatness to myself?" You are what every other creature is here below; you are nothing. Yet out of this chaos it has pleased God to fashion a being dear to His Heart. Yesterday you were not; tomorrow you will no longer be; you are an atom that is momentarily swayed to and fro between the cradle and the grave.

More than this; have you always loved this God Who comes to you? Have you always faithfully served Him? This good God you have often offended; often have you spurned His precepts; often despised His most Holy Will. You have often laughed at His threats, and your life has perchance been an unbroken series of evil actions.

And now, we repeat, this God present in the Holy Eucharist will come forth from His tabernacle. Ask

Yourselves: "What does He desire?" "What does He ask for?" Harken to His voice, listen to His pleading: "Sto ad ostium et pulso"—"I stand at the door and knock" "Fili, praebe cor tuum mihi"—"My son, give Me that heart which thou hast so often promised to give Me, that heart which I have so often replenished with graces, wherein I made My abode and whence thou hast banished Me to welcome therein My eternal enemy.

"I know that in order to make this offering unreservedly thou wilt have to make sacrifices; thou wilt have to struggle against the wayward course of an imagination which causes thee to lose all the fruits received in prayer; thou must needs break away from certain friendships, and keep aloof from amusements which are occasions of sin for thee; thou must renounce forever those pleasures which, when passion has been satisfied, leave shame after them—a blush, a stain, upon thy brow and death in thy soul. Thou must practice the Christian virtues, especially charity which is the very essence of Christian life. Thou must do all these things, but I Myself shall be thy reward exceeding great. "Ego ero merces tua magna nimis."

MODERN TEACHERS and DAILY COMMUNION.



Modern teachers must begin with the children to inculcate the habit of regular Communion. Children who have once passed their First Communion should be encouraged to daily Communion, according to an express decision of His Holiness the Pope. This method should be established in all the boarding-schools and convents where young children are being taught.

A FRIEND.

"WITHOUT a friend", says a-Kempis, one cannot very well live", and at one time or another we all feel the need of the strong hand-clasp of a brother. We crave some ear into which we can pour our griefs and sorrows, knowing it will be sacred as the sacramental seal. A true friend is the dearest gift of God, "and" says Stevenson, "if we can find but one to whom we can speak out our heart freely we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God", for true friendship, like everything else that is valuable, is rare.

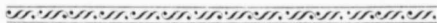
For us it ought not to be hard to find that one friend. For there is One that always comes at our call—One who will never go back on us—Who will never turn us down for another, Who always has time for us, and is never too busy to see us. The test of friendship is sacrifice, for love is not joy but suffering, and this Friend made a sacrifice at which all others would draw the line. Amid the horrors of Calvary He sealed the covenant with His Blood

We may have friends who would make sacrifices for us, but had we ever a friend who would die for us? Had we ever a friend who loved us entirely for ourselves? Had we ever a friend whose friendship would stand the test of perfidy and betrayal? Just One, and this One whom we thought less of than we did of the least of our friends. We treated Him badly and we scarcely gave it a thought. And all the time He waited our return, arms outstretched to receive us, no reproach, but a welcome upon His lips.

Do we ever think how we have squandered the precious friendship of Jesus? Are there no tears of compunction for our forgetfulness? Behold He stands at the gate and knocks. Let us open to Him now, let us take Him in with us and give Him a place at our fireside. Let us make a Friend of Him in life, so that when the time comes for us to go out across the boundary into eternity He may take us with Him up into that land where love reigns and where friendship is crowned with the roses of everlasting life.



It is consoling to note that more and more Catholics, men and women, are becoming daily Communicants. The beautiful custom counselled by the Holy Father is bound to grow. There is no more effective way to combat the world, the flesh, and the devil, for there is no mightier weapon in the world than the daily reception of the Blessed Eucharist, to overcome the tendency toward evil with which our common nature is tainted. Daily Communion is a shield against which the attacks of the devil, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, will prove ineffective. It must be remembered that while daily Communion can not exactly be called a prescribed duty, it is a great privilege prescribed to the Faithful by the saintly Pius X. It should require no urging to induce you to become a daily Communicant. Catholic men and women ought to realize that to partake daily of the Flesh and Blood of Christ is in reality a banquet for the soul."



The Eucharistic League in Cairo.



THE following from the Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus shows the origin and progress of this Association.

The Religious of "Marie Réparatrice" on being expelled from France in December 1907, settled in Cairo. While the cosmopolitan denizens of that vast army of believers in the Koram were totally absorbed in worldly affairs, a few pious souls discovered their refuge, and in this sanctuary real oasis of piety amid a desert of dwellings, the Eucharistic League was founded.

For over three years, twice a month, on Friday, the members of the Eucharistic League meet for adoration and replace each other from morning till night. All rites are represented there: Syrian, Armenian, Greek, Latin, etc.; all nationalities too: Egyptians, Italians, French, Belgians, Austrians; all ranks, all conditions merge and unite in a same adoration, bearing out the "*Cor unum et anima una*" of the early Christians among themselves.

The day begins by Mass and Communion at seven o'clock, and according to their leisure successive groups adore all day; an instruction followed by Benediction brings to a close, at eight o'clock, the day of adoration so pleasing to God, so profitable to souls.

After diurnal adoration, nocturnal was inaugurated by the Jesuits in their church of the Holy Family and with such success that, the Fathers of the African Missions started it in St. Mark's their parochial church.

The Eucharistic League with its zealous devoted members has become a power for good, and a wonderful stimulus to all good works already established.

The various Congregations and Third-Orders find therein their faithful subjects. There especially are recruited the adorers of the Holy Hour who assemble at the Holy Family Church the eve of the First Friday of every month from nine till ten o'clock. During this Holy Hour meditation is made in common before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. While the world and its votaries are enjoying themselves according to their bent, those silent "watchers" are consoling the agonizing Christ and pleading for their conversion. Towards the end of the ceremony all the members, carrying a lighted taper follow the Monstrance in procession around the church.

It is also the League that furnishes the greater number of adherents to the "Recollections" established by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, in their country-house of Matarich, near Cairo where fifty old pupils meet monthly in response to invitations received. In this same country-place the Jesuits hold closed-in retreats for men, during three days, which time the retreatants generally take from their holidays.

The Leaguers are also numerous in the nine confraternities of St Vincent de Paul, of the Capital, and in the Work of La Bonne Presse recently organized. Every Sunday, at the church doors, young men, take up their stand as voluntary venders, selling wholesome products of La Bonne Presse, in Italian, French, Arabian, to counteract the ill effects of the evil press.

The Leaguers example was contagious; besides these young men from various colleges: Lazarists, African Missions, Christian Brothers, Jesuits, Salesians, some of the younger students of Cairo, those still attending school at the Jesuits and Christian Brothers consecrated to repairing adoration their monthly congé afternoon. Not to be outdone in generosity the Ladies

of the City took a special hour and finally the clergy a special day. What produced these consoling results for the Sacred Heart as well as for the Church. The Eucharist first, but also the union of souls around the Eucharist. All those individual "good-wills" were scattered, isolated, without cohesion or strength. The Sacred Host shining in the Ostensorium, in an ordinary room transformed into an oratory, gathered together those various scattered elements into a compact whole and this assemblage like every center of supernatural life, instantly felt the need of work and apostolate.

To-day the little sanctuary is replaced by a lovely chaste Gothic chapel, almost a church, erected in 1912.

When the Holy Father was told of the good done, at Cairo, by the League, he sent it his autographed Blessing; his warm congratulations for the work already accomplished and his most cordial wishes for the future.



Grace Working Invisibly.

"I do not become more fervent." To speak in this way, says Father Lintelo, S. J., after having for a certain length of time been to Communion frequently, is an illusion and an ingratitude.

Do you live in the state of grace? Do you commit fewer mortal sins than formerly? Well, is not this a splendid fruit of you Communions—the first desired by our Lord? Do not be ungrateful!

Who has guaranteed to you by means of daily Communion a sanctity complete, immediate and without any struggle? No, it is not thus that the grace of the Sacrament operates. Our Lord has said that it follows the

same laws which regulate corporal nourishment. Now, the life of the body, which draws its sustenance from food suitable to its nature, progresses not by sudden leaps, but by slow insensible growth. These laws are verified even more in the supernatural life, because their operations escape our direct observation.

Do not, then, confound perceptible progress and real progress. You have not observed in yourself the operations of the Precious Blood, nor remarked the spiritual height to which your soul has risen? No wonder, because the Holy Eucharist does its work like the bread which feeds your body without your perceiving it.

True fervor does not consist in mere feelings, but in generosity. To fulfil better the duties of the day, to try to pray well, to obey, to be charitable, to be patient, to struggle against defects and sometimes to triumph over them, to learn how to overcome oneself a little better—these are the fruits of Holy Communion, better than feeling our hearts swell and our eyes fill with tears. The true friends of God are not those who cry Lord, but those who accomplish His will!

Besides, even if you still give way to vanity, idleness and impatience, Jesus is good enough to love you and to give Himself to you in spite of those sins. It is in Holy Communion that He offers you the remedy, provided you are very sorry for them.

Remember, I beg of you, where these tendencies would lead you, strengthened by habit, if you kept away from our Lord. What would you be if you communicated less frequently?

You say you reproach yourself more seriously than formerly for your faults and imperfections? Who, then, puts this desire of holiness into your soul? Can you fail to perceive in it the growing influence of Our Lord within you.

A MOTHER OF PRIESTS

The following letter from Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., to his brother's biographer gives us a glimpse of their home life.

"Dear John:—You ask me to send you my memories of Courtfield when I was a child. I was only a little boy when we lost our mother. It was a loss I cannot think of even now after half a century and more, without a shudder. To all of us she was the very ideal of everything that is lovely and holy. We thought, and were brought up to think, that she was in every sense perfection. Hence her blessing was more to us even than her caress. Well do I remember how we used to rush at her coming into the nursery to see who should be the first to kiss her hand with reverent devotion. Then she would sit on the floor with half a dozen of us clinging to her while she would give us her little crucifix and medals to venerate and fondle, or perhaps take out her watch, and placing it against the ear of one of us, would say, 'Life is passing away just like that tiny ticking watch, but when the little heart stops beating here, we shall know that God didn't wind it up any more because He wanted you Home with Him for a never-ending holiday.' Of course we used to kneel round her lap morning and evening to lisp after her our chidlike prayers, and then were carried off, two in her arms, and others clinging to her skirts, to the chapel, where on great Feasts we were privileged to kiss the altar-cloth, or even the altar itself. Our mother reminded her children that, there in the Tabernacle, One who loved us more even than she did was always abiding, ever ready to greet us when we went to see Him. She herself would gather nosegays for her children to place on our nursery altar or before the statue in her bedroom.

When I look back it seems to me she could talk only about God, or the poor, or our father. She made Heaven such a reality to us that we felt that we knew more about it, and liked it in a way far better even than our home, where, until she died, her children were wildly, supremely happy. Religion under her teaching was made so attractive, and all the treasured items she gathered from the lives of the Saints made them so fascinating to us, that we loved them as our most intimate friends, which she assured us they most certainly were.

“Our mother thought that it was her duty to teach her little ones in the nursery all manner of pious childlike practices, while the bigger children would often have their lessons interrupted for a moment by her coming in to remind them not to forget God and His presence in their midst. But it was of Our Lord’s Agony in the garden and His Sacred Passion and Death that she never tired to remind us: ‘Look at those dear Five Wounds,’ she would say; ‘fancy all that pain suffered, and all that blood shed, for you. You must never forget, no matter how you live, to love more than anything on earth those Precious Wounds. If ever you are naughty and hurt God, it will be because you forget how much you have cost Him.’ What tricks and devices did we not resort to in order to be awake in the night nursery when, after dinner, Mother would pass from cot to cot blessing her children, crossing their hands upon their breast, and lulling them to sleep with such words as ‘Sweet Jesus, I do love Thee,’ ‘Holy Mother of God, be a tender Mother to me,’ ‘My good Angel, watch over me and keep me this night from all sin.’ . . .

“There were some customs which our father insisted on; for instance, that we should take our places with the village school children when they were catechis-

ed on Sunday afternoon in the chapel; and the chaplain was encouraged to be specially severe with us if we did not answer correctly. Father liked us to give of what we had, and not merely our used-up toys, to the less well-off little ones, and nothing pleased him more than to see his children trudging off with their mother laden with good things for those who most wanted them. When people expostulated with her for taking her children where they might catch something worse than a cold she would say, 'Sickness would be a small price to pay for the exercise of this Christlike privilege—but God will take care of my children where my love fails.' Her love of the poor was almost a passion, and but for her own children's sake she would have parted with everything. Washing the bedridden, changing their bedding, sweeping their rooms, was the sort of thing in which she felt a real pride. Not even when she was very seriously ill would she call in any but the parish doctor, protesting that if he was good enough for her poorer sisters he would do very well for her.

"As she herself could not seek perfection in the religious state, she strove to attain it in the sphere of life to which God had called her. I am told that she said the Divine Office daily, and when too ill to say it herself had it said for her. She died while Compline was being said in her room. So serious and earnest was her pursuit of spiritual perfection that in later life she became positively greedy to follow all manner of saintly practices. A Jesuit brother-in-law of hers observing how like a lumber-room was her boudoir, she made the excuse that she preferred it as it was, and that no servant was allowed into it. Whereupon he went on to say, 'Well, I am surprised to find any one seeking perfection amid such disorder as this.' Looking up at him, she exclaimed, 'Do you really think God would be more pleased with me if the room were in

apple-pie order?' 'It would be a better object-lesson,' was his reply, 'to the children.' She thanked him, saying no more, but in later years this uncle told me that from that date he never saw anything out of place in her boudoir.

"As a girl she had spent considerable time in Paris receiving finishing lessons in drawing, painting, singing and music, and nothing delighted us more than to gather about her in the round drawing-room, wild with joy, to hear her recite, or sing her own songs or hymns about Heaven as she accompanied herself on the harp. When our enthusiasm was thoroughly stirred, she would pause to remind us that all this was but discord compared with what the rapturous music of Heaven would be. She was fond of whetting our appetites for Heaven: In our mother's time Courtfield was always so cheery, bright and holy, that it used to be said in the county, 'You nearly break your neck going, but more nearly break your heart leaving there.' . . .

"I think I have sampled our early life fully enough for even an inordinate taste for childhood's days, but I cannot end without referring to the irreparable loss that came upon us when God called our mother away. It was a catastrophe. Personally, I was too young fully to understand what had happened; what I do most vividly remember is going down to the library, where the blinds were drawn and everybody was in black. I recollect my father's grief-stricken countenance as, amid the sobs of his children, he called my eldest sister, Gwladys, to his side, and placing on her wrist my mother's simple silver bracelet, with crucifix and medal attached, he told us that our mother had gone to Heaven and that the eldest girl must take her place. I bit my lips, exclaiming in-

ternally, 'She never shall with me.' He said much more, but I did not quite understand what it all meant, or why everybody was crying. I felt sure, even if mother had gone to Heaven, she would somehow be back soon, for she was never away from us for long. It did not seem that one could possibly live without her. Very gradually the reality of the loss came home to one, and then it seemed that nothing much mattered. We rarely spoke of mother because the mere mention of her name awakened feelings that could not be controlled. Herbert, even to the last was shy of speaking to me of her; sometimes when I ventured to plead for some of his reminiscences of her he would get red and hot, and after saying there was no one like her, he would turn to some other subject; and till shortly before his death he kept by him a tiny picture of

"That countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.'"



HELP to SALVATION

What Catholic is there who does not know how the four great wants, and duties, and worships which the creature owes to the Creator, the petition of his infirmity, the intercession of his brotherly affection, the thanksgiving of his startled speechless gratitude, the intelligent joyous acknowledgment of God's absolute dominion, are supplied to him, with an infinite worthiness equivalent to the worth of the Creator Himself, in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass? The perpetual Real Presence of Jesus with His faithful, His perseverance in the obscure tabernacle, and his frequent benedictions, which preside

over the evenings of our toilsome days, just as Mass so beautifully fills the morning with its light and love, so that it is Jesus all day long, courting our society, and mingling with us with an intimacy we get to understand less, and to prize more, the longer it is vouchsafed,—surely this is enough to supernaturalize the whole world, to make hard things easy, and dark things bright, and throw an invincible armor round us which will charm our lives against the weapons and wiles of hell.

But what shall we say of Communion? all ideas of familiarity with God, of intimacy with the invisible world, of the spiritual union of heavenly love, fail us. The creature, trembling, bashful, eager, backward, frightened, delighted, is bidden to kneel down, and feed, not figuratively or by faith, but with an awful bodily reality, upon his Incarnate Creator. And this eating of the Creator by the creature is the highest act of worship which he can perform! We need not stay to follow out the many-fountained grace of a good Communion, nor to see how it branches out into every faculty of the soul, every power of the mind, every affection of the will, every delicate sensibility of the conscience, carrying with it secret blessings multiform and manifold, and insinuating even into flesh and blood and bone, the seeds of a glorious resurrection. And this miraculous feast on our very Creator may be, and He loves it to be our daily bread! And this to us, who if we rightly appreciated our vileness, should be astonished every morning that our common food and clothing were continued to us still!

FABER.



Subject of Adoration

"FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT!"

REV. PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" What a grace for the human soul to be confided to the hands of the Father who is in heaven! Is not the soul the work of His hands? Why should not those hands be toward it to-day, as that of its creation, equally beneficent? And since our God has abased Himself so far as to unite Himself to human nature, have not those mighty hands blessed little children, cured the sick, given to souls the substantial Bread which should vivify them for eternity? And to save us, those same hands—have they not been pierced and nailed to the Cross?—Yes, these are the hands of the best of Fathers, and in all security I may confide to them my soul, that they may guard it even till the resurrection of the body.

Jesus, by pronouncing that word of abandonment to His Father, wished to teach us how we ought to live, and above all how we ought to die. As a loving mother teaches her child how to speak to its father, so does our good Saviour teach us the language of love and confidence with which to invoke our Heavenly Father and abandon our soul into His hands.

Still more, Jesus merited for us the grace to do so. That grace, O well-beloved Saviour, I humbly come to solicit of Thy goodness! Give me that confidence which was the dominant note of Thy own life. Grant that I may ever recall, above all in difficult moments, that word full of abandonment and love pronounced by Thee at the last

moment of Thy life. Grant that, in imitation of Thee, I may confidently cast myself into the arms of Thy Divine Father who is mine also.

I shall frequently repeat and meditate this word with Thee, O Jesus! None other could be more pleasing to Thy Father and, coming forth from Thy sacred mouth, it has acquired for me infinite strength and sweetness. I shall repeat it with great confidence every day at the office of Compline. Every evening before sleep, which is the most striking image of death, I shall repeat it with a heart filled with faith and hope, remitting my soul into Thy divine hands, and offering to Thee the last thought of my mind, the last pulsation of my heart.

But it is, above all, at the hour of death that I beg Thee, my Saviour, to be pleased to inspire me with it Thyself or, at least, to put it upon the lips of my friends to suggest to me from time to time. Tradition says that Satan, standing at the left of Thy Cross, attentively observed whether there was not some stain in Thee that would give him a right over Thy soul. How much more have I to fear from his malice—I who have rendered myself so guilty? And still more when I think that, according to the teaching of the Holy Fathers, demons are especially deputed by Satan to stand by the pillow of the dying in order to incite them to sin and despair. But repeating Thy own divine words, what shall I fear? Shall I not be repeating Thy language of Redeemer? Shall I not be uniting myself to Thy agony, to Thy confidence, to Thy sacrifice? Is it not applying Thy merits to myself, to do sweet violence to the Heart of God, to constrain Him out of regard to Thy dignity to receive my soul into His bosom as into an asylum of peace, security, and salvation?

O Mary, my sweet Mother, obtain for me the grace of greater detachment from earth, the grace to turn all my

care, all my solicitude toward God and the salvation of my soul. Grant that I may be ever faithful to Thy Divine Son, and that I may say confidently to the Heavenly Father at my last moment through the lips of Jesus in my heart by Holy Viaticum: "*Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!*"

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus renewing in a mystical manner His immolation on the cross on some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask the Divine Saviour for the grace to live habitually in the disposition in which you would wish to be at your last moment, and form the good habit of making every day to God the sacrifice of your life by repeating to Him these words: "*Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!*"



GUARD OF HONOR
OF THE
MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT

"Sweet Sacrament Divine!
Hid in Thy earthly home,
Lo! round Thy lowly shrine,
With suppliant hearts we come."

THE second meeting of The Guard of Honor was held on Sunday, June 7th, at 3 P.M., in the Lower Church of The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 368 E. Mt. Royal Ave., Montreal. About fifty new members were received, all pledging themselves to spread devotion to

the Blessed Sacrament. The next meeting will be held on Sunday, July 5th, at 3 P.M.

The members were requested to hand in or mail each month their Adoration Cards showing the number of Regular and Extra Hours of Adoration made during the month, and also to write their Membership Number in the space marked "ADORER NO."

As the meeting took place on the Sunday preceding the Feast of *Corpus Christi*, the members were asked to celebrate fittingly this great feast which had its origin in a vision of Blessed Juliana of Liège in the thirteenth century. In a short time the Feast was celebrated throughout the whole Church, a day of joy and love for all who are devoted to the Blessed Sacrament.

Is it not a joy to have Jesus in our midst, where we can come at all times to praise Him and crave His protection? The saints understood this, and great indeed was their joy when they could steal away from their occupations to come to the friend of the Tabernacle.

Not only should we rejoice over the constant dwelling of Our Lord amongst us, but we should *love* since we derive numberless favors from the Presence of the Loved One. Were it not for the Blessed Sacrament the world would long ago have perished, for how could it have borne the weight of so many and such great sins?

But the greatest reason we have to love is the great charity which Our Lord shows in uniting Himself to us in Holy Communion. Daily, if we wish, Jesus will come to us. What graces may we not expect from His bounty? Whithersoever Our Savior went during His earthly life He left the trace of His merciful love. Will He not impart His graces lavishly to our souls if we are well disposed? But still more, in Holy Communion Jesus gives us not only His graces, but Himself. He unites Himself to us

so intimately that we are as it were, but one with Him. Great therefore should be our love for Jesus Who has wrought such wonders in the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament to satisfy the burning desire of His Sacred Heart.

The Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, with which the Guard of Honor is affiliated, and the Feast of *Corpus Christi* have been established for the same reasons: 1st, to make solemn and public profession of our faith in the Real Presence; 2d, to return thanks for the numberless favors bestowed on the world by the Real Presence; 3d, to atone for the sins of the world and chiefly for the insults offered to the Blessed Sacrament; 4th, to draw down the blessing of God on the whole Church, by uninterrupted and official prayers.

Knowing why the Holy Eucharist and the Feast of *Corpus Christi* have been instituted, let us resolve to love the Blessed Sacrament by manifesting in our churches and everywhere the greatest veneration for It. Let us endeavor by our reparation to atone in some measure for the insults offered in so many ways to Our Divine Savior. Let us thank Him for the inestimable gift He bestows on us, especially in Holy Communion; promise to receive Him frequently, and make as many Hours of Adoration as we possibly can.

“Sweet Sacrament of Peace!
Dear home of every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease,
And sorrows all depart.”

Marguerite FELDMANN, Cor. Sec'y.



→ SACERDOTAL WORK ←

ON BEHALF OF THE

Juniorate of the Most Blessed Sacrament

TERREBONNE.

A recent Decree from Rome grants many and precious Indulgences to works whose aim is (like our Juniorate) to help vocations by monetary offerings, good works, prayers, sacrifices, etc... provided the Associates be members of a regular canonical aggregation established by the Bishop of the diocese.

Consequently, His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal was pleased, not long ago, to raise our Association «Sacerdotal Work» into the said aggregation. Whoever sends memberships fee 10 cents for one year, 20 cents for two years or \$ 5.00 for life, also Baptismal and Family name to be inscribed in the Register is enroled a member. The latter condition is complied with by those who have already paid their subscription and will continue to do so.

INDULGENCES. — A plenary Indulgence on the day of admission, which will always be the second Sunday after the subscription is sent, dating from the time marked on our correspondents letters. The conditions to gain the Indulgence are Confession, Communion and a visit to a Church with prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father. Confession is not necessary for those who are accustomed to receive Communion at least five times a week.

A plenary Indulgence, same conditions, on the Feast of the Patron Saint of the Work. Our Patron is St. Tharcisius, acolyte and first Eucharistic martyr, whose feast is celebrated on the 26 of January.

A plenary Indulgence on the Feast of the Holy Apostles.

A plenary Indulgence every Ember-Days on one of the three days under the ordinary conditions, and a visit to a Church.

A plenary Indulgence at the hour of death on invoking the Holy Name of Jesus.

An Indulgence of 100 days for each good work, gift of money, alms of any kind, little sacrifices, prayers, etc offered for the Sacerdotal Work, for our Juniorate vocations.

All the Indulgences except that at the hour of death are applicable to the Souls in Purgatory. Deceased not being able to gain Indulgences can not be enrolled in the Association; nevertheless their names can be given in as formerly so that they may share in the prayers of the Juniorists and that the affiliated, if they wish, may give them the merit of their alms and the fruit of their Indulgences.

2. Baptismal and Family names must be sent; consequently married women will send their maiden, not their married name.

3. The above mentioned favors do not exclude those already existing namely:

a) Every Sunday a Mass is offered, in the Juniorate Chapel for the Associates living or deceased.

b) At this Mass numerous Communion are offered for the same intention.

c) The members share every week in the merits of an hour, spent in Adoration, by the Community, before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

d) In special prayers recited every day after Benediction

4. As offerings we also accept those for «high or choral Masses». While recommending our own Work we at the same time bespeak the generosity of the Faithful for

every work of piety or charity, be its object their own parish, Canada, or the universal Church.

To the well-known zeal of our loyal Promoters we entrust the task of filling or distributing lists, applying to us for them, and spreading the knowledge of these precious favors. In return our grateful Juniorists will pray all the more fervently for their Benefactors, thanks to whose devotedness, they will attain the ministry and the Perpetual Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

O Jesus-Hostia, May Thy Eucharistic Kingdom come.
Address all communications:

*Reverend Father Director of Sacerdotal Work,
Juniorate of the Blessed Sacrament,
Terrebonne, Que.*

LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP.

To all concerned, we make it known, that at the request of Rev. Aug. Michaud, S. S. S., Director of the Juniorate of the Most Blessed Sacrament, to erect in the chapel of the said Juniorate, the aggregation of «Sacerdotal Work», We, in virtue of an Indult of the Holy See, dated Dec. 31, 1912, have erected, and do erect by the present in the Church of the said Juniorate, the aforesaid «Confraternity or Association of Sacerdotal Work» to be maintained in perpetuity and grant it, in virtue of the same Indult, all the Indulgences, plenary or partial it already enjoys, and declare that the Rev. Director of the Juniorate will always be the Director of the said Association.

Archbishopric,—August 9, 1913.

Jesus in the tabernacle, as in the crib, welcomes with an equal love the lowly and the great, the rich and the poor. All may approach Him sure of cordial welcome.

Purity of heart is the necessary disposition for approaching Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.

A FIRST COMMUNION STORY

It was late Saturday night. Anyone who happened to be passing up... Street, might have heard the sounds of a stentorian voice issuing from No... Those not well acquainted with the neighborhood, would have quickened their pace, to put a good distance between them and the possible scene of they knew not what. The dwellers on... Street however now very well knew what was on foot; and the old women crossed themselves and said a prayer for poor Mrs. Dempsey who would have a hard night of it—Mike Dempsey had come home drunk.

Before proceeding, let me introduce you to Michael Dempsey. If you had gripped his hand some time ago, before the first soap-box orator made his appearance in the neighborhood, crying out against our present society, you would have met one of the finest men in the parish. If you were to question Father Brady, the old Pastor would assure you that, Mike was one of his consolations. But you are fated to know Mike Dempsey socialist, and as he received his weeks wages this evening, much the worse off for drink.

Yes, Mike was once a steady hardworking man, but, we must hasten to add, not working simply for pleasure or exercise. Mike wanted a share of the worlds wealth and all that goes with it. Even as a boy, he had coveted riches and envied those who possessed them, and this flaw in his character made him an easy victim of the red flag philosophy, so fascinating for numbers of the struggling poor. Socialism promised to give Mike Dempsey what he craved for, he therefore joined that party, keeping, at first, to his religious duties at the same time. One Sunday however, Father Brady spoke to his flock

on the dangers of Socialism and proved it to be a bad dream. He also insisted on the fact that Capital, though undeniably oppressive at times, had nevertheless many well founded rights. This latter proposition made Mike furious. With the very priest against the people, he thought, there was no hope even in religion. Then and there, he resolved never again to darken the Church door. His taking to drink was the natural consequence of this step,—he listened to some genial pals instead of to God's priest. Let it be said however, that Mike was not mean when under the influence of liquor. He did not pour forth torrents of curses punctuated by horrible oaths; nor did he break everything within reach in his little flat; neither did he ever lay a wet finger on his good, patient wife, or little Nora, whom we have yet to introduce—no, but, with most of his faculties deadened, his memory would attain a phenomenal degree of perfection, which enabled him to repeat with perfect correctness long passages of the Socialistic speeches he happened to have heard a night or two before—all this in his exceptionally strong voice, which we have mentioned as startling the neighborhood.

On this particular Saturday night, Mike was more eloquent than usual. He had fallen up the stairs, staggered into the kitchen, taken a mouthful of supper, and rising, with flushed countenance and glazed eye, faced an imaginary audience. Then he began. His speech was not stuttering as is usual with the drunkard; Mike's organs of respiration and voice were superb. He had not yet "drunk his throat away". His exordium was insinuating. He strove to gain the sympathies of the audience, now represented by his poor wife, who sat in a corner sobbing as if her heart would break. Then followed a series of pictures of present day social conditions. The rich and the poor were paraded before the spellbound hearers; Mrs.

Dempsey sobs representing the sentiments of the audience over the lot of the latter. Next the saviors of humanity (Marks, Bebel and the irilk,) were made to appear on the scene. The Materialistic Concept of History was expounded, and every other system of social betterment knocked into a cocked hat. Then, after predicting and depicting the socialistic millenium, with applause in the shape of a few exclamations from Mrs. Dempsey, Mike tottered off to his room, and fell into bed and asleep in the same act.

During this fiery harangue, a little girl lay in her snow-white cot, in an adjoining room, her lips moving in prayer. Awakened by her fathers noisy entrance, and terrified by his loud talking, Nora had begun to say the Rosary, the last few grains of the fifth decade passing through her fingers towards the end of the speech. Nora was going on ten. She would make her First Holy Communion next Thursday. She also confidently expected her fathers conversion on this same happy day. Her teacher, Sisters Camilla, has suggested making a novena to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament in that intention, and it was now the fifth day.

Her Rosary finished, Nora lay awake, with her eyes fixed on a picture of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament dimly discernable on the wall at the foot of her cot. That loving Mother, her right hand pointing to the chalice carried by the Child Jesus, seemed to say "Yes little one your father will be converted on the occasion of your first reception of the Body and Blood of my Son".

.....
"Are you tired pet?"

"Yes Papa."

"Well sit up here on my knee."

The speakers were Mike and Nora, in a crowded street car, returning from the suburbs.

They had gone to thank the kind friends who had given Nora the white fluffy Communion dress she was to wear next day. The child was really tired, and lost no time enconcing herself on her fathers knee, her head resting against his shoulder.

In this comfortable position, she was not long in falling asleep, and was soon the centre of an admiring crowd. There was something in Noras frail figure, oval face and golden curls, which, contrasting with her fathers giant frame and dark features, appealed to everyone. Together they embodied the ideas of weakness and protection. Men peered over their newspapers and resolved, in the future, to please their innocent prattle. Some young ladies wished themselves husbands of the type they imagined Mike represented; and a little orphan girl, who sat opposite, felt a tear trickling down her cheek.

Mike had become aware of all this, and enjoyed it immensely. He was gazing around in an unconcerned way, as if all that people imagined of him were true, when Nora, suddenly opening her eyes, asked him to assist at her First Communion in the morning. He thought of refusing, but restrained the words that rose to his lips. Keen eyes were watching. He must play the ideal father. So, smiling he consented. Nora was happy. Her father was never known to break a promise. So far, the novena to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament had been successful.

The familiar ceremony of First Communion was over. The children presented the wonted pretty sight, and, as usual, Jesus must have been pleased with the welcome He received in their pure hearts. Father Brady was addressing the little ones on the great privilege just accorded them, and on the part Holy Communion was to play in after life.

True to his promise, Mike Dempsey sat in his old pew. He thought the preachers remarks all right for women and

children, but altogether inapplicable to men like himself, who daily faced the cruel world.

Now, Holy Communion and Socialism are not usually treated in the same sermon. Be that as it may, as if inspired, Father Brady next addressed the grown up people on the power of frequent Communion to enable the poor to bear up with their hard lot. His arguments were interspersed with allusions to the baneful effects of Socialism, which caused Mike Dempsey to begin to see things in a new light. Assertions like the following, set him thinking. "The idea of banishing poverty from the earth is a cruel illusion." "Socialism has been tried in different times and places and has always proven a disastrous failure." "Remember that it is possible for the poor man to live happier than the millionaire."

After the sermon, Mike had a long talk with the pastor, and, before leaving, promised to return the following Saturday for confession. As usual, he was true to his word, and at her second Communion, Nora had the happiness of kneeling at her fathers side. As if to strengthen her father in his good resolutions, he was made a property holder himself, not long after, by the death of some distant relatives. Need we mention that Nora was happy, that her confidence in Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament is now all the stronger, or that she is now a daily communicant? We may add, however, that Michael Dempsey is now well read in Social questions, and many a neighbor owes his sound views on these subjects to the man whose stentorian voice once echoed along . . . Street.

A. J. V., S. S. S.

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The same love which fastened Jesus by nails to the cross holds Him a prisoner in the Tabernacle.

In Rheims Cathedral.

I was roused from my reverie by a slight noise and looking for the cause saw in one of the lateral chapels, a fat little boy, a child sexton putting booklets on about fifty empty chairs: Curious to see what they were, I approached, and the little lad handed me one saying: Its for the Communion Mass on Thursday.

The book consisted of about thirty pages, the liturgy of the Mass followed by a collection of hymns and prayers.

I was reading it when a band of little ones, boys and girls, marched up the aisle divided into two columns, filed into the chairs; a young priest then came and stood among them in the center of the aisle, and in a perfectly modulated voice began to speak right and left, something after the fashion of an orchestra leader, while a priest vested mounted the altar steps. The Children's Communion Mass was about to begin.

The young priest read aloud, from the booklet, a brief explanation of the Divine Sacrifice, then immediately said a prayer and all together the fifty children responded. The celebrant was enacting Calvary's drama, those little ones marshalled by the young priest were singing the Sacred Victim's praises. I did not see them, to do so I would have had to turn my head, and as I knew they were not there for me, to gaze at I refrained, but was glad to note exuded in the clear sweet voices that reached me innocence, childlike simplicity, purity of beings untouched by aught that might have sullied their innate purity or grieved the tender Heart of the fond Lover of children.

When the time came for Communion, they marched up to the altar, and the priest carrying the Ciborium came down to them.

What poet but will exalt and admire the Church when she raises the Sacred Host on high and gives it first of all to a little child of seven; who will gainsay it is giving him a formidable arm against baseness, a light which those who possess testify to be their guiding star, their treasure.

And now when they file back I watch them attentively, so innocent looking, so happy, so neat and clean, so utterly unconscious of the slightest trace of human respect, bearing themselves like little athletes but with a quaint serious dignity that bespeaks their faith and reverence. And I thought how much more angelic than human they seemed, and involuntarily a prayer went up that they might ever remain thus—unspotted from the world, loyal, loving, faithful followers of the Eucharistic Christ.

No words of mine can adequately express my admiration at their admirable training; a training destined to assure their earthly happiness as well as their eternal salvation.

After Mass the young priest gave them a short practical sermon which concluded somewhat as follows: "Let us ever and always say, as fearlessly, as lovingly, as constantly and as faithfully as Bayard, Joan of Arc and our patron saints: Live Christ: Yes let Him live in our hearts, let all our affections be His; let Him live in our lives, let Him transform and change us into His life—by daily Communion".

In thus appealing to all that is noblest and best, in holding up for their imitation those heroic saintly figures

the Church seales in their childish hearts, better than any other teacher could our religious truths.

The soul exists, as soon as possible it must be filled with heavenly truth, uplifted and won to the spiritual life; the affections of the heart, and the flights of imagination are often very vivid in little children long before their intelligence is fully developed; so their spiritual formation cannot be begun too soon.

The glorious scene I had just witnessed answered a question I had often pondered: Noble churches in your peril what shall you do when in hatred and anger your enemies threaten your very foundations? And the wise old Church undismayed calmly replied: "I shall form the little children."



THE HOLY EUCHARIST has taken possession of Morocco. France after conquering Algiers, is now conquering Morocco. But the furious Moroccans, descendants of the Moors of Spain, in their unforeseen attacks have often shed French blood. Some priests have joined the sharpshooters with the desire to give the country to Jesus Christ. And so it happened that Holy Mass was celebrated lately at Marrakesch, the first time since 1220. It was celebrated in the French camp in presence of a great number of officers and soldiers.



The Force of Example

Speaking in Los Angeles, Cal., Bishop Conaty once told the following story of his experience when a young priest in the city of Worcester, Mass.

There resided about ten miles out from the city a well-to-do family having in their employ about the place an old Irishman, who was much esteemed by them all. One cold winter day the old man was missing, and much wonder was expressed at his absence, for it was snowing hard and the day was dreary. At night he returned and a young lady of the family asked him where he had been in such weather. He replied that he had been into town. When asked why he didn't take the horse, he replied: "Sure, no man having any regard for his beast would take him out in such weather." When asked why he had gone out in such weather, he exclaimed: "Sure, and I've been to Mass. Don't you know that it's Christmas?" A few days after the young lady called on the priest and asked him to explain what it all meant, for if a religion could produce such devotion she wanted to know more about it, with the result that after instructing her the good priest had the joy of receiving her into the Church, and she became a very devout Catholic. This was but one illustration of the lack of understanding of the true faith only a few short years ago, and of the tremendous force of example.

He who labors, needs nourishment. He who is weary, needs comfort and repose; the Holy Eucharist is at once refreshment and rest to our souls.