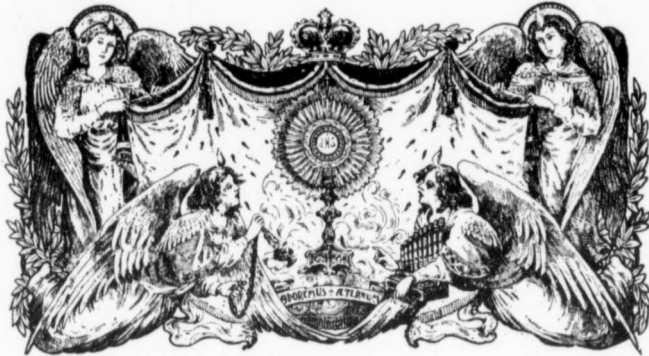




The Guardian Angel.



“ADORO TE.”

HIDDEN God, devoutly I adore Thee,
Truly present underneath these veils:
All my heart subdues itself before Thee,
Since it all before Thee faints and fails.

Not to sight, or taste, or touch be credit;
Hearing only do we trust secure;
I believe, for God the Son hath said it—
Word of Truth that ever shall endure.

On the cross was veiled Thy Godhead's splendour,
Here Thy Manhood lieth hidden too;
Unto both alike my faith I render,
And, as sued the contrite thief, I sue.

Though I look not on Thy wounds, with Thomas,
Thee, my Lord, and Thee, my God, I call:
Make me more and more believe Thy promise,
Hope in Thee, and love Thee over all.

O memorial of my Saviour dying;
Living Bread, that givest life to man;
May my soul, its life from Thee suppling,
Taste Thy sweetness, as on earth it can.

Deign, O Jesus, Pelican of heaven,
Me, a sinner, in Thy blood to lave,
To a single drop of which is given
All the world from all its sin to save.

Contemplating, Lord, Thy hidden presence,
Grant me what I thirst for and implore,
In the revelation of Thine essence
To behold Thy glory evermore.

JUDGE O'HAGAN,



Particular Practice for the Month of October.

The Promise of the Holy Eucharist.



T is a remarkable fact that during the first fifteen centuries of the Church no heresies arose concerning the Holy Eucharist. As foretold by Our Saviour, every age has had its heresies. Even the fundamental doctrines of the faith were assailed. In the first centuries there arose heresies with regard to the Holy Trinity, the person of Christ, and the Holy Ghost, but no heretical teaching on the Holy Eucharist found any adherents. It is true that in the eleventh century Berengarius of Tours assailed the doctrine of the Church on the "real presence" but he found no followers, and he himself retracted his error in a contrite and humble manner. In the sixteenth century, however, together with many errors of the so-called Reformation, heretical doctrines on the Holy Eucharist were spread among the people. Some of these heretics declared that Christ was indeed present "in the bread," but only at the moment of reception or communion. Others taught that on receiving

communion by means of this sacrament "the power of the body of Christ" descended upon the faithful. Others, again, asserted that the sacrament was only a symbol or sign of the body of Christ. For fully fifteen centuries before these heresies arose universal Christendom adhered faithfully to the plain simple, unambiguous declaration of Our Lord: "This is My body;" here is no bread, but solely the body of Jesus Christ. It was certainly providential that this sacred and sublime mystery should have remained free from heretical assaults for so long a time. We may assume that our divine Lord forestalled every attack upon this wonderful sacrament, this sweet and consoling mystery, this core of the Catholic faith, this glowing furnace of the religious life, until Christianity had made the circuit of the world.

One of the safeguards for this sublime doctrine of our faith is, moreover, the holy Bible, which has recorded with such clearness and sweetness the words of Our Lord concerning the sacrament as to admit of no equivocation. In the first place, Christ made an explicit promise of this great gift of the Holy Eucharist, and afterwards He verified His words by instituting the Blessed Sacrament on the eve of His passion. Let us here consider the words of Our Lord's promise. On the day following the miracle by which Christ fed five thousand people with five loaves of bread the multitude again came and followed Him. Then Our Lord said to them: "Amen, amen, I say to you, you seek Me not because you have seen miracles, but because you did eat of the loaves, and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting, and which the Son of man will give you.... They said therefore unto Him: What shall we do that we may work the works of God? Jesus answered and said to them: This is the work of God, that you believe in Him whom He sent."

Then Our Saviour proceeds to assure them that He will really give Himself to them as their nourishment. This promise of the Holy Eucharist is contained in the same Gospel of St. John just quoted, in the sixth chapter, from the fifty-first to the seventieth verse.

There we read: "I am the living bread, which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall

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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 is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me, and I in Him. As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me. 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. These things He said teaching in the synagogue in Capernaüm. Many therefore of His disciples hearing it, said : This saying is hard, and who can hear it ? But Jesus knowing in Himself that His disciples murmured at this, said to them : Doth this scandalize you ? If then you shall see the Son of man ascend up where He was before ? It is the spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing ; the words that I have spoken to you, are spirit and life. But there are some of you that believe not. For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that did not believe, and who he was that would betray Him. And He said : Therefore did I say to you, that no man come to Me, unless it be given him by my Father. After this many of His disciples went back : and walked no more with Him. Then Jesus said to the twelve Will you also go away ? And Simon Peter answered Him : Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God."

The essential and most weighty words of Our Lord's promise are there : 'The bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world.'" The question is : How are these words to be understood or interpreted ? The Church replies : in the literal sense ; they mean simply this : I will give you My real flesh to eat for your nourishment. That they must be accepted in the literal sense is self-evident to every one who reads the words of

the promise with an unbiassed mind. The most weighty argument, however, for the literal interpretation of these words is found in the narration of the circumstances connected with the promise as found in the Gospel. Let us consider who were the most competent interpreters of



ALTAR OF PERPETUAL ADORATION.

Church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.

the meaning which Our Saviour wished to convey by these words. Quite naturally the audience that was before Him — certainly those who conversed with Him in the same language and listened to His words. And how did they understand Him? How did they interpret

His words? In the literal sense; in the plain and obvious meaning. The Jews understood that He meant to give them His real flesh to eat, but as they did not realize how this could be done "they strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" Many of His disciples were scandalized and remarked: This saying is hard, and who can hear it?" And they left Him, and walked no more with Him." Even the apostles indicated that it was difficult for them to understand how they could eat His flesh, but they were submissive, because they believed in His divinity, and knew that He had the words of eternal life.

It is evident, therefore, that those who heard the words of Christ understood them in the plain and literal sense. What, then, should Our Lord have done had He not wished His words to convey the meaning in which they understood Him? It was certainly a matter of the greatest importance. Our Lord was well aware that not only His present disciples and hearers, but also His followers in the coming centuries, would interpret His words in the literal sense. If the words of Our Lord when He promised to give them His flesh to eat were not to be accepted in the plain and literal sense, then His divine justice, His holiness, and His truthfulness would have obliged Him to enlighten the people and to disabuse His disciples and apostles of their erroneous impression. He could not have suffered the coming centuries to be precipitated into one of the most dreadful errors imaginable; He would have been bound to explain that His words regarding the eating of His flesh were not to be taken in the literal but in a figurative sense. Did Our Lord tell the people that they were mistaken and that they must not accept His words in the ordinary sense? No, indeed. On the contrary, He declares again and again in plain and positive language, that they must eat His flesh; that they would not have life in them if they did not eat His flesh and drink His blood; that His flesh was meat indeed and His blood was drink indeed. "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in Him."

Only one point Our Lord elucidates. The Jews who heard His words and were shocked evidently had in mind

only the eating of "dead" flesh, and grossly imagined that He spoke of giving them His body as it then and there appeared before them, and that they were to eat it like ordinary meat prepared for table. For this reason Our Saviour declared to them: You are astonished and consider it impossible that I should give you My flesh to eat. "If, then, you shall see the Son of man ascend up where He was before," will you at the sight of this wonder still consider it impossible for Me to keep My promise? For then you will perceive that I can appear and communicate Myself in a glorified body. "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life." This is the one point which Our Saviour makes clear to the Jews. He tells them that the flesh which He will give them is His glorified body, animated by His soul and His life-giving divinity. "Dead" flesh "profiteth nothing." But He does not retract the words of His promise that He would really give them His body to eat and His blood to drink.

He offers no further explanation. He knows that they understood His words in the literal sense, and He reiterates His plain statement in the most positive and forcible manner. In this gospel narrative there is one particular expression of faith and devotion to Our Saviour so remarkable for its beauty and sublime simplicity that it should be frequently recalled to mind and earnestly pondered over, especially when temptations assail us with regard to any truth of divine revelation. It is the expression of the faithful and devoted apostle St. Peter. When Jesus turned to the apostles and said to them: "Will you also go away?" Simon Peter answered: Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, the apostle desires to say, we also are astonished at Thy words, and do not now comprehend how Thou wilt give us Thy flesh to eat. "This saying is hard," but, "to whom shall we go?" We behold in Thee the fulfilment of the prophecies, we see Thy blameless life, we perceive Thy holiness, we hear the words of divine wisdom that fall from Thy lips, we are witnesses of Thy miracles, and we believe, therefore

that Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God. Hence there is for us no reasonable alternative. We must believe Thy divine word, even under the present circumstances, when it transcends our weak, human understanding.

Bishop Ebehard of Treves, commenting upon those words of Peter, very aptly says : " From these words of the first Supreme Pontiff of the Church beam forth the full splendor, grandeur, and immensity, as also the solidity and reasonableness of the Catholic faith." In its full significance, and without any limitation the Catholic accepts the word of God. He does not say : I do not understand it ; it is obscure, and I will neither assent or object." No : like a faithful child, he places his hand as it were in the hand of his heavenly Father and unreservedly declares : Lord, to whom shall I go ? I follow Thee with confidence to all the sublime heights of holy faith, even into the dark clouds that envelop this mystery. And why do I follow Thee ? Because it is reasonable to do so ; because I know that Thou art my God, whose word is eternal truth." Oh, would that these grand words of Peter, the prince of the apostles — these words of a most reasonable yet profoundly humble faith, these words of unwavering fidelity and boundless love, were indelibly impressed upon our hearts ! Lord I do not fully understand, but Thou art the Almighty God, Thou art Eternal Truth. I cannot leave Thee I cannot walk apart from Thee. This is the sublime speech of St. Peter, and the same sentiments of fidelity and confidence should be upon the lips and in the heart of every true Christian even unto death.





“QUIET THOUGHTS.”

I stood on the top of a mountain,
The sun sank low in the West,
When over my spirit came stealing
God's heavenly peace and rest.

I sailed on a stormy ocean,
In the lonely midnight hour;
Hope entered my heart proclaiming
God's wondrous might and power.

I gazed from an open window,
At the starlit sky so fair,
And the sleeping world revealing
God's ceaseless, patient care.

I entered a wayside chapel,
The crucifix hung above.
Oh! then through my soul came surging
God's infinite perfect love. [ing

EUGHARISTIC FLOWERS.

Abbé Bonnel de Longchamps.

Seminarian and Religious of the Bl. Sacrament.



VEN when yet in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the holy abbe's devotion and love for Jesus in the Sacred Host manifested itself on every occasion.

He had heard of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament vowed specially to the Eucharistic love and was irresistibly attracted to it.

Simplicity in faith and piety, one of the fundamental rules of the Religious vowed to a life of adoration—which was soon to be his—was already his rule of life, leading him directly to the Eucharist as the greatest, the most lovable object of our faith. He understood even then this enthusiastic cry of Père Eymard's inflamed heart: "Jesus Christ is there, then all to Him!" He showed more and more every day by his actions that his belief in the Real Presence was not a cold conviction but a warm, loving reality.

The deeply respectful tone he assumed in speaking of the Blessed Sacrament; his angelic modesty in the chapel, his zeal for frequent communion: all in him unmistakably proved that he loved and admired before all else the august mystery of the altar.

The Eucharist was like a divine lover naturally attracting and holding his heart.

He never passed by a church without entering; Moreover like M. Olier he often went a long distance out of his way in order to go through a street in which there was a church and not be deprived for any considerable length of time from enjoying the presence of his divine Master.

When he was in the seminary, some of the rooms were so situated that from their privileged precincts the altar and the Tabernacle could be seen. "How happy the occupants of these Eucharistic cells must be" thought the fervent student. Longing to be one of those favored ones he implored the Superior to give him the first that should be vacant.

Shortly afterwards his desire was gratified. Who will tell of the hidden and interior life he must have led in God with Jesus in this little sanctuary? Who will count his fervent heartfelt acts of faith and love and the enamoured looks he cast upon the Tabernacle? Who will tell his soul's rapture when waking in the middle of the night, he saw from his bed, which he had so placed on purpose, the flickering light of the sanctuary lamp?

Neither in his conversations nor in his letters could he ever adequately express the great joy he left in living so close to Jesus.

"I have a room from which I can see the Blessed Sacrament" he writes in one of his letters; "you may imagine my delight there in presence of my Beloved. He and I look at each other through the lattice-work."

He had thus attained the climax of his present ambition, but soon he would crave for more. New longings and desires took possession of his heart dominated by the Eucharistic love.

Jesus in the ciborium, Jesus hidden by the Tabernacle door—had too many veils for him. He wanted to see Jesus as clearly as we can see Him here below; he wanted Jesus exposed in the Ostensorium, Jesus adored perpetually, day and night. According to Père Eymard's expression the Blessed Sacrament absorbed him more and more, and he was himself absorbed in the Blessed Sacrament by becoming every day more holy and more loving.

The years passed and he now saw in the near future and hailed with rapture the day of his ordination.

According to his idea the priest was first and foremost the Apostle of the Blessed Sacrament: consequently the nearer the great day drew, the more he advanced in the love of the Eucharist. Shortly after being made sub-deacon, he wrote to the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament to request the favor of spending a few days in their Novitiate.



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The Three-Masted Mass.



NE must live among a maritime population in order to appreciate the beauty of their brave, patient lives and fathom the secret of their courage, I might say heroism in the midst of trials, hardships and heartbreaking partings from loved ones whom perhaps they may never meet again until the sea gives up its dead.

Different people attribute this world-renowned courage to different causes, some with a careless indifference that only proves how little they know about the matter say lightly : Oh ! it's their trade, the means whereby they earn their daily bread and support their families ; others, more stoical maintain, that love of gain combined with paternal love explains the case. But I ask you in all seriousness is the prospect of a handful of gold in exchange for the herring and cod they venture so much to obtain, — is it, I repeat, enough to make men tingling with love of life and happiness risk their lives so intrepidly ? For my part, I question if even paternal love image of God's love, would of itself impart this superhuman courage.

Not very long ago, chance drove me into one of those little sea-port towns and showed me the real source from whence those uncut diamonds derived their lustre. On the eve of each expedition the mariners meet to make final arrangements. Among other things, and perhaps the most important the captain says : We must have a mass offered as our safeguard, our wives and mothers strenuously insist on this point and will know no peace if we sail without it. Then Zabelette, a name common among the fishermen's wives, goes to the Curé of St. Peters and with deep emotion in her own simple way tells her tale about the loved ones going out to sea and winds up by saying : My husband Jean Marie told me to come and ask you to offer mass for him and his comrades tomorrow at day-break before they set out on their perilous cruise. That is his request ; but in the name of all the womenfolk

whose hearts are heavy and sad over their departure I add another : please let it be a three-masted mass... you understand what I mean by three-masted? (deacon and subdeacon) and, lowering her voice as if beseeching a great favor, she continues : you will say a little extra prayer, will you not, Father Our Lady there will have her candle and our husbands and sons will start out courageously, have good luck and return safely.

And while the Curé, the white-haired priest, who loves those simple, honest toilers among whom he has labored for more than twenty years, offers the divine Victim with



heartfelt supplication, those bronzed men realize and feel that in the union of their soul and will to that of Him who immolates Himself are true strength and courage ; courage to answer duty's call even though nature's tribute dim their eyes. But their grief is nothing compared to that of the women whose unrestrained sobs and passionate pleadings are the saddest sight I ever witnessed.

When the sacrifice of the mass is finished, almost more in pity for the women than for themselves the captain says cheerily: "Come my men. Why should we fear? He whose hand rules tempest and calm has just blessed us. Let us trust ourselves and those dear to us to His tender care and set out bravely, safeguarded by our three-masted mass.



HOUR OF ADORATION.

The Sacred Heart and the Angels.

I. — Adoration.

Though never absent from the throne of the Heavenly Lamb, the angels watch around the Eucharistic tabernacles, one of their chief functions being to adore the Heart of Jesus hidden under the Sacramental veils.

As soon as the Lord had resolved to place His Heart prophetically on the Ark of the Covenant ; " And my Heart will remain there perpetually." He ordered Moses to cast two cherubim of beaten gold, which he set on the two sides of the propitiatory, spreading their wings, and covering the propitiatory, and looking one towards the other, and towards it." In our day, He orders the innumerable choirs of blessed spirits to adore Him really present and living in the Holy of Holies, the Humanity of the Word, hidden under the form of the Sacrament : " And again, when he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith : "

They adored Him in the morning of their creation when, revealing to them the " Sacrament of His will and of His love ? " the Father showed them His only Son lying in a crib, clothed with the flesh of sinful man. Stupefied with wonder, they con-

temple Him abased below themselves by the inferiority of His corporal nature : " Who was made a little lower than the angels." But they recognize at the same time that the human Heart of their Creator, deified by His personal union with the Word, is as much superior to them as God is to the creature ; therefore, they adore It humbly, for It was the Heart of Him to whom the Father said from all eternity : " Thou art my Son ! Thy throne O God, is forever and ever : a sceptre of justice is the sceptre of Thy kingdom."

They discover Him now still more abased in the annihilations of the Sacramental state. He has neither form nor movement nor warmth to reveal His presence. He is, as it were, buried in the dust of the tomb. And yet, It is the immortal Heart of God resuscitated, the furnace of life and love, the ocean of all joy, the source of every good for heaven and earth ! They adore It and unreservedly devote themselves to Its service. The cherubim extend their wings over Its Sacramental weakness to protect It, while fixing their eyes upon It to contemplate all the wonders that It contains. Nothing can separate them from Its presence, except Its own will and the execution of Its orders.

The chief of these true adorers, inaccessible to sleep or distraction, is, without doubt, the Archangel Saint Michael, who in heaven secured to the Word the adoration of the faithful angels. In contemplating the splendor of the divine nature in the Sacred Heart and the beauties of Its human nature, Its sanctity, Its love, Its magnificent works concealed under humility still more resplendent, he forever repeats to it, and the surrounding angels take up the refrain : " Who is like to God ? " It is the homage of adoration enraptured, but powerless to express all that it feels. What pure spirit, however holy or mighty, is comparable to the Heart of God made man ? Who deserves to be loved, served, and glorified as He ?

How perfect is this adoration of the angelic spirits in whom is reflected the splendor of the Vision ! They overflow with beatific love. Neither in the weight of the senses, nor in the resistance of the least egoism, nor in the illusion of the slightest shade of pride, do they encounter an obstacle to their adoration in spirit and truth. Let us, then, unite with them to adore the Sacred Heart. Let us offer the love, submission, purity, and humility of their adoration. They invite us to adore with them, and the Sacred Heart approves it, finding therein glory and satisfaction.

" The Adorable Heart of my Jesus was shown me," says Blessed Margaret Mary, " More brilliant than the sun. It was in the midst of the flames of His pure love, and surrounded by seraphim, who sang in ravishing harmony :

' Love triumphs, love enjoys ;

The love of the Sacred Heart gladdens !'

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"The blessed spirits invited me to join with them in praising the amiable Heart, but I dared not do it. Then they told me that they had come to unite with me in rendering It a continual homage of love, adoration, and praise, and at the same time they wrote this association in the Sacred Heart, in letters of gold and ineffable characters of love."

II. — Thanksgiving.

Another function of the angels that stand before the face of God is to chant His praises, to bless Him and magnify Him in the joy of a gratitude always new. "All the angels," says St. John, "stand around the throne, saying in a loud voice. Amen! benediction and thanksgiving to our God forever! Amen!" And to this canticle to the Divinity, they added praise to the Humanity of the Incarnate Word: "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honor and benediction!"

They owe to love and, consequently, to the Sacred Heart, the gift of their sublime nature, the privilege of their magnificent destiny, the grace of their perseverance in good and their victory over Lucifer — in fine, the glory and the beatitude of their recompense. All these benefits were granted them through the merits of the World Incarnate, consequently, in view of the Adorable Heart of their Chief, through the merits of the love with which He deigned to love them, and of the suffering which He embraced in order to obtain for them eternal salvation. They experienced ineffable delights on receiving from the depths in which was hidden the Heart of their God illuminations unknown to them, and on feeling themselves inundated with joys springing from Its love, for they clearly understood with what love the Sacred Heart was animated for them. They magnified It, also, for having made Itself the Bread of the viator, and for all the benefits which that good Heart ceases not to scatter among men in order to lead them to eat with them the Bread of heaven at the eternal table. Their gratitude is pure, full, overflowing, disinterested. It binds them by irrevocable bonds to the liberal Heart from which they constantly behold flowing to them the plenitude of good.

The Archangel Gabriel leads the choir of thanksgiving, because he was the messenger of substantial grace, when he announced to Mary the inexpressible Gift of the Incarnation. It was he who placed upon her lips the canticle of gratitude *par excellence*, the *Magnificat*.

Let us unite in the *Alleluia*, chanted night and day by the angels around the Sacred Heart, and thus offer to It our thanksgivings, also. Let the first act of our gratitude be for the supremely loving thought of the Heart of the best of fathers in giving

to each of us one of His angels to conduct us, to guard us, to assist and console us. Ah! He well knew that we are weak, lonely, exposed, and unhappy! Let us, then, bless It for all the benefits that come to us through the devoted and vigilant protection of our angel guardians. They are for us one of the best gifts of the Sacred Heart.

"Once when I was in great sorrow," says Blessed Margaret Mary, "Our Lord came to console me. saying: 'My daughter, be not sad, for I am going to give thee a guardian who will accompany thee everywhere and hinder thy enemy from prevailing against thee. All the faults into which the latter will, by his suggestions, try to make thee fall, will turn to his own confusion. This gave me such strength that it seemed to me that I had nothing to fear; for the faithful guardian of my soul assisted me so lovingly that he freed me from all my pains. Once he said to me: 'I want to tell thee who I am that thou mayest know the love thy Spouse has for thee. I am one of those that are nearest the throne of the Divine Majesty and participate most fully in the ardors of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ My intention is to communicate them to thee in as great abundance as thou wilt be capable of receiving them'."

III. — Reparation.

The angels established in beatitude, pure spirits, can not suffer. If Holy Scripture represents them uttering cries and weeping bitterly at sight of the multiplied disasters caused by the King of Assyria, — "Behold they that see shall cry without, the angels of peace shall weep bitterly," — it is to express the ardor of their faith and the tenderness of their compassion. They feel for us in the same way that God Himself pities us, namely by a keen sense of our miseries, by assisting us powerfully their own happiness in the meantime experiëncing no diminution. No suffering can attack their incorporeal and glorified nature.

It is to their Adorable Chief, abased so far below them by the sufferings which in this life made up the condition of His existence, that their pity is first extended. They follow Him from the crib to Calvary to strengthen Him, to sustain and console His Heart, into which flow torrents of afflictions. They warmed Him with their breath on that cold December night of His birth. They extended over His Mother and Himself the shelter of their wings during their journey into exile through the sands of Egypt, and under the scorching sun. For forty days thy were with Him in the desert ready to serve Him and to give Him the bread for which He hungered when Satan dared to insult Him by temptation. They strengthened Him in the terrors and the sweat of the bloody agony when, falling prostrate on the ground, He implored

His Father to remove from Him the chalice of His wrath. They rushed in impatient legions to exterminate His enemies when the hideous troops went out to seize Him. But being restrained by His own mighty will, they followed the sacred Victim, unjustly condemned and ignominiously treated, from the pratorium to Golgotha, weeping over Him tears hot as their love. To drown the cries of blasphemy, they loudly proclaimed His praise. They encouraged Him to continue His heroic sacrifice, helping Him to walk, and supporting Him to the cross in His last agony. It was by such means that they eagerly lightened the supreme sorrow which the public abandonment of His Father inflicted on the faithful Heart of Jesus. It was to show their indignation that the angels who govern the world veiled the sun, shook the earth, and rent the rocks.

Can it be supposed that the cherubim and seraphim, intrusted with the guardianship of the tabernacles and consecrated to the service of the Eucharistic Christ, would not weep over the neglected solitude in which He is left by those for whose salvation He remains there? Will not their tears flow over the lack of zeal and fidelity, over the coldness and irreverence of even His friends? Will they not mourn over the outrages and profanation of which He is the victim, since He has embraced that state of feebleness and silence in order more surely to attach hearts to Him by the bonds of pity?

The holy angels call us to make reparation in union with them. It is from this union of reparation that the Divine Heart oppressed by man's deception, weighted down by bitterness and humiliations, looks for satisfaction and consolation. "The Divine Heart," says Blessed Margaret Mary, "seems to desire that we should have special union with the devotion to the holy angels, who are particularly destined to love, honor, and praise It in the divine Sacrament of Love. The reason of this is that, being united and associated with them, they may supply for us before His Divine Presence, as well to render Him our homage as to love Him for us and for all those who love him not, and to repair the irreverences that we commit.

IV. — Prayer.

By nature and by vocation, the holy angels are the ministers of prayer, the Christian's powerful intercessors before God.

Holy Scripture shows them to us standing or prostrate, golden censer in hand, sending up to Him the sweet-scented fumes of their uninterrupted prayer. Jacob saw them untiringly ascending and descending the mysterious ladder which rested on the earth and reached to heaven, carrying up to God the prayers of men and bringing back to them His gifts. And the Divine Master,

specifying this ministry of the angelic spirits, said : " Amen, amen, I say to you, you shall see the heavens opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the son of man." They are indefatigable messengers between His Heart and those that He has resolved to save.

Lastly, the Church in the liturgy of the Holy Mass, speaks of an angel who assists the priest and, after the Consecration of the Sacred Mysteries, she says : " We most humbly beseech Thee, Almighty God, command these things to be carried by the hands of Thy angel to Thy altar on high in the sight of Thy Divine Majesty." Is it the angel guardian of the officiating priest that is named here ? Is it the angelic custodian of the temple and the altar ? Is it an angel specially deputed by God for the service of the Holy Sacrifices ? Or perhaps it is St. Michael, whom the Church invokes by name in the offertory of the Mass for the dead. The angels constantly exercise their mediation between the Eucharistic Christ and those whom He nourishes with His flesh and having sanctified them with the oblation of His Blood. " Since the day that this altar was consecrated, I have obeyed the order to remain always near it," said an angel to a holy priest who saw him standing near the altar during the celebration of the Holy Mysteries :

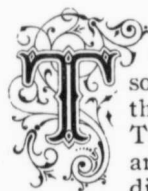
Who can express the perfection and efficacy of angelic prayer ? The inebriating perfume that it exhales before God is composed of the odors of stainless purity, ardent love, most profound devotion, unwavering fidelity, and unbounded loyalty to the Divine Will. The angels are the friends of God and, after Mary and Joseph, the beings most dear to the Heart of Jesus. What can It refuse them ? They love us. They are entirely devoted to us. Having the care of our real needs, they are aware of the designs of God over us. They are powerful, they are prudent, they are faithful. Their prayer is ardent and continuous. Nothing distracts it, nothing discourages it, not even our obstinacy in not profiting by it. What may we not expect from their intercession ?

It is our duty to secure their concurrence when we pray, uniting our prayer to theirs, offering its perfection and merits to supply for the defects of our own. Like the Psalmist, let us say : " I will sing praise to thee in the sight of the angels." St. Ephrem says : " Be like an angel during the time of prayer. Try to make it so pure, so holy, so faultless that, when the angels and the archangels see it coming from your heart, they may joyfully hasten to receive it and present it to God, embellished with their own immaculate purity. During your hour of prayer remain united to God like the cherubim and seraphim."



Blessing of the Scala Sancta

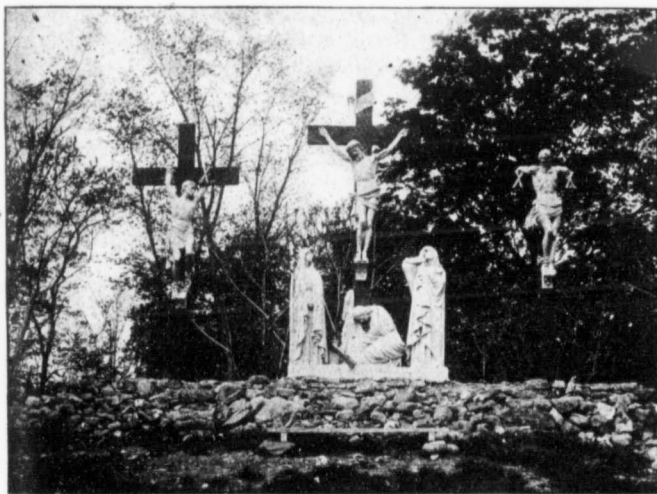
At Pointe-aux-Trembles.



THE 22 of June, feast of the Sacred Heart, a solemn and beautiful ceremony took place in the Sanctuary of Reparation at Pointe-aux-Trembles, amidst a vast assemblage of devout and enthusiastic faithful of all ages and conditions, when the very Rev. Father Estevenon, Superior general of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament blessed the Scala Sancta, temporarily replacing the former chapel of the Reparation, destroyed by fire last year.

Immediately after the blessing, solemn high Mass, was sung by the Rev. Father Jean. In the afternoon, the Stations of the Cross were preached and a procession was held in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

The Scala Sancta is one of the most beautiful features of the pilgrimage of Pointe-aux-Trembles. Mass is celebrated and all the other exercises of piety are held therein while awaiting the new chapel which we are anxious to erect as soon as possible. We earnestly appeal



CALVARY, (Pointe aux Trembles).

to the charity and generosity of our readers to aid us in carrying out our desire to build the new chapel this year.

Pilgrimages with their ordinary exercises are held as usual every Tuesday, Friday and Sunday. Innumerable pious souls have already knelt in this hallowed spot and offered their homage of love and reparation to the suffering Savior and His Immaculate Mother.

Nothing is so affecting and at the same time so salutary as this public exercise of the Stations of the Cross, in presence of those monumental stations or under the shadow of the Sepulchre, or in the grotto of the agony.

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How eloquently and how forcibly those stations representing Christ suffering, agonizing or dead in the arms of His sorrowful Mother, tell their pathetic tale ! Then, to soothe and console the soul after these sorrowful scenes comes the procession of the Immaculate Mary, still gently urging us as she did Bernadette at Lourdes to Penance and Reparation.

Afterwards, kneeling before the Sacred Host we shall draw a parallel and contemplate the Man of Sorrows living in the Blessed Sacrament ; exposed to blasphemies filled with opprobrium, scourged incessantly by our sins of the flesh ; crowned with thorns by our sins of the intellect ; wounded by our sins of the heart.

Our reparation will be enhanced by the Eucharistic ray and Jesus in the Sacred Host will receive more abundantly the consolation it has pleased Him to seek in this blessed spot.

Offering of Stones :

I. Object.—To concur in the construction of a chapel where Our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament may receive the adoration of the faithful and of the Religious Brethren of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

II. Means.—The contribution or collection of subscriptions representing the value of one or of several stones for the edifice. The prices of these stones are within the reach of all persons of good will :

1. An ordinary rough stone, 25 or 50 cts.
2. A cut stone, 1, 2, 5, 10 dollars according to the dimensions.

III. Advantages.—1. Those who will concur by their offerings in the erection of this chapel to the Most Blessed Sacrament shall have a special share in the masses, stations of the cross, and all other good works performed in it.

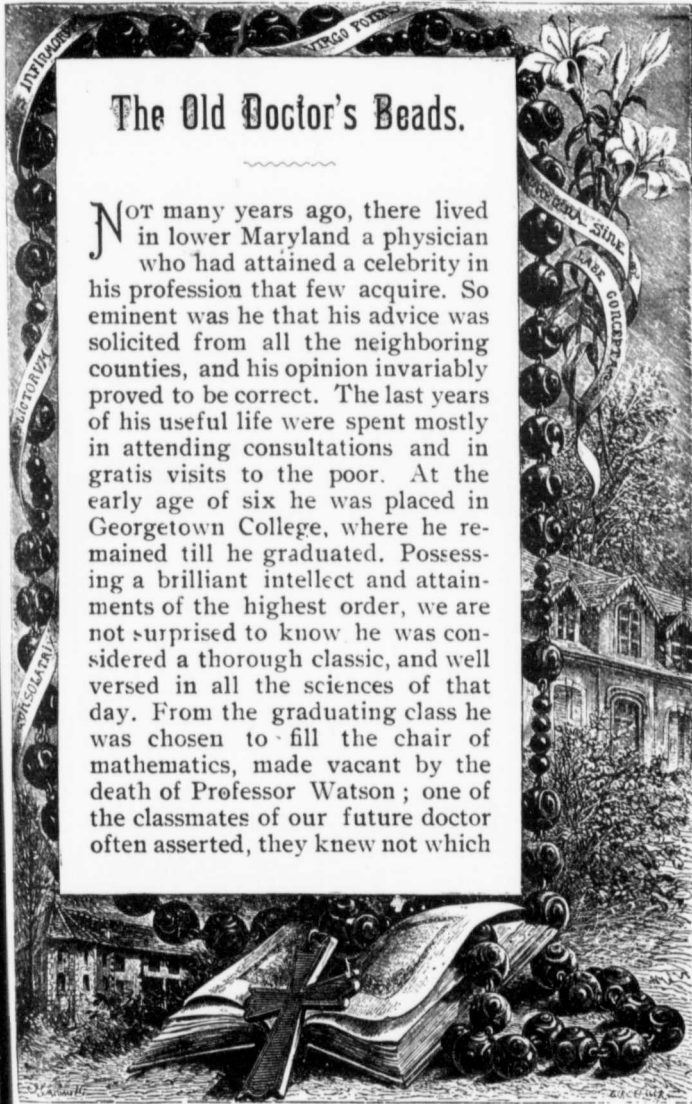
2. Those who will contribute or collect the sum of at least \$25.00 shall furthermore, be called Promoters and shall have their names entered on a special register to be preserved in the archives of the chapel.

Seen and approved,

† PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.

The Old Doctor's Beads.

NOT many years ago, there lived in lower Maryland a physician who had attained a celebrity in his profession that few acquire. So eminent was he that his advice was solicited from all the neighboring counties, and his opinion invariably proved to be correct. The last years of his useful life were spent mostly in attending consultations and in gratis visits to the poor. At the early age of six he was placed in Georgetown College, where he remained till he graduated. Possessing a brilliant intellect and attainments of the highest order, we are not surprised to know he was considered a thorough classic, and well versed in all the sciences of that day. From the graduating class he was chosen to fill the chair of mathematics, made vacant by the death of Professor Watson; one of the classmates of our future doctor often asserted, they knew not which



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to admire the more, the young professor's humility and modesty, or his ability.

But it was not from earthly science only that the doctor derived his wonderful skill and success in the practice of medicine ; a fund of piety and a saintly life made him what he was. From the time he learned to lisp the beautiful Hail Mary at the knee of his pious mother, he had a profound veneration for the Mother of God, and the Holy Rosary was his favorite devotion from childhood.

A pair of beads had come into his possession through several generation, and had been used by some of his ancestors in the turbulent days of English persecution. Several times did he rechain those dear beads, his faithful companion day and night. In the long, fatiguing rides of his country practice, he desired no better company than the recitation of the Rosary on those plain little beads, which in many cases had seemed to him to possess a miraculous power, especially when he desired to calm the agitation of his dying patients. It has been said by others than he, that no sooner did the doctor put his beads around the neck of the dying, or in the hand, than the most troubled became tranquil and peaceful. All desired him to be with them, and loved to listen to his fervent and short prayers, or his soothing words. In his immediate neighborhood there lived several families very antagonistic to Catholicity ; descendants, of the bitterest English emigrants, they openly declared their animosity and willingness to destroy everything Catholic, and a leading father of a family made it no secret that the law only deterred him from laying violent hands on every "papist" he met. He was, however, fond of the doctor, and would have no other to attend his family. His wife became very ill, and our doctor, on leaving her one morning missed his dear beads ; knew it was useless to return and ask for them ; such an object of "superstitious worship," as the family termed such things, must be committed to the flames immediately. The doctor was broken-hearted ; he returned home sorrowing, and his eyes were not closed in sleep during the night of that eventful day. He could but pray and weep. He promised masses and other good works if his beads were recovered ; fervently did he beg our Blessed Mother to prevent their desecration, and

bring them back to his possession. He determined that his first call the following morning should be to the Protestant patient. He sat some time, and at last ventured to enquire if they had seen anything belonging to him after his departure the previous day. They replied, no : and seeing his anxiety, wished to know what he had lost. But the doctor thought it prudent to keep silent ; he knew their sentiments too well. On leaving the house to enter his carriage, one of the little sons ran after him, calling : " Doctor ! doctor ! " He turned to answer the child, who, casting a glance towards the house as if afraid of being caught in some disgraceful act, slipped something in the doctor's hand, saying in a whisper : " I saw you drop these in mother's room yesterday, and picked them up before Sissie got them ; I knew she would throw them in the fire." The doctor had his dear beads once more, and what joy and gladness filled his heart ! To the child he said affectionately : " My dear sonnie, I can never forget you for this act of kindness ; you have restored to me what I hold dearest on earth. I will beg our Blessed Mother to make you a Catholic, and one of her devoted children." After many years had elapsed, the doctor received a letter postmarked, Little Rock Arkansas. On opening it he saw the signature of the former little Protestant boy, who wrote to tell him he was Catholic, as also his wife and three little children. "The words you uttered to me, doctor, when I gave you your lost beads so many years ago, have ever been ringing in my ears, and something always urged me to see a priest and enter the Church. I at last followed the inspiration, and thanks to our Blessed Mother, I am one of her children. I say my beads daily, and they are responded to by my little family. I owe the grace to her and to you. Continue to pray for me and mine. Your loving and grateful.


EDDIE D."

The doctor related the above with tearful eyes and full heart. We could give many instances of the efficacy and reward of our good old doctor's prayers on his well prized beads, but will confine ourselves to the following. He was once attending a young lady in the last stage of consumption. In his last visit he found her

greatly agitated and troubled, though she had received the last Sacraments and all the rites of our holy Church, and was a most angelic soul. The doctor immediately placed his beads around her neck, and the indulgenced crucifix in her hand. In an instant she resumed her usual calmness, and begged that he would remain with her during the night. He did so, and in company with her parents and other members of her family, he sat near her, prayed, and suggested consoling aspirations from time to time, and animated her with the hope of soon entering into Heaven.

At early dawn she was still alive, though unconscious. The doctor and her father walked out to breathe a little fresh air, and were absent about fifteen minutes. One said to the other: "Suppose we go down; Nancy must be near the end now." Descending a gentle slope that led to the house, they heard the sweetest music coming towards them; it passed swiftly over their heads, and rose higher, until the last sound died away in the clouds. The two gentlemen stood listening and gazing till the vibration ceased entirely. The doctor said to his companion: "I believe the angels are carrying Nancy's soul to Heaven." They quickened their steps, and soon met a servant that had been sent to tell them the young lady had just died. The doctor used to say that that music was indescribable, or might be compared to thousands of infant voices harmonizing with stringed instruments. When they entered the room of death, both knelt in reverential awe by the side of the precious remains from which the angels had just borne the beautiful soul to its eternal reward. When the doctor removed the rosary from the neck of the saint, and the crucifix from her hands, he felt unworthy of touching them, and throughout life they were dearer to him by their contact with one whom he knew had been visited by the angels of God.

The Rosary Magazine.





MY ANGEL

GUARDIAN. ¹

O glorious guardian of my frame!
*In heaven's high courts thou shinest bright
 As some most pure and holy flame,
 Before the Lord of endless light,
 Yet for my sake thou com'st to earth,
 To be my brother, Angel dear!
 My friend and keeper from my birth,
 By day and night to me most near.*

*Knowing how weak a child am I,
 By thy strong hand thou guidest me;
 The stones that in my pathway lie,
 I see thee move them carefully.
 Ever thy heavenly tones invite
 My soul to look to God alone;
 And ever grows thy face more bright,
 When I more meek and kind have grown.*

*Thine are heaven's glory and delight,
 The riches of the King of kings;
 The Host in the ciborium bright
 Is mine, and all the wealth pain brings.
 So with the cross, and with the Host,
 And with thy aid, dear Angel Friend!
 I wait in peace, on time's dark coast,
 Heaven's happiness that knows no end.*

¹ See frontispiece.



TOGETHER they bowed before the great "White Throne" awaiting the King's command.

...On earth at the same moment two little lambkins were added to the fold.

"Go and guard those souls," said the Lord to the waiting angels.

And immediately cloud-land was illuminated by a bright trail marking the earthly descent of the celestial spirits.

Day was breaking in the East; a spring day, perfect and fragrant as its budding blossoms.

Exhilarated by the glorious sunrise nature in a joyous transport sent upwards grateful Te Deums, glad Alleluias.

The dewy flowers sparkled like diamonds. The air resounded with myriad bird notes. Every where life was awakening, eagerly casting off night's lethargy.

*
* *

In the ancient city, in two homes until then childless, joy abounded.

Because in each—lay a little infant—a first born, a boy.

And the Angels sent by the Lord spread their wings over both cradles; in which under snowy draperies fashioned by maternal love, nestled their future charge—calmly sleeping.

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* *

What dreams! what ambitions! what hopes and longings centre round a cradle!

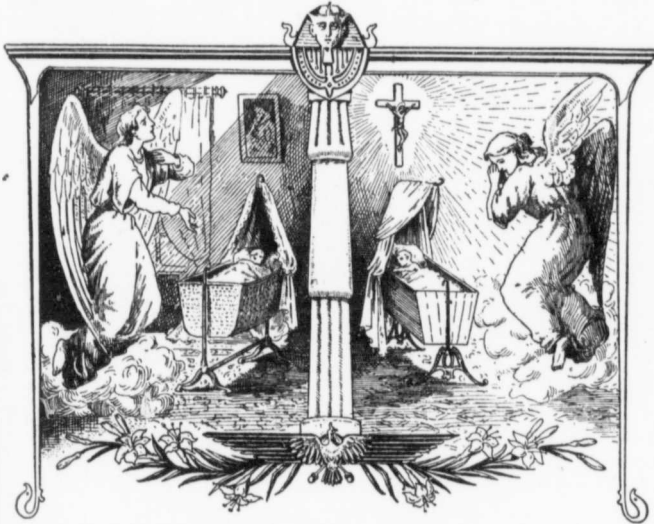
.....

In the place of honour, protecting the infant one of the Angels saw a crucifix.

And with grateful heart reverently adored it.

His companion at the cot of the other infant over whom God had appointed him guardian did not see a crucifix, with merciful arms outstretched to love and bless, nor pictured Madonna, nor palm-branch from the temple where Jesus abides. Nothing Christian met his gaze.

What pen can picture the beauty of the sacrament of the birth of souls? Transforming night into day; darkness into light; death into life; the Creator's masterpiece and undeni-



able triumph. Took at this little infant upon whose brow the baptismal water is scarcely dry.

How peacefully he breathes, how quietly his heart beats! How pure and lovely he is!

Between him and the angel watching at his side, what difference do you see?

....In the home where no crucifix was honoured as in that where it held first place it is the same grace.

Both of the baptized babes now reflect the same heavenly purity.

Kneel, angels of God! Kneel and admire this your King's masterpiece.

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....The angels kneel. They adore and pray, they admire God in the splendor of His regenerated creature.

Nevertheless, fear takes possession of and sticks like an arrow in the heart of the angel who watches over the cradled babe not sheltered by the crucifix.

* * *

Days, months, years have flown.

Alas !..

It is no longer the cradle, no longer baptism, no longer the spotless purity of the soul.

It is the young heart feeling the first assaults of passion.

It is the world and its subtle attractions superseding heaven. It is the first fall the first sin.



Cruel revenge of the implacable enemy of souls. Transforming day into night, innocence into guilt, life into death.

And the angels wept, both of them, the angel of the boy in whose home there was no crucifix and the angel of the boy in whose home it held honorable position.

But what a different effect their tears have on their charges ; what different results they produce !

Here at the foot of the crucifix one of the culprits, is kneeling. A sacerdotal hand is raised. What baptism had done, what sin had undone absolution accomplishes anew, to that first light adding new ones, to the brightness of that baptismal day adding that of the day of reconciliation ; melius reformasti.

And his angel, the angel of the home the cross protects, smiles once more and looks with joy on that soul, wounded but healed, fallen but risen, stained but purified, that soul clothed anew with the purity of God, the purity of heaven.

Alleluia!

But the other lad, the boy in whose home no crucifix is found?

Listen! Hear. Hear his angel's tears falling, falling incessantly on his guilty soul, to which no absolving hand has restored his lost purity.

Alas! Alas!...



Where are all those merry children going, some in one direction, some in another?

To school perhaps. Let us watch and see.

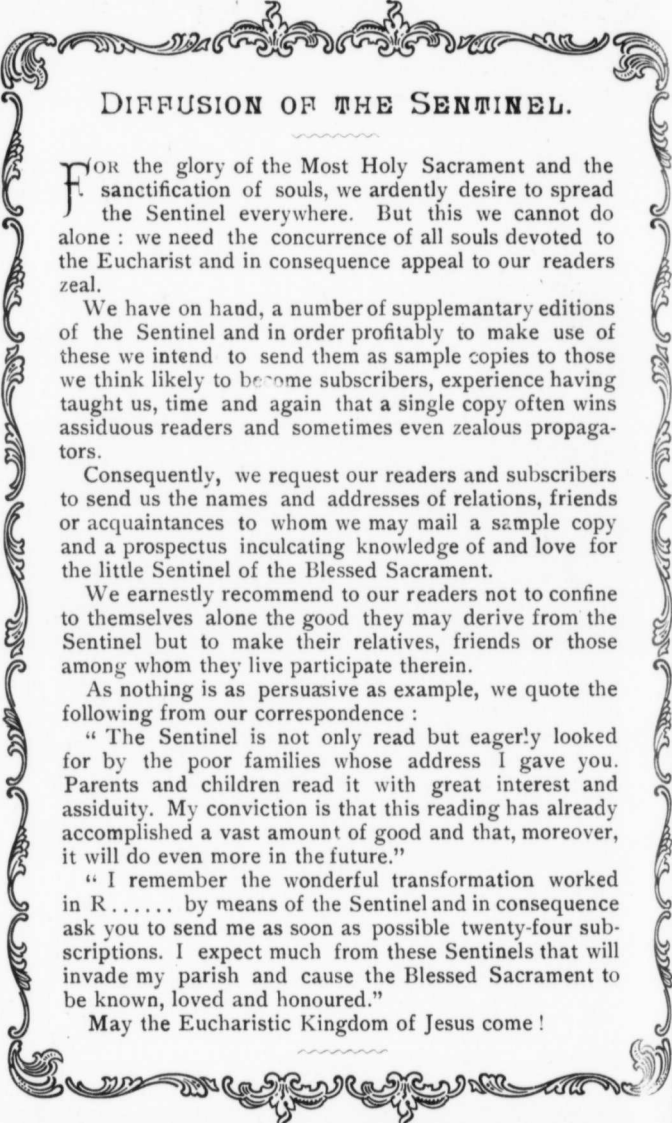
Just as I surmised, they boisterously mount the school-steps; we will follow their example only a little more decorously.

In this school we see the crucifix; in that other, the spot still bears its impress but from it Satanic hatred wrested it.

Meanwhile the Angels kept guard over those God had entrusted to their keeping.

They are at their side now. The angel of the home wherein no crucifix is honoured guards the child seated at his desk in the school from which the cross has been banished the angel of the boy in whose home the cross is honoured guards the child at the foot of the crucifix that protects his studies as it did his cradle.

(To be continued.)



DIFFUSION OF THE SENTINEL.

FOR the glory of the Most Holy Sacrament and the sanctification of souls, we ardently desire to spread the Sentinel everywhere. But this we cannot do alone : we need the concurrence of all souls devoted to the Eucharist and in consequence appeal to our readers zeal.

We have on hand, a number of supplementary editions of the Sentinel and in order profitably to make use of these we intend to send them as sample copies to those we think likely to become subscribers, experience having taught us, time and again that a single copy often wins assiduous readers and sometimes even zealous propagators.

Consequently, we request our readers and subscribers to send us the names and addresses of relations, friends or acquaintances to whom we may mail a sample copy and a prospectus inculcating knowledge of and love for the little Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

We earnestly recommend to our readers not to confine to themselves alone the good they may derive from the Sentinel but to make their relatives, friends or those among whom they live participate therein.

As nothing is as persuasive as example, we quote the following from our correspondence :

“ The Sentinel is not only read but eagerly looked for by the poor families whose address I gave you. Parents and children read it with great interest and assiduity. My conviction is that this reading has already accomplished a vast amount of good and that, moreover, it will do even more in the future.”

“ I remember the wonderful transformation worked in R. by means of the Sentinel and in consequence ask you to send me as soon as possible twenty-four subscriptions. I expect much from these Sentinels that will invade my parish and cause the Blessed Sacrament to be known, loved and honoured.”

May the Eucharistic Kingdom of Jesus come !