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THE SENTINEL



OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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1. They contribute by their offering to the maintenance of the Perpetual Exposition which is kept up, day and night, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.
 2. They are entitled to share in the benefits of one Mass celebrated *monthly* in this Sanctuary for their special intentions, and participate in all the prayers and good works of the Community of the most Blessed Sacrament.
 3. They are entitled to share after their death in a solemn service celebrated every year during November in perpetuity, for all benefactors of the Congregation.
 4. By enrolling themselves in the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament they may gain a large number of precious Indulgences.
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The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament,
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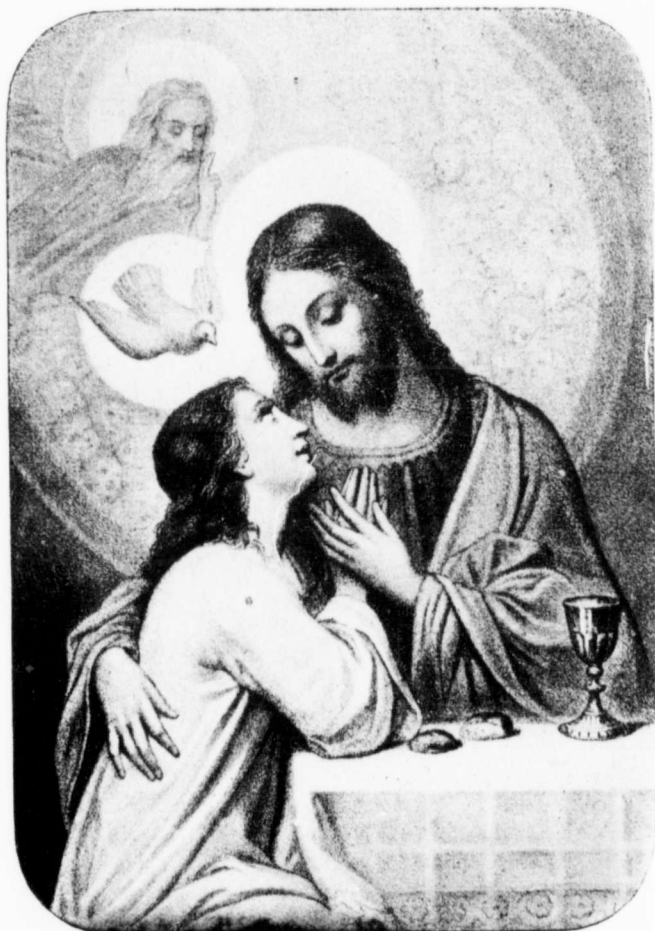
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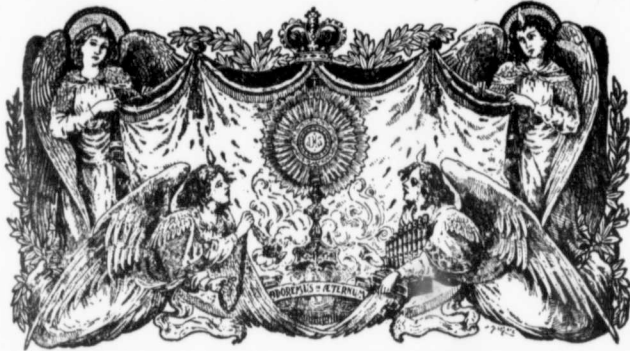
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The Lamp of the Sanctuary

A RAY of light just glimmers softly, faintly
 With mystic lustre in a holy place,
 Yet ev'ry star that shines on high in heaven
 Would hid' that ch rapture in that ruby vase !
 For all the suns that burn, the moon, the planets,
 That flash their fires, beneath Jehovah's feet,
 And draw the earth, with intense yearning upward,
 Tell not like this the pow'r of love complete.

A ray of light, that glimmers softly, faintly,
 Before an Altar where a chalice fair
 In silken folds rest ever silent, waiting,
 That men, not angels, may adore Him there.
 Yet Seraphs bright forsake the glowing splendor
 Of heaven's court, where pale they burn and shine,
 Before His Face to seek and worship nearer
 The wondrous myst'ry of His Heart Divine.

And so it glimmers ever softly, faintly,
 At morn, at noon, and through the golden days,
 'Till eve'ning shadows part with rev'rent trembling,
 To make a pathway for its gentle rays.
 They steal across the aisle of dim cathedral,
 Allure the wanderer with their magic gleam,
 They glorify the little wayside chapel,
 And make it fairer than th' Apostle's dream.

For He who cast the rainbows shimmering colors
 Across the sky — a promise and a sign,
 Now deigns to use this flick'ring faint effulgence
 As beacon light to lead to the Divine.
 Ah ! sweet its call, and true, and great, and holy
 Its tender message ; more melodious far
 Its sweet voice, whispering through the world's wild
 Than rhythm of planet, or than song of star. [clamor,

Oh ! Sacred Host ! near Thy throne Sacramental,
 Would that my heart, a lamp filled to the brim,
 With love, and praise, and deepest adoration,
 Might burn consumed in a voiceless hymn.
 Would that my spirit — in most humble worship —
 Might dwell forever with the angels there,
 Or rise like incense with their homage wafted
 To melt before Thee in a wordless pray'r.

BELLELLE GUERIN.

St. Alphonsus on Spiritual Communion

THE holy Council of Trent greatly praises spiritual communion, and encourages the faithful to this practice. Hence all devout souls are accustomed often to practise this holy exercise of spiritual communion. Blessed Agatha of the Cross did so two hundred times a day, and Father Peter Faber, the first companion of St. Ignatius, used to say that it was of the highest utility to make spiritual communion in order to receive the sacramental communion well. All who desire to advance in the love of Jesus Christ are exhorted to make a spiritual communion at least once in every visit they may pay to the Most Holy Sacrament, and at every Mass they hear ; and it would even be better on these occasions to repeat the communion three times, namely, at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end, This devotion is more profitable than many suppose, and at the same time nothing can be easier in practice. Blessed Jane of the Cross used to say that a spiritual communion can be made without any one remarking it, without being fasting, without the permission of our director, and that we can make it at any time we please — an act of love does all.

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Particular Practice for the Month of June

To Allay the Thirst of the Heart of Jesus.

BLESSED Margaret Mary relates that on the 27 of December, 1764, the feast of St John the Evangelist, an important revelation concerning the Heart of Jesus was vouchsafed her ; and that the divine Master declared His Heart was devoured with an ardent thirst to be honoured by men in the Blessed Sacrament.

We subjoin her own version : " On the feast of St John the Evangelist, having received from my divine Saviour a grace somewhat similar to that bestowed on the Beloved Disciple at the last supper ; the Sacred Heart was then shown me as on a throne of fire and flame, radiant on all sides, more brilliant than the sun and as transparent as crystal. The wound received on the cross was plainly visible, while a crown of thorns encircled the Heart and a cross surmounted it.

My divine Master led me to understand that from the hour of His Incarnation, all His sufferings and agony were known to Him, for in that hour the cross, so to speak, was planted in His Heart ; and that He then voluntarily accepted the sorrows and humiliations His sacred humanity was destined to undergo during the course of His mortal life, even the outrages which His love for man would expose Him to, until the end of time, in the Blessed Sacrament. But what caused me more acute pain than all I have related to you was when the Sacred Heart was shown to me with these words : " I have an ardent thirst to be honoured by man in the Blessed Sacrament, and I find scarcely any one who tries to satisfy my desire, to quench my thirst ". Two hundred years have elapsed since the Sacred Heart disclosed its burning thirst, yet, in all the Hosts consecrated since the last supper until

now, in all the Hosts given in Communion, in all the Hosts abiding day and night in the Tabernacles, in all the Hosts that bless us from the golden splendour of the Monstrance the desire re-echoes : *I have an ardent thirst to be honoured by men in the Blessed Sacrament.* We know that the Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist is the heart of a living Man, animating His sacramental life, a human and a divine heart, a heart discharging towards His Father the duties of a perfect Pontiff, of a victim continually immolated ; and towards us the Heart of a Father, a Mother, a Brother, a Spouse, a Friend. Not satisfied with abiding in the Tabernacle for us, He attracts us to Him, and gives Himself to us in Communion. His gift is stable and is given to enable us to live and act supernaturally in Him and for Him. What remains, then to allay His thirst, if not to render Him the duties His presence and the gift of His Heart in the Eucharist impose.

1. We must know it, acknowledge it explicitly in the sacrament, penetrate unto it by thought and come and adore Him in the Tabernacle where He loves us and waits for us. Give Him of our time, much of our time : we can not employ it more profitably. We must adore Him, exalt and magnify His perfections, human and divine ; thank Him for the love He bestows on us by the gift of the Eucharist, for its perpetuation on the altars, at the cost of such great sacrifices, with such great profit to our souls.

2. We must entertain for Him a cordial love, a true tenderness, a son's confidence, a friend's, a mother's. It is our heart He wants more than all the rest, which we will give Him, if we are in sympathy with His thoughts, His interests, His affections. What great things the Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist desires for the glory of His Father and the salvation of mankind ! He abides in so many Tabernacles only to procure that glory, to sustain His church to save sinners, to preserve the just, to offer Himself for the poor souls in Purgatory. Let us, then embrace His interests, uniting our prayers, our love, our life, our works, to His continual sacrifice, His perpetual apostleship in the Blessed Eucharist.

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3. Compassionate, console this neglected, despised abandoned Heart. Doubtless. It is interiorly penetrated with joy, filled with cloudless beatitude. Nevertheless, sin, forgetfulness, the ingratitude of men affect Him in a divine and inexplicable manner' as we learn from His complaint to the blessed Margaret Mary. If we truly love Him, we shall hear the same complaint issuing from each Host we adore, whether it be behind the golden door of the Tabernacle, or under the crystal of the Ostensorium ; but more specially from that Host of Communion coming to our heart to solicit our compassion, our sympathy, our love, our reparation. Oh, let our hearts be tender to the sweet Heart of Jesus, unknown, humiliated, betrayed and wounded with such cruel ingratitude !

4. Let us make it a duty to communicate of the Sacred Heart every time we approach the holy table. Let us go beyond appearances, enter into the Eucharistic Heart through the open wound of the side, and find the Heart of our Saviour, source of His mortal life on earth, of His glorious life in heaven, of His Eucharistic life in the Blessed Sacrament ; pledge of its perpetuity, fountain of the love this adorable Sacrament lavishes on us. Then, as fruit of Communion give the Heart of Jesus empire over our heart and our life that He may hold the reins of our thoughts. but especially of our affections ; submit to Him our projects that He may approve of them, bless them ; faithfully offer Him our sufferings that He may lessen them, sanctify them and render them meritorious for ourselves and for the entire world. Finally, the Eucharist is only Jesus living, Jesus loving, Jesus amiable, Jesus who gives Himself, Jesus who understands, because it really and truly contains His Heart. Let us, then, seek and find the Heart of Jesus where He abides for us, love Him where He loves us, viz. in the Blessed Sacrament. May this month be replete with acts of love for Him and of devotedness to His adorable service.

The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday June 16th at 6 o'clock, in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.



Saved by the Blessed Sacrament.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

(An Authentic Incident of the Baltimore Fire of 1904.)

"He commanded the winds and . . . the winds obey Him — Matt, 8.

EARLY in the afternoon of Sunday, February 7, 1904, the Sisters of Mercy in charge of the City Hospital, Baltimore, realized that the great structure, with its hundreds of sick and suffering inmates, was in imminent danger of destruction by the terrible fire raging around them. The sky was lurid with the blaze of burning buildings: the air, thick with smoke, was charged with a heat intense as that of a roaring furnace-blast. Great cinders, three feet long, driven blazing through the heavy atmosphere, were constantly falling upon the roof of the hospital. A whirlwind of flame was being forced toward them by a mighty wind from the vicinity of the *Baltimore Sun* building and all the noted (supposedly) fireproof structures surrounding it, which had collapsed in the flames like so many combustible dry-goods boxes.

Inexpressibly anxious and alarmed for the safety of their afflicted charges, the first concern of the Sisters was to immediately secure other quarters for their numerous patients, for remote from the scene of danger. Arrangements having been made for their housing in the different hospitals of the city, nearly three hundred helpless sick were safely transported on that eventful Sunday afternoon to the various asylums accorded them. There they remained for some forty-eight hours. After their removal, strong and willing arms aided the good religious in the City Hospital to collect and stow away in trunks

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all the portable and valuable articles in the house. Then, in beautiful exemplification of their title — SISTER OF MERCY — these heroic spouses of Christ divided, as it were, into two battalions of heavenly duty : the one devoted itself to preparing and distributing food and drink to the noble fellows (the true knights errant of our prosaic age) who were risking their lives amid the fire and smoke in defence of their neighbors' lives and property ; the other hastened to the hospital-chapel, and there, prostrating themselves before the sanctuary of the Hidden God, stormed heaven with ardent, tearful supplications for the safety of the city.

The firemen were on the roof of the hospital fighting the showers of sparks and cinders which the fierce wind was hurling like a fiery hail upon the smoking eminence. In all human calculations the City Hospital was doomed to the complete destruction that had, within a few hours, overtaken the noblest, stoutest, securest structures in Baltimore. All, indeed, seemed lost. But man's greatest necessity is God's grandest opportunity to display His exhaustless power and mercy.

In the darkest hour of trial and affright, an inspiration from on high came to the Chaplain of the Hospital, Rev. Eather Cahill. It was the cry of the Psalmist : " Arise, O Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered ! " in that supreme moment of misfortune when doubt and despair were assailing the souls of His devout servants.

" *I shall expose the Blessed Sacrament on the altar !* " said Father Cahill to the anguished worshippers in that sacred little spot.

Can we not picture to our imaginations that thrilling scene ? Outside, the roar of the terrific fire and the howling of the destructive gale ; the shrieking whistles of the fire-engines ; the cries of the populace under a midnight sky blood-red from the flames of a burning city ; inside, the dim and peaceful chapel, the starry lights on the quiet altar, the incense ascending in perfumed wreaths to the Most Holy ; the sweet, tremulous voices of the Sisters chanting "*O Salutaris Hostia !* (Saving Host, indeed !) or breathing forth *Tantum ergo*, and prostrating themselves in silent adoration and supplication while the chaplain solemnly lifted and established the shining

Monstrance containing the Eucharistic King upon His altar-throne. The divine Ruler of the elements had come to give peace and hope to His timid and troubled children.

Praise be to His Holy Name. Praise to the power and mercy of His Gracious Heart in the adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist! — *No sooner was the dear Lord Jesus exposed on that little altar than the fierce and destructive wind immediately changed to the south, and the City Hospital and its inmates were saved!*

Somewhere about midnight, three Catholic clergymen from the National Capitol arrived in Baltimore, seeking to ascertain the extent of the calamity that had befallen that hapless city. These priests finally made their way to the City Hospital, and proceeding through the crowd of spectators thronging its front entrance and through the cordon of firemen and police authorities gathered there, penetrated to the interior of the building. All was silent and deserted in the wide halls and lower parlors. Seeing no one about, and taking note of numbers of trunks in the hall, strapped and corded for immediate removal, the clergymen naturally surmised that the inmates had all departed to safer quarters. They pushed on, however, and mounted successive staircases until they reached the roof, where the fire brigade were still playing the hose upon the points in danger. Retracing their steps after an anxious inspection of the threatening condition of affairs they reached the vicinity of the chapel. Here, the fragrant odors of incense and the subdued music of solemn voices guided them, as Galahad is said to have been guided of old to the vision of the Holy Grail, to the exposed Presence of their Eucharistic Lord, at that moment adored by the prostrate chaplain and community in a transport of happy, grateful worship. The danger was past, and their hearts were singing rapturous *Te Deum* to the merciful Most High.

At four o'clock in the morning, Holy Masses of thanksgiving began in that blessed chapel, and continued to be read by Father Cahill and the reverend visitors until nine o'clock.

Another incident of the time and place is worthy of record, as sweetly in harmony with all that has been thus

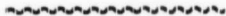
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far narrated to the glory of the Adorable Eucharist. In the supreme hour of danger, the good Sisters of Mercy gave over the building, ordinarily devoted to the use of their hospital nurses, to the service of the militia, who were detailed to guard the buried treasures of the municipality during that season of devastation and horror. The city and its soldiers were warmly appreciative of this opportune act of courteous hospitality ; and when the fierce fire was at last extinguished, and the militia withdrew from its temporary refuge, they presented to the Sisters' Hospital, as a token of their lively gratitude, an exquisitely carved lamp, to be burned in the chapel before the Most Blessed Sacrament !

Thus, from the militia of the very municipality itself, came the votive offering, as it were, in the shape of an altar-lamp, to commemorate this modern marvel — if not *miracle* — of the power of the Holy Eucharist !

The daily press, in reporting, the following day, the sudden and unaccountable *change of the wind* which had saved the City Hospital and other valuable adjacent property, commented on it as "a freak of Nature." They little knew that the wonderful deed was done alone by the God of Nature and of grace : by the same Lord Jesus Christ who once, of yore, stilled the tempest upon the sea of Galilee. That, as He then slept in the bark of Peter, while the storm winds threatened it and its human freight with destruction, so, in the darkness and silence of the tabernacle (this other little Bark of Peter) He reposed amid the roar of the fiery tempest, until the voices of His afflicted and affrighted servants cried out to Him (as did the disciples of yore) : " Lord, save us, we perish ! " Then, " rising up " (in the Sacred Monstrance,) " He commanded the winds, and there came a great calm." For the winds and all the elements and forces of Nature obey Him who hath created them, and joyfully do His bidding on earth, as it is done forever more in heaven.

" Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man ! "
" Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar ! "





A Scene that may be Re-enacted.

THE trend of affairs in France renders it not absolutely improbable ; that history may repeat itself with such fidelity in that unfortunate country that the following page of revolutionary annals may serve as a description of a coming event not less than the record of a past iniquity.

After the 9th Thermidor, which witnessed the death of Robespierre, the reign of Terror ceased for an interval, and honest folk began to breathe more freely. The respite, however, was of brief duration. The reaction of the 18th Fructidor started the Directorate on a new course of persecution. It was during this period that the following scene occurred :

A priest was led as a criminal into a spacious hall of judgment, open to the public. The judge brusquely interrogated the accused, demanding his name and nationality. These were given.

“ What is your calling ? ”

“ By the grace of Jesus Christ I am a priest.”

“ Have you taken the oath prescribed to the clergy by the civil constitution ? ”

“ No, thank God ! That is why I was condemned to banishment, and why I have spent nine months in the convict galleys at Rochefort.”

“ And since then you have been playing the fanatic ? ”

“ If you understood the meaning of that word, you would not put such a question to me. There is no fanaticism in preaching a holy and divine religion that inculcates nothing save virtue and condemns nothing save crime ; which teaches mercy, peace and charity, which constitutes both the comfort of men and the happiness of society. But, to proscribe that religion, to calumniate and persecute its ministers,—that is fanaticism, and the blindest and most cruel from of it.”

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"That's true! that's true!" cried several voices in the hall."

"Do you dare insult me on my tribunal?" sternly demanded the judge.

"My reply was the patent truth," replied the priest. "If you consider it an insult, it is neither my fault nor my intention."

"Where have you exercised your ministry?"

"In a large number of parishes that I have visited one after the other."

"Did you exercise it publicly?"

"Yes; I have sometimes celebrated Mass in the open air before an immense multitude of the faithful."

"What audacity! Why did you commit so great a crime?"

"I committed no crime. I merely gratified the piety of people who hastened to me from many surrounding parishes."

"Have you not also exercised your ministry in the churches?"

"That's what the churches were built for. I have done so when prudence permitted it."

"And in houses, also, have you not?"

"Yes; that is true."

"Now, in the churches of what parishes, and in what houses have you performed religious functions?"

"I shall name neither the parishes nor the houses. Charity forbids my compromising others."

"In order to exercise your cult, did you make the prescribed declarations and take the oath?"

"God has not subjected His ministers to these formalities; they are simply snares laid for our good faith and are but pretexts for persecution. I should have refused, had they been proposed to me. You are very well aware, however, that your law is quite implacable towards banished priests and utterly refuses to grant them on any condition either freedom to exercise their ministry or even personal liberty."

"Drop these subtleties, and confess rather that you and your fellows defy the laws for the purpose of exciting troubles, sedition and revolt."

" I have never exercised any other ministry than one of peace and charity ; and Catholic priests know no other. It is in vain that, in order to deprive us of the glory of confessing our faith, or the glory of martyrdom, we are accused of civil crime. We are innocent of such crimes. And where is the man who can honestly repeat these calumnies spread by the enemies of religion against her ministers? Have they not been falsified a thousand times? During the eight years in which blind hatred has been persecuting us priests, and, to justify its fury, has been accusing us of all sorts of crimes, has a single individual of our number ever been convicted of one such crime? Why, you don't condescend even to try us ; we are condemned beforehand and collectively. Like the first Christians persecuted by the Roman tyrants, our one crime is our name."

" You are all fanatics criminals, and monsters."

" I can only say : God forgive you the outrageous calumny."

Exclamations were heard throughout the hall.

" 'Tis a lie and a shame ! The priest injures no one ; they are our fellowcitizens, our friends and relatives. We must have our religion and its ministers back again."

" You are inciting a revolt even here," cried the infuriated judge.

" He is innocent," protested a voice in the crowd.

" He is one of the worst of criminals," vociferated the judge, " one of the most dangerous of fanatics."

A chorus of dissenting cries arose and one citizen boldly exclaimed : " 'Tis the executioners of our priests who are fanatics and criminals."

" Silence !" shouted the judge, " or I'll have the court cleared by military force. And you, wretch, why do you violate the laws which forbid the exercise of your pretended ministry? "

" My answer is that which the Apostles gave to the magistrates of Jerusalem who forbade them to preach Jesus Christ. Arrested as I am, they replied : Judge yourself, whether it be just to obey men rather than God."

" He is convicted," said the judge, " of fanaticism and of transgression of the laws. Return him, in irons, to the chief prison of the department."

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"I return thanks to God," said the priest; and the court arose. The crowd grumbled and criticised the result. "It is Pilate's sentence on Christ!" cried one more bold than the rest. "It is most unjust, 'tis simply barbarous!" said others under their breath. But the sentence was nevertheless carried out.

Let us hope that the present conditions in France may not be developed into their most logical conclusion; else such pseudo-trials as the foregoing may again take place in the braggart Republic of fallacious, "liberty, equality, and fraternity.

(*The Ave Maria.*)

Just For To-Day.

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me, dear Lord, from sin just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work and daily pray,
Let me be kind in word and deed, just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will, prompt to obey,
Help me to mortify my flesh, just for to day,

Let me no wrong or idle word unthinking say,
Set thou a seal upon my lips, just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave, in season gay,
Let me be faithful to Thy grace, just for to-day;

And if to-day my tide of life should ebb away,
Give me Thy sacraments, divine sweet Lord, to day.

In Purgatory's cleansing fires, brief be my stay,
O bid me, if to-day I die, go home to-day.

So for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, just for to-day.

Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, Mother and model of adorers, pray for us who have recourse to you.

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the precious Chalice in which the Blood of Christ was consecrated for the first time by the Holy Ghost!

The Angelic Choirs.

THE City of Luchent situated not far the Battlefield where the famous miracle of Daroca took place in 1239, had for years been accustomed to give an extraordinary splendour to the *Corpus Christi* celebration: in the midst of a numerous and devout cortege, the Blessed Sacrament was carried to the monastery of *Corpus Christi*, situated about a mile and a half from the city and erected on the very spot where the blood-stained Hosts were concealed during the combat. On the first of July, 1564 in order to add to the solemnity and grandeur of the procession a number of renowned musicians were engaged from the city of Xativa, two miles from Luchent. But at the hour specified the musicians had not yet arrived; after waiting some time amid general displeasure and disappointment it was decided to begin the march without them. Scarcely had the cortege passed beyond the city gates when beautiful harmonious music burst on the ear. The joyous sounds brought back universal gladness and happiness, all naturally concluding the tardy musicians had overtaken the procession, and that thus the Blessed Sacrament would be more befittingly honoured. However, as no persons appeared and the sweet sounds continued, the master of ceremonies left the ranks to see why the musicians did not take their assigned places. But no musicians were visible, and more remarkable still was the fact that when he left the procession he no longer heard the music, whereas scarcely had he resumed his place in the ranks than the sweet harmonious notes were again distinctly heard. It was so clearly evident, that no one could doubt that God had allowed His Angels to replace by their hymns and invisible musical instruments the concurrency the faithless musicians did not wish to lend to the triumph of the God of the Eucharist.

This music accompanied the procession to the end of the route. Not only could those in the cortege hear and enjoy it but the singular favor was granted to a poor old man lying sick at Luchent; who was greatly consoled and comforted by the angelic choirs.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the
Blessed Sacrament

The Vigils of the Sacred Heart

I sleep and my heart watches.

And Jesus slept... The very sound of these words taken from the Gospel involuntarily produces recollection, a peaceful calming of our restless natures, an intense longing that we too like the Blessed Mother might have spent long hours contemplating the divine sleep. O Jesus, sleeping in Mary's arms, Jesus whom the Gospel shows us sleeping in the Apostle's barque; I adore Thee in this sacramental cradle of the holy Host, where, during long hours of silence and adoration, I may contemplate Thee in Thy mysterious slumber. Grant that I may understand its divine fertility.

I. — Adoration.

I sleep and my heart watches !... What a profound mystery, O Jesus, is Thy life in the Blessed Sacrament. In presence of that voiceless, motionless, apparently lifeless Host, faith might waver and grow faint, hadst Thou not Thyself revealed to us the secret reassuring our doubts, inducing us to believe with unshakable faith that, despite appearances, Thou art a living being, thinking, acting and loving us.

Thou dost say, O Jesus : " I sleep but my heart watches," and we know that in the silent obscurity of the

Tabernacle under the veil of the Sacred Host, that Thou dost sublime works ; that Thou art the great, the sole adorer, the eternal thanksgiving, the only true reparation, the suppliant always hearkened to.

Is not Thy Eucharistic sleep and the state to which it reduces Thee sublime adoration ? If to adore is to abase, to annihilate self in order to acknowledge and confess the all powerfulness, the infinity of God, what annihilation, yet nevertheless what adoration more profound than that which, of a God, makes a little bread ; of the all-powerful, weakness itself ; of the Word of God, silence ; of the eternal, one who dies daily.

Thou art, O Jesus, in Thy Tabernacle a perpetual and ever new thanksgiving to God and concentrating in Thy soul the entire creation, Thou dost make Thyself its living and uninterrupted canticle of never-ending thanksgiving.



Is not the Eucharist the living memorial of Thy Passion, of that Passion which has reconciled the world with Thy divine Father, and of which the commemoration and the fruits are perpetuated on our altar, in perfect reparation, mitigating the divine anger, saving us from its chastisements.

From Thy Tabernacle ascends the voice of supplication and what voice more capable of reaching the heart of God, of making It overflow in graces, in blessings, in numberless mercies, than the voice of this Well-beloved Son, the object of His Eternal Father's complacency. My Jesus, how admirable is Thy Eucharistic slumber, how profitable for God and man ! Admiration spontaneously rises from our souls at the thought of what a minute of Thy sacramental life merits for heaven and for the world !

II. — Thanksgiving.

I sleep and my heart watches !... What thanksgiving do we not owe Thee, O Jesus, for having by Thy Eucharistic slumber given to God the glory, the adoration, the love He deserves ; and thus by Thee our debt towards Him is acquitted. Yes, we thank Thee for having made Thyself the adorable means by which we can hope to satisfy the justice and the rights of God.

But there is sleep other than that of the Host of our Tabernacles, for that Host comes to our soul according





to the choice and decree of Thy love, that to the heart of a creature, Thy sacramental life may tend, terminate, consume and extend itself. And thus in us and for us Thy words are realized : " I sleep but my heart watches." Yes, Thy heart watches, O Jesus the heart of our Father, our Brother, our Friend : the heart full of compassion, mercy and tenderness : the heart alleviating our miseries, healing our wounds, mitigating and sanctifying our sufferings : the heart veiling Its majesty, hiding Its beauties in order to encourage our timidity, to win our confidence, to banish our fears. Thy heart watches and, therefore, though we should not feel the sensible joy of Thy presence and that ardent love with which the saints were filled when receiving Thee, nevertheless, each communion confers an increase of grace, of merit, of strength, and united us more closely to Thee. O Jesus, Blessed be Thou who dost deign to come and take this mysterious and fertile repose in our souls ; to prove our gratitude, we renounce all created things and give ourselves up without reserve to the operation of Thy ever watchful Heart.

III. — Reparation.

I sleep but my heart watches !... Among the sorrows lacerating Thy infinitely loving heart, O Jesus, none wounds Thee so deeply as our lack of faith. We willingly attach ourselves to creatures, but when there is question of giving ourselves to Thee, we hesitate, we fear. From Thy Host comes forth the tender chiding addressed to Thy Apostles of old : " O ye of little faith, why do ye fear ?" Have you forgotten that the Blessed Sacrament is I, Jesus ; your Father, your Friend, your Saviour. Do you not know that the longing of my heart to-day as from all eternity is your eternal salvation ?

You fear because the world is full of stumbling-blocks, because Satan, your enemy, is crafty and powerful, because too often you become an accomplice of these formidable adversaries. Soul of little faith ! Why should you fear ? Do you forget my Eucharist and my presence in you ? Have I not vanquished the world triumphed over Satan, and do I not give you by my sacrament the power to do likewise ? When I am with you, who can be against you ? Your diffidence wounds my love, outrages my heart.



O Jesus, yes we acknowledge that we lack practical faith in the Blessed Eucharist. If we really believed how could we fear, knowing Thy love and Thy power? In future we will come to Thee, we will trust Thee, we will hope only in Thee. The Eucharist will be for us the Host of holy hope.

IV. — Prayer.

I sleep but my heart watches!... We realize the sublime truth, O Jesus, and though Thou wert to sleep in our barque, the very fact of Thy presence would save us from danger. Art Thou not He whom the winds and waves obey? But we know also, good Master, that Thou dost wish to be importuned, to be awakened by our prayers. Thou dost wish to hear the confession of our powerlessness, of our absolute need of Thee. This cry of humility and confidence goes straight to Thy heart. Hear us, then, we beseech Thee, O Jesus, save us, show Thyself truly Jesus; that is to say, save us.

We beg this grace for those who do not have recourse to Thee. They need Thy help even more than we, for though surrounded by dangers they do not cry to Thee, call Thee to save them; and in their blindness they are sinking far from that port of which Thy Eucharist is the brilliant light-house... O Jesus, help them; save them; that none of Thine may perish, we implore, for the glory of Thy love and the triumph of Thy sacrament of love.

Prayer for the priesthood.

O Jesus! protect, preserve, and sanctify Thy priesthood. Preserve to childhood the priest, the guardian and friend of its innocence. Preserve him to youth, whose guide and counsellor he is; to the poor, of whom he is the providence; to the afflicted, whose consoler he is. Preserve him to the orphan, who finds in him a father; to the dying, whose last agony is illumined through him, by the divine light of faith and hope. Sustain and console, O Jesus, the Holy Father, the earthly head of Thy Church cannot perish and that the priesthood is immortal. Hasten, then, O divine Lord, the coming of Thy kingdom, that Thou mayest reign conquer, and overcome. *Adveniat regnum tuum!*

“O Jesus! give to us holy priests — priests of fire.”
— R. P. EYMARD.

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An Apostle of the Eucharist,

Reverend Peter Julian Eymard.

(Continued.)

VII. — Eucharistic Apostleship.



THAT subject of adoration will sustain our fervor in those hours which recur so often, and thus prevent routine gliding into the Lord's service?

"Do you wish," answers Father Eymard "to know, the secret of Eucharistic prayer: look at all the mysteries, the truths and virtues of religion through the divine prism of the Eucharist. The Blessed Eucharist is in reality, Jesus Christ, past, present and future; Jesus Christ in His sorrows, His joys and His glories. Magnify and, as it were, revive all the mysteries of time and eternity in the Blessed Eucharist, where Jesus dispenses their graces, and applies their merits. That is the inexhaustible, fruitful mine of the fervent adorer."

To those hours of individual adoration, the brethren of the Most Holy Sacrament join the recitation of the Holy Office standing and in choir, a more solemn form of adoration in which the court unite to sing the glories of the King, in the words of the Holy Ghost.

Apart from this direct service, reward as well as labour, the individual member is a royal servant: if a lay-brother, he is occupied about the worship and household cares; if a Religious, he spends his leisure in recollection and meditation and in endeavoring to spread throughout the world the incendiary spark lighted in his own heart and to bring all classes of society under the influence of the Sun of divine love. Whenever the clock strikes the hour, no matter where he may be, he salutes, on bended knee, the Most Holy and Adorable Sacrament by an invocation, recalling the proximity of the King, adding

with loving confidence this greeting to the Queen of the Temple: "Blessed be the most holy and Immaculate Conception of the most pure Virgin Mary."

Father Eymard desired to make his religious living servants of the Blessed Sacrament, honoring the Eucharist by giving to Jesus Christ themselves, their time, by rendering to the King of Kings the duties we find it so natural and so easy to render to the least of masters. The spirit of the service, the livery of the household, the Master's coat of arms, is self-forgetfulness, self-abnegation, self-annihilation.

The characteristic virtue of an adorer must be an essentially and perpetually Eucharistic one, one in which Jesus is ever and always the present model the actual end. Jesus annihilates Himself in the Blessed Eucharist, taking not merely the form of a slave, but also that of ordinary bread; He annihilates His glory, human and divine; He renounces all proprietorship of earth or heaven; He sacrifices His will; He hides His virtues, His goodness, His sweetness, His exterior love; He is truly a hidden, an annihilated God. Behold, then, the perfect model of the dominant virtue of the religious adorer, self-annihilation.

His Eucharistic Apostleship shows him to us forming the exterior court of the King Jesus, composed of free and devoted servants who class among their first duties that of loving, serving and combating for the God of the Eucharist. The primary object of the Eucharistic militia is to guard and honour Jesus Christ on His throne as His guard of honour. Apart from this they also preach Him and use every effort in their power to bring innumerable worshippers to His feet.

In the Eucharist Père Eymard beheld that incendiary spark which Jesus Christ had come to bring upon the earth with the sole desire to see it spread throughout the universe. In the beginning of his Apostolic career, he had devoted considerable time to the study of the Eucharistic dogma, study which might have produced but slight results; were it not for the aid of another and a more necessary one to which he gave himself up under Divine inspiration. Eucharistic piety, morals, asceticism are not learned through books, our Lord Himself incul-

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cates them to pure and humble souls. It was on his prie-dieu, in his hours of adoration, that Père Eymard acquired the profound knowledge of the Blessed Sacrament which enabled him to speak continually on that one subject without ever repeating himself. "Learn," said he to his brethren, "how to make the Blessed Sacrament work. It is an inexhaustible mine to explore. Know your art so well that your hours of adoration may bear fruit," and he adds, "if others know the B'essed Eucharist more than we, let us give up our place to them for we are not worthy to keep it."

Before preaching he always spent a considerable time in our Lord's presence, generally taking short notes and penetrating himself deeply with the Gospel, especially the Gospel of St. John which he always wore next his heart. This preliminary work he spoke of as : "making the paste," which became when exposed to the action of the Eucharistic fire "delicious and substantial bread." More than once he acknowledged, changing at the last moment his prepared subject for one inspired by our Lord Himself. This guidance of divine inspiration was apparent, especially during his latter years, even to his auditors. "I am convinced," said a distinguished preacher after listening to one of Père Eymard's sermons, "that he speaks under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

In order to combine example with precept, Père Eymard requested of his brethren that their instructions be adorations spoken aloud, abandoning themselves fully to the interior movement of grace. Out of the pulpit he never remembered what he had spoken there. On one occasion having been the recipient of enthusiastic congratulations from several persons delighted by one of his sermons, he admitted afterwards to his confrères that he had no idea what these people meant. After reading an account of a sermon which pleased him greatly, he exclaimed : "Who is he that can say such sublime things?" His surprise was greater still when informed that it was his own sermon of the previous night. His child-like simplicity of language astonished many and caused an ecclesiastic of Paris to ask him, why he did not give a more careful setting to his sermon otherwise

so rich in depth and spirituality. But he had besought of our Lord that his words might not draw the attention of his hearers to himself ; his supreme desire was that after hearing him they might say, "What clear good water comes through this worm-eaten channel." He, thus frequently exhorted his novices : "Be simple in your preaching, always natural and unaffected ; moreover, do not imagine our dear Lord will allow you to erect a little throne for yourself beside His." How diverse soever his auditors, how different the subject of his discourses, he always contrived to introduce the subject dearest to his heart, the Blessed Eucharist. To his lively faith this mystery was not one subject but all subjects, not one point of doctrine, but all doctrine. He had the wonderful art of concentrating the whole economy of religion around this fundamental dogma.

At Rouen, at Nantes, at Tarare, in retreats, he preached principally on the glory of the Eucharist and the profit a true christian should desire from holy communion.

To the Benedictines of Pierre qui-Vire, those monks who practise in all its rigour penance such as our century does not even dream of, Père Eymard proposed Jesus Christ as model and means of their austere and crucified life. "You attach yourself to a state of death, it is the state of Jesus in the Eucharist ; consequently let Jesus in the Eucharist be your model,"

Preaching a retreat to newly ordained priests about to engage in the active ministry, in the midst of difficulties of all kinds, he developed during eight days these three fundamental thoughts : The priest should be a saint, Jesus Christ makes saints ; Sanctity is the morality of Jesus Christ substituted for our human corruption ; communion will inoculate in us the virtues, the moral life of Jesus Christ.

In 1862, Père Eymard was invited to preach at Saint Sulpice, in Paris, a novena preparatory to the feast of the Sacred Heart. Every evening he exposed in eloquent and burning words, to the vast attendance, the close relations existing between the Eucharist and the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In one of these sermons he asked, "What is Jesus Christ ?" Answering his own question

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by this sublime definition, "Jesus Christ is the love of God for man humanized, personified in the Incarnation, perpetuated in the Eucharist." He depicted the Heart of Jesus in ardent desire preparing this august Sacrament; instituting it at the last supper in the exuberance of His love, perpetuating and maintaining it through love for man despite his indifference, his sacrilegious ingratitude. We cannot attempt to analyse all his sermons which extended over a period of twelve years and were invariably marked by a constant zeal, animated by ardent love, resulting in inappreciable good to his hearers. We conclude our sketch of this admirable career so generously endowed by quoting two of his favorite and oft-repeated maxims, clearly showing the principle and the object of his Eucharistic Apostolate.

"Jesus Christ is There! Then, all for Him!"

(to be continued.)

Where should we go in our troubles but to the God of all consolation? But if he does not show Himself to us as such, if the answer to prayer does not make haste to come, we lose heart and leave off praying. We tire so soon. Yet peace is our Lord's word to us all. Peace amid the storm of persecution, the heart-sinking at failure, the monotony of well doing and watching and waiting for better things. Peace in the harder trials of life, the coldness of the nearest, the peril of the dearest. Peace in the struggle with self-sharp, daily, unrelenting. Only through Him can certain and lasting comfort, resignation, hope and happiness come to us.

Even sorrow may grow sweet,
Meekly borne at Jesus' feet;
Stings of tribulation cease
In the shadow of His peace;
So my burden every day
At the altar's foot I lay.

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the Table of gold whereon our heavenly Bread is offered to us!

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the most holy Ark enclosing Jesus the Manna of souls!

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the Tree of admirable life, bearing the fruit of eternal salvation!



AN INERADIGABLE IMPRESSION of First Communion



CHILDREN naturally love the priest perhaps much more than their elders imagine ; dislike for him springs up only after vice and passion are let loose. This fact is attested by experience and strikingly confirmed by the following fact related by a military chaplain.

' I entered my room about eleven o'clock in the morning and had not yet seated myself at my desk, when I heard an unusually heavy foot fall mounting the stairs. I was wondering whose it could be when my door was roughly opened and I found myself face to face with a soldier whom I did not know and who threateningly accosted me saying excitedly :

' Father, I want to know why you did not bow to me.'

' Calm yourself, my good fellow. I do not think I know you. Have you and I ever met before ?'

' Yes, Father, a few minutes ago you saluted my comrade ; I was standing near him, but you didn't notice me.'

' If you bowed to me, my friend, I assure you I did not see you.'

' No, Father, I didn't, but I want to know the reason why you ignored me.'

At first sight, I feared the man might be a maniac but after watching him closely I was reassured, still, his exasperation was inexplicable to me. In order to pacify him I explained with gentle firmness that I only greeted persons of my acquaintance, and passers-by who bowed to me ; that I observed this rule especially with regard to the soldiers so as not to expose any of them to the ridicule of their comrades ; that the soldier to whom he referred was an acquaintance of mine ; moreover, I assured him I was the soldier's friend and knew many in his regiment. Finally, I added : " Your reproaches do

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not wound me, since you wish to receive this mark of affection and honor from a priest, it clearly proves your love for religion and its ministers.

'You are mistaken, Father, I do not like priests and until now, I have not been able to see one without getting into a passion.'

'Really, I should not have thought so.'

'It's true, nevertheless! Moreover, whenever one of my mess-mates spoke ill of them, I said even worse than he... Still I was angry when I saw you saluting my comrade and not me and I made up my mind to ask you the reason.'

'Well, my friend, since we are speaking so frankly, I trust we shall be able to clear up this misunderstanding. Although I am not acquainted with you, I should judge you to be more inclined to good-fellowship than to hatred. I am sure you have not always hated priests.'

'Oh! as to that, in my native place I was always dubbed, a sorry head but a good heart.'

'Then, you must have liked your pastor at the time of your First Communion.'

This recollection seemed to touch him; however, he only answered by an affirmative nod of the head and I hastily continued:

'If you wish, I will tell you why you liked priests then and why you dislike them now.'

'I would be very glad if you could.'

'The reason is very simple, my poor friend; at that time you loved and practised your religion; but to-day...'

'Ah to-day! replied the agitated and affected soldier, to-day, do not speak of it!'

'To-day you have read bad books, frequented bad companions, and the sight of a priests rouses your remorse, which is not a pleasant sensation. You were happy in those other days, were you not, and to-day you are unhappy.'

'How can you know?' he asked, staring at me steadfastly.'

'My poor friend, I know it, I am sure you are unhappy.'

' Yes, very. I will admit it since you seem interested in my position. Some days ago I took the resolution to end my life. The thought constantly pursues me that I must commit suicide, vainly I try to banish it. Tortured as I am between sadness and remorse, I have no rest night or day. When you passed the guard-house this morning, I was thinking over the easiest means of carrying out my plan of self-destruction, saying to myself it must end.'

At the same time the poor fellow pulled a rope out of his pocket and continued: " I was going to tie a stone round my neck and throw myself into the river."

At this unexpected declaration, I trembled inwardly, the very blood seemed to freeze in my veins; but I tried valiantly to repress all outward emotion. I took his hand affectionately saying:

' Yes, my dear friend, it must end, but not in that manner. I know a better way to end this sad state.'

' What way, Father' he eagerly asked.

' What way, my good man, you know it well, also its infallibility. You are at war with God, you must make your peace with him.'

' How' Father?'

' You must return to the practice of your religion. Formerly, it made you happy, it will do so again; you must attend to your duties as in the days of your First Communion.'

' Yes—but that is not possible: no, it's impossible.'

' You know very well where there is a will, there is a way.'

' I only meant to say that I could not find a priest to hear my confession, because I would be ashamed to go into a church before everybody and await my turn to enter the Confessional.'

' My friend, all that is not necessary. If you wish you can make your confession here and now. A quarter of an hour or less and all will be over. Make your confession, then, and you will no longer think of committing suicide.'

The soldier hesitated a moment; then, conquered by grace, he resolutely knelt down and began his confession. When he arose he was a changed man, radiant and happy; pressing my hand vigorously he said:

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'I am so glad, so happy ! Peace is restored.'

'Yes, my friend, your sorrows are at an end. Thank God and the Blessed Virgin for their protection. You did not merit such a signal grace, did you ?'

'Oh ! no, Father : I was very wicked. Some kind comrade must have prayed for me.'

'Yes, and now that you have done your duty, promise me to recite daily one Our Father and one Hail Mary for those who do not perform theirs.'

'Not only one, Father, but as many as I can. One is so happy after having performed his duty !... If I can, I will bring some of my comrades to you. Now I love priests.'

'Well, my friend, come and see me frequently, you and your comrades ; come as often as it will give you pleasure. I have already asserted and I repeat it, I am the soldier's friend and well-wisher.'

'Thank you, Father. Good-by.'

'Good-by, my dear friend, good-by.'

This story shows us why a depraved soul dislikes God's ministers ; also that in its happy childhood and First Communion days, a child loves his pastor with a sweet, confident, artless love. The remembrance of it affected the poor soldier so deeply that it was instrumental in bringing him back to the love of life, of the priest and of religion.

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O Immaculate Virgin, you are the sealed fountain distilling the waters of life and peace !

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the Paradise of delights whose fruit is sweetness in our mouth !

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the golden candle in which shines Jesus, light of the world !

O Immaculate Virgin, you are the radiant Ostensorium, showing us Jesus present and living in you !

What matter the cross on the shoulders, when the Holy Eucharist is in the heart ? "

MGR. MERMILLOD.

## Corpus Christi at Sea.

**T**HE French fleet was lying at anchor in the waters of the Isle of France where the waves gently swaying it were as blue as the cloudless sky overhead.

From the hour when the first rays of the setting sun had gilded the billows, every ship in that numerous squadron had eagerly hoisted its best decorations in honour of the feast of the sacrament of love.

The previous evening, at night prayer, when the moon in the midst of innumerable brilliant stars indistinctly appeared through the riggings, like a grand old picture, the chaplain had announced to the crew that the morrow would be the feast of the God of nature, the God who hollowed the depths of the ocean, who raised up the mountains, who upholds the waves, who ripens the harvest.

Listening to his words, the sailors recalled the devout ceremonies of the feast in their native village, where, in childhood they had prayed beside their mother and sisters, and under the emotions thus aroused all redoubled their ardour in preparing for the triumphal march of the God of their first communion. From the top of the masts floated flags, long and slender, intertwining with graceful streamers fantastically blown here and there at the mercy of the wind, while the big sails like immense draperies artistically festooned themselves under the blue sky.

The admiral's ship was like the Cathedral of this floating city. From its deck solemn Benediction was to be given. At the feet of the mainmast, the sailors had erected a beautiful repository resplendant with flowers and lights. The ceremony was to begin at twilight, that hour so replete with poetry and mystery when the clouds of heaven seem tinted with gold, charming hearts by their unearthly beauty, leading thoughts and longings upwards to the gate of gold beyond.

At the Angelus, one hundred and one guns saluted on board the admiral, each vessel responding, while the reverberations of the distant land batteries, joining their homage to that of the fleet, could be faintly heard. All this thunder did not displease God, for far from calling

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to war and leading to death, it invited to celebrate the joyous feast of the King of peace and love. A calm, gentle stillness seemed to have fallen over the very air and the waves of the ocean, leading one to think that nature itself was recollected and kept watch for the coming of the King.

Then it all the vessels the voice of the priest was momentarily heard, and from afar could be seen above the uncovered heads of the kneeling sailors, the cross and the Blessed Sacrament borne in procession around the admiral's ship. The brilliant Ostensorium with its golden rays shone out at the setting of the sun, as another sun ; and to honour Its passage flowers were liberally strewn by pure young hands. Some of these flowers caught by the wind were drawn into the ocean where, after floating for an instant, they disappeared from mortal eye. So it is too often with creatures on the stony sea of life !

At the mainmast in view of all the fleet was the repository. What an altar and what a temple ! Immensity over the priests' head, immensity under his feet ; while to announce the blessing instead of a bell rung by an acolyte was a volley of one hundred guns. A hundred thundering together saying to soldiers and sailors, to earth and heaven ; Behold the God of the universe ! Adore Him !

A sailor's life spent, as it is, in incessant peril between the heights of heaven and the depths of the abyss is not a school of incredulity. The great voice of the ocean, infinity which surrounds him, speak to his soul, animate his faith, and, consequently, not a sailor, not an officer who did not prostrate full of emotion, when the Blessed Sacrament from the uplifted hands of the priest blessed the fleet. The stars shone out brilliantly as if they too wished to adore, with man, the God who planted them in the firmament and who knows the name of each....

Night was advancing, stretching her sable mantle over the horizon, the waves no longer reflected the golden sunlight and the splendour lent to the feast from above went out. Thus in our churches, when the Benediction is over, the candles cease to burn near the Tabernacle, the worshippers retire, the sanctuary lamp alone remains, like a faithful star shedding around the light and glow of its vacillating flame.

*Chateaubriand.*

## Miscellaneous.

An edifying souvenir of Mgr. Mermillod :

"Mgr. Mermillod, the saintly bishop, the eloquent apostle, told me," writes Mgr. Gaume, "that while acting as administrator of Geneva, he converted a Protestant without knowing it, simply by making his genuflection before the Blessed Sacrament. He had the habit of going to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament every night, also walking around the Church to see that no person remained concealed, his tour of inspection ended, returning to the main altar making a lengthy genuflection, and kissing the floor as an act of more profound adoration. It happened that one evening when he thought himself alone in the church, after his usual devotions he imagined he heard a noise. Looking whence the sound came, a confessional door opened and a lady emerged, a great lady. "What are you doing there at this hour, Madam," the astonished bishop asked? "I am a Protestant. I followed the Lenten instructions on the real Presence. I was convinced by your reasoning, still, one doubt remained; pardon if I explain: Does he believe personally in what he preaches? And I came to see if in private you would act towards the Eucharist as one who believes, fully determined to become a Catholic if I saw your conduct conformed to your teaching. I came, I saw, I believe, please hear my confession."

To-day the lady is one of the most fervent Catholics of Geneva."

RESPECT FOR THE HOLY VIATICUM: A labourer conversing with his comrades saw a priest of his acquaintance approaching. He advanced to meet him when the priest said gently, "I cannot speak now, I am carrying the Blessed Sacrament to a sick man." The labourer grew sad and thoughtful: the priest was garbed in black, with no exterior sign to indicate to passers-by that he bore Jesus, so he must go quietly to carry our Lord, and in the city of Lisle too, that is sad to aver, that is not as it should be—the God of the sick passing by unknown, without receiving any mark of respect from His people. It is a crying shame. Thus moralizing the man pursued his way. Suddenly his face brightened as he saw a group of friends coming towards him. He explained the situation to them in two words, and in less time than it takes to write it, these good men with one accord turned and followed the priest, overtook him, and acted as escort to the Holy Viaticum even unto a miserable garret where an unfortunate father of a family lay dying, and longing to taste of the "Bread of the Strong," before undertaking his last journey.



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## Pilgrimage of Reparation

### To Pointe-aux-Trembles

THIS sanctuary of Reparation inspired by heaven to its zealous founders and erected by them, as its name indicates, for the purpose of reparation was the outcome of the generosity of souls penetrated with the beautiful idea of the absolute necessity of offering incessant reparation for the innumerable sins committed against God, also to offer compensation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the sorrowful outrages of which He complains in His sacrament of love.

When we see sin continually increasing in the world, when we see the most crying injustices, the most shameful vices committed in broad day-light, when we see the fierce, obstinate widespread Masonic struggle against God, we tremblingly question : will not the terrible chastisements of Divine Justice fall on us ? Heavenly warnings have already been given and more than once in those latter days the duty of reparation has been demanded from all Christians. It was the loving plea of the Heart of Jesus to His blessed confidante, Margaret Mary. This divine Heart appeared to her opened by a large bleeding wound, encircled by a cruel crown of thorns and surmounted by a cross, to signify the sorrows caused by sin. Jesus said to her, " I have an ardent thirst to be honoured by men in the Blessed Sacrament and scarcely any one responds to my invitation..." Behold the heart which has so loved men that It has spared nothing even unto consuming itself to testify its love to them. And in thanksgiving, I receive but ingratitude through their irreverences, their sacrileges, their coldness, and the contempt with which they treat me in the sacrament of my love."

" I ask you to offer Communion and honourable amends in reparation for the ingratitude shown my Heart while it is exposed on the altar."

Reparation ! Mary too demanded it of us when, appearing in the Grotto of Lourdes, she repeated to Bernadette : " Penance ! Penance ! Do Penance."

Reparation is what the Virgin of La Salette also instantly demanded of the young shepherds, telling them to hasten to offer reparation ; said she, " I can no longer restrain the arm of my Son's justice, ready to strike a sinful world."

Reparation! It was the main hope of Pius, IX in the midst of the persecutions the church suffered causing him to pronounce these memorable words: "Reparation is the means that will save the world."

But, how offer reparation?

The chapel of Reparation offers to the faithful the two principal means of fulfilling this duty: Adoration of reparation at the foot of the Tabernacle, and meditation on the dolorous Passion of Jesus Christ through the way of the Cross, Every afternoon an hour's adoration of reparation is offered before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, followed by Benediction.

On Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays, the way of the Cross is made and preached, in the memorial Calvary erected in the words adjoining the chapel after the plan of the dolorous way of Jerusalem.

Apart from the precious indulgences attached to the Stations of the Cross, the Sovereign Pontiff has granted special indulgences to the faithful who visit these stations.

1. Plenary Indulgence on the feasts of the Invention of the Holy Cross, the Ascension, Pentecost, Corpus Christi, the Assumption and the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

2. Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines every Tuesday and Friday.

3. Indulgence of 300 days every day of the year.

4. Indulgence of the Portioncula to those visiting the chapel on the second of August.

The members of the Arch-Confraternity of the Most Holy Sacrament may gain a plenary indulgence, under the ordinary conditions, every time they make an hour of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament and pray according to the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. To become a member, one must promise to make an hour of adoration, once a month, before the Blessed Sacrament exposed; and be inscribed in the register of the Arch-Confraternity either at the Chapel of Reparation, or at the Community of the Blessed Sacrament.

The sanctuary of reparation is easily reached by a pleasant car ride through green fields, hidden away from the city's noise and dust; and in those bright sunny days when picnics, outings and excursions follow one another in rapid succession, we do believe there is not one of our readers, that, with a little goodwill could not replace at least one of them by a pilgrimage to the shrine of reparation, thereby consoling the Heart of Jesus, whose delight is to be with the children of men, and drawing abundant graces and blessings from the King whose munificence knows no limits.





St. Aloysius of Gonzaga receiving Holy Communion



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