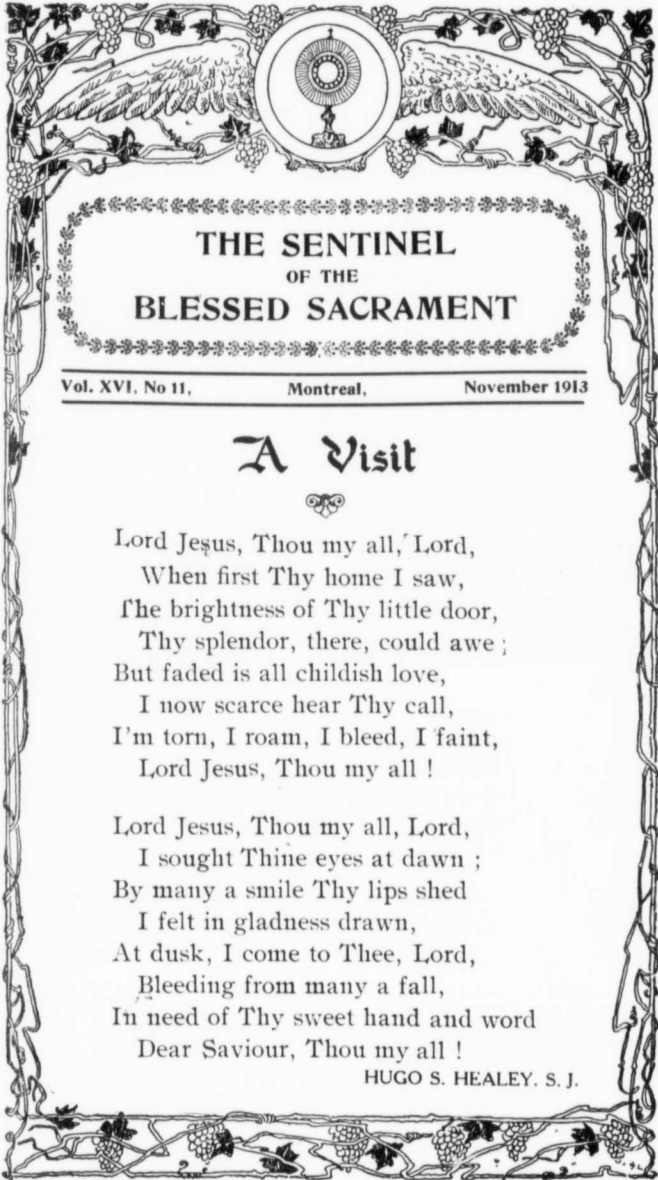


Holy Communion in the Catacombs.



THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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A Visit



Lord Jesus, Thou my all, Lord,
When first Thy home I saw,
The brightness of Thy little door,
Thy splendor, there, could awe ;
But faded is all childish love,
I now scarce hear Thy call,
I'm torn, I roam, I bleed, I faint,
Lord Jesus, Thou my all !

Lord Jesus, Thou my all, Lord,
I sought Thine eyes at dawn ;
By many a smile Thy lips shed
I felt in gladness drawn,
At dusk, I come to Thee, Lord,
Bleeding from many a fall,
In need of Thy sweet hand and word
Dear Saviour, Thou my all !

HUGO S. HEALEY. S. J.

➤ The Antidote of Death ➤



AKIND, loving heart has always made a strong appeal to even the most callous and embittered souls. All the world can appreciate an act done out of love, an act which is free from the taint of self-seeking. Ruth's filial solicitude for her lone and widowed mother-in-law, Naomi ; Jonathan's brotherly affection for the persecuted David ; the pious devotion of Eliseus to the prophet Elias ; the predilection of Christ for His virgin-disciple, St. John,--all these examples of disinterested love have a heart-gripping power even for souls that refuse to recognize the existence of God. Maternal love is made the theme of play and story. Even the cold-hearted world, which never cares to let an unfortunate one escape, condones much weakness when there is much love--forgives many sins because the culprit has loved much.

"Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend." Our Lord died for you and me by a death the most cruel and ignominious, yet that did not satisfy the longings of His Sacred Heart to do us good. At the Last Supper, when the fair head of the Virgin-disciple was pillowed on the throbbing bosom of the Man-God, at that very moment the great loving Heart was filled with the plan which was to bring rest and peace to our souls, which was to build for us a rock of shelter in a weary land, which was to place in our spiritual world a planet, a sun, to be the source of all light and warmth.

Love took Christ to the garden of Gethsemane, where He endured the torture of the bloody sweat ; love tied Him to the pillar, and stripped off His garments, tied to robe Him in the royal scarlet of His own blood ; love put the crown of thorns upon His brow ; love's hand laid the heavy cross on His bruised, aching shoulder, and finally laid Him Himself upon that hard bed of death. And love, that same everlasting love, brings our

Redeemer daily to thousands of hearts and tabernacles throughout the world. Filial love made the Messiah obedient for years in a silent mountain-village, and fraternal love has made the same God-Man obedient for centuries in silent altar-tabernacles. Love kept Our Saviour on earth for three and thirty years, and love keeps Him in the Blessed Sacrament keeps Him with us all days, prolonging His stay of thirty-three years up to the end of time. Well do the saints call Him the Prisoner of love.

The Blessed Sacrament has put a golden girdle round about the Catholic Church, and holds its members together. All men have sorrows and joys. The Divine Solitary of the tabernacle is every moment of the day receiving His sons and daughters, His saints and sinners, and working miracles of grace and consolation in hearts that labor with the pangs of sorrow, and are heavy laden with the load of sin. The Blessed Sacrament is the bridge between the Creator and the creature, between heaven and earth. We have but to put forth our hand, gently push open the church-door, and we are at the gate of heaven, kneeling before Him, who is at once our Judge and our Advocate.

The grandest lives have made their best and most efficacious resolutions, kneeling in the glow of the sanctuary lamp, that tiny star which glimmers before the great Sun. While you and I are prostrate before the little tabernacle door, somewhere in the world a valiant woman is on her knees at the altar-rail pouring forth her soul to God. She has rejected an advantageous offer of marriage, has spurned the joys of home and husband and children and wealth and ease, has broken family ties, for she heard the still, small voice calling her to the convent, and she answered like Mary, "I come." That beautiful woman who might have been a happy wife, a blessed mother, in a few years will be a pale, lone, wandering nun with no claim upon earth.

Or, perhaps, while prayers to the Blessed Sacrament are stealing from your lips and mine, a calm-faced boy, some fond mother's joy and pride, is in a quiet chapel making resolutions which are to effect his future of

stormy trials and unceasing labors. He is a Francis Xavier of the twentieth century whose hand will baptize the uncared-for heathen, and who will die a martyr at the heathen's hand. Like the Prodigal Son, he has receive the portion of his father's substance which falleth to him, but unlike the spendthrift of the Gospel narrative, he is spending his money, not on himself, but on the poor.

It is inspiring for you and me to pray before the same Blessed Sacrament as those great, noble souls making their great, noble resolves. Many a poor heart gone far astray, like a tempest-beaten seabird, with flakes of angry foam on its weary wings, is seeking in vain a place whereon to rest, because that sad heart turned away from the Blessed Sacrament.

The old Druids thought no church was worthy of God, so they worshipped in the open, in the depths of oak forests, in temples not made with hands. True, no edifice constructed by the art of man is quite good enough for God; but Our Saviour dwelling on the altar consecrates even the lowliest chapel, so that God, the omnipotent Father, is well pleased with it, and angels love to tarry therein.

That little old church in the forest, with its cracked windows and leaky roof, its cheap gilded statues, its frayed carpets and wheezy melodeon,—thither are bright angels trooping, for it is the hour of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the glorious spirits are panting to mingle their sighs of adoration with the spiral wreaths of the sweet incense smoke ascending to the Sacred Host in the monstrance. Out there in the woods, where the timid hares are so free and bold, on that humble wooden altar, to-morrow morning there will be a great Sacrifice, a clean Oblation offered to God, and the words of the consecrating priest will be a sword to shed again in a mystic way the Blood of the redeeming Christ. Swiftly the sacred action will pass, the Mass be completed, and the worshipping Faithful will depart, leaving the church quite alone; but Our Saviour, who promised not to leave us orphans, will remain on the altar, helpless in the Host, trusting to our love and rev-

verence to ward off sacrilege from Him. Helpless He was in the Crib at Bethlehem, but more helpless is He on the altar, for as a Child, He cried out, but as Bread, He is dumb.



Our Lord is very near us in the Blessed Eucharist, "in the miraculous coverts of the deep-enfolding Sacrament, hiding in the profound recesses of the light thinness of the Host"—just as near to us as He was to the

Galileans when He preached in their green fields, or as He was to the Judeans when He suffered and died on their bone-strewn Calvary, or as He was to His followers when in His risen life, He haunted the dear, quiet nooks of His own beloved Galilee. Near He is to us in our churches, but He wishes to come even nearer to us, to be brought by us into our heart, to enter under our unworthy roof, and say the word which will heal all the wounds of our soul. He who made us will rest in the tabernacle of our heart. Two thousand years ago, He was laid in the manger of animals, as if He were the food and sustenance of beasts ; to-day He is on our altars, in our communion cups, as meat and drink indeed, food and nourishment for sinners.

He is, oh ! so gentle, not commanding, but asking us to receive Him, when He becomes at once our Guest and our Host — our Guest, for we of our own free will shall have invited Him into our soul ; our Host, for He showers favors on us, and not we on Him. As we approach the altar-rail, and take up the communion-card, our Lord gladly leaves His altar, surrounded by His angels, who cast welcoming, loving glances at us. We have received Him in Holy Communion. He is with us now as of old He was in the chaste bosom of His ever-blessed Mother. We have Him within our heart, as the all-holy Virgin had Him in her womb. The Blood that redeemed the world, the Sacred Heart that sorrowed over faithless Jerusalem, are yours and mine after Communion, for His Body is miraculously within ours. We have been dowered with the antidote of death. Truly, no nation hath its gods so nigh to it as our God is to us. Oh, the wonders of divine love ! Oh, the depth of the riches, the spiritual treasures, which God hath bestowed on us — our God, whose judgments are incomprehensible and whose ways unsearchable !

Monthly, weekly, even daily, Our Lord wishes to come to us in Holy Communion. We hear the low, sweet pleading of the tabernacle Prisoner in the utterance of our Holy Father, Pius X, on Daily Communion. It is safe and profitable to receive the Blessed Eucharist very frequently. " Life without the Sacred Host is death ; death with the Sacred Host is life."

We must not be content with merely visiting Our Lord in His tabernacle-prison ; we must usher Him, in His Body, Soul, and Divinity into our very soul. Blessed are frequent communicants, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven, even in this cold, bleak, storm-swept world ! Blessed are they who kneel monthly at the communion-rail for they shall possess the land God has promised to His elect ! More blessed are the weekly communicants, for when mourning and the voice of sorrow come nigh their door, they shall be comforted by the Dispenser of all good gifts, and shall obtain mercy ! Most blessed are they who communicate daily, for they shall see God even in this life by being raised through grace to the heights of contemplation ! Their lives shall be lives of such peace that men will exclaim : " Indeed, these are the children of God ! "

Frequent Communion takes away the terror of the grave. Death touches us ; but since our Judge and Saviour has so frequently and gladly come to us, now we are ready, nay glad, to go to Him. " What else will the grand ceremony of our entrance into eternity be but simply the unveiling of the Blessed Sacrament." We gaze for one last lingering moment at Our Lord under His white mask in the sacred Host, then close our weary eyelids, and for us eternity begins. The white mask of bread, always so thin and filmy to the eyes of faith, is now gone. We no longer see darkly through a glass ; we have entered within the veil. We are prostrated at the feet of Christ, while our guardian angel gives testimony : " Jesus of Nazareth, crucified Son of man, glorified Son of God, this precious soul, strong in Thy sacramental strength, has crucified her flesh with the vices and concupiscences thereof. Receive her into Thy joy."

Rev. W. W. WHALEN.





Holy Communion and the Mystical Life

“Mystery of Faith”

(See frontispiece)



It is not the number of our Communion that sanctifies us; it is the fervor with which we approach that gives the Sacrament its full power of action. It is in the highest degree profitable to the soul to communicate with suitable attention and fervor.

This holy Sacrament is a powerful lever of progress in the spiritual life. God stretches out His hand to us. He makes Himself our way, our life, our strength, the milk of the weak, the bread of the strong.

Let us then strenuously reject all systems that would reduce Holy Communion to a mere means useful only to the imperfect; but at the same time let us beware of that odious parsimony which would grant this Bread of Life to souls of only consummate holiness. As is often the case, truth lies between these two extremes. For the Sacrament to have Its full efficacy Our Lord does not require actual fervor of soul, and habitual generosity in the labor of the spiritual life; but it is no less certain that the only indispensable disposition for Holy Communion and for gaining by It an increase of charity is

renunciation of mortal sin and a firm purpose of perseverance in this renunciation. With these dispositions, the Christian may approach that God who, even in this world, deigns to offer him the fullest possession of Himself in the "Mystery of Faith," who thus bends down to His creature to raise him to Himself.

In the postcommunions of the Mass, which form quite a treatise on the Holy Eucharist, the Church teaches us all these truths. St. Denis also expresses them in the following words: "The Lord coming forth from the hiddenness of His divinity, lovingly became like unto us, assuming yet not absorbing our entire human nature. He clothes Himself in our compound nature, without altering His essential unity; and by an effect of this same charity He invites the human race to a participation of His essence and of His own riches, provided that we entirely unite ourselves to Him by the imitation of His divine life; for thus we shall be truly associated to the Divinity, and share all its riches."

If we desire to know whether we are with fitting dispositions receiving this supernatural Food, we must judge by Its effects. We can not of course have any sensible perception of the divine life infused by It into us, but we are made aware of the presence of that life by the evident change wrought by It in the habits of the soul. We do not receive the Holy Eucharist for the purpose of being sensibly moved, of experiencing great consolation in sweet colloquies with Our Lord, or of being made aware of the presence of our divine Guest by a kind of physical emotion; but we approach the Holy Table because the Sacraments work what they signify, and signify what they work, and since the Living Bread is the Mystery of Faith, It enables us to live by God, with a life which is not directly perceived nor grasped in itself, but which manifests its presence by the growth of holiness and of the theological and moral virtues, by the gradual removal of all obstacles, and the cessation of all search after anything but God.

From all this we must conclude that Holy Communion can not, without irreverence, be likened to other practices of piety. The Holy Eucharist is not given even as a means of intercessory prayer, although our



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intercessions may be more efficacious when we are more united with Our Lord ; for it is in His name that we obtain every perfect gift from our Heavenly Father. But as, in order to benefit fully by a divine ordinance, it is especially requisite to enter into the views of Him who institutes it, we must understand that the Eucharist was created to feed our souls. Before pouring ourselves out in intercession and the prayer of petition, charity will inspire us to think first of God and of ourselves—of God more than of ourselves. We shall place ourselves before God in the attitude and the dispositions which are befitting, and which will then secure the efficacy of our intercession and of our petitions.

Certain utilitarian tendencies of our times are a serious danger for the sanctification of souls, even in the religious state. All the energy of their mind is turned to the interests of their neighbor ; and this ill-regulated charity causes them to neglect their own sanctification, or at least to be turned aside from that capital work, which, after all, is the will of God in their regard. We can not invert this essential order without loss. Now our duties to God precede our duties to our neighbor. God has a right to our service, and a right to our perfect sanctification, since He has given us all the means to secure it ; His will is that we should use these same means for the end He proposes to Himself.

The Sacrament of Love



It was the eve of Corpus Christi. In one of the prettiest thoroughfares of a busy town a number of the inhabitants were busily engaged erecting and adorning a beautiful altar of repose for the approaching Feast. The children came laden with flowers, young maidens wove them into garlands, whilst others arranged the choicest and fairest in tall, artistic vases ; matrons

brought their richest silken draperies, whilst the old people conversed together, now and then offering suggestions as they called to mind the festivals of long ago, when they, too, had a share in decorating the altar of



repose. Indeed, the whole street wore a happy, festive appearance, which it was pleasant to see, for every house was gaily decorated with wreaths of evergreens, mingled with bright hangings. There was only one dark spot, one house alone without any signs of decora-

ration—a large and luxurious mansion, in the richest quarter of the town. Ah ! there was nothing there but tears and anguish, for an only child of twelve years of age, who was the joy and hope of his parents, was slowly dying of an incurable malady.

Towards evening the church bells chimed forth their joyous peals, announcing the morrow's beautiful Feast. The dying boy heard them and smiled.

"Mother," he said faintly, "why are the bells chiming so sweetly?"

"They are reminding us of to-morrow's Feast, darling—the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament."

"Oh ! what a lovely Feast," said the boy. "I assisted at it last year. Don't you remember, mother ! You let me join in the procession. It was just after my first communion and consecration to Our Lady. How happy and strong I was then ! To-day, how tired and weak !

There was a few moments' silence. "Father," said the boy, "will you carry me to the window to-morrow that I may see the procession?"

"If you will try and rest now, my child, I will see in the morning," answered the father, fearing that he would be too exhausted even to be moved.

"But father," persisted the child, "do you not understand that I wish to ask a favor of Our Lord ? I want to ask Him to cure me as He passes by ! " And fatigued with the exertion of speaking, the boy let fall his feeble head on the pillow and slept.

Then, that hope which he had long since abandoned of seeing his cherished child restored to health, surged up anew in the heart of the father, and beckoning to his wife, he whispered : "I have faith in God ; all things are possible to Him. Let us put aside our sorrow, and erect an altar of repose for the Blessed Sacrament ! Who can tell ! God may hear our earnest prayers ! "

The pious mother entered heartily into the project, and there and then brought forth the richest jewels, laces, and silken hangings to adorn the throne of the Eucharistic King, Who on the morrow would dispense His favors, both spiritual and temporal, to all those who humbly and with faith fulfilled His own precept—"Ask and you shall receive."

The Feast of the Blessed Sacrament dawned amid a flood of golden sunshine ; the air was filled with the music of the bells, the houses were gay with the rich hangings, and the streets were veritable avenues of flowers. At early morn the processionists hastened towards the parish church, and as they passed the dwelling of the parents of the sick boy, many paused to admire the magnificence of the altar of repose which had been hastily erected the preceding night, brilliant with golden ornaments, sparkling with light, rich with fragrant, rare flowers and blooming hot-house plants, above it was the touching inscription in letters of gold, *Domine, si vis, potes me mundare.* " Lord if Thou wilt, Thou canst cure me. "

The child begged to be carried near the altar ; therefore he was placed on a couch near his father and mother. As the passers-by contemplated the holy scene, tears dimmed the eyes of many a one at witnessing the ardent faith of the afflicted parents. The child was robed in his first communion garments, his white scarf on his arm, his beads in his hands, and his waxen taper prettily adorned ready to light at the approach of the Blessed Sacrament.

At length they heard in the distance the joyous chants of the choristers. Nearer and nearer they came, the white robed children bearing richly-wrought banners ; the gleam of a processional cross ; clouds of incense perfuming the summer air curled slowly upwards from golden censers, and then the eager watchers caught a glimpse of the silken canopy, and the priest of God bearing the Blessed Sacrament came slowly to the spot where a weeping father and mother were kneeling by the dying boy. The father went forward, his taper in his hand, and prostrated himself before the Adorable Eucharist, whilst the mother strewed the pathway with rich white blossoms.

The priest paused before the altar of repose, and in a moment the rich, sweet strains of the " O Salutaris " burst forth in a chorus of prayer and praise. Feebly the child raised his head and tried to mingle his voice with theirs. Suddenly a rosy flush overspread his pale, wan face, and with a sweet smile upon his lips, he joined

his hands pleadingly, and in thrilling tones exclaimed : " Lord Jesus, if Thou wilt Thou canst cure me ! " at the same time, by a superhuman effort, he rose and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament. The priest, overcome with emotion, raised the monstrance and blessed the kneeling child, and the procession passed on. Full of hope and joy he was carried back to his room, his parents gazing upon him with eyes dim and misty with tears. Suddenly he exclaimed, " father ! mother ! the Heart of Jesus has heard us ! I feel that I will be cured. " An hour passed away, and as the child was more joyous and happy than he had been for months, hope revived in the hearts of the grateful parents. As the procession returned to the church by a neighboring street, they heard the far-off strains of the " Te Deum, " and the child raised his trembling voice in thanksgiving as with his parents he joined in the sublime act of faith, hope, and love.

From that moment he made rapid progress in his return to health, and the following year the passers-by read in golden letters over the altar of repose erected by the grateful family : *Et dedit illum matri suæ !* " And Jesus gave him back to his mother. " For just as He, in His Divine compassion, restored her son to the widow of Naim, so did He give back an only child to his sorrow-stricken parents.

Oh, infinite goodness of the Heart of Jesus ! On the beautiful Feast of Corpus Christi He loves to dispense blessings and benedictions as He passes by His kneeling children, just as He did of old in the streets of Judea when the people thronged around Him to touch the hem of His garments, when the multitude pressed around Him in response to his own loving invitation, " Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you. "

E. De M.





HOUR OF ADORATION

“I THIRST!”

REV. PERE CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

III. — Réparation.

“I THIRST!” Thirst is one of the most cruel tortures that man can suffer here below, and there is no death more horrible than that which comes from it. Jesus now undergoes this torment. He asks for a drop of water to cool His tongue. How will His request be answered? Alas! the meek Victim must support this privation without relief. Heaven will not open to send down one drop of refreshing rain upon the lips of the Christ, no angel will be commissioned to offer Him a glass of cool water, and no compassionate heart will respond to His cry of distress. He who sends the sun and the rain upon the fields of both just and sinner,—He who promised to give the Samaritan woman water that would slake her thirst forever,—He who invited all thirsting souls to come drink of the refreshing waters, could Himself obtain neither from Heaven nor from earth the least alleviation of His burning thirst.

One soldier, however, touched with compassion, steeped a sponge in a vessel filled with vinegar and, putting it on a reed, raised it to the lips of Jesus. But others, perhaps Jews, condemned that merciful act. They said: “Stay, let us see if Elias come to take Him down.”

That was all the relief which, in the agony of death, they offer to Him who dispenses good things to all men in abundance, who opens to them fountains of refreshment, who gives to them the most delicious wines and beverages. He is giving to us all His Blood, and there is no one to offer Him one drop of refreshing water!

O divine Lips, which distil so abundantly words of pardon and mercy, how sweet it would have been for us to lessen for one moment the fires that were devouring You! How sweet it would have been for us, O Jesus, to have dried with filial piety the sweat and the blood whose loss was consuming Thee and bringing upon Thee that dreadful thirst! But, alas! O my Saviour, what am I saying? How often have I myself refused to succor Thee in the person of Thy poor!

Pardon, O Jesus, that neglect which Thy Heart so cruelly felt on the Cross! Pardon for my want of compassion for the sick and for all the crucified on earth! The bodily thirst of Jesus was however, only a faint image of His thirst for souls. The vinegar was but a feeble emblem of the response of souls to His generous call.

If it is true that Jesus has been loved by certain souls, — and even in a sovereign manner, — He was not loved, and He is not now loved by a large number of others. Yes, the thought that a multitude of the redeemed, in spite of His Passion and death, refuse Him their love, was greatest torture at this moment.

And how many among those that make profession of loving Him give themselves to Jesus only in a deceitful manner — yes, let us say it — almost in an ironical manner! How many, while observing a certain number of religious practices, deliberately neglect the fulfilling of their most important duties! How many remain more or less indifferent before the Holy Eucharist in which the Saviour manifests His love in the most striking manner!

It was this ingratitude of souls that determined Jesus to break that silence in the Blessed Sacrament which for sixteen centuries He had there maintained. Then was heard anew the distressing cry of Calvary: "*I have an ardent thirst.*" It is, indeed, the same thirst for souls, for souls to save by the return of love that He demands of them. "*I have an ardent thirst to be loved by men in the Most Blessed Sacrament.*" Jesus thirsts for us to thirst for Him, He thirsts for us to desire Him, He thirsts for us to love Him, and this thirst of love is, in fact, but His thirst for our salvation.

"*I thirst!*" This dying cry of Jesus, repeated by Jesus Eucharistic to the Confidant of His Heart, Blessed Margaret Mary, every Host repeats daily and at every instant of the day. That cry is uttered with the same vehemence by every Host at every Mass all over the earth. Every altar is a new Calvary whereon the Divine Victim offers Himself again in sacrifice to His Divine Father, although in an unbloody manner. By that more than by all the other channels of grace, are applied to souls the infinite merits of His Passion and Death. But His thirst to sanctify souls generally receives no other relief than the vinegar of forgetfulness and abandonment. Vainly has Jesus cried to souls: "*I thirst to save you by applying to you the merits of My sufferings.*" His altars remain deserted. What sorrow for the loving Heart of Jesus! It was for this that He again said to Blessed Margaret Mary in the same tender accents: "*I find almost none who endeavor, as I desire, to slake My thirst by a return of love to Me!*"

"*I thirst!*" This cry of Calvary comes forth from all the Hosts of our ciboriums. Communion is for Jesus the last effort of His love, the great means of uniting Himself to souls and saving them. Yet the majority of Christians desert the Holy Table; and many who do frequent it, for want of the proper dispositions, reap only part of the abundant fruits of salvation that Holy Communion holds. Am I myself of that number? And the thirst of Jesus to give Himself to souls remains without alleviation! Pardon, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, pardon!

"*I thirst!*" This cry of Calvary issues from all the Hosts of Exposition, from all the tabernacles in which Jesus remains a Prisoner for men.

Jesus desires that His adorable Eucharist, the most manifest Pledge of His love, should be exposed to the gaze of His children; and in troublous times He excites His Church to multiply those Expositions over the face of the earth. "Exposition," says Venerable Père Eymard, "is the greatest of graces. After Exposition, there are only heaven and hell." How many Christians, even the better part of them, have no desire for this sovereign grace of our times! How many pass their life in inutilities after which they have *no time* to spend one hour a day, a week, a month,—no, not even one hour a year,—in the company of Him who so ardently thirsts for their salvation! What is my own assiduity in visiting Jesus exposed in His Sacrament of Love? Pardon, Jesus, pardon so much indifference!

And supposing no Exposition, has not every Christian Jesus shut up in that prison of love which we call the tabernacle? It is the thirst for our soul that has determined Him to remain here below and everywhere to cast His tent near ours. From those tabernacles, the Divine Saviour repeats to all that desire of His Heart: "*I thirst!*" But in most of the churches, He is alone day and night. No one comes to slake His thirst for love and our salvation. And I—have I been faithful in visiting Him once a day? Pardon, Jesus, pardon so much ingratitude!

Petition.

"*I thirst!*" These words Jesus addresses to me at this moment. As to the Samaritan woman, He says to me: "*Give me to drink.*" "*If any man thirst, let him come to Me, and drink.*" "*But the water that I will give him shall become in him a fountain of water, springing up into life eternal.*" By the effusion of His Precious Blood during the terrible hours of His Passion, Jesus purchased for us all graces by which we can expiate our sins, satisfy Divine Justice by paying our debts, become reconciled with our Heavenly Father, withdraw from the power of the evil one, communicate to our actions a supernatural merit, and thus obtain for ourselves a place in the splendors of eternal glory. All these graces the Saviour has reunited in His Sacred Heart as in a mysterious reservoir from which every man must of necessity draw if he would be saved.

It is, then, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, this Source of living water, that every soul ought to come to slake its thirst, in order to live of His life and go to heaven. This is the most ardent desire of that Heart all on fire with love.

I wish to quench Thy thirst, O beloved Saviour, by delivering to Thee my soul with all its faculties. Thou dost thirst for my understanding in order to enlighten and enrich it with all supernatural truth. Henceforth, my greatest happiness will be to study Thee, to meditate on Thy excellence, Thy virtues, and above all Thy love.

Thou dost thirst for my will. Thou dost wish that it be in all things conformed to Thine. Thy precepts, Thy counsels shall be-

come the only rule of my life. With the help of Thy grace, I desire to reproduce in my life Thy habits, Thy manners, Thy virtues.

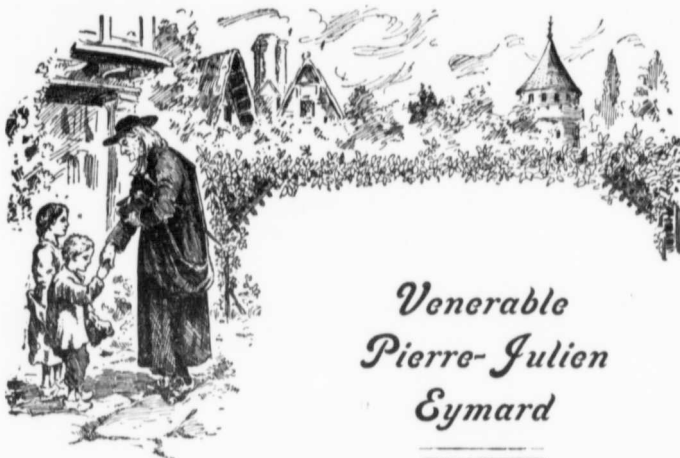
Thou dost thirst for my heart. Thou dost wish it to love Thee, love Thee more than my friends, more than my relatives, more than myself. I wish Thee to become the only Well-Beloved of my heart, to whom I shall refer and consecrate all the other legitimate affections of my life. If ever one of its fibres should beat not for Thee I ask Thee in advance to pluck it out without mercy. Cut, retrench, but never permit it to be unfaithful to Thee.

Grant that during the rest of my life, I may constantly hold to Thy Divine lips that invisible refreshment, that drop of sacred, almost divine, delicious water, which is called my soul. Again, I would wish, O Jesus, that in passing through Thy adorable Heart, my soul may catch from It the mysterious torment of thirst for the salvation of men. Communicate to me that thirst of Thy Heart as Thou hast done to so many apostles, so many missionaries who have gone even to the ends of the earth to convert sinners and to overthrow idols.

The ralying cry of all devoted souls is the "*Sitio*" of Calvary. "Take from me all the rest, but give souls." As for myself, if it is not possible for me to go into remote countries to seek lost souls and to lead them to Thee, I can, nevertheless, labor effectually at saving sinful souls by the apostolate of prayer and suffering. I desire that my entire life, in union with the sentiments of Thy Heart, may be consumed for Thy glory and the salvation of souls. All my adorations, Communions, assistance at the Holy Sacrifice, all my prayers, and sufferings, I offer for the conversion of sinners and their eternal salvation. In all sincerity of soul, may I one day be able to say with Saint Theresa: "I would give a thousand lives to save one soul that is going to destruction."

Lord, raise up in the Church thousands of priests with hearts of fire, who will live and breathe only to slake Thy thirst for the salvation of souls! Communicate the burning ardor of Thy Heart to all that love Thee. In giving themselves to Thee, may they thirst to give Thee other souls, above all those that are bound to them by the ties of blood and friendship! May all repeat after Thee the "*Sitio*" of Calvary! May the Christian wife thirst for the soul of her husband: "*Sitio!*" May the Christian mother thirst for the soul of her children: "*Sitio!*" May the Christian child thirst for the souls of its parents: "*Sitio!*" May the heads of governments thirst for the souls of their subjects: "*Sitio!*" May all Christendom, O Jesus Eucharistic, thirst to give themselves to Thee, in time and eternity!

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus renewing in a mystical manner His immolation on the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Make to day some act of mortification in drinking to honor the thirst of Jesus agonizing. Promise to labor by the apostolate of prayer before the Most Blessed Sacrament, by that, also, of toil and suffering, to allay the thirst for the salvations of souls that is devouring the Sacred Heart.



*Venerable
Pierre-Julien
Eymard*

The Religious of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

His love triumphing, Our Lord at last pointed to him the tabernacle of His choice. It was the little suburban chapel of Saint Jacques. At the last moment, however, when the negotiations were about to be concluded, the demon employed every device to stop them. He often appeared to be on the point of succeeding. But Père Eymard gained the victory by appealing to Almighty God to defend His own cause. He wrote: "All appears to be lost! Is the demon going to triumph because of our mistakes and inexperience? Thy glory, O Lord, is at stake. Exalt Thyself in our nothingness!" He had struck the right note in this prayer, for it is an infallible means to triumph over the Heart of Jesus.

On Easter Sunday, 1858, the Divine Master appeared upon His New Throne of Love, and there He remained for nine years, dispensing His graces so abundantly that Père Eymard called this sanctuary "The Chapel of Miracles."

When troublous times drove Our Lord and His faithful servants from this favored abode the holy Founder sometimes returned to pray in its blessed precincts. At

the sight of its broken windows and crumbling walls he fell on his knees, saying, with tears in his eyes: "Let us unite with the angels in weeping over this heap of ruins!"

To the first blessings poured out upon the little Institute the Eucharistic King deigned to add many more and the Houses of Marseilles, Angers, Brussels and Saint Maurice were quickly added. In December the Venerable Founder laid at the feet of His Holiness the first fruits of the words of encouragement he had deigned to address to him three years before. He also presented to the Holy Father the appreciative letters that he had received from several of the French Bishops.

Pius IX again blessed the work and its Founder, granted it precious Indulgences, and with his own hand signed a Laudatory Brief:

"Beloved Son:

"We have learned with the greatest satisfaction of the zeal with which for the last three years you have maintained and propagated the adoration and worship of the Blessed Sacrament. The letters from the venerable Bishops of France bear striking testimony to this. May Our Lord in His mercy fructify the labors undertaken in this work, which is unanimously praised! And may this Apostolic Benediction, which We give you from the fullness of our paternal heart, be the pledge of a good so ardently desired!"

Pius IX's words bore their fruit. The little Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament was asked for and received the following year with the most touching kindness by Monseigneur de Mazonod, of holy memory, then Bishop of Marseilles. The faithful of that Catholic city flocked around the new Eucharistic foundation with devotion and pious enthusiasm which has never slackened, but which goes on increasing from day to day.

In 1862 Père Eymard found that he had sufficient members to authorize his inaugurating the exercises of a regular novitiate. Here we should like to give a sketch of his spirit, his manners, and his instructions, but the limits of this little Life oblige us to brevity. We shall,

however, present the reader with a few extracts embodying their idea.

Père Eymard's only aim in instituting the Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament was to honor the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

God, annihilated as He is in the Sacrament of His Love has, as King of Heaven and earth, a right to a solemn, and perpetual worship which, according to the feeble conception of this world, should correspond to the glory of heaven, but which He willed to sacrifice in order to dwell among men. But Christians cannot neglect the duties of their state in life without disarranging the good order of society. Père Eymard's idea was to gather some men of good will and free from worldly cares, who would form the earthly court of the Heavenly King. Then the Lord would come forth from His tabernacle to manifest Himself and to reign. He would be the Master, and He would have servants destined for His service alone, for the service of His Divine Person. They would leave every other duty for attendance around His throne and the needs of His Royal Presence.

And these religious should serve Him directly by their personal attention, and not indirectly by their labor. Others attracted to martyrdom, cross the seas, bearing light and life to the nations plunged in the darkness of death; others, again, spend their life in the education of Christian generations; and still others, by the preaching of the word, combat the world's false systems and teaching along with its miserable prejudices. The religious adorer, however, honors the Presence of the King; he is His courtier. And while the valiant soldiers of the Cross are battling for the glory of Jesus Christ, all that he has to do is to see that the Master is never left alone.

This was the dominant idea as written by Père Eymard at the head of his Rules: "Let all our religious understand clearly that they are chosen and have made but one promise, and that is to consecrate themselves to the service of the Divine Person of Jesus Christ, our King, and our God, really present in His Sacrament of Love. Behold the reason for which, as the good and faithful servants of so great a King, they consecrate en-

tirely, without any personal interest—*absque sui proprio*—all their talents and virtues, their studies and labors to His greater glory.”

This service naturally comprehends several charges. a King must have a palace and courtiers. Priests and laics find in the service of the Lord functions both noble and royal, since the King Himself is the object of them, and thus a wide field is opened for courageous activity and duties adapted to every capacity.

All without distinction, shall lead the common life, like the members of one family, animated by the Spirit of Divine Love, which unites them in one same Society, namely, the public worship, the adoration of Jesus in His Sacrament.

We shall see later on the principal virtue of this service. Let us now learn from Père Eymard himself what is prescribed for it and how that adoration is made.

“The Lord has different classes of servants. Some labor afar for His glory, while others He desires to be attached to His adorable service alone.” Speaking to his religious, he says: “He has invited you to follow Him, but it is He alone that you must seek, and it is also from Him alone that you must expect everything. This absolute service is the stipulation of your enterprise. The law of your life, the perfection of your holiness is servitude. You are not come here to sanctify yourselves in solitude, nor to become apostles, nor to perfect souls by wise direction; you are come to serve the Lord. Just as He attaches His apostles to His mission, He has bound you to His Person. Your duty is to be constantly before Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar. If ever the Blessed Sacrament should cease to exist, we should no longer have any motive to exist. It is by adoration that the Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament responds to God’s designs over it. Adoration! Nothing can take its place, and everything else must give way to this, our first duty.”

“In order to be wholly attached to the service of their Heavenly King and to be always prepared to fulfil the end of their vocation of adorers, our religious will preserve their independence, their liberty, by not engaging in any other service.”

“They shall, for no very long time together, be employed in preaching, or in the direction of souls, for that might diminish their ardor for adoration.” This principal point cannot be better explained than by the following words of Père Eymard: “When you came to knock at the door of this holy asylum,” he used to say to his novices, “you were not asked what dispositions or what degree of virtue you possessed, or whether you had performed few or many good works. No. They simply asked: ‘Who sent you?’ Jesus Christ.’ ‘To whom do you come?’ ‘To Jesus Christ.’ ‘Have you any conditions to make?’ ‘None.’ ‘In that case, enter at once.’”

“You have been called to adoration. Will you kneel at this prie-Dieu and there be consumed like the candle before you? Will you be the servant of the Lord? Yes.’ ‘Come, then!’”

“You were told not to pay attention to your Superiors, but to go straight to God by yourself. He alone is the Master, your Superior and Director. We, esteem ourselves happy to be His substitutes and, like Saint John the Baptist, charged to say to you: ‘There He is!’ *We* withdraw after we have led you to *Him*.”

“Serve Him and be content with your lot. As long as He will be satisfied with you, He will take care of you, and no one will find fault with you.”

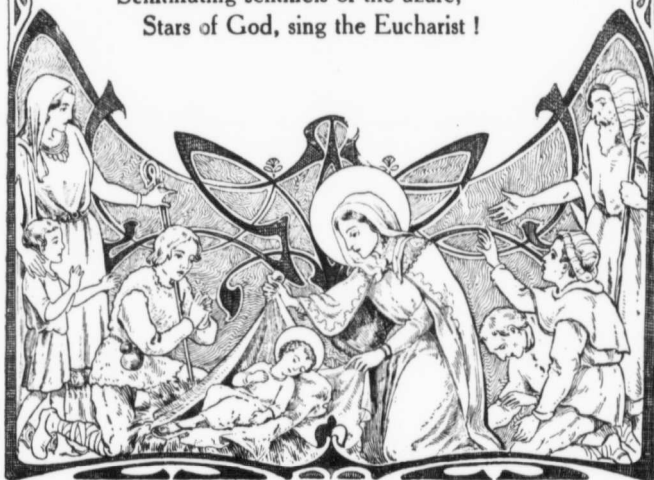
The religious perform a courtier's service before the Lord three times a day. They run over consecutively all the hours of the dial in order to share in the joy of the morning, in the sweet obscurity of the evening, and the religious gravity of the night.

“Consider the hour of adoration that falls to you an hour in Paradise,” said the Venerable Founder, with inimitable grace. “Go there as to heaven, as to the Banquet of God. Say to yourselves: ‘In four, three, two hours, I shall have an audience of love and grace with the Lord. He has invited me, He is expecting me.’ If you should be marked for an inconvenient hour, rejoice the more. That is for you a privileged hour; it counts double. Should it happen that, on account of sickness, you are prevented from making your hour of adoration, regret it for a moment, and then unite with him who is substituting for you.”

*Love's Victim, Prisoner, and
Mystery*

HEAVEN opens and into the white host
Descends the Word, the Incarnate God ;
With rapture on your lyres of fire,
Angels of heaven, sing the Eucharist !

By His splendor the earth is embellished,
Transformed by His aspect so pure ..
Scintillating sentinels of the azure,
Stars of God, sing the Eucharist !

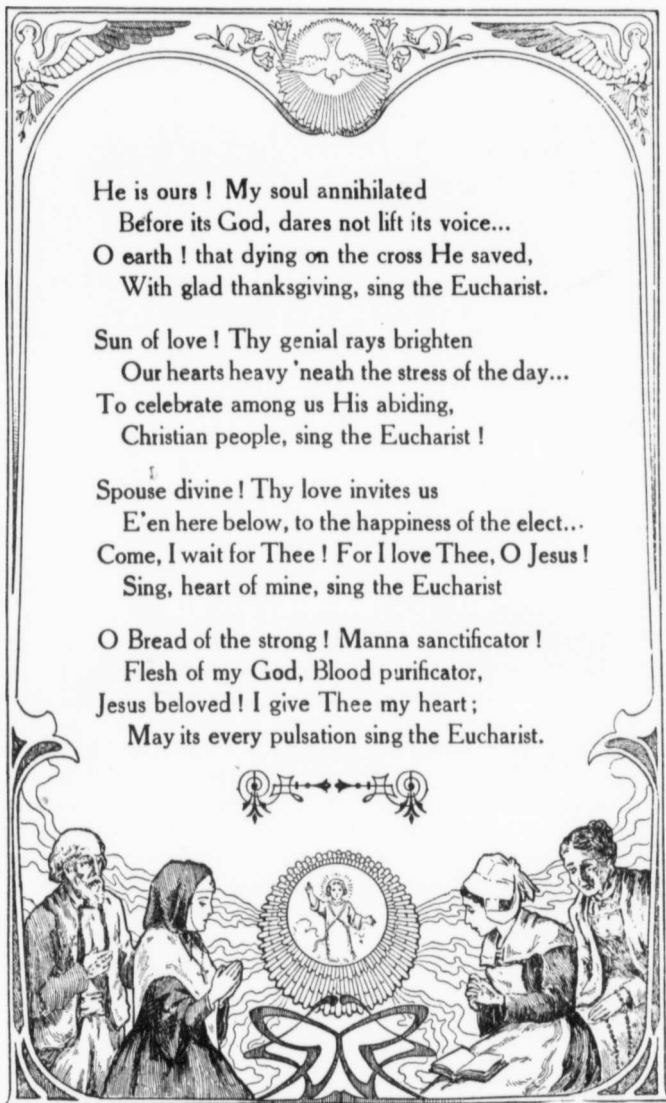


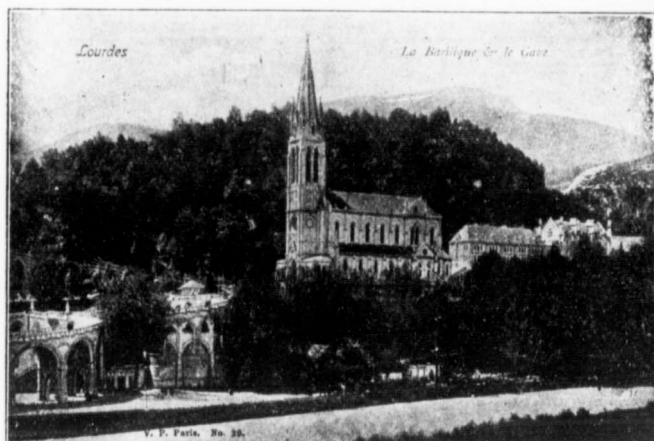
He is ours ! My soul annihilated
 Before its God, dares not lift its voice...
 O earth ! that dying on the cross He saved,
 With glad thanksgiving, sing the Eucharist.

Sun of love ! Thy genial rays brighten
 Our hearts heavy 'neath the stress of the day...
 To celebrate among us His abiding,
 Christian people, sing the Eucharist !

Spouse divine ! Thy love invites us
 E'en here below, to the happiness of the elect...
 Come, I wait for Thee ! For I love Thee, O Jesus !
 Sing, heart of mine, sing the Eucharist

O Bread of the strong ! Manna sanctificator !
 Flesh of my God, Blood purificator,
 Jesus beloved ! I give Thee my heart ;
 May its every pulsation sing the Eucharist.





PILGRIMS TO LOURDES

Great French Pilgrimage--Fifty Thousand Persons in
Procession--Miracles Wrought.

THIS year's national French pilgrimage to Lourdes has surpassed in numbers, fervor and miracles all that have preceded it. Some fifty thousand persons took part in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the closing day and no less than four miracles marked its progress. But we need not be astonished at the rich harvest of spiritual and temporal favors granted to these pilgrims, if we realize how they pray. It must be seen to be understood. The hale pilgrims kneel for hours in sun or rain, with arms extended in the form of living crosses beseeching Heaven for their sick. A priest with his chair chained to the rock of the grotto, exhorted them when they wearied. After the devotions of the day the men of the pilgrimage repaired to the Rosary Church and there spent the night in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Many men pilgrims spent every night of the four in this manner, and the days in carrying the sick, and sometimes one would see these besiegers of

Heaven fallen asleep for a mement with their heads against a rock or leaning on a pillar in the church. Captain Malherbes, an officer of the Corps of Aviators, arrived in his aeroplane to salute Our Lady and, having circled round the basilica, he descended and became a brancardier. Later he again made an ascent and above the sick laid out for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament saw him circling round. Each time his machine curved grace fully to the left they knew he had finished one of the decades of the Rosary the intrepid aviator was saying for them. The procession was superb. The Noellistes to the number of 4000 had the honor of heading it bearing their thirty banners. This position was accorded them in appreciation of their generosity in providing for no less than 200 indigent sick Pilgrims, paying all expenses and loading them with kindnesses. Then came priests, secular and regular, the medical staff of the pilgrimage, brancardiers, and the Bishop of Mans bearing the Blessed Sacrament and escorted by 12 bishops.

The first miracle was that of Louise Barbot, a child of 2 years, blind from birth. As the monstrance was lifted above her she suddenly seized her mother's rosary and kissed the cross. Again, along the anxious line of sick, and then another miracle. Mlle. J. Gauthey, a young woman of 26, who had been on her back for eight months her body encased in a corslet, rose and wished to follow the Blessed Sacrament, dragging the corslet from her. She could not do so as she was not fully robed, but she was carried with the other miraculees amidst an excited crowd to the Bureau des Constatations across the square. The Third sufferer healed was Rosalie Lariven, the mother of 13 children, though only in her 34 th year. After the last child she had a severe operation which had left her partly paralyzed. She rose and ran after the Blessed Sacrament. Finally Claire Perpignan, a tuberculosis patient was also cured. The emotion of the crowds was indescribable and the sound of the Credo going up from 30,000 throats that night at the close of the procession aux flambeaux was a pean of spiritual exaltation never transcended.

*** FAVORS ***
THROUGH
VENERABLE PÈRE EYMARD

Montreal: Several cures obtained through Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament and application of Père Eymard's picture; good position secured; relief from severe headaches.
Mrs P. D.

St. Camille: Thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament. A forest-fire threatened to burn our house and surrounding buildings. I had Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament's picture placed as near the fire as possible and promised if we were spared to publish the favor. To day I come to offer public gratitude to this benign Mother, for not only did she save what we had asked, but also that part of the forest where her picture was.
Subscriber Mrs. E. B.

La Tortue: One of my little brothers had fallen and sprained his hand. Nothing could pacify him, he cried night and day. Suddenly I thought of the many wonders Père Eymard had wrought and tied one of his pictures to the lad's coat sleeve. The next day he was as merry as ever and able to use his hand as freely as before his accident. Thanksgiving to Père Eymard. Miss R. B.

St. Raphael: Thanksgiving to Père Eymard for the cure of a sore foot; and for noticeable amelioration in the condition of a little girl sick over a year.

Subscriber.

Waterbury: A mother offers thanks for her son's return to his religious duties. She had implored the grace from our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament and Père Eymard.

Montreal: Gratitude to Père Eymard for curing my son of appendicitis. I applied this wonder-worker's picture and promised to publish.
Mrs .J. R .

A Lay Apostle of Frequent Communion



IN March, 1911, the process of the cause of beatification of Mary Eustelle Harpain, who is also known by the title of the Angel of the Eucharist, was reopened by the Bishop of La Rochelle, in France. The life story of this holy woman is of practical interest to us in these days when the Church invites all Christians to frequent Communion, as she so perfectly accomplished all the duties of her state in life, with fidelity at the same time to daily Mass and the reception of the Blessed Eucharist.

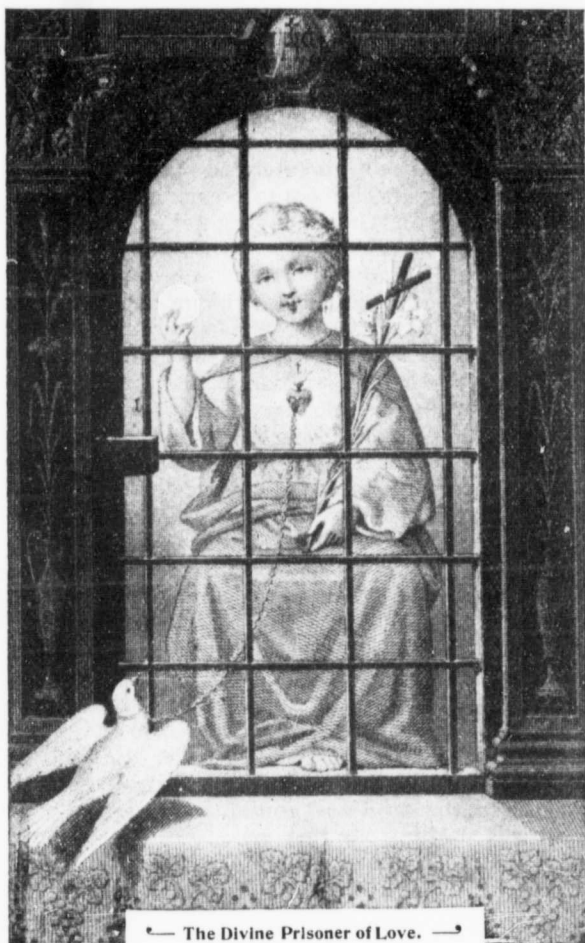
Marie Eustelle Harpain, was a poor sempstress who died at Saintonge, France, about seventy years ago. Her life was made known to the public in a work entitled *Recueil des Ecrits de Marie Eustelle* which was published in 1843, ten months after her death. This book had a large circulation and found its way throughout the entire world. We are told that it was the reading of these pages that caused Father Eymard to found the Congregation of the Priests of the Blessed Sacrament, and it was on the tomb of Marie Eustelle, at Saintes, that illustrious convert, the Jew Herman Cohen, resolved to become a religious and devote his life to the propagation of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

The name of Marie Eustelle has remained popular amongst the people at Saintes where her grave is, in the cemetery at Saint Palais. Her last resting place is marked by a simple cross with the words, "I rest in Jesus," inscribed upon it, and the present parish priest of Saint Palais, Canon Billard, is now engaged collecting all the matter concerning this lowly servant of God. But the most precious of these souvenirs are the manuscripts of Marie Eustelle herself which are preserved in the archives of the bishopric of La Rochelle. These papers contain an autobiography compiled by the young girl in obedience to the Bishop and to her confessor; letters to ecclesiastics and to other people, as well

as some spiritual hymns. The humble sempstress, without much education, writes of the Blessed Eucharist, in these manuscripts with the unction of St. Thomas or of St. Bonaventure. One would say on reading them that a seraphim must have dwelt within her heart, which was indeed a furnace of love and an ocean of fire for her Sacramental Lord, so fervent and so exalted are the sentiments expressed therein.

The most remarkable characteristic of Marie Eustelle's piety was her devotion to frequent Communion. She loved to receive the Blessed Eucharist herself and to lead others to share in the same inestimable privilege. She was born on April 19, 1814, and was sent to school at the age of five, but her parents were very poor people, she was obliged to leave it when she had attained her tenth year, as it was necessary for her to work. We are told that she possessed an excellent memory and acquired knowledge easily. She was endowed with a lively, bright disposition and a tender, compassionate heart. She describes herself in her own simple words as being fond of pleasure, and that during her early years, she had been addicted to childish faults, disobedience, want of submission, anger and impatience. As Marie Eustelle grew into girlhood, she lived an ordinary Christian life, and owing to the Jansenistic spirit of the age, she communicated only on rare occasions. The example of a young friend who was a frequent communicant caused her reproach on this subject, and she consequently began to ask herself why she could not do the same. "My friend loves Jesus," she would say, "and is happy in her love." Soon Marie Eustelle resolved to rise early each morning for daily Mass, to visit the Blessed Sacrament every morning, and never to omit the recitation of the Rosary nor her spiritual reading, and to receive Holy Communion frequently. She wrote, "The more frequently I go to Communion, the more the desire to receive again fills my heart."

Eustelle's neighbors were inclined to jeer at the young girl's change of life, and one of these, noticing her frequent Communions, remarked to her. "You believe that you will go straight to Heaven... I know people who are better than you, who do not go to Communion as



— The Divine Prisoner of Love. —



often as you do. Whereupon Eustelle answered : " I know well that I am very far from being good, but it is not self esteem which prompts me to receive Holy Communion ; it is because I am anxious to become better." And so we find the pious child anticipating the Decree of Pius X which teaches Christians that Communion is not a reward, but a food and a remedy.

Prayer became a delight and consolation to the ho'y girl. At first she devoted only a quarter of an hour to the exercise, but she soon extended the time to half an hour ; and this period eventually was not sufficient for her fervor as we find her spending her free hours in the evening before the Tabernacle. Ultimately she became such a lover of prayer that she was instrumental in leading others to the better knowledge and practice of this great help heavenwards. She has written admirable letters on prayer. The elegance of the diction contained in this treatise of hers is surprising from the pen of one of such lowly origin and scanty education, whilst it is edifying for its pious teaching and its aspirations of love.

Marie Eustelle led a very penitential life. She was obliged, owing to her poor circumstances, to work during the day, but her zeal for the beauty of God's altar was so ardent that she was willing to spend long hours at night working for poor churches. Her spirit of sacrifice was such that she was known to keep a letter unopened for a month, although she knew that it contained news interesting to her. She passed through the crucible of interior trials, temptations and dereliction, but in all her troubles she was resigned to the will of God and full of trust in Him. She wrote as follows to an acquaintance : I know what our dear Saviour is. I rely upon Him ; He will not disappoint my hopes. Dear friend, have the tenderest confidence in His goodness ; He refuses nothing to this good virtue coupled with humility — confidence in Jesus. O Crib ! O Cross ! O Sacrament ! O Love of Jesus ! these are the grounds of the Christian's hope ; these are the motives of my confidence and of yours. Take care not to wound the sweet and tender Heart of Jesus, by failing in a holy and loving confidence."

(*To be continued*)

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