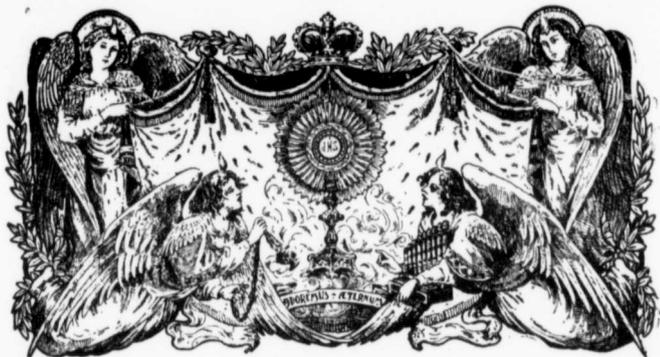


GROUP OF STUDENTS. JUNIORATE OF THE BL. SACRAMENT. TERREBONNE, L. O.



Pentecost.

*BEAUTIFUL Paraclete ! Spirit of Love !
 Come from the regions of light above,
 Come, and abide in our hearts evermore,
 Teach us in spirit and truth to adore.
 We need Thee, we need Thee, for love grows cold,
 And shadows are hovering over the fold ;
 But Thou, the true Sun, will the darkness dispel,
 And triumph once more o'er the powers of hell.
 Yes, come, for our hearts are prepared to believe ;
 Thou, whom the blinded world cannot receive,
 Come, whisper the truth promised ages ago.
 By Christ ere He closed His life of woe.
 The truths which the world, now as then, cannot bear,
 The children of light are thirsting to hear ;
 O Spirit of God ! then descend at our prayer,
 That we in the joy of the blessed may share ;
 O come and enlighten the sin-steeped world,
 For the ensigns of error are boldly unfurled,
 O come and console weary hearts that are Thine,
 Blessed Spirit of Love ! Thou Spirit Divine.*



The Gospel of the Eucharist

The Presence in the Temple.



THE Gospel of the natural life of the Son of God relates His presence in the Temple of Jerusalem. We shall now study the circumstances connected with this mystery in order to apply them to His Eucharistic life.

Since their return from exile, the Holy Family dwelt at Nazareth, from whence, Mary and Joseph repaired once a year to Jerusalem. Though they knew full well their home contained far more than they would find in the Temple, still, they undertook this tiresome journey through obedience, to comply with the law, to give the example.

But, you, who have not in you home, He whom you will find in the Temple, come to Him ; you need not undertake a long journey in order to do so, He abides with us, near us, a few steps away. Realize it. Do not forget Him ! Show Him the loving attention, the loyal devotion of Mary and Joseph.

The Child Jesus who had been brought to the Temple the day of the Presentation, and shortly afterwards, as we said in our last, obliged to fly into Egypt, had now reached his twelfth year, age prescribed by the law, so He accompanied His parents to Jerusalem for the Paschal festivities.

After the flight and disappearance of the Eucharist from our Churches, the Son of God returns also to the Temple with the cult of the Virgin Mary and of the Saints, with His Religious and Priests, who, represent His parents in the Eucharistic order. The ways of Sion mourn ; the abolished solemnities, the sanctuaries closed or desecrated, but once, on another glorious Easter, the bourdon of Notre Dame announced to the city, to France, to the world at large, the singing of the Concordat, the



THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

resurrection of Catholicism, the re-opening of Churches, the restoration of Jesus to His lawful rights.

After the solemnities Mary and Joseph left Jerusalem : The child Jesus remained. He remains with us until the consummation of centuries. He no longer leaves His Temple : it is not in the world He dwells, we often lose Him, but seldom, or ever, find Him there except it be on His cross In the Temple He has taken up His abode. You will invariably find Him there for it is the place of His rest until eternity. Consequently we say to you with

Origine : " You who seek Jesus, seek Him in the Temple, where you are sure to find Him. If you are weary and sad either because you have lost Jesus Himself, or simply because He has withdrawn His consolations and sensible presence, go to the Temple and you will Him and with Him :

Comfort in your sorrow.
 Light in your darkness.
 Counsel in your doubts.
 Help in your undertakings.
 Refreshment in your pain.
 Strength in your temptations.
 Sure bulwark in every ill.

The Child Jesus was quietly seated in the Temple, not wandering round the galleries, nor in and out of the porticoes. He is still quietly seated, still motionless in His Tabernacle, watching and waiting for His visitors, His guests : sometimes as if to take the first step, He advances unto the altar stone, or else (and you can then see Him better), He mounts His Throne and rests in the Monstrance, in the transparent crystal with its centre of radiating branches representing the rays of the sun.

On days of more solemn Exposition and Reception, like those about to follow, Jesus comes, shall I say to offer Himself to your love, to your compassion ; and the Church convokes its ministers, invites its children, tries to gather all to form as it were a crown of reparation and glory.

In order to see this King of kings it is not necessary to crave or pre-arrange an audience. We may come to Him at any time, at any hour. He is always in His Sacrament, in His Tabernacle ; always attentive, always listening.

Jesus listens : He listens to all we tell Him, nothing can ever disconcert His wisdom, rise above His power, tire His love. He is there to see our sorrows more closely, to console us more easily : head bent, ear lowered, heart open, He listens.

Oh ! you who are lonely and disheartened and say : I have no one to whom I can speak, no one to listen to me, no one to understand me, no one to sympathize with me. No one ! Oh ! hush, in case you grieve His listen-

ing heart. No one ! And He is there for that very purpose, with a longing far greater than your own to listen to you, to sympathize with you, to comfort you, aye more, to love you in His own tender compassionate way, to help you and make you happy.

Jesus speaks ! Jesus questions. Are you one of those who want to do all the talking even in Church. It is not the wisest way. Unburden your heart, yes, but do not talk all the time, listen a little and let Jesus talk ; moreover He knows all you can tell Him, while you, you need to listen to Him, to His words that inflame the heart ; to His counsels that impart light and strength. You will learn more from Him than from any Master, while a drop of consolation from His sacred Heart is worth more than all earthly delights.

Jesus listens ! Jesus questions. Perhaps in your moments of Thabor when the lilt of love and happiness makes life a glad alleluia and He asks you as He did His disciple ; Lovest Thou Me ? Lovest Thou Me more than these ? It seems easy and natural to whisper : Jesus, My King, Thou knowest that I love Thee, that I will love Thee always.

But when our souls grow cold He mourns their first fervor and sadly asks : You also, will you go away and leave Me ? Till touched and contrite we answer : Nay Lord ! For if we leave Thee, where shall we go, Thou alone hast the words of eternal life... Jesus questions thus to awaken our fervor, rouse our lethargy, re-ignite our ardor, stimulate our love ; implore of Him to perform that blessed task Himself, to give you what will draw you nearer and make you dearer to Him. He will gently lead you onwards and upwards. Trust Him ! Tell Him all your longings. Speak to Him as to a friend ; a friend divine who says to you : I am human as well as divine, all that concerns humanity interests Me. Jesus is Man ! Jesus is God ; the good God who listens to us ; Who is sure to understand us, to comfort us, to grant our petition ; who makes us better, happier, and fills us with joy.

A sad foreboding has pierced your heart and you say with His sorrowing mother : why have you treated us thus. You forget then the evils that desolate the Church ;

we have implicit confidence in Thee yet we do not understand. O God why dost Thou deliver us to such anguish...? And again we seek the sorrowing and in vain in those hearts that formerly loved Thee, in those souls that formerly were devoted to Thee, in that youth, that matron. They no longer receive Thee, "we sought Thee sorrowing."

The candles are extinguished, the perfume of the incense flown, the music of the hymns hushed; the faithful their duties towards the Blessed Sacrament discharged have departed, Thy priests have left Thee, even Thy fervent Religious themselves have said adieu, solitude reigns in the Temple. And now O Lord, Thou wilt also depart! Thou wilt ascend to Thy heavenly Throne? But no, He will not depart. He will not even close His eyes in slumber this vigilant "Guardian of Israel." He will watch while we sleep. He gives us His days. He gives us His nights. He gives them to God His Father, for us: "I will replace you near Him; I will adore for you, repair for you, thank for you, petition for you; as I have busied myself with you for My Father; I must busy myself with My Father for you; so sleep in peace; I watch for your happiness and for His glory.

Christians you have come close to Jesus. He has entered into your breast. You have spoken to Him, heart to heart; you may now take Him with you He will be submissive to you.

The Gospel resumes in these three words all that remains of the hidden life of the Son of God. He is with you to do whatever you wish, to bless your actions, to facilitate your work, to drive away your temptations, to solve your doubts. He is all yours in order that you may be all His, growing daily in His grace and in His love.





The Festival of God.

Anna T. Sadlier



THAT was far off in an old world town, and the Feast of Corpus Christi was being celebrated with all possible splendor. From the ancient church, dark with the hues of time, rich with the offerings of the ages, came forth the procession which was to proceed from the square facing the sacred edifice, through the narrow streets and the rows of decorated houses, Boughs of orange, myrtle and oleander, with other aromatic shrubs and blossoming trees, were arranged everywhere along the way, while the young fresh leaves, the early flowers or the vernal buds, were preserved, to be thrown in fragrant showers before, the Sacrament most holy.

Forth from an humble abode, stepped into the narrow and winding street an aged woman, arrayed in her best, which consisted of, a gown of some shimmering silk, which seemed out of harmony with her dwelling, as with the fashions of the times. Its very coloring was subdued, and obscured somewhat, by the hand of time. It had been a wedding gift from a wealthy and generous patron. Year by year, it had been brought fourth from its resting place, and its shrouding of soft paper, and donned

by its venerable owner, solely for that one occasion. With it she wore, a veil upon her head, which partially shrouded the peaceful countenance, fair, despite, the infinitesimal wrinkles, the fringe of white hair and the soft, dark eyes. Her step grew, each year, more feeble, her figure more bent, but she had vowed to follow the Eucharistic Progress of her God, as long as the use of her limbs remained.

"Alonzo," she cried, "Alonzo."

"Coming, you, dear grandmother," answered, a tall, dark boy of twelve, who came bounding from the doorway. He offered his arm to his venerable relative, and together, the pair, threaded their way through the streets, towards the church, wherein, they had already heard Mass and received Communion. The whole town was *en fête*. Shops were closed, the people in gala attire.

The various societies, the soldiers in quaint uniforms, the Mayor and municipal officers, with other dignitaries, civil or military, were assembled in the square, and the old woman with her grandson, meekly took their places in the throng of parishioners, waiting to be assigned to their respective places.

The sky above was blue, with not even the blemish of a cloud, the air was soft and still, with a balmy warmth, that brought forth the sweet scents from tree and shrub, Nature had done her best, It was an ideal day for the Festival of God.

"The good Lord, has given us a fine day," murmured the old woman. "I remember no finer in all the seventy odd years, I have walked in the procession. I am over eighty now, and they seem like a dream, those years, Alonzo,"

A look of awe, stole over the boy's face.

"Eighty years is a long time" he exclaimed.

The grandame shook her head, but at that moment, the great bell rang, the banners waved, the thunder of cannon was heard from the fort in the town, the soldiers presented arms, and down on their knees, went that whole pious multitude, regardless of everything, but the coming of their God. Even as He had walked the streets of Jerusalem or rested at the lakeside of Tiberius, or taught upon the Judean hillsides, so was that divine

Presence there amongst them. In the heart of every one, was the unspoken prayer of Thomas :

“ My Lord and my God ! ” while each strove in quick, eager accents, to present petition, to implore forgiveness, to offer adoration. But in no heart, than in that Alonzo's grandmother perhaps, was their a more humble, a more intense fervor. a glow of warmer gratitude and love, an efflorescence of joy, that the year had come round again, with its bravery of trees and grass and flower, finding her still in life, and able to go forth and swell the triumphant progress of the King. She remained bowed in adoration, even when Alonzo had arisen, reverent and respectful, his boy's heart aglow likewise, with the brave enthusiasm of youth ready as he felt for any service, for any undertaking.

When their position in the ranks had been assigned to them, the octogenarian, taking her grandson's arm once more, followed the stream of devout processionists. Her face as many remarked, actually beamed with joy, there was a faint color in her cheeks, a glad expectancy in her expression as one who sees a beloved friend. Her step apparently grew lighter, the light in her eyes brighter and the smile upon her lips more radiant, while she murmured the familiar prayers. a curious forgetfulness stole over her. She fancied she was young again, a child, setting forth in the glory of a new gown, for her first procession, a First Communicant, robed in white, with veil and wreath ; — or, no, was it in her bridal robe ? or a young mother, leading by the hand, her first born son, to that glad pageant of adoration and praise ? She seemed to see familiar forms and visages, encircling her. The faces of those long dead smiling at her. How was it they were all here, those dear ones ? She had missed them so often in the holy festival. It was their dear voices, that she heard joining in the hymn “ *Adoramus in Aeternum* ”

She, too raised her voice, which was so old and feeble, and sang the hymn, she had learned long ago from the holy Sisters.

“ Is'nt the dear Lord good ? ” she said, in a reverent whisper, to her grandson, “ to let me see them all here, again, coming to adore Him ? It is so beautiful, this festival of God.”

Those were the last words, that any one ever heard her speak, but she followed, still followed, the slow winding of the procession.

The Blessed Sacrament had arrived at the Church, again, and the aged worshipper, who had seen more than one generation of men pass her by, on the road of life, knelt down, with the rest, once more in the dusty square. When the Sacred Host, had passed within the portals, Alonzo touched his grand parent's arm, begging her to come as he fancied that her step had been slower, and that she had leaned more heavily upon his arm, during the final stages of the march.

She did not stir, and, then he saw, that she had, indeed gone home. There was the same smile of pure happiness, upon her lips her eyes, sightless, now, were fixed upon the entrance door of the church, though which the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle had passed, her hands were still clasped in adoration.

Loving arms bore her home wards, and it was decided after much consultation, that she should be buried, in that silken gown, which she never could be induced to wear, save when going forth for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Alonzo left alone, walked faithfully, in the path marked out for him by his pious progenitors. Every succeeding procession, he walked in the ranks of devout worshippers, praying always for the soul of his grandparent, which he believed however had passed from the dusty square, into the open gates of Paradise. He was admitted, as an acolyte, to walk in surplice and gown, with the other choristers; and great was his pride and joy at that elevation, his only regret, being that Grandmother was not there to see. Before decade had gone by, it was he, who as parish priest, attended the Bishop, and still he remembered with a pang, that grandmother, with her earthly eyes, at least, must miss that wonderful sight. Still another decade had elapsed, and it was Alonzo, who carried the Blessed Sacrament, as Bishop of that diocese.

Yet always, his thoughts turned backwards, with prayer and blessing to her who had sowed in his soul the seeds of faith. He seemed to see once more, the gentle old figure, arrayed in her one costly gown which she had

kept for the great occasion, and which had clothed her with a marriage garment, when the Bridegroom came. He saw the aged face, supernaturalized by the fervor of her adoration, and the quavering voice, raised in the hymn of praise, or murmuring : " How beautiful is the festival of God."

EUGHARISTIC STUDIES.

THE HOST OF THE TABERNACLE.



HE Ancients even those who lived in the midst of Paganism considered it an honour to dispense hospitality. saying, who knows, if under a human form it may not sometimes be the Divinity Itself we entertain. What was an honour for the Pagans, was a duty for the Jews. In the book of Deuteronomy we read : " God loves the stranger, and gives him food to eat and clothes to wear ; let us then also do likewise ; moreover were we not strangers ourselves in Egypt and did we not experience and endure the manifold trials of that sad state." Isaiah holds the same language : " Share your bread with the hungry, harbour the poor and the wanderer ; when you see a man naked, cover him and dispise not your flesh."

With how much more reason must not this language have been that of the Divine Master who assures us that He will receive in His kingdom those who shall have exercised hospitality ; " I was hungry and you fed Me, I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink, I was without shelter and you took Me in."

Jesus must naturally have felt so much more pity and tenderness for strangers and travellers since, He Himself was a traveller on earth and asked for hospitality from door to door. Does not the Gospel tell us, that He sought admittance to the hotels of Bethlehem, that He was rudely refused and finally obliged to take shelter in a poor stable. When a certain Scribe enamoured of His doctrine,



THE HOST OF THE TABERNACLE.

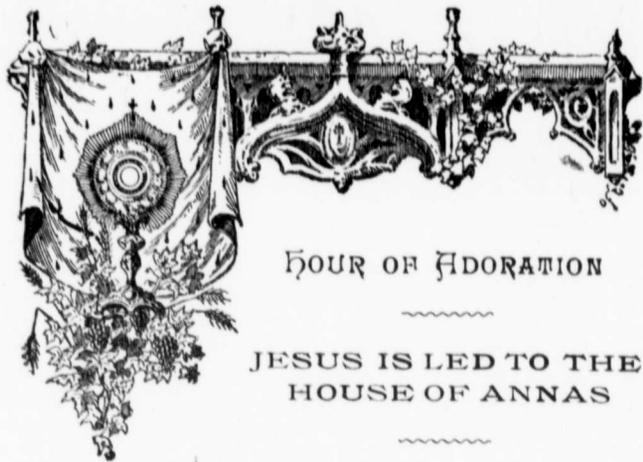
forsook all to follow Him and asked where He lived, Jesus answered : " The foxes have their lairs, and the birds their nests, but the Son of man has not wherewith to lay His head. This Jesus so full of mercy whose own, according to St. John, refused to receive, who was rudely repulsed by the Bethlemites, who went through Galilee and Judea like a poor traveller, who lodged in the house of Lazarus and eat with sinners, who mysteriously fed the great crowd assembled to hear Him in the desert—is now the Host of the Tabernacle.

He knows that man is a traveller on earth, that his journey is long and weary and full of danger, that often he has not wherewith to strengthen his body or comfort his soul, and knowing this, He, merciful and tender as of yore has raised His little tent in the immense desert of life.

This same Jesus who overcome by the weariness of the journey and the burden of the day, sought rest and refreshment near Jacob's well, now, from His mystical tent watches the traveller who goes by and dispenses rest and refreshment to those who heed His loving invitation to enter and partake of a food that imparts new vigour. Oh ! hearken to His voice ! How sweet and consoling it is ! " Come to Me, you who labour, you whom the burden of life presses sorely ; " Come and I will give you new strength and courage. " Trust Me I will not forsake you or fail you. " " Do not fear to take upon you my spiritual yoke, " He whispers tenderly to the faint-hearted, the wavering, the suffering, the afflicted, the despondent : " You will see that I am meek and humble of heart and you will find peace for your soul. "

Poor souls, devoured herebelow by the thirst of divine justice, of love, of truth, of justice, of eternal beauty ; poor souls that nothing earthly satisfies, that drink and still thirst, that eat and still hunger ; poor souls tormented by sensuality and an insatiable desire of happiness, listen to His invitation. Come and He will give you water to quench that ardent thirst, mysterious bread to appease that hunger forever.

Trusting His tender love and infinite mercy let us go to Him and in all confidence implore with the Jews enamoured of His heavenly doctrine : " Lord give us always of this bread. "



HOUR OF ADORATION

JESUS IS LED TO THE HOUSE OF ANNAS

I. — Adoration.

Jesus, His hands bound, a rope around His neck, is led like a criminal toward the city of Jerusalem. St. John Damascene thinks that the Jews, after leading Jesus out of the Garden of Olives, dragged Him through the torrent and over sharp stones, so that, on leaving it, His face and whole person were bruised. He adds that, hurried along at a rapid pace and for almost a league over thorns and stones, His feet were all bloody, and they left their mark over the road on which He passed.

“Behold your Saviour,” says St. Bonaventure; “see how this rabble hurries Him along, His hands bound behind His back, weighed down by weariness, and advancing rapidly toward Jerusalem.”

Human reason is confounded when it beholds the only Son of God thus humiliated, the Son of Justice, Sanctity itself, before whom we have seen all nature tremble, at whose voice sepulchres have given up their dead, the demons have fled from the possessed, the sea become calm,—before whom every infirmity, every malady disappeared without resistance.

We know that Jesus, by a single word, could put an end to the barbarous joy of His executioners. But He shows His power, not by chastising, but by enduring all with the sweetness of a lamb. It would have cost Him only one word to overthrow in an instant the whole city of Jerusalem, and to include in the same chastisement all who were found within its walls. But no, He desires it not. He will patiently endure all this bad treatment.

His patience, which reaches the highest degree of heroism, truly shows His almighty power. In it He surpassed the most

celebrated conquerors. He must, indeed, have been truly God to have gained so great a victory over self. The Prophet David had foretold it: "He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and He shall not open His mouth."

I adore Thy sacred feet bruised by the thorns and pebbles of the road. I kiss in spirit the blood-stained dust of every one of Thy footsteps. I adore every drop of blood that Thy wounds have shed along the way. There, also, I adore Thee, O Divine Lamb, as the forever blessed model of invisible sweetness and patience under every trial, the inexhaustible source of all the graces of patience from which the martyrs and the saints drew without exhausting it during the whole course of the ages.

I adore Thee in the Most Blessed Sacrament, journeying with us, never leaving us during these long ages, in spite of the stones and the thorns that men cast under Thy feet. There, as on the road to Jerusalem, Thou dost allow Thyself to be led like a lamb to the tribunal of a guilty heart in which Thou wilt be again condemned and crucified.

Thou dost allow Thyself to be led as a lamb even into those dens of hell, the masonic lodges, there to undergo the most unworthy treatment. In the hands of the wicked, as in sacrilegious hearts, Thou art not less the Supreme Ruler of the universe, the Almighty God who dost direct and govern the world according to Thy own good pleasure. I, poor, miserable creature,—I recognize Thy greatness under all these externals of humiliation, and I adore Thee.

II. — Thanksgiving.

During this journey from the Garden of Olives to the house of the High Priest, Jesus endured horrible sufferings. His feet were bruised, and His Heart still more so at the sight of His enemies. Why, O Jesus, didst Thou not call Thy angels to Thy aid? Since Thy Apostles have fled in so cowardly a way, the angels would be so happy, so proud to break Thy chains, to bear Thee in their arms, for fear Thou wouldst hurt Thy foot against a stone, shouldst feel the fatigue of the journey.

No, Jesus does not wish their help, and the angels weep. Ah, it is because He wants, by the bruising of His feet, to expiate all my guilty steps. His chief preoccupation in the midst of all His sufferings is to offer to His Divine Father each of His steps in expiation of those that I have taken to offend Him.

In His love, He wills that all the members of His Body should concur by their sufferings in the work of our Redemption. See, then, why those divine feet are fatigued, are covered with blood on the way to Jerusalem, where Jesus wills to die in order to give us life.

The Divine Saviour is urged more by His love than by the rude treatment of His enemies. It is the Divine Lamb who is going to offer Himself as a sacrifice for our salvation. Who can estimate the merits and the graces that this painful journey has procured for humanity? How many souls have been withdrawn by it from the way of vice? How many have been led back by it to the road that leads to heaven? Paradise alone can number them.

If Jesus remains in the Most Blessed Sacrament, it is in order to direct us Himself, to support us on the road that conducts to heaven. Our soul runs so great perils, and the journey is long! At every instant, the enemy, the demon, seeks to destroy us. Without Jesus, we should be fatally lost! But with Him we shall have nothing to fear.

Jesus is our best friend. He desires to defend us against all those that might try to ruin us. Still more, life in His company becomes a journey full of charm. We may converse with Him, and His conversation is but joy and sweetness. What lights for the mind! What charms for the heart! The disciples of Emmaus experienced it when they had the happiness to walk side by side with Him on the road to Emmaus. After His departure, they said to each other: "Was not our heart burning within us whilst He spoke in the way?"

Oh, how foolish were the servants of the High Priest to insult Jesus instead of enjoying His sweet and instructive conversation!

I thank Thee, O my Jesus, for having deigned to make Thyself my travelling companion, my guide, my friend!

I thank Thee, O my Jesus, on my own part, and for all those whom Thou hast conducted at the price of so many sacrifices along the way to heaven!

Christian soul, to thank worthily this Divine Benefactor, unite with Mary, with the heavenly court, especially with the angels who watch, silent and burning with love, around the Blessed Sacrament. Unite with all the souls in purgatory who, in great measure, owe their salvation to the benefit of Jesus, presence in the Eucharist.

III. — Reparation.

Judas constituted himself the head of the evil band, and he had a right to the distinction. He led the march, he hastened the step, although he tarried himself to receive his thirty pieces of silver. The soldiers and the servants followed after. Jesus was in the midst of them, His head bowed, His hands bound, exhausted, harassed by the excessive violence of His enemies. He was scarcely able to support Himself longer. They turned Him into derision, insulted Him, blasphemed Him and, from time to time, roughly tightened the cords that bound Him, and otherwise mal-

treated Him. They felt that they were supported by the presence of their chiefs, and the demon incited them to the most unheard-of cruelties. The rabble, too, covered His head and face with bruises. They spared Him neither blows nor kicks. They pushed Him, cast Him on the ground, and they who came after trod Him under foot. They uttered in His ears all kinds of injurious words, blasphemies, horrors. He could hear Judas recommending His executioners to fasten His bands carefully.

Only the angels who accompanied Him in tears could repeat all that Jesus endured on that frightful journey from Gethsemani to the house of Annas. What sorrow for the tender Heart of Jesus ! To have constantly near Him Judas, the traitor of friendship, to see him persevering in his treason, to listen to him for almost an hour !

What outrage ! This insolent troop dragging Him by a cord around His neck, making game of a Divine Person, playing with the life of a God !

His Heart was saddened, also, at the thought of the humiliations that He would have to endure in His Eucharistic life during the course of time. He foresaw the joy of all the Judases who, inebriated by success, would seize Him to lead Him to dishonor. He read their sentiments, and listened to all their injuries, all their blasphemies.

Where are ye, O heavenly spirits, who served Him in the desert ? Where are ye, Apostles and disciples ? Where are ye, people of Jerusalem, those multitudes that pressed from all parts only five days ago to proclaim Him King of Israel ? Not one now wishes to snatch Him from the hands of His enemies. On this accursed journey He encountered not even a Veronica to dry His tears, His sweat, and His blood !

He wills to bear alone the burden of all men's sins. He lovingly accepts the fatigue, the humiliations of this journey to expiate all my guilty steps, all the steps I have taken in the commission of evil and in running after guilty pleasures, all the dishonor that my sins and those of my brethren have inflicted on God.

Pardon, O Jesus, pardon for Thy executioners, and pardon for myself who have so often imitated the Jews ! Pardon for so often receiving Thee into the Jerusalem of my heart, not as a King, but as a captive, for having led Thee there, not to glorify Thee, but to put Thee to death !

Pardon for the souls in purgatory who, when on earth, refused to share in Thy humiliations in the Blessed Sacrament !

Pardon, O Jesus, for all the sins of men ! I offer Thee in reparation, O Father of mercies, every step of Thy Divine Son, every drop of His sweat and blood, every one of His bruises !

I offer Thee, O Father, all the merits of His adorable patience ! May my feet wither rather than ever again serve for evil ! May they henceforth walk only in the paths of justice and of love !

IV. — Prayer.

The road to heaven is a difficult one, not very attractive, sown with thorns, and full of perils. At every instant are encountered enemies who aim at injuring and even at utterly destroying them that are pursuing it.

This dangerous road is skirted by another, planted with flowers and on it are met festivals and distractions of all kinds. It leads to the abyss, to hell.

Nature abandoned to its natural instincts urges us almost of necessity toward the latter. Man is naturally attracted by pleasure and diversion. Without superior strength to draw him, to lead him on the road to heaven, he would fall in with the multitude and necessarily be seduced by false friendships soliciting his heart the whole length of the way.

To obviate that, Jesus must come to our aid. He alone, in fact can be our guide, protector. The whole charm of His presence is needed to keep us on the thorny path leading to Paradise, and to prevent us from running to gather the flowers that spring up on the road that conducts to hell.

O Jesus, who, by allowing Thyself to be led, hast merited for me the grace of walking with Thee toward heaven, be my Guide during the whole course of my life! With Thee the journey is short and pleasant. Thy grace, says the *Imitation*, is a gentle steed: "He rides at ease who is carried by the grace of God."

I wish to walk by Thy side, to remain everywhere and always under Thy eye, under the influence of Thy presence. I will frequently receive Thee in the Divine Sacrament. It is, above all, in my inmost being that Thou wilt enlighten me, strengthen me, direct my steps, lead me Thyself to the Holy City.

I desire to form the habit of consulting Thee often, at least every morning before beginning my day, I wish to submit to Thee my thoughts, desires, and projects. I want to recur to Thee in all the difficult moments of my life, above all when Satan and the world are endeavoring to turn me away from the road to the true country.

And, then, with Thee what shall I have to fear? "For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me."

RESOLUTION.— Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation on the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim, Promise Our Saviour that, for love of Him, you will allow yourself to be conducted blindly by your Superiors in all the ways toward heaven that they point out to you.





A Voice from the Altar.

CANST thou not watch one hour,
 One little hour with Me,
 Who gave My very Heart's
 Blood
 In agony for thee?
 Oh, hide thee in the valley
 Of deep humility!

Say not, "thy prayer is worthless,
 That thou hast naught to say,
 Thy Heart hath thee forsaken,"



Thy thoughts can only stray."
'Tis but for one brief moment
I turn My face away.

In weariness and weakness,
In pain aridity,
Thy prayer is most availing,
And pleasing unto Me,
I chose thee 'mid the furnace
Of thy great poverty.

What canst thou do without Me ?
'Tis this I'd have thee learn,
'Mid struggle and distraction,
To Me with trust to turn,
Ah ! didst thou know the longing
With which My heart doth yearn !

Thy faults do not repel Me,
Nay, nay I love thee more,
The greater be the weakness
That thou dost oft deplore.
I never will forsake thee
Amid thy trouble sore.

Fear not for I am with thee,
Thy Lord and Friend Divine,
For thee I'm ever pleading,
Within my Altar Shrine,
Child ! I am always with thee
And all I have is thine.

Fear not, when thou art kneeling
In silence at My Feet,
When wayward thoughts do wander
Far from My Presence sweet.
When words of welcome fail thee
My visits oft to greet.

I dwell on earth to help thee,
Let chill distrust ne'er sever
Thy heart from Mine which longeth
To be all thine forever.
" But put Me in remembrance.
And let us plead together."

M. P.

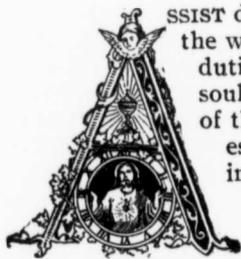


THE HOLY SACRIFICE.

Père Eymard, S.S.S.



I



ASSIST daily at the Holy Sacrifice. It fills the whole day with happiness. All your duties are better performed, and your soul is stronger to bear the daily cross of the Christian. The Mass is the holiest act of religion. You can do nothing that gives God more glory, that is more advantageous to your soul, than to hear it frequently and devoutly. It is the privileged devotion of the saints.

It has, in effect, all the valor of the sacrifice of the Cross, which it applies to us personally. It is the same sacrifice, the same Victim, the same Priest, Jesus Christ, immolated in a real and efficacious, though in an unbloody, manner. Ah! could you see the Mystery of the Altar as it really is after the Consecration, you would behold Jesus Christ on the Cross, offering to His Father His wounds, His blood, His death for the salvation of your own soul and for the whole world. You would see the angels prostrate around the altar, amazed, almost

terrified by such love for creatures indifferent or ungrateful. You would hear the Heavenly Father contemplating His Divine Son, saying to you as on Tabor : " This is my Well-Beloved Son, the object of all My complacency. Adore Him, love Him, serve Him with all your heart."

II

To understand the value of the Holy Mass, we must remember that this august act has in itself a value greater than all other good works than all virtues, than all the merits of all the saints taken together, even including those of the Blessed Virgin Mary, from the beginning of the world even till its end, because one Mass is the sacrifice of the Man God, dying inasmuch as He is Man, elevating His death to the dignity of a divine act inasmuch as He is God, and giving to it, consequently an infinite price. We are seized with respect when we listen to the Holy Council of Trent explaining this truth. What majesty, what grandeur in every one of its words ! " Because in the Divine Sacrifice, which is accomplished in the Mass, the same Jesus Christ who offered Himself once in a bloody manner upon the Cross, is contained and immolated in an unbloody manner, this holy Synod teaches that this sacrifice is truly expiatory, and that, by its means, if we approach God with a sincere heart and an upright faith, with fear and respect, contrite and penitent, we shall obtain mercy, grace, and help at the opportune moment.

But Jesus Christ dies no more, suffers no more. Where, then, is the Sacrifice ? Let your faith pierce the veil of the mystery, and you will see Jesus triumphant, in a state of immolation Jesus full of majesty, in a state of humiliation ; Jesus all-powerful, in chains ; Jesus impassible, in a state of suffering ; in one word, Jesus who can actually die no more, taking the state of death in order to continue His Sacrifice.

III

But for what end ? In order perpetually to glorify His Father by His state of Victim ; in order that the eyes of the Father resting on Him, He may bless and love the earth ; in order to continue His life of Redeemer, to as-

sociate us to His virtues as Saviour. to apply to us directly the fruits of His death by uniting us to His own oblation, by teaching us to sacrifice ourselves with Him ; finally, to give us the means, as to Mary and John, of assisting at His Sacrifice and death.

IV

But as Jesus has substituted the single Sacrifice of the Mass for all the sacrifices of the Old Law, He has comprised in the former, also, all the intentions, all the fruits of the latter.

He therein adores His Father. In the name of all mankind, of whom He is the first-born, He acknowledges that all life, all good come from Him ; that He alone deserves to live, and that everything exists only by His power ; and He offers His own life in order to acknowledge that, coming from God, God possesses the free and absolute disposal of it.

A Host of praise, He thanks His Father for the graces He has granted Him and, through Him, to all mankind. He constitutes Himself our perpetual thanksgiving.

He is therein a Victim of propitiation, incessantly begging pardon for sins incessantly renewed, desiring to associate man to His reparation, by uniting Him to His own offering.

He is, in fine, our Advocate, interceding with tears and piercing cries, His Blood crying for mercy.

V

To assist at Mass, to unite with Jesus Christ is, then, most salutary for us. There we receive the grace of repentance and justification ; there we receive the helps to shun future falls.

We find there the sovereign means of exercising charity toward other, applying to them, not only our own powerless merits, but the infinite merits, the immense riches of Jesus Christ, which He has placed to our disposal. There we plead efficaciously the cause of the souls in purgatory. There we obtain the conversion of sinners. All heaven finds therein a motive of joy, and the saints an increase of accidental glory.

VI

The best way to assist at Mass is to unite with the august Victim. Do what He does, offer yourself as He offers Himself, and with the same intention. Your offering will be ennobled, purified, worthy of the regard of God, if it is united to that of Jesus Christ. Follow Jesus Christ to Calvary, meditating upon the circumstances of His Passion and death.

But, above all, unite yourself to the Sacrifice by eating your share of the Victim with the priest. Then the Mass has its full efficacy ; then it fully responds to Our Lord's design.

Ah ! could the souls in purgatory return to this world, what would they not do to assist at even one Mass ! If you yourself could comprehend its excellence, its advantages, its fruits, you would not pass a single day without assisting at it.

Parochial Monthly Adoration

— AND —

The First Friday Communion.



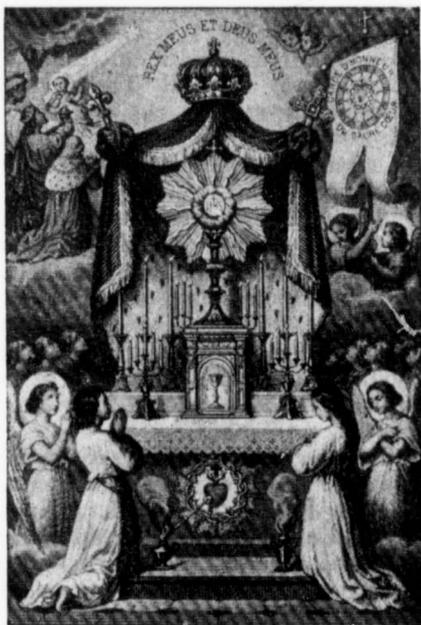
SEVERAL Pastors have already established the monthly Hour of Adoration, in their parishes ; a good many the weekly with solemn Exposition by permission of the Ordinary. In some dioceses, this pious practice of the weekly hour of adoration has become almost general thanks to the Bishop's encouragement.

If space permitted it would be interesting to speak of the eagerness of the faithful in responding to the call of their Pastor, and the consoling results already achieved by this salutary practise. " Every Friday," writes a co laborer, I invite the faithful who come in large numbers ; we make the Holy Hour

with all possible solemnity. Nearly all receive Communion that morning and thus frequent Communion is being rapidly established."

Pastors anxious to have their people participate in the precious spiritual advantages of the Archconfraternity of the Most Holy Sacrament, hasten to establish it in their churches. Without counting the very many parishes where the Archconfraternity, though not canonically erected, has nevertheless a considerable membership registered in our Montreal centre, the number of those forming a special centre becomes greater and greater every day. Last month alone, we received more than fifteen applications, in which the informations asked show the avidity and sympathy with which the devotion is welcomed by the faithful. Thus, in a certain Montreal parish; scarcely had the Archconfraternity been erected when more than a thousand enrolments rewarded the Eucharistic zeal of the Pastor and his Vicars.

The associates, members of our Chapel, men and women, have offered to Our Lord 20,579 hours of adoration. If to those regular hours, we add the 12,000 supplementary, we total the consoling number of 32,579 adorations made in our Chapel during the year 1907. We could cite a



MY LORD AND MY GOD.

parish of the Quebec diocese, where, not less than 2,300 hours of adoration are offered monthly. Another little parish of New Brunswick, numbering barely 150 families, shows the admirable example of 3,000 hours of adoration, and four hundred communions monthly. The Associates of St. Michael Yamaska, regularly make 1,500 hours a month.

From the Monastery of the Servants of the Most Holy Sacrament, Chicoutimi, comes the following: "Presided by His Grace, a grand reception for men took place on the sixth of January, at which fifty four received the insignia of the Guard of Honor and joined the eighty four already enrolled. The devotion and reverence manifested throughout the ceremony was most edifying. Mr Savard, the Inspector, read the act of consecration in a tone that bespoke a Christian not ashamed of his faith."

These glorious results are due, partly, to the influence of the little Messenger of the Blessed Sacrament, organ of Eucharistic works with a very large and still increasing circulation among our Christian families.

In order to second your Pastor's zeal, and to induce you to respond in still greater numbers to their invitation, we subjoin a short sketch of the Archconfraternity, whose aim is to group faithful souls around the Eucharist.

It was canonically erected in the church of the Religious of the Most Holy Sacrament at Rome, by the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, with power to affiliate local confraternities throughout the world.

It imposes but two essential obligations on its members: registration of christian and family name, and an hour of adoration monthly.

Members once inscribed participate in the following indulgences and spiritual benefits:

1. Union and participation in the merits and good works, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament; of the numerous Associations of "The Priest's Eucharistic League, and of the other Associations of the Congregation.

2. Plenary Indulgence on the day of admission. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to a church where the Blessed Sacrament is kept, and prayer for the Sovereign Pontiff's intention.

3. Plenary indulgence daily, on the same conditions for an hour's adoration before the Most Holy Sacrament, whether exposed or inclosed in the Tabernacle.

The great privilege of this work, is, that if a member makes several hours of adoration during the month, even an hour a week or a day, he gains a plenary indulgence each time, always on condition of having received communion that morning.

4. Seven years and seven quarantines for those same hours on days when communion has not been received.

5. Every time a member pays a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in any church or public oratory, and recites six times the Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc; he can gain all the Indulgences of the Stations of Rome, Jerusalem, St James of Compostello and of the church of the Portiuncula, that is to say, an incalculable number of plenary and partial Indulgences.

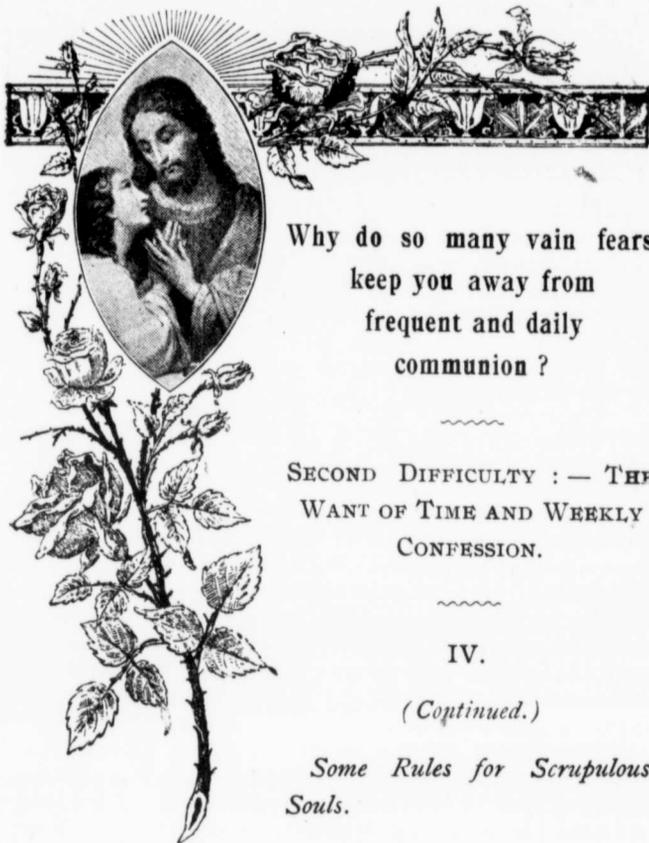
Moreover the Indulgence of the Portiuncula (2 Aug.) in any church whatever.

Who will not see the spiritual value of this Confraternity for the faithful. The Pastors and Priests who make the Holy Hour with their parishioners, monthly or weekly are very numerous. To you then to join them by giving in your name and taking part in these exercises and gain the valuable Indulgences attached.

Surely there are privileges enough in this Association to draw more and more adorers to the blessed Eucharist.

Judging by our own experience, we do not hesitate to say, that the introduction of the confraternity of the Most Holy Sacrament into a parish, will be the starting point of a great revival of devotion and fervor towards the Eucharist, thus, more frequently adored, visited and received.

(to be continued.)



Why do so many vain fears
keep you away from
frequent and daily
communion ?

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SECOND DIFFICULTY : — THE  
WANT OF TIME AND WEEKLY  
CONFESSION.

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IV.

(Continued.)

*Some Rules for Scrupulous
Souls.*

IF you are constantly tormented by the fear of having made your past confessions badly, or of having sinned mortally in almost all your actions, or, of consenting, or of having consented to bad thoughts, you show, O Christian soul, unequivocal signs of scrupulosity, and you are truly a scrupulous soul if your confessor judges you such. In this case, understand clearly that your mind is sick and that, in order to cure it, it is necessary for you to struggle courageously against your scruples, and to observe, with the advice of your confessor, the six following rules taken from the teaching of theologians.

Rule I. As to the past and all past confessions, whatever be the doubts and fears that arise in your mind, you ought never to think of them, never return to them in your accusations, looking upon them as non-existent before your last confession.

Rule II. Once for all, when you do not see evident and certain sin, when you only fear and doubt, despise your anxiety and act against it in all freedom and liberty, as if you were, so to speak, impeccable.

Rule III. Hold for certain that you have never committed mortal sin whenever you acted with the fear of committing it.

Rule IV. As to the evil thoughts that afflict you, whether against faith, or purity, or whether they be thoughts of blasphemy, etc., believe firmly that you have not consented, consequently, not sinned, if you cannot swear to it, your hand on the Crucifix.

Rule V. You should never make the examen of conscience. This exercise, so useful to other souls, would be poisonous for you, scrupulous soul.

Rule VI. If you have not in your mind a sin which you can swear to be mortal and to have committed with full deliberation, then, O scrupulous soul, accuse yourself in confession of nothing in particular, but be content with a general accusation in these terms ; *Father, I accuse myself of all my present and past sins, especially of those committed* (here it is well to specify a particular virtue, against which you have sinned in the past, *for example, against purity, or obedience, or patience, etc.*) ; and this in order to present, for greater security, a matter certain and sufficient for sacramental absolution.

If you blindly and constantly obey your confessor, O Christian soul, by faithfully observing these *six rules*, not only will your confessions become very short, but I promise you still more that, with the help of God, by degrees you will be cured of your infirmity, you will enjoy great peace and tranquillity of mind, and "divine consolation will fill you with joy in proportion to the spiritual sorrow that you have endured," so that in your daily Communions "you will taste and see how sweet is the Lord."



Of such is the
Kingdom of Heaven.

(Written for "The Sentinel.")

WE little children, come to Me
Freely, unreservedly.
Know ye not this Heart of Mine
Welcomes ye with love Divine?
Pure childish hearts all undefiled
Are for My thirst as waters limpid
Upon the earth unyielding, arid.
I love to meet the gaze so true
From trusting eyes of azure blue,
To kiss those brows unfurrowed, mild!

In those melting eyes of trustful gaze
Their angel guides who sing My praise
See Paradise reflected there,
Adore Me in that mirror fair.
Aye, verily I say to ye
Unless in innocence ye come
As these unto My Father's home
Ye shall not join the heav'nly band
Who enter that celestial land
To worship there in ecstasy.

O mothers, guard these pure in heart
That their childish feet may ne'er depart
From paths of innocence. Knew ye
My grief intense whene'er I see
Defiled their souls immaculate
Where light divine doth overflow
In rich abandonment. Yea, so
As when the sand from the dusty way
Envelopes flowers tender. Nay,
Mothers, guard them from this fate.

(to be continued.)

“ Yes, my little child, I dwell here.”

A little child, as the legend runs, hearing that our Lord was really present in the Blessed Sacrament, goes to the church one day and climbing up on the altar, gently raps at the tabernacle door and whispers: “ Are you there, dear Jesus? Oh, please do answer, for they say you really do dwell here.” As there is still no reply, he



says to himself: “ Perhaps the infant Jesus is sleeping: I will gently wake him. O sweetest Jesus, I love you, and beg you to answer me.” Unable to resist this appeal of childlike love, Our Lord replies: “ Yes, my little child, I dwell here, to comfort every mourner; what would you ask of me?” All trembling, the child says: “ Dear Jesus, father does not love you, please make him good.” “ Go,” little brother,” answers our Lord “ your prayer is heard, tell your father he must love Me and I will always be his friend.” “ Oh, thank You, dear Jesus, goodbye,” replied the child; and climbing down from the altar, he ran home full of joy to tell

his father that Jesus promised to make him good. Before long, the little prayer was heard, for the father, with tears of joy and repentance, received the Sacraments, and, in answer to the prayers of his child, continued to love Jesus, the friend of us all in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

The Juniorate of the Blessed Sacrament

(See frontispiece)

 HIS month we present to the readers of the "Sentinel," the picture of the Juniorate of the Blessed Sacrament with group of pupils attending same. As our readers know, the Juniorate of the Blessed Sacrament, is situated at Terrebonne, in the Province of Quebec. Since the first of September, 35 children are domiciled there. They are divided into three classes: in the elementary, French is taught, in the other two, Latin and the regular college course.

On registering as pupils, the children promise, if it be God's will, to enter, later on, the Noviciate of the Congregation parents giving a written promise to leave their children at liberty to follow their vocation. They are thus destined to become priests of the order of the Blessed Sacrament and the education they receive, at the Juniorate, teaches them, to love, the life of adoration; which will one day be theirs, The Juniorate is not a college, neither is it a seminary. The pupils do not enter merely to take a commercial or classical course but to have the spirit of the Congregation instilled in their youthful hearts and lives, and to be educated and trained in the science of love and devotion to Eucharistic work. They are very happy in this home where they must spend at least four uninterrupted years, broken only by a few weeks vacation each year. French speaking pupils attend Terrebonne's Juniorate, those speaking the English language follow the course at Suffern New-York where the English Juniorate is situated.