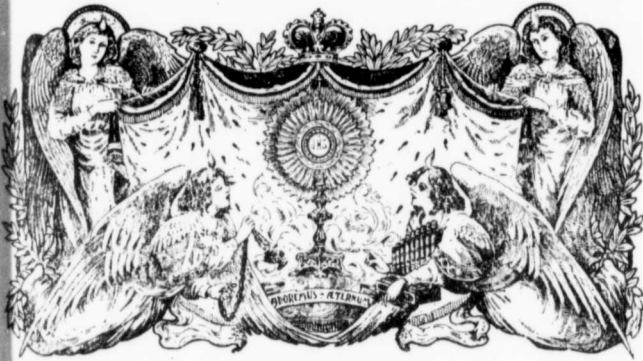




Ecce Homo.

By Richard.



THE VICTIM.

ALONE, alone, within the tabernacle
Sweet Jesus mourns His tender Heart away,
None, no not one, will pay Him homage,
Not one will come to watch with Him and pray,
The lonely Victim waits—how long O Lord,
Wilt Thou thus suffer Thee to be abhorred,
O God, my God ?

Plaintively Thy gentle voice is calling,
Thou fain wouldst give Thy Sacred Heart away,
None will receive It, none will bow before It,
Within Thy bleeding bosom It must stay ;
Thy Heart, Which for our own hath ever yearned,
How long must It be seeking yet be spurned,
O God, my God ?

—BY I. A. M.



An efficacious Method
for acquiring the perfect Love
of Jesus-Christ



Prayer.— It is useful to suggest to our readers such means as are conducive to acquire a perfect devotion to our Lord in the Bl. Sacrament, and thereby a more perfect and practical love of Him.

The first means is prayer which is the most infallible means of obtaining everything we desire. There is nothing to which Jesus so often and so solemnly binds Himself, as to the fulfilment of our desires manifested to Him in prayer, "Whatever you ask," He says, "in prayer, believing you shall receive." (Mark xi. 24.) How then can we believe that our Lord, who has done more than we can ever comprehend in order to make us love Him, will not hear us when we implore of Him the grace of His love! We must, however, little comprehend the value of this inestimable gift, since we take so little pains to acquire it, and ask it so seldom and so faintly heartedly. Let us pray then, and demand incessantly this precious gift of the love of God, and it is impossible that we should thus demand it for any length of time without

obtaining the grace. The means are simple and efficacious, and one might say in this matter, that to ask is to obtain.

But alas, my God, the reason we ask it not, is too often, because we fear to obtain. We fear, miserable creatures that we are, lest hearing our prayers, Thou wilt oblige us by Thy gift, to become more religious, more devout and more mortified than we desire, that if we would love Thee ardently, we must perforce learn to hate what we have hitherto loved, and love still.

Lord, Thou didst come to bring fire upon earth and what wilt Thou, but that it be enkindled! What then, shall hinder me from being wholly consumed with that divine fire! Give me, I pray Thee, O Lord, Thy love.

Frequent Communion. — It is sufficient to know what Communion is to realize that to acquire the love of Jesus Christ, there is no means so sure, as to receive Communion often. "Can a man carry fire in his bosom," says the wise man, "and his garments shall not burn?" (Prov. vi. 27.) The love of God has lit a burning flame upon our altars in the Holy Eucharist, and in approaching this divine flame, God's Saints have been set on fire with the ardent and tender love of Christ. The love that inflamed them after receiving the divine Host, shone forth upon their radiant faces, and many of them consumed with ardor were forced even in the depths of winter, to seek relief from the burning flames that filled their breasts. Nor can we doubt that the intense love that inspired the martyrs and the first Christians was the result of their frequent and daily Communions.

It is a fact that those whose innocence of life and true piety render them worthy to receive communion frequently, love Jesus Christ more and more, and far from awakening lassitude and disgust by frequent reception, the Bread of Angels creates in them a divine hunger that increases day by day.

"The Blessed Sacrament of the Altar," says St Bernard, "is the Love of Loves," that is, it is the greatest expression of the ever active love of Jesus for man, and the most fruitful source of the ardent love that man should have for Him in return.

This loving Saviour has given us for the nourishment of our souls His adorable Body and precious Blood, He invites, implores, urges us to partake of it and threatens us with punishment if we refuse His invitation.

“Compel them to come in,” He says in the gospel, “compel them to partake of my supper,” (Luke XIV. 23.) Why does our Lord use such insistence? He would make man love Him. And what means is left Him to gain that love, if this celestial Food does not set our hearts on fire? The principal end you should have in receiving Communion, says St Francis de Sales, “should be to advance and strengthen yourself in the love of God, for you should receive by love what love alone can give you, and it is inconceivable that the divine Saviour who has instituted this mystery in order that He might be loved, should ever refuse His love to those to whom He gives Himself without reserve.

The Visit to the Bl. Sacrament. — The third means of acquiring the love of God is by frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Friendship is kept alive and increased among men by frequent visits and conversations. It is by like means that we must learn to love Jesus Christ more ardently. Since our Lord dwells upon our altars, in order to be continually with us, how tender must be His affection for those who are frequently with Him. It is upon them that He lavishes His graces with more generous bounty.

There are visits of politeness, and visits we make to the friends we love. To omit the first would be a fault, but it is not generally to these that our Lord's particular favors are accorded. The days of the great feasts, the time of Mass, etc., are to Jesus, as visits of ceremony and civility. Our absence would be remarked if we came not with the crowd, but the visits that are made at certain hours of the day when Jesus is almost left alone, when the greater number forget Him, these are the visits of His friends.

It is then, above all, that He communicates Himself more intimately to His confidential friends that He speaks to their heart, and tells them the secrets of His love.



THE COMMUNION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

All the saints have experienced the fact that there is no means more efficacious to quickly obtain the love of Jesus Christ than to visit the Blessed Sacrament very frequently, above all, at those hours of the day when He seems to be forgotten and the churches are empty.

A tender Devotion to Mary. — The fourth means is a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin whose power over the Heart of Jesus is so absolute. One cannot doubt that Mary, above all creatures was the one who most loved Jesus, whom He most loved in return and who most ardently desired to see Him perfectly loved by all mankind. She is the Mother of perfect love, and it is to her that we should address ourselves to acquire it. The hearts of Jesus and Mary are so united, so conformed to each other that we cannot enter one without passing through the other. There is this difference, that only pure souls may unite themselves to the Heart of Jesus, but Mary, through the graces she obtains for them, purifies the souls who are not pure and prepares them thus to be received in the Heart of Jesus.

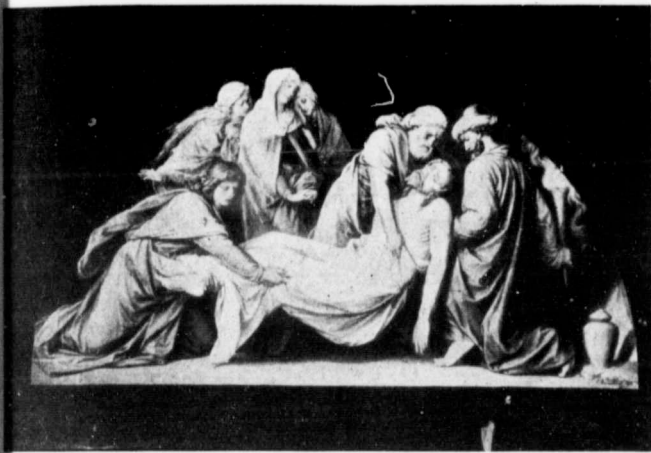
This means of approaching Jesus through Mary is the easiest means for many souls. There are few souls that have all the necessary dispositions for acquiring this love of God, but who are those who cannot obtain them easily by means of the prayers of Mary? Even sinners should not despair. "Mary is the Hope of Sinners," says St. Augustine in his sermons. She is their Refuge. She is the Help of all Christians. "Jesus Christ," says St. Augustine, "accords to her what we are not worthy to receive." *Quid indignus eras cui donneret, datum est Marie ut per illam acciperes quidquid haberes.* Christ has made her the dispenser of His graces and He has ordained that every grace shall pass through her hands.



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The Eucharist and the Death of the Saviour.



*quoties cumque mortem... Domini annuntiabi-
tis donec veniat.*

As often as you shall eat this bread, and
drink the chalice, you shall shew the death
of the Lord, until He come. — *Cor.*, xi,
26.

I

Under whatever aspect we may consider
the Holy Eucharist, It recalls to us in a striking manner
the death of Our Lord.

It was on the eve of His death that He instituted It,
on the very night on which He was betrayed : *Pridie
quam pateretur... in nocte qua tradebatur.*

The name that He gives It in the Testament in His
Blood : *Hoc testamentum est in sanguine meo.*

The state of Jesus is a state of death. Appearing at Brussels and at Paris, in 1290 and in 1366, it was with His wounds, as our Divine Victim

He is without movement, will, like one dead, who must be carried.

Around Him reigns the silence of death. His altar is a tomb, for it contains the bones of martyrs.

The Cross surmounts it — the Cross points it out as it points out tombs. The Corporal that envelops the Sacred Host is another winding-sheet, *novum sudarium*. — When the priest vests for the Sacrifice, he puts on the insignia of death. All the sacred vestments are ornamented with crosses. He carries the sacred emblem on his breast and on his back.

Always death, always the Cross. Such is the state of the Eucharist considered in Itself.

II

Considered as Sacrifice and as Communion, It is still death, and even in a more sensible manner.

The priest pronounces the sacramental words separately over the matter of the bread and separately over the wine, so that, by the strict force of those words, the Body is separated from the Blood, and that is death. — If death does not really take place, it is because the glorious and resuscitated state of Jesus Christ is opposed thereto. He assumes, however, death as far as He can. He takes the state of death and we behold Him as the Lamb immolated for us.

Thus it is that Jesus Christ, by His mystical death, continues the Sacrifice of the Cross, thereby renewed thousands of times for the sins of the world.

In Communion, the Saviour's death is consummated. The heart of the communicant becomes His tomb, for the Sacred Species dissolving under the action of natural heat, the sacramental state ceases. Jesus in the Host lives no longer in us corporally ; it is the death of the Sacrament, the consuming of the holocaust.

O glorious tomb in the heart of the just ! Tomb of ignominy in the heart of the sinner ! In the first, Our Lord, in losing His sacramental Being, leaves His Divi-

nity, His Holy Spirit, and thereby a germ of resurrection ; but in the guilty heart, Jesus does not survive, the end of the Eucharist is frustrated. — Communion then becomes a profanation. It is an unjust and violent death inflicted on Our Lord, crucified by new executioners.

III

Why did Our Lord wish to establish so close a relation between the Sacrament of the Eucharist and His death?

First, in order to recall to us what His Sacrament cost Him.

The Eucharist is, indeed, the fruit of Jesus' death.

The Eucharist is a testament, a legacy, which can go into effect only by the death of the testator. To legalize His testament, Jesus had to die. Whenever, then, we are before the Holy Eucharist, we ought to say : This precious Legacy cost Jesus Christ His life. And that shows us His immense love, for He has Himself declared that there is no greater proof of love than to give one's life for one's friends. Jesus dying in order to leave me, in order to win for me, the Eucharist — behold the supreme mark of His love? How many think on this price of the Eucharist? and yet Jesus is there in order to tell it to us. — But like unnatural children, we care only to use and to enjoy our riches, without thinking of Him who acquired them for us at the cost of His life.

IV.

In the second place, Jesus established that close relation between His Sacrament and His death, in order to repeat to us incessantly what ought to be the effects of the Eucharist in us.

The first is, to make us die to sin and to our evil inclinations.

The second is, to make us die to the world, and to crucify us with Jesus Christ, according to this word of St. Paul : *Mihi mundus crucifixus est, et ego mundo.*

The third is, to make us die to ourselves, to our tastes, to our desires, to our senses, in order to clothe us with Jesus Christ in such a way that He may live in us, and that we may be His members docile to His will.

It is, lastly, that we may participate in His glorious resurrection. — Jesus Christ sows Himself in us. The Holy Spirit will vivify that Germ, and by It give us new life, but a life glorious and unending.

Such are some of the reasons that led Jesus Christ to surround with the insignia of death this Sacrament of life, this Sacrament in which He is so glorious, in which His love triumphs.

He wishes to put constantly under our eyes what we have cost Him, and what we ought to do to correspond to His love.

“O Lord!” let us say to Him with the Church, “Thou who hast left us in Thy admirable Sacrament so lively a remembrance of Thy Passion, grant that we treat the Sacred Mystery of Thy Body and Blood with such respect as to deserve to experience constantly in ourselves the fruits of Thy Redemption!”

ECCĒ HOMO.

(See frontispiece.)

THE appearance of Jesus is so pitiful that Pilate thinks that the sight of so heartrending a spectacle will soften the fury of the Jews. Taking Jesus to a balcony in sight of the infuriated mob, Pilate lifts up a corner of the purple cloak and discloses the body of the Sufferer, furrowed and livid with the marks of the lashes, blood streaming from innumerable wounds and from the thorny crown which is pressing upon His sacred head.

Sweetest Lord! How is it that our devotion can ever flag when we are in Thy presence! Sweetness is distilled from Thy presence the whole atmosphere is filled with Thy sweetness, and yet we are cold and unmoved! Change these hard, unloving hearts we beseech Thee, render them responsive to Thy lightest touch, so that on these blessed days when Thou dost bid us worship at Thy Throne we may bring Thee the offering of hearts glowing with love and fervor and wholly Thine.

A Eucharistie Miracle

The Miraculous Host.



TOWARDS the middle of the XII century, the monastery of Dabran, in upper Germany, after having suffered considerably from the invasion of the Danes, had the consolation to see monastic discipline flourish once more and help to spread the benefits of Christian civilization among the rude Vandals.

A miraculous event which took place there in 1114 powerfully aided the zealous monks in their apostolic crusade.

On Easter Sunday, an unusually large congregation had assembled in the quaint old church to take part in the beautiful solemnities of this greatest of all great religious feasts. A young shepherd of the adjoining suburb more ignorant than wicked, not bothering much about a religion of which he knew absolutely nothing and to avoid the appearance of singularity followed the others to the church and assisted at the mass without however understanding the august ceremonies. When the others went up to the holy table he did the same and received the Sacred Host, but did not know exactly what he ought to do with it. Remarking the great recollection and profound respect with which the others acted, he concluded it would not be right to eat what he had just received and what he surmised must be of great value, perhaps even possessing some mysterious power, so he resolved to preserve it carefully as a précieux talisman to safeguard his sheep and protect himself. As soon as possible after leaving the church, he carefully bored a hole in the top of his crook and hid the Sacred Host therein. It was dusk when he had finished his work and stuck his crook in the ground. To his consternation a bright light immediately surrounded this improvised tabernacle whose luminous

rays pierced the darkness like a brilliant aureole. The shepherd not knowing what the matter could be with his crook changed its position several times, but change it as often as he would the strange bright light invariably accompanied it.



The wonderful prodigy continued for a long time. Every night when the King of heaven lighted up in His firmament those myriad suns, from the quiet valley came an answering brilliancy to proclaim His mysterious power. The inhabitants seeing the shepherd and his flock surrounded by this to them weird light devoutly crossed themselves and went another way to avoid the wicked sorcerer.

Meanwhile, the strange occurrence was talked about and diversely commented upon until eventually it reached the ears of the bishop who ordered an investigation.

The truth having been disclosed, the miraculous Host was taken from the crook was offered heartfelt solemn reparation and carried in triumph to the monastery chapel where it is still preserved and works many miracles as wonderful as the one we have just related.



Saint Joseph.

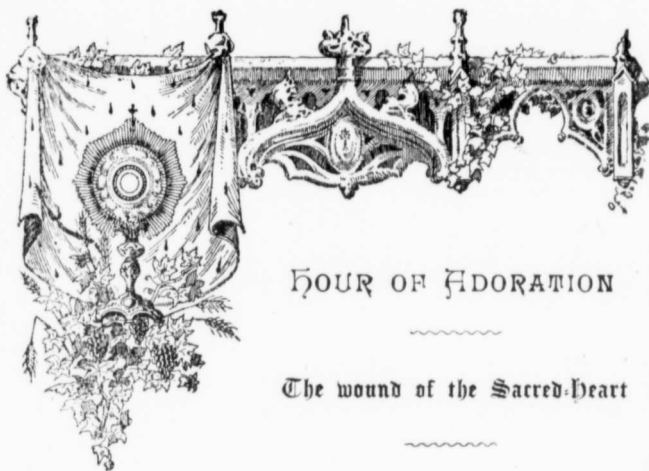
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**B**UT once in yearly course the Holiest Place  
Could God's anointed High Priest enter in  
With blood of spotless victim shed for sin,  
Atonement there to make for Adam's race.  
God's presence did this sanctuary grace,  
Enthroned betwixt the golden cherubin ;  
Whither in awe the High Priest came to win  
Mercy and peace before God's veiled face.

○ ○ ○

*O Blessed Joseph ! wondrous portion thine—  
Thy earthly home became a heavenly shrine  
Wherein the Godhead dwelt in mortal guise.  
So flowed thy life in converse all divine,  
Until in Mary's arms thou didst resign  
Thy soul, while Jesus opened paradise.*

—BY H. R. V.



## HOUR OF ADORATION

### The wound of the Sacred Heart

#### I. — Adoration.

The following passage from the Gospel of St. John insures to us the right to recognize and adore the Wound of the Sacred Heart :

“ Jesus, therefore, when He had taken the vinegar, said : It is consummated. And bowing His head, He gave up the ghost. Then the Jews (because it was the parasceve) that the bodies might not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath-day (for that was a great Sabbath-day) besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. The soldiers therefore came : and they broke the legs of the first, and of the other that was crucified with Him. But after they were come to Jesus, when they saw that He was already dead, they did not break His legs. But one of the soldiers with a spear opened His side, and immediately there came out blood and water.”

From the foregoing words we may positively believe that the Side of Jesus was pierced by the blow of a lance. It appears, moreover, indubitable that that same blow transpierced the Heart, also, of the Divine Crucified. The Evangelist does not say so in precise terms, but reason and authority combine to make this assertion absolutely incontestable.

First, reason tells us so. It is very probable that the soldier, either to assure himself that the Christ was really dead, or to give Him the final death-stroke, designedly drove his lance into the very Heart of Jesus. The Wound of the Side, moreover, was so large, so deep, that one might easily thrust his hand into it, as St. Thomas did on the invitation of the risen Redeemer. Such a wound could not have been dug into the breast without transpiercing the

Heart. Again, the abundant flow of blood and water which spouted out under that blow, proves that the Heart had been struck ; for the Heart is the source of the blood. It alone could still retain some after the other members of the body had shed theirs by the wounds of the scourging and the Crucifixion. Again, Christ willed that His Heart should be wounded that it might be apparent with what love He regarded His Church, to whom He says with so much tenderness : "Thou hast wounded My Heart, O My well-beloved Spouse!" Lastly, it is evident that this Wound of His Side had a mystical relation with His Heart. Christ willed that It should be the open gate which, revealing to us His Heart, should afford us an assured entrance into It.

Secondly, the weight of authority is added to reason. In the Decree of Beatification of Blessed Margaret Mary, Pius IX, thus expresses himself : "Who, then, will be so hard, so insensible, as not to be forced to return love for love to this most sweet Heart, which was wounded, transpierced by a lance, in order that our soul might find in It a refuge, a secure asylum from the pursuit, from the deceits of its enemies. This Decree repeats the tender, the burning words of St. Augustine, of St. Bernard, of St. Bonaventure on the mysterious opening of the Side of the Saviour, which calls to us to enter into His Heart, to abide therein, to live and to die therein.

To unfold to the eyes of faith the full reality of the Wound of the Sacred Heart, we add that the blood and water, though issuing from It at the same moment, did so without mixing with each other. The blood was substantially blood ; the water pure and natural, with no foreign tinge whatever. That Blood was miraculously preserved and that water miraculously formed in the Sacred Heart Itself. It was by a miracle, also, that they streamed forth instantaneously and abundantly under the stroke of the lance, and yet without mingling.

The Saviour willed, likewise, that this Wound should remain open in His resuscitated Body, not like the scar of a wound badly closed, not painful to look upon as it was in the Side of the Christ dead upon the Cross, but wonderfully harmonizing with the beauty of His glorified Humanity. It was shining with light, or, as St. Bernard says, It was "the most beautiful of the five roses that expanded upon the fruitful stem of our most sweet Saviour, by the heat of His ardent love.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

Love, supreme love, which the Wound of the Sacred Heart so plainly manifests, calls for our gratitude. One of the principal reasons that led the Son of God to allow His Heart to be wounded



was, that it might serve as an unmistakable sign, as an authentic seal, of His love for men.

The Sacred Wound, chaining the attention to the Heart of the Saviour, proclaims that it is from that Heart, that is, from His love, proceeds all the self-sacrifice of His life, whether in sentiments of tenderness, pity, and mercy, in words of instruction and consolation, or in works of healing and conversion. From It, also, came forth all the sufferings embraced and supported even to the end of His Passion. From It, in fine, originated hatred of sin and liquidation of its insolvent obligations, for the satisfaction of Divine Justice, and for the reconciliation of Divine Mercy with mankind repentant and forgiven. "Behold," says St. Bernard, "the secret of the Sacred Heart revealed by the wounds opened in the Saviour's flesh! Behold the grand mystery of Divine Goodness laid bare! Behold the bowels of mercy disclosed to view!

"By allowing His Heart to be pierced after His death, the Divine Master disclosed both the supreme gift of His Heart and the supreme proof of His love. While still alive, He had delivered His head to thorns, His shoulders to the scourges, His hands and feet to the nails. His Heart alone, although It had cruelly suffered from all Its effusions of blood, had escaped without a direct bruise, without a wound dug in Its very substance. That He might not appear reluctant to deliver for our salvation the most noble organ of His Sacred Body, Christ offered His Heart to be transpierced by the thrust of the soldier's lance." He testified thereby that He truly loved us to the end: to the end of His life, even unto death, yes, and beyond death. It is the excess, the superabundance, of the evidences of His love!

That Wound is, also, the authentic seal of God's reconciliation with us, the proof that having banished us from His Heart as well as from Paradise, He has now restored to us both the one and the other. The lance of the soldier opened and holds open the gate that the archangel's flaming sword kept closed. "Behold!" exclaims St. Bernard, "the gate of Paradise reopened and the fiery sword thrust aside by the bloody lance! Behold the Tree of Life pierced not only in Its branches, but in Its very core! Behold the treasure of eternal love opened! Enter, then, those large openings of the Sacred Wounds:

### III. — Reparation.

Sin, alas! is at the root of the great fact of the transfixion of the Sacred Heart, which fact, however, Its love transforms for us into benefit.

It was, indeed, a real crime on the part of the soldier, who exhibited as much contempt as ferocity toward the Divine Con-

demned. Even while executing the orders of the civilized rulers of pagan Rome, it was his own innate cruelty that urged the barbarous soldier to deal as heavy a blow on the limbs of the Saviour as upon those of the two thieves. But finding Christ dead, he vented his disappointment and rage by driving the iron of his lance into His Heart. He was fully aware of the uselessness of that proof of the Saviour's death. He meant it as a supreme insult to the Condemned upon whom, from the very beginning of His Passion, gratuitous outrages had been heaped, to the exclusion of those guarantees by which the law protects both the accused and the condemned. He wished, moreover, to please the High Priests who had hired him, and whose imperious eyes were upon him.

It was, however, the infinite malice of our own sins that nerved the arm of the soldier and urged him to commit the crime. It exacted this expiation of the Holy Victim, who willingly took upon Himself its responsibility. The seat of sin is, then, in the heart of man, in the disorderly preference that he gives to the creature above the Creator, in the outrageous abandonment in which he leaves his God in order to give himself up to the depraved pleasures in which he seeks his delight and happiness instead of placing them in the Infinite Good. Now, the Lord, who looks at the heart in order to recompense the intention which prompts the good action, pursues sin even to its primitive source by striking that heart: — "The Lord beholdeth the heart." Let, then, the Heart of this Man, this Substitute for all mankind, His brethren, to pay their debt of sin and to expiate its malice by submitting to its chastisement, be struck and broken! The Divine wrath will be appeased only when it can fall upon this Heart truly broken by the most humiliating blows. — To whom shall I have respect but to him that is poor and little and of a contrite spirit?" See, now, why the Heart of Jesus which, during His whole life, and still more during His agony in the Garden, had been troubled and wounded by a thousand spiritual swords of terror, sadness, disgust, deep humiliation, the treason of the cold indifference of His own, and lastly, by the pitiless abandonment of His Father, — behold why It should be transpierced by the point of the lance. It was the ransom of sin rated upon the human heart.

#### IV. — Prayer.

The fruits of the transfixion. — St. Bonaventure shows in Christ transpierced by the lance upon the Cross, "the Tree of Life gashed in Its branches and in Its trunk. As they pierce aromatic trees in order to gather their precious liquor, so shall we gather in our heart near the Divine Crucified, by attentive, confident, and humble prayer, the odoriferous oils of grace which flow from the Wound of the Sacred Heart.

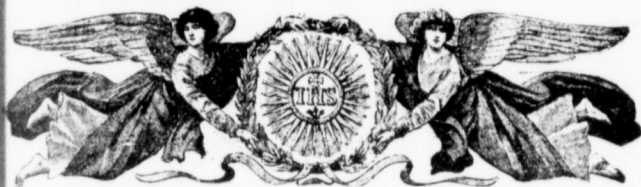
At first, it is the salutary bruising of the heart, holy contrition, the frequenting of the piscina of Penance, filled with the waves of lustral water that jet from that traspierced Heart; then it is the holy habit of assiduously drinking from the Eucharistic Chalice the virginal Blood, the repairing Blood, whose last drops red-dened as they fell to the earth of Calvary, and reanimated for the resurrection the bones, long dried up, of the first sinners.

Later on, it is the knowledge of Jesus Christ, of His mysteries, His love, His spirit, gained by contact with His Heart. On the morrow of the Resurrection, Thomas, having lost faith and hope, had fallen into discouragement, which led to denial and apostasy. But he recognized Jesus, "his Lord and his God," as soon as he had plunged his hand through the Breast of the Saviour into His open Heart, burning with love and palpitating with tender pity. Let us do the same. In our doubts, our coldness, our sadness and weakness, let us touch the Heart of Jesus by a look of faith, a cry of hope, a dart of love, an act of humility, and we shall soon find our Saviour and our God:

Another fruit, in fine, is supernatural consolation in our trials. This consolation applies the true remedy, which is composed of the sufferings of Jesus, the most cruel and the most numerous that can attack any heart here below. In it He has mingled His purity, His love, His strength, His humility, His obedience, and His patience, with His indefectible hope. Wounds against Wound! Let our torn and broken hearts adapt themselves by their very wounds themselves to the Heart of Jesus Christ so deeply transpierced. He there pours out His virtues with the price of His victories. There, above all, He pours forth His love, and "love is strong as death itself!" Ah! let us, then, cast our bruised hearts into the Wound of the transpierced Heart! It is blindness or cruelty which induced them to stray from It.

"There," says St. Bonaventure, "are found and dispensed all the balms that calm and cure. — "O blessed lance," continues the holy Doctor, "had I been in thy place, I should never have come forth from the Bosom of Jesus! I should have exclaimed: Behold the place of my rest for endless ages! Here will I remain, for it is the abode that I have chosen forever.





## The Angel of the Schools.

(BY UNCLE AUSTIN.)



THE year 1226, which witnessed the death of St. Francis of Assisi, and saw St. Louis ascend the throne of France, beheld the birth of a third saint more remarkable, in some respects, than either of the other two, and perhaps the greatest scholar the world has ever seen. This was St. Thomas, surnamed Aquinas from the name of the castle where his parents, Count Landolph and the Countess Theodora, usually resided. The castle was situated about half way between Rome and Naples.

In the lives of a great many very distinguished men we read that some extraordinary event occurred at or before their birth, symbolizing the prominence which they were afterward to attain. Concerning many such stories it is to be remarked that no one ever heard them until those whose greatness they foreshadowed had already become great; and the inference is that biographers have occasionally drawn on their imagination for incidents which to their minds *should* have occurred at the birth of their heroes, whether, as a matter of history, such incidents did take place or not.

Be this as it may, it is certain that before the birth of Thomas, a venerable old man, whom everyone looked upon as a saint, called on Theodora one day and said to her: Countess, rejoice. God will give you a son who will surpass all his contemporaries in knowledge and sanctity. Give him the name of Thomas, which signifies profoundness."

There was reason to believe, even from the child's earliest years, that God watched over him with especial care. One day, while Thomas and his sister were playing in a tower of the castle, a thunder-storm arose, and the tower was struck by lightning. His sister fell dead at his feet, but Thomas received not the slightest injury. A halo was often noticed about his brow, and rays of light darted from his mouth—facts which led people to believe that the child had received in an eminent degree the Gift of Wisdom.

On one occasion, as his mother was going for a walk with some other ladies, she told the governess to follow her with Thomas. During the promenade the governess noticed that the boy held a piece of paper in his hand. She did not know where he got it, and wished to take it from him; but he refused to let her have it, and began to cry. The governess did not insist, but she told the Countess about it. On returning to the castle, his mother, in her turn, wished to obtain possession, but Thomas still resisted. It was the only time he was ever known to disobey. The Countess, however, desired to find out why he set such store by the paper and opened his hand by force and took it from him. What was her surprise to see written on it only these words: "*Ave Maria* — Hail Mary!" As a matter of fact, love for the Blessed Virgin was the ruling sentiment of his heart.

From the time that Thomas was able to speak he astonished everyone by his intelligence. His was not the cleverness of children whose rogueries and pranks, and sometimes impertinence, are mistaken by indulgent parents for smartness; he was intelligent in the real meaning of the word. His talk was full of good sense, and his conduct was always becoming.

When he was five years old, Thomas was sent to school at the celebrated Benedictine monastery of Monte Casino. There he remained five years, astonishing all his teachers by this precocity and his rapid progress. Never had they encountered a scholar so remarkable in every respect. He loved silence and solitude more than is customary among little fellows, but he was never sullen or morose. Although by far the brightest of his class, he never looked down upon the dunces nor laughed at their stupid

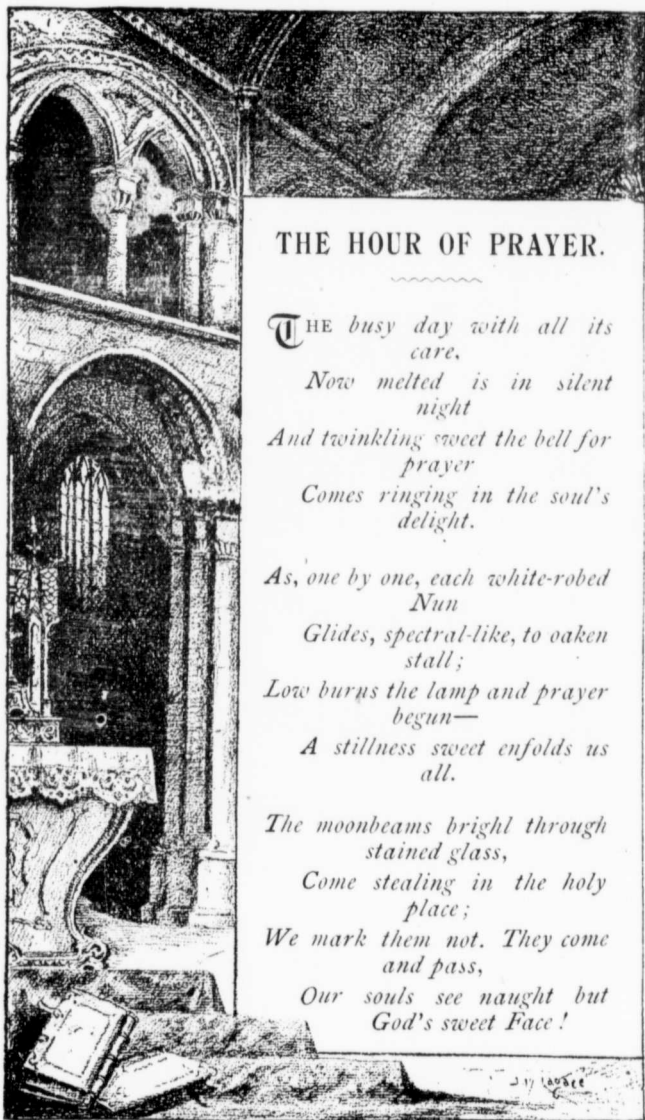
blunders. On the contrary, he seemed sorry for them. In this he differed from a good many bright boys nowadays, who seem to think that if God has given to them more talent than to some of their companions, they have reason to be proud and to patronize their slower classmates. Thomas was as modest as if he were the dullest boy in the school, instead of being the brightest. Among many other good qualities that he possessed was a love of work. He hated to be idle ; and when his lesson and class exercises were finished, he would go for a walk, and then repair to the church to pray.

Well, by the time he was ten years old he had advanced so far in knowledge and virtue that the Abbot of Monte Casino persuaded Count Landolph to send the young scholar to a superior school. In consequence, Thomas went to Naples to continue his studies there. Like all large cities, Naples was full of dangers for young people. Some of Thomas' fellow-students were giddy, thoughtless boys and dissipated young men, who told him that he ought to have a good time, and spend his money (of which he had a good deal) in procuring pleasures for himself. "That is just what I do," he answered. "My greatest pleasure is to assist the poor."

He passed unscathed through all the dangers that beset the path of youth, and at the age of seventeen entered the Dominican Order. He became a great preacher and a still greater writer. The extent of his knowledge earned for him the name which forms the title of this little sketch — "The Angel of the Schools." It was he who composed the Office and Mass of the Blessed Sacrament ; and every time we are present at Benediction, we hear part of hymns he wrote — the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*.

All school-boys should invoke the aid of St. Thomas, so that they may not only succeed in their studies, but become obedient, kindly, industrious and good.





## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

**T**HE busy day with all its  
care,  
Now melted is in silent  
night  
And twinkling sweet the bell for  
prayer  
Comes ringing in the soul's  
delight.

As, one by one, each white-robed  
Nun  
Glides, spectral-like, to oaken  
stall;  
Low burns the lamp and prayer  
begun—  
A stillness sweet enfolds us  
all.

The moonbeams bright through  
stained glass,  
Come stealing in the holy  
place;  
We mark them not. They come  
and pass,  
Our souls see naught but  
God's sweet Face!

*We humbly turn to altar blest,  
Our Lord is sweetly biding  
    There;  
And calmly feel there is no rest  
Like that we find in hour of  
    prayer.*

*O, sweetly solemn moment,  
    fraught  
With purest joy for virgin  
    heart!  
For greater things by Grace are  
    wrought  
Than any human skill of art!*

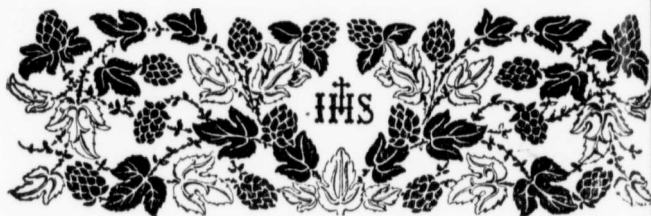
*'Tis then the overhanging arch  
Of Heaven touches earth. Des-  
    cends  
The Spirit Sweet, while graces  
    march  
To fill the soul as it ascends—*

*To Source of grace—its Life, its  
    Light,  
Forgetting all the busy world!  
O, sweetly comes this hour at  
    night  
When Prayer its banner has  
    unfurled.*

*Sr. M. R., O. S. D.*







## The use of the Chalice not necessary for Communion.

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**I**N a graceful and salubrious valley near Paris, in the midst of forest and verdure, stood in the middle ages, a vast monastery specially renowned for its chapel of the miracle, the object of an important pilgrimage for many years, and so named on account of the miracle which took place there in 1240.

Some of the monks displeased by a decision of the Church which suppressed the use of the chalice by the faithful and authorized Holy Communion to be given to them only under the species of bread, tried to disturb the faith and submission of their brethren : " We cannot believe," they argued, that we receive Jesus Christ whole and entire, if you do not give us, at the same time, the bread and consecrated wine. Consequently we should all refuse to obey this ordinance."

" The Church is wise," responded the loyal monks, " in acting thus she does not detract from the divine Treasure she distributes to her children in Holy Communion, since Jesus Christ whole and entire, without division or diminution, gives Himself under each species. We are convinced of this truth because it is the doctrine of the Church which we know always acts with prudence and cannot err."

This beautiful reply made no salutary impression on the rebellious monks, in whom a satanic pride smothered all noble sentiments. On the contrary they insisted that Holy Communion should be given to them under the species of wine as to the priest.



One morning they asked the prior to give them Communion under both species alleging many futile reasons for their request. The prior patiently endeavored to convince them of their error but finding all his efforts useless he placed the matter in God's hands. "Divine Saviour," he exclaimed, casting himself at the foot of a crucifix "vouchsafe to reveal Thyself to those poor

brothers the truth of the great mystery of the Eucharist, in order that their reason may submit to faith and that they may not lose through their incredulity the fruit of their penitent and mortified life."

God deigned to listen to his pleadings and performed a miracle to dispel the blindness of those intractable monks. When the prior, who was offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass specially for them came to the parting of the Host, the paten on which he broke it filled with blood. He signed the incredulous monks to approach and great was their astonishment to see the Blood of Jesus, really in the Host as well as in the Chalice. The celebrant then joined the two fragments and the blood re-entered without leaving any trace.

The contrite monks now clearly understood this truth, that Jesus Christ since His resurrection, being living and immortal, His Body, Blood, Soul and divinity cannot be separated and acknowledged what the Council of Trent so emphatically defined: Anathema to him who denies that the august Sacrament contains Jesus Christ entire under both species.

Consequently the faithful have no reason to envy the priest regarding Holy Communion. A firm and simple faith knows well that all those who participate in the Body of the Saviour receive at the same time the totality of His precious Blood; because in this mystery by an effect of the goodness of Jesus if we possess a part we possess the whole.

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### To Our Readers.

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As the "SENTINEL" is payable in advance, we beg to remind some of our Readers that their subscription having expired in January has not yet been renewed. They would greatly oblige us and help along our good work should they remit the small amount at their earliest convenience.

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## RAPHAEL'S DISPUTA

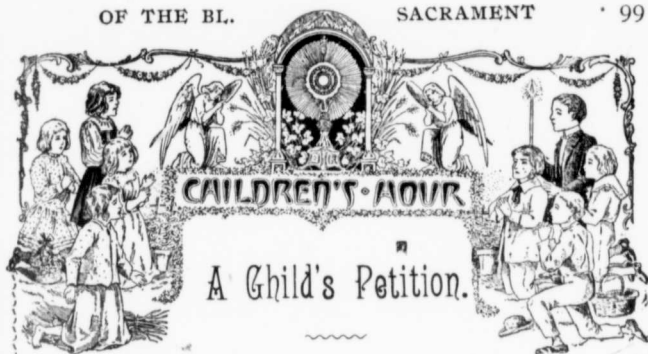
The Apotheosis of the Blessed Sacrament in Heaven  
and on Earth.

**T**HIS famous half-circular fresco represents, as we have already stated, the apotheosis of the Blessed Sacrament in heaven and on earth. It is therefore composed of two superposed divisions, which are a marvel of balance and unity. — A square altar in the center of the lower, or earthly plane, supports a monstrance containing the transubstantiated host, a marvel of simplicity and effectiveness, and around it are ranged in groups of astonishing life and action, the Doctors who have written on the Divine Mystery of the Altar. To the right, near the altar, stands Peter Lombard, the Magister Sententiarum, with Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scot not far away, while St. Ambrose and St. Augustine sit in the foreground, the latter dictating to a scribe. St. Bonaventure, in Cardinal's

dress, stands between Popes Anaclet and Innocent III, and among other personages, nineteen in number, are clearly lined the profiles of Dante and Savanarole. To the left of the altar the holy Doctors St. Gregory and St. Jerome sit prominently with various groups of adoring youths, bishops, theologians and philosophers discussing and studying; some critics recognize Nicholas of Lira and Fra Angelico da Fiesole among the number. The background of this earthly plane is a most pleasing landscape, such as only the sunny sky and classic ground of Italy can inspire. Immediately above, the Eucharistic monstrance dominates the glorious group of the Blessed Trinity, rays of light connecting the upper or heavenly plane of the picture with the lower one just described. The Holy Ghost, under the figure of a dove, glowing with warmth and radiant light, in the center of a glory like a huge host, is flanked by four angels displaying the four books of the gospels, and effectively connecting the earth below with the heavens whence the inspired word was given to earth. They float in the heavenly clouds, their beautifully modeled forms swinging under them toward the altar in the earthly plane; thus in Jesus Christ, surrounded by a glory of angels' heads, the Blessed Virgin on his right, St. John the Baptist on his left, centers the interest of this heavenly plane. Above Him, in a glimmering heaven of numberless angels and limitless light, is the majestic figure of God the Father holding the globe of the Universe and haloed with the triangular square. Seated on banks of clouds supported by angels are prominent saints of both the Old and New Testament: to the right St. Peter, Adam, St. John the Evangelist, David, St. Stephen and a Prophet half hidden by the clouds; to the left St. Paul, Abraham, St. James, Moses, St. Lawrence and a military hero of the Old Testament.

The composition is sublime in the conception and of a success of execution rarely equaled. One engraving like the *Disputa* is enough to adorn a room and to scare out of it the many tawdry so-called works of art, which disfigure many a modern priestly parlor.

C. P. MAES.



**S**HE stole into the church alone,  
 With shy and timid grace,  
 A little child with wondrous eyes,  
 And smiling, dimpled face.

"I come to see you, dearest Lord,  
 Sweet Jesus, are you here?  
 Ah! yes, the light is burning bright,  
 I know that you are near.

"I'm glad that we are all alone,  
 Because I want to bring  
 A letter to your Sacred Heart  
 To ask for everything.

"Now, if some older people saw  
 Me write this little letter,  
 They'd take it, may be, from my hand  
 And try to make it better.

"But no one saw me write it, Lord;  
 I think it's written right;  
 And you won't mind if it's spelt wrong,  
 Because it's clean and white.

"I'll drop it in your treasure box,  
 And kiss it so 'twill speed  
 Right up to heaven to your Heart,  
 To ask for all we need.

"And then, to make it very sure,  
 I'll say a decade, too,  
 To forward quick this little note  
 I wrote, dear Lord, to you."



## TWO ALTAR-BOYS

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To celebrate the opening of the Jubilee in the year 1775, the inhabitants of Osimo, an Italian village near Loreto, organized a magnificent procession in which the pupils of the different colleges and seminaries took part.

The rich silver candlesticks which accompanied the Cross, were carried by two young students of the Seminary, aged about fifteen years. One was called Genga, the other Castiglione. Both belonged to noble and illustrious families.

It is not known for what reason, but during the course of the procession the two acolytes began to quarrel, and, carried away by the ardour of their argument, had recourse to blows using the candlesticks they bore, to emphasize their angry remarks.

Though the young combatants were quickly separated by the disinterested onlookers, it was not soon enough to prevent Genga from receiving a blow which rendered him insensible.

Fifty years afterwards, in the year 1825, Genga who then occupied the Fisherman's Chair under the venerable title of Leo XII., descended from the Vatican accompanied by the Roman court, to celebrate the opening of another Jubilee.

Castiglione, having become Bishop and Cardinal, filled the important position of Grand Penitencier of the Roman Church. To him fell by right the honour of presenting to the Pope the silver hammer used in the antique ceremony of the opening of the Holy Door. On accepting it Leo XII. said in a low voice, with a roguish smile: "Fifty years ago today, Your Eminence offered me, on a similar occasion, but in a little less gracious manner, another, silver instrument." "I remember the event, Holy Father," answered the Cardinal, somewhat embar-

passed, "but I trust Your Holiness has long since pardoned me."

Four years later, after his too-short reign, Leo XII, died and was succeeded on the Pontifical throne by Cardinal Castiglione, who took the name of Pius VIII.

Much surprised indeed would have been the witnesses of the procession and altar-boy's fight of 1775 could they have foreseen the future.

He who commences badly may end well ; we must never despair of anything.

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## The Prayers of Children.

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IF we only knew the efficacy and the might of those artless prayers ! Prayers of the angels of the earth, powerful as those of the angels in heaven ! If we all realized their full value, parents would be more particular to make their little ones pray at home and to bring them often to church to pray at the foot of the altar where the fond Lover of children gazes benignly upon them and blesses them with the same tender love as when He walked among men. Teachers in schools and colleges would use every means in their power to encourage and facilitate their visits to the Blessed Sacrament whether in public or private. Even those toddlers who can only lisp a language all their own may pray and be understood by the listening Christ : moreover, I doubt if there be any sweeter sound in His ears than this incoherent babble, such a sore puzzle to their elders, besides, their innocence joined to the supplications of the Lamb, who in the Eucharist intercedes for poor sinners, appeases God's anger, draws down His blessings on their families and homes and safeguards society itself.

Unhappy mothers who neglect to make your little children pray, why are you surprised when crosses and



trials come upon you and you grow disheartened and discouraged under their weight ?

In the year 1418, in Paris, a solemn public procession was held to implore the cessation of a plague that threatened the city. The cortege was headed by mothers carrying their little infants in their arms as most worthy to appease heaven and draw down God's mercy.

Not very long ago in a pilgrimage of penance we saw among the pilgrims a little Breton child wonderfully



beautiful, clad in pure white and crowned with flowers, who had been offered to the Blessed Sacrament and consecrated to the Sacred Heart in the name of 8,000 children of the army of Angels. And every time this little white-robed high priest with arms extended in the form of a cross, cried out : " Pardon, my God," the mothers simultaneously raised their children towards the altar. The pathetic beauty of the scene is indescribable and drew tears from all beholders.