

Jesus, taking bread, brake it.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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Hymn to the Sacred Heart

(Favorite aspiration of Pius X.)

"Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I place my trust in Thee!"
Whatever may befall me, Lord,
Though naught but grief I see,
In all my joys, in all my woes,
Though naught but grief I see,
"Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I place my trust in Thee!"

When those I love have passed away,
And I am sore distressed,
Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I fly to Thee for rest!
In all my trials great or small,
My confidence shall be
Unshaken, as I cry, dear Lord,
"I place my trust in Thee".

This is my one sweet prayer, dear Lord!
My faith, my trust, my love.
But most of all in that last hour,
When death points up above,
Oh! then Sweet Saviour, may Thy face
Smile on my soul set free,
Oh! may I cry with rapturous love
"I've placed my trust in Thee".

* THE LITTLE GOLDEN DOOR *



One stormy night, to my utter consternation, I realized I had lost my way, and was wandering blindly in a steep mountainous region bordered on all sides by formidable precipices. The knowledge was appalling, the situation fraught with such peril, that hardy traveller as I was, I shuddered with fear, nevertheless the fierce determination that instantly took possession of me to save myself, overcame every other emotion, and led me to follow what seemed an extra narrow bridle-path, but which on further progress, I found as great a peril as any I was trying to escape, on account of its being liberally strewn with sharp pieces of rock, detached from the massive boulders by the torrential rains.

Peal after peal of thunder, each one seeming to my unstrung nerves louder and more racking than the last, rent the air, the wind blew a regular hurricane uprooted trees and swept them before it like playtoys, and worse still, overpowered me and compelled me to continue my way on knees already feeling the effects of many a fall since I had entered on the deceptive path.

Still as this narrow path was my only salvation, I dragged myself along by great efforts, keeping as close to the mountain as possible, especially, when the blinding flashes of lightning, that lit up the inky darkness revealed the cruel precipice ready to devour me as it had already trees, rocks, and everything else hurled into its capacious mouth by the furious elements. . . . Every moment I thought would be my last. . . . Suddenly a steady bright light shone in the sky, and its reflexion disclosed a mountain peak, not far distant, and wonder of wonders, in its hollow a little golden door.

At the welcome sight my courage returned. The hope of finding shelter and help buoyed me up, on hands and knees I resumed my way and in a short while, scarcely able to breathe and covered with wounds I reached the little door and cried out in anguish: Open, I implore to a poor lost traveller, in pity open the door and give me shelter from the dreadful storm. Scarcely had I spoken when the little golden door opened, and a handsome young man, of striking majesty whose very aspect breathed kindness and inspired confidence, took me by the hand and led me into his mysterious dwelling.

Instantly the noise of the storm ceased, peace filled my soul and I felt myself gently carried by an invisible hand that removed my drenched garments, and plunged me into a refreshing bath, wherein all my wounds were quickly healed, and my strength completely restored.

This bath not only cleansed me from the stain of travel, and closed my wounds, but infused a new life, imparted to my soul its first youth and emitted a most delicious subtle fragrance.

What was my astonishment to see the kind young man who had opened the door for me standing with his hands spread over the bath. . . . and each of his hands was pierced with a deep wound, and from each of these wounds the blood flowed freely.

Then I looked at the bath and I looked at myself and I saw that I had bathed in blood, that I was all covered with blood, the blood of this young man.

And this blood, imparted such strength and courage that I felt able to breast storms, a thousand times worse, than the one I had just encountered. But, what surprised me still more, was that this blood instead of making me red, made me white, whiter than snow, and put in my soul a new feeling, a holy joyous gladness, a great

gratitude, and a burning tenderness for this kind young man, who had pitied me so much that he opened his own veins to solace me.

After this bath the generous dweller of this mysterious home, robed me in a lovely purple garment the color of his own . . . then he warmed me by an invisible but penetrating fire . . . then sat me down to a sumptuous banquet.

I was so hungry and so thirsty

The struggle against the storm and the dangers of the route had unmaned and exhausted me. The banquet was presided over and served by the kind young man himself.

A soft restful light filled the place, yet there was no lamp visible; my host was the beacon and from his countenance radiated resplendent rays of light.

I was so hungry and so thirsty.

He gave me bread and said: eat this; he gave me a goblet saying: drink this.

He blessed the bread, laid the goblet against another wound in his side and lo it was filled with delicious wine.

I drank eagerly I was so thirsty, and eat heartily I was so hungry; and, when I had finished, I knew it was not ordinary bread I had eaten, but some rare and precious food that changed me completely, lifted me above the world's sordid fancies and cares, transplanted me into a sublime region, revealed secrets not given to mortals to speak about, transformed me into a divine being, filled me with joy, peace, delight, consolation, happiness, heavenly gladness, and gave me a passionate love for this gracious young man who had prepared it for me. And I looked at him and I saw him in myself seated on a throne adored by angels; I saw Seraphims swing golden

urns before his face, and Cherubim burn precious incense and waft it upwards to his throne.

Then he spoke to me and his rich melodious voice thrilled me with a hitherto unknown feeling and caused me to weep in very joy. Then he drew me to him, pressed me to his heart, cradled me in his arms, and hushed me to sleep on his breast, with a lullaby tenderer and more restful than ever fondest mother sang to idolized babe. . . . And I slept long, and while I slumbered, he made me dream of heaven.

O ravishing, entrancing dream! dream beyond depicting!!

Finally this kind young man who had made me taste such happiness touched my eyes with his fingers, and instantly I awoke, fired with an enthusiastic unquenchable love and cast myself at his feet saying:

My Lord I thank thee for thy liberal hospitality, may heaven and earth praise thee for ever. Alas! the storm is now over, and I must resume my journey, but never, never shall I forget thee, or thy wonderful goodness to me. I shall come again and plead for admittance at thy little golden door framed in granite... "Stay", he answered, in his low musical voice, "stay, and if you wish, every day I will bathe you in my blood, I will warm you with my fire, I will enlighten you with my light, I will seat you at my table; every day, yes, if you wish to remain with me, I will cradle you in my arms, hush you to sleep on my heart and make you dream of heaven anew. But if you go away, take care, the storm of a little while ago will soon overtake you again."

O good Master, and the joy of my heart tinged my voice as I rejoined, since Thou art kind enough to invite me to stay with Thee, I will remain, Oh! so gladly. Let others, if they wish dare those fierce storms; let others,

if they wish endure the hardships and face the dangers of the rough rocky way. For me I remain! Yes, I wish to live and die here. Yes Lord, I want to forget the world and its tempests, turmoil, sin and sorrow and remain with thee in this ideal place; yes, every day of my life I will drink of the torrents of delight flowing from Thy Sacred Side opened by the lance. But in pity, gracious Host tell me Thy name, so that I may sing Thy praises with the Angels. ?

Since you want to know my name, I will tell it to you... My name, child of my heart, my name: is Love... My name: is Eucharist... My name: is Jesus.

F. HERMANN.



CHILDREN'S COMMUNIONS AND A MOTHER'S DUTY

Nothing that the Holy Father has done had brought home more to their very doors the work of renewing all things in Christ, as had his Decrees on Frequent and First Communion. These Decrees were a challenge to every individual soul, and their visible and tangible effects were evident to the most casual observers, but much still remained to be done for the promotion of frequent Communion, more particularly among the children's schools. Consoling it is to know that much has been done by the different congregations. But really effective work requires the joint co-operation of clergy, teachers, the children themselves, and—above all—of the parents, by which it is understood we allude

more particularly to the mothers; for, while the authority and influence of the fathers should ever be on the side of God's law, the responsibility for their spiritual as for their temporal welfare rests to a very large extent on the mothers. The mother should never forget that her children belong more to God than to herself; and that her chief duty is to prepare them for their future destiny in the next world by curbing their passions, moulding their characters, and keeping them in the grace and friendship of God. Her most powerful auxiliary in these efforts and the greatest help to the children is the practice of frequent Communion. The Decrees of the Holy See says: "Children who have made their first Communion ought not to be prevented from receiving Holy Communion frequently, but rather should be encouraged to do so," and, in terms that can not be mistaken the latest Decree has declared that the duty of seeing to this rests with those who are in charge of the children; so it should be inferred it rests principally and primarily with the mother. If the mother takes the utmost care to do that, she will not only have the satisfaction of having discharged an important duty, but the consolation of seeing with her own eyes the happy fruits of this salutary practice—of seeing her children grow up pure, gentle, obedient, and unselfish, putting on daily the spirit of Him Whom they received.



Visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

The blessing of daily Mass, frequent Communion, and daily visits to the Most Holy Sacrament is the privilege of those living in towns. May they avail themselves of it! Those living in the country, far away from the Church are deprived of these heavenly favors. How are they to manifest their love and gratitude by visits to the Blessed Sacrament? In the first place they have an opportunity of satisfying their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament on all Sundays and holy-days, both before and after Mass. Here is a good opportunity to pay a loving and fervent visit to Jesus, to make up for one's absence during the week. Again, people from the country often come to town on business. They should never lose so good an opportunity of looking into the church to pay a visit to their beloved Lord. To come in specially to pray before the Blessed Sacrament would be time not lost but gained, time well spent, time precious at the hour of death.

Besides these and other occasions of actual visits to the Blessed Sacrament, the pious soul can supply all defects of opportunity by visits in spirit. And this holy practice will draw down showers of grace upon our souls. The devout Christian in his humble home, whether by the bleak mountain's side or far away in the bog, can enter the closet of his heart, and kneel in spirit before his Lord. With the eyes of faith he sees Jesus on the altar; he adores and loves Him; he begs His graces and blessings; he elicits the very same acts, and derives the very same advantages, as if he had been really in the church in the actual presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

These spiritual visits can be made at all times and in all places, and are recommended to all, but especially to those living at a distance from the Church. How the

Sacred Heart of Jesus will dilate to diffuse His graces upon those who thus far away from the altar of His love still remember Him; who thus make their hearts living Tabernacles of the Blessed Sacrament —tabernacles more precious than those of marble, silver, or gold; and who convert, so to speak, their dwellings into churches for the Holy of holies.

F. X. LASANCE.



Prayer for the Success.

of the 25th Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes (July 22-26).



O Jesus, Who dost give Thyself in nourishment to our souls, grant, we beseech Thee, that the coming Eucharistic Congress may prove a great spiritual success. Do Thou inspire and bless every action, writing or speech in connection with it; every motion and resolution passed: deign graciously to accept the solem homage which will be rendered to Thee. In flame the hearts of priests and faithful, of parents and children, in order that frequent and daily communion be over the entire world, and Thy social reign, O Christ Jesus, be universally established,.....

(50 days Ind. granted by the bishop of Lourdes.)

Our Lady of Lourdes pray for us!....

(300 days. Pius X, 1907.)

Dear Saint of the Blessed Sacrament,

St. Pascal Baylon, pray for us.

 THAT CHALICE 

Several years ago, upon my recovery from a long illness, my doctor ordered a few weeks rest at the seashore.

"The bracing air will strengthen your lungs", said he, "and a daily dip in the ocean will help greatly towards bringing back your normal strength".

Acting on this advice, I put up at one of the hotels of the little town of S. . .

The spot was an ideal one, situated on a narrow tongue of land between the Atlantic and a broad deep river that flowed into it further down the coast,—“between the devil and the deep sea,” as the townsfolk put it. The soil in the neighborhood was sandy, making spontaneous vegetation very scanty. But art supplied what nature had withheld, and a varied distribution of lawn and flower-bed, trimmed hedges and clumps of trees, compared favorably with the grander natural landscape across the river. The view from my room at the hotel was enchanting. The mighty ocean stretched out as far as eye could reach, now calm and dotted with white sails, with the smoke of some ocean liner rising near the horizon, now so sullen and stormy that, the hardiest sailor dared not venture out on its bosom.

Sunrise on the waters was glorious. A Japanese visitor assured me he had seen nothing better in his own country. Then after making it hot for us all day, setting behind the hills across the river, Old Sol would treat us to a sight worthy of the brush of the very greatest of landscape painters.

Surf bathing though the principal attraction, was not the only out-door amusement. The golf grounds were well laid out, and the tennis courts always in good condition. Hard, straight roads afforded splendid automobiling. The river was well stocked with fish, and a few hours work with hook and line was usually repaid by a fine catch. All sorts of sailing craft could be had, and a yacht race over a seven mile course was held every Saturday. Then, if you were tired of the river, for a cigar or two you had a place in a fisher mans dory, and the experience of deep sea fishing.

In this earthly paradise time slipped by, and my health returned almost imperceptibly. My stay would have been uneventful, devoid of any occurrence worthy of being related here, had I not, on the eve of my departure, dropped my watch to the floor of the bathing pavilion, and broke the minute hand. I took it to the only jeweller the little town boasted of, an old man who kept a little shop on the main street, eking out a living by doing the odd jobs his trade procured him during the summer months. To replace the broken hand was but an affair of a few minutes, but the old man, noticing a small figure of Christ engraven on the cover began to talk religion. Among other things, he said that the sight of the misery and suffering in the world to day, had forced him to look forward to the advent of a savior of the human race. He admired Jesus Christ, who had done very much towards social betterment, but who on the whole did not come up to expectations. FreeMasonry, he thought, was the most reasonable religion for the time being, as it looks for the coming of one who shall teach the true religion, and raise up our poor fallen race. . .

I had heard such ideas ventilated before. I admitted here was a cryin g need of social reform, but insisted that

the Catholic Church alone could master the situation. Her "children" I added "go through life with comparative peace and security. They use the trials of the world as stepping stones to heaven".

I left S... on an early train next morning, and immediately plunged into bustling city life, in the midst of which, I forgot the old jeweller in the little town by the sea.

Years passed during which I took my vacations in the mountains. One very hot Saturday afternoon however, I was seized with such a desire for a plunge in the cool surf that I decided to take the last train for S... and stay over Sunday. I arrived rather late, but managed to secure a room at my former hotel. The next morning I went to first mass, so as to have the rest of the day to myself. Imagine my surprise, when on entering the church, I saw my old friend the jeweller in one of the first pews. "He is here out of curiosity" I said to myself. But no, once Mass was begun, he followed with more intelligence and devotion than I did myself, and when the time for Communion came, he was one of the communicants.

There was a story at the bottom of this, and I was determined to get it. So, after dinner, I strolled down to the jewellers shop, and found him seated at the door, buried in his Sunday paper. Hoping to make myself known, I priced some sun glasses. My purchase made, I was still unrecognized when I thought of my watch. Holding it up to the old man, I asked him if he recognized it.

"Yes indeed" said he "and now I remember you".

"Do you remember my platitudes on religion?" he added. "Well, my ideas have changed since then, to day, thanks be to God I am a Roman Catholic like yourself. If you care to hear what the grace of God has done for an unworthy man, I will tell you the story of my conversion".

I assured him that nothing could please me more, and he told me the following.

"Besides fixing clocks and watches and repairing jewelery now and then, I do a little gold and silver plating. Not long after your visit the parish priest here brought me a chalice to gild. At the time I thought it was a cup. My curiosity was aroused and I longed to know its use. I had heard that priests fared rather sumptuously, and imagined at first that, it was part of a dinner service. This solution however did not suit me. I knew something about gold and silver service, and never remembered seeing a similar piece".

"It was a hot afternoon when I began to gild the chalice, and while sitting with it in my lap, removing the pearls which adorned it, I fell asleep. My recent thoughts and desires influenced my dreams. I found myself on a high mountain, with the world like a relief map at my feet. Not far from me, I saw a cross with Christ hanging from it. Angels caught the blood which fell from His wounds, in chalices, and sprinkled it broadcast over the world below. Wherever the drops fell, the people in the neighborhood seemed to be made exceedingly happy, while elsewhere they looked to be tired of life and in despair".

"Then the cross disappeared, only to be replaced by a long table covered with a snow white cloth, which hung down on either side. On this table, was the very chalice I was working on. It was full of wine which afterwards took the appearance of blood. Presently I saw angels take this wine made blood in smaller chalices, and sprinkle it over the world, as they had done with the blood from the wounds of Christ and with the same effect."

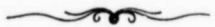
"Upon awaking, I found it was very late. I felt that my dream was connected with the use of the chalice. I

therefore set to work again and finished it that very night, intending to ask explanations when I returned it to the priest next morning."

"When I called at the rectory, the priest was in the sacristy about to say Mass. The sexton invited me to assist at it, and I accepted, glad to distract my thoughts about the chalice. Imagine my astonishment, when, as the Mass proceeded, I found that in essentials it agreed with the last half of my dream, while just above the altar, was a picture of Christ on the cross with angels sprinkling his blood over a kneeling crowd. When Mass was over, I rushed into the sacristy, and told the priest what I have just told you. He answered all my questions and doubts. My reasons for being a free Mason no longer existed, and I came home a Catholic at heart. Later I was instructed, baptised, and made my first Holy Communion, and the Bishop on his last visit confirmed me. I am trying to make up for the past by receiving Holy Communion as often as I possibly can. I know that the reception of the Body and Blood of Christ makes the trials of this life endurable, just as in my dream, they near whom the blood from the chalice fell were made happy, while others were in despair. Would that every man, woman and child in the world had the same conviction!"

"The parish priest here, is soon to celebrate the 16th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. On that day, I intend to present him with the best chalice I can possibly buy and ornament, in recognition of his good services to me, but most of all in thanksgiving for my little less than miraculous conversion."

A. J. V., S. S. S.



GUARD OF HONOR

OF THE

MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT

An hour of silent, sweet commune
Filled with happiness sublime;
An hour of ardent, childlike love
For the Prisoner Divine.

Great enthusiasm and a beautiful spirit of devotedness marked the Opening Meeting, May third, of The Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament, established for the English speaking people of Montreal. The meeting was held in the Church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 368 E. Mt. Royal av. Seventy persons were admitted to membership, and at the next meeting, Sunday, June 7th, at 3 P. M., an equally large number will be received.

The Guard of Honor is a spiritual affiliation with The Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, founded by the Venerable Peter Julian Eymard, for the perpetual adoration of Our Divine Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament of His Love. The Guard of Honor, which all Catholics may join, provided they make, once a month, one continuous hour of adoration, and have their names recorded, labors to gather around our Eucharistic King a number of ardent adorers who are to increase among Christians the faith in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist — that faith which is shown by piety, zeal, devotedness and holy works. It aims to vivify and strengthen all minds and hearts through the efficacy of this

great Mystery, the source of all life and virtue in the Church of God.

In establishing the association Venerable Father Ey-mard was animated by this thought: Jesus is constantly dwelling in our midst in the Real Presence. He is veiled, hidden, but He is there for us that our weak eyes may behold Him better, that our poor hearts may welcome Him with full confidence; but under the sacramental veils He is truly our God and Master, and as such, must be adored. Kings are constantly surrounded by courtiers anxious to show publicly their respect and affection; all are eager to visit their king, whenever possible. Should Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament be shown less attention than earthly kings? No. He is the King of kings, and our churches, where He constantly and personally resides should never be empty. At each hour someone should be found in prayer and adoration with the invisible angelic choirs before the Eucharistic King.

Let us be among the few who understand the gift of God, the masterpiece of His Love. No other such place should afford us such delight as the altar whereon Our Lord resides, the throne which He has ascended to greet us, to receive our homage, and grant our requests. Let the Eucharistic Adoration once influence our heart, and nothing will be impossible to us in the way of doing good and of sanctifying our own souls.

It was a significant fact that the first solemn reception of new members into the Guard of Honor took place on the first Sunday of May, the month of our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, the Mother and Model in the discharge of the great duty of Adoration. Under her auspices the Work began, to her care the result is committed.

The members of the Guard of Honor are requested to do all in their power to increase the number of Adorers and all who are interested in this great work are cordially invited to be present at the meeting on the first Sunday of each month in the Lower Church of The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 368 E. Mt. Royal av., Montreal. It gives great pleasure to subjoin the list of temporary Officers of the Guard of Honor.

Advisers:

Mrs. Julia Sweeney
Mrs. Mary Ann Gleeson
Mrs. Sarah O'Brien
Mrs. Catherine McCoy
Mrs. Margaret Hebert
Mrs. Mary Vaillant
Mrs. Catherine Quarterman
Mrs. Mary Jane Mahon, presiding.
Miss Catherine O'Sullivan, [Recording
Secretary]
Miss Marguerite Feldmann,
[Corresponding Sec'y.]

An hour when heart and soul are near
The bliss of Heaven's shore;
An hour of joys that ne'er shall fade
But last for evermore.

Marguerite Feldmann, Cor. Sec'y.



✠ Subject of Adoration ✠

"FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT!"

REV. PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

III. REPARATION

Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit!" During His life, Jesus had proclaimed aloud His Divine Sonship. The first word recorded of Him told the Jews that God was His Father: "Did you not know," He said to Mary and Joseph, "that I must be about *My Father's* business?" His last word before expiring will recall to the world that same truth. And the cry that He uttered when about to yield up His spirit will be but a confirmation of His eternal generation from God the Father.

Jews, recall that cry of Jesus dying, a cry that thrilled nature, and to which heaven and earth listened in respectful silence. It is the last effort of His Heart to draw you to God, by furnishing a final argument for your faith.— And the Jews, in spite of all the proofs He had given in life and at death, refused to recognize in Him the only Son of the Father.

What sorrow for the tender Heart of the Saviour! Jesus had just given to Heaven every satisfaction by sacrificing to earth all His Blood and all His Heart; and they whom He had come to save before all others, remain insensible to His redemption, and refuse to recognize Him whom the Father had sent them.

Pardon, O Jesus, pardon the obstinacy of the Jews in not recognizing Thee as the Messiah! Pardon for all the pain caused Thee at this moment by the obstinate refusal of men of every nation, country, and time, to see in Thee the Saviour and Redeemer of the human race!

Those words are for us a great admonition. They recall to us that God, while being our first principle, is also our last end; that He has created us and placed us in the world to serve Him during this life as our only Master, and to possess Him in the other as our only recompense. They teach us that the soul which animates us, the Divine Breath which gives us life, has come from God and is to return to God. They teach us that God has confided to us our own soul, has remitted it into our hands that, at the close of our life, we may give it back into His. His hands having created it, it must return to God as to its principle, its first beginning.

At the hour of my death, shall I say to God with the same confidence as Jesus: "*Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit*"? In what state shall my soul be found? Will it be pure and holy? Or will it be already in the hands of the demon? Will my last sigh be, like that of Jesus, an act of confidence, or a sentiment of despair? On leaving the body, shall my soul find a God full of love ready to receive her, or a severe Judge forced to condemn her? This uncertainty would, indeed, be frightful had I not the means of warding off such danger. Yes, I may be ready at the hour of my death, provided I am prepared at every moment of my life. It is by resembling Jesus during life that I may hope to resemble Him in death. "It belongs only to the saints", says Origen, "to remit their spirit into the hands of God, seeing that, by the practice of good works and faithful imitation of Jesus Christ, they have prepared for themselves a refuge in the bosom of God. They alone can, with confidence of being received, remit their soul into His hands when dying."

How few ever think during life of this preparation! How many there are for whom the salvation of their soul is only of secondary importance! How many have never

comprehended the word of the Master: "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his own soul?" In truth, the human soul created for heaven is of more value than all the gold, all the goods of the world. Immortal, it is of greater worth than all that passes away, than all that perishes. Redeemed at the price of the Blood of a God, its value is inestimable.

Pardon me, O Jesus, for having so badly understood the value of my soul! Pardon for not having feared more than all the misfortunes of the world the loss of it by the commission of sin! Pardon, O Jesus, for all Christians who live as if there were neither God, nor heaven, nor hell, nor grace, nor sacraments—as if they had no soul!—Pardon for all Christians who, their whole life long, are occupied in feeding, flattering, adorning the body, in giving it whatever satisfaction it demands, without finding time to care for or to save their soul! I myself—am I not much more affected by the ills of the body than by those of the soul?

How many Christians, from not having comprehended the value of their soul during life, have refused it to Thee at the last instant of their existence—thinking that they had nothing else to do than to give over their body as food for worms! What a frightful misfortune! "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God!" says St. Paul.

How many, lending themselves as the instruments of Satan, hide from dying relatives and friends the solemn moment of approaching death! How many of these traitors to true friendship, by false compassion or want of courage, neglect to apprise the sick person of the gravity of his state, of the necessity of fulfilling his sacred duties as a Christian! How many Christian souls, on account of such cowardice, have neglected to make their supreme

holocaust, and thus obtain the greatest, and perhaps the only, merit of their life! How many souls, on account of this sacrilegious conspiracy of friendship or relationship, are seen to lose that last moment, that last act of repentance, that last prayer, that last movement of love which could have repaired the sins of a whole life—that last cry to God, who alone could save them! By hindering the priest of Jesus Christ from coming to the soul in distress, they are guilty of a frightful abuse of confidence. They rob the dying man of the Gospel, confession, the Eucharist—riches to which he has a right. Have I not to reproach myself with some such cowardice?

Pardon, O Jesus, pardon for all these faults, which are so many insults to the last word Thou didst pronounce on the Cross! Pardon for the soul in purgatory who, at the moment of death, lost confidence in God! From this moment, I desire to withdraw my soul from all earthly preoccupations, from all shameful habits, from all the bonds that retain it in sin.

O Mary, obtain for me the grace to carry the Cross with thy Divine Son every day of my life, to follow His example, to practice His law, that ever preserving my soul in holy love, I may be ready to place it in His hands until the day of the blessed resurrection.

The life of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is an interior and hidden life, although He dwells in the midst of creatures; a life most pure and holy, though exposed to the impiety of sinners; it is a life noble, excellent and divine. Such should be your life, if you would live according to His Spirit.



A MOTHER OF PRIESTS



OLONEL JOHN F. VAUGHAN, of Courtfield, England, and his wife, Eliza, were the parents of six priests: Herbert, Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster; Roger Bede Vaughan, O. S. B., Archbishop of Sydney, Australia; John S. Vaughan, Bishop of Sebastopolis, Auxiliary Bishop of Salford; Father Kenelm Vaughan; and Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. From the biography of Cardinal Vaughan we have culled the following passages, that seem to us to answer the question, why God called so many of the sons and all of the daughters in this family to serve Him in the priestly or religious life. Three brothers of the Colonel were priests—one a Redemptorist, one a Jesuit, and the other Bishop of Plymouth—and three sisters nuns. The younger generation of Vaughans is represented in the priesthood by the Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D.D.

Colonel Vaughan had been singularly fortunate in his marriage. Beautiful, as her portraits remain to testify, Mrs. Vaughan was one of those gentle spirits whose influence is chiefly felt in the happy difference they make in all the lives that are near them. At The Hendre she had been brought up in an atmosphere of earnest Evangelical piety. A convert to the Catholic Church shortly before her marriage, she consecrated herself heart and soul to the service of God. Her religion colored her whole outlook upon the world. It was a favorite saying of hers that she had received all from God, and so must be ready to give everything back to Him. And what more

precious had she to give and surrender than her own children? She wanted them *all* to become priests and nuns. It was not a case of thinking that it would be nice if some younger son made up his mind to study for the priesthood or one of the daughters went to a convent there to pray for the rest; she besought God to send vocations to them *all*—to Herbert, her eldest born, no less than to the others. For nearly twenty years it was her daily practice to spend an hour—from five to six in the afternoon—in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament asking this favor—that God would call every one of her children to serve Him in the Choir or in the Sanctuary. In the event all her five daughters entered convents, and of her eight sons six became priests; even the two who have remained in the world for a time entered ecclesiastical seminaries to try their vocations.

Eliza Vaughan was in a very real sense the Angel in the House at Courtfield. Her gentle and protecting influence seemed to shelter every one, and to temper the hardness which sometimes marked her husband's dealing with his children. Bacon says somewhere that the charity which has first to fill a pool will hardly water a field. It was not so with Mrs. Vaughan: the love which went out so freely to her own family overflowed to all her neighbors, and specially to the poor. She could not bear to see a tramp turned from the door, and on one occasion, when cross-examined by her husband as to what had become of a valuable shawl he had given her, she had to confess that under a sudden impulse of pity she had passed it from her own shoulders to those of a beggar she found shivering at the gates of the park. It was one of the principles of her life never to ask God to send any earthly blessing to those she loved. And that principle held good even with regard to trifles. Her son, Father Kenelm Vaughan, remembered how on one oc-

casion, when his elder brothers, Herbert and Roger, were going out partridge shooting, Herbert called out to his mother as he was leaving the house to ask her to pray the day might be fine. She smiled and answered, "I never ask for any temporal favors for my children."

But portraits seen through the haze of time are often untrustworthy, and it is fortunate that we have a contemporary portrait of his mother drawn by the Cardinal himself, set down in the pages of a diary kept when he was about twenty-one.

"She loved every book that treated of prayer; she used to buy every book she heard of on the subject. For long years before her dear death she used to talk to me about prayer, and I remember that I could not understand how it was she was so charmed by what I considered so dry, and her language used to flow, and her countenance, beautiful as it always was, used to glow with what, I know now, was Divine Love. And during the day-time she was often before the Blessed Sacrament. Every morning before breakfast she was in the chapel for half an hour or three-quarters; then came breakfast; and, while tea was being made, she might be seen with some little pious book in her hand, snatching from it a few holy thoughts. And if my father had reason to stay longer at his desk after the breakfast was ready, to finish some letter or settle some servant's bill, she would sit at the table with her *Spirit of Prayer* of S. Alphonsus, or her *Pensées Pieuses*, and be employed with God. How often have I seen her with a spiritual book in her hand, seated at the table. It may with great truth be said that all her spare time was employed in this way. During breakfast the conversation often turned on priests and their duties, on what there was to amend in them, so that I might see what I should have to shun and what

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to imitate. And we often used to laugh at her jokingly when she complained of want of zeal in chaplains (for there was often gross neglect amongst them) and to tell her she sought too much from human nature. "I do not expect a St. Francis of Sales, I do not expect it; but if they would only care a little more for the poor people and go among them!" Her love of God was intense, most affecting and devoted—she often spoke of the love of God and the wonders it could operate. After breakfast an hour in the morning was always spent in meditation in the chapel which was her real home. She generally knelt, slightly leaning her wrists against the prie-dieu. I do not recollect ever seeing her distracted on these occasions, or looking anywhere than towards the Blessed Sacrament or on her book. She often remained with her eyes fixed on the Tabernacle, and while her body was kneeling at the bottom of the chapel, and her face beautiful and tranquil with the effects of Divine Love, her heart and soul were within the Tabernacle with her dearly beloved Saviour. Even in those days I was much struck with my sweet mother's ardent love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. I used to watch her myself when in the chapel, and love her and gaze upon her. I used often to watch her from the gravel walk in the garden, and marvel to see her so absorbed in prayer. Her love of the Blessed Sacrament was untiring. . . . What she could not believe was the sinfulness of the world. How often have I stood amazed, young and inexperienced as I was, at hearing my sweetest mother say that such a thing could not be true, that she could not believe it. "No, I cannot believe it," she would say with emphasis, when told of some misdemeanor or some gross irreverence of a Catholic. She was always ready to see virtue. She often gave me credit for piety when I did not deserve it. If a person was in difficulties her heart used to

yearn to him. Often she gave away her own clothing when she saw distress before her in another."

(To be continued)



VI.

THE MASTERS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

FROM LITTLE PETER'S FATHER.

L—Easter Sunday.

My dear Father,

I come to tell you our great sorrow. Our little Peter is no longer with us; he has gone to join his comrades, the angels, in heaven.

For a whole month before he died, he suffered martyrdom; but he suffered like the saints, no moans, no complaints, no murmuring, no impatience.

The Pastor brought him Communion every morning... That hour waited for through long sleepless nights of acute suffering... was heaven's hour for him.

When he would hear the priest coming, his face would light up, and his arms go out in childish loving welcome to the Guest he longed for so intensely.

His eyes held as if it were a vision of God...and the inner vision seemed to last all day. Whenever I went into his room I found him saying his beads or singing hymns and when I'd coax him to rest he would answer: Papa dear, I rest best speaking to the good God — and what do you speak to Him about little son?... about you!

The morning of the last day when his mother told him we were going to begin a second novena for his cure, he started to cry: oh no, no Mama, dont prevent me from dying. I want to die to convert Papa.

He died on Holy Thursday in the early morning.

Kathleen had just returned from making her First Communion...

Peter kissed her very tenderly and then prepared to make his last Communion.

The Curé entered bearing Holy Viaticum. Peter made an effort to kneel on his bed, joined his hands, his eyes suffused with heavenly gladness.

Then he begged my pardon for his disobediences—I wanted to say: My child, it is I who should beg your pardon... but sobs choked me. His Mother, John, Kathleen all were in tears, even the priest was visibly affected. Peter alone was calm and tried to comfort us. His agony began as the bells rang for mass.

He tried to speak to me... I bent my ear to his lips... he whispered: good-bye Papa dear... in heaven... it's for you. He died clasping his mission beads in his emaciated hands.

Immediately after his death his countenance was transfigured as if a ray from heaven had rested on it... A rare sweet smile curved his lips... An unutterable peace emanated from that silent little form so long purified by

suffering. And it seemed to me I saw a reflection of the divine splendor in this angel of whom I was not worthy.

I who for twenty years had not prayed; I who for twenty years had not believed . . . at least so I thought . . . I threw myself on my knees beside his bed.

I prayed, I wept, I sobbed . . . not for him, but for my poor miserable self.

I asked pardon of God, pardon of my little innocent lad for this world of cowardice in which my life had been spent. Oh how ashamed I was of myself . . . ashamed to see my baseness before his greatness! I felt unworthy to embrace him, me a sinner . . . a reprobate . . .

And the very thought of spending all that night with him and my guilty conscience become unbearable . . . I experienced something of the shame of lost souls . . . facing Divine purity on the day of Judgment . . .

Finally, I fled, found a priest and made a general confession of my whole life . . . Then only I felt less unworthy to approach my innocent little lad, to touch or caress him.

I went to his room and found him laid out in his First Communion suit surrounded by lilies as pure and spotless as himself . . .

On my knees I gave him my poor soul . . . to bless and keep . . . We followed his little white coffin on Holy Saturday as bells rang out the glorious *Resurrexit Christus*.

The funeral was more like a triumph than a death march . . .

The children of the parish walked next to the hearse, in their First Communion dress; I wept, but in those tears there was less of sorrow than of joy, a deep new joy, full of hitherto unknown peace.

At the cemetery the crowd of Little Ones, the girls in white, the boys in black with their League Insignia stood

around the tiny grave; when the first earth touched the coffin the Curé said: "My dear little children, my emotion is too deep to allow me to say much. We will offer a prayer to thank God for having wrought such wonders in your little schoolmates soul. Grace does not wait for age to raise its elect to holiness. Daily Communion made little Peter an apostle and a hero. May he still carry on his glorious apostolate in heaven, and give us all—you and me your Pastor, to understand more and more the wishes of Jesus Sacred Host, especially His wish to guard you, to elevate and sanctify you daily, by daily Communion".

Please pray for us Father, particularly for me that I may grow less unworthy of the lad to whom I gave only bodily life, but who gave my soul's life.

With deep respect, believe me ever,

Most sincerely yours,

D'AIRILLE.

May 1913.

My dear Father,

Once again little Peter's Papa greets you in place of the dear departed.

Departed! Is that really the proper word? Never has he seemed so near.

Easter Sunday after that Communion, the first of my new life, that life he won for me by his death, I heard in the depths of my soul, a voice, the voice of my little Peter saying: "To you now to fill my place every day near Jesus". I tried not to understand, but while the voice lacerated my heart it filled it with joy: "To you now, Papa dear", it repeated again and again, "I paid high enough for your conversion to have it perfect".

The appeal lasted several days and became more insistent at the hour he used to go to Communion . . . I finished by giving in.

For the future I will go every day; the poor laborer of the eleventh hour will now do his utmost to fill his little sons place at the Holy Table.

This resolution gave me great peace. My only ambition is to follow in his footsteps and slowly ascend this hill of sanctity, this royal way of sacrifice and of self-surrender that he mastered so quickly, be the pupil of him whose master I should have been.

Walking in the garden this morning, I stopped before a tall graceful lily whose snow-white corolla had opened during the night and noticed at its base a frail blossom of rare beauty. It seemed like a little of the whiteness fallen from the lily that had meekly matured.... in its shadow.

I would be like this poor seedling . . . and for the future live thus protected by him, close to him . . . as it were in his shadow.

Please pray for me.

Yours with respect and gratitude.

D'AIRELLE.

VII

Little Peter has gone to sleep.

Little Peter lies on the high cliff overlooking the blue waters he loved so well.

Little Peter sleeps in the big noiseless open-air dormitory where angels keep watch.

Above his tomb rises a cross of granite into whose outstretched arms climbing rosebuds creep and nestle.

On the grave-stone a beautiful ciborium holding a luminous Host is carved and around the host the Lover of the Little Ones appeal:

“Suffer the Little Ones to come unto Me.

“Do not send them away,

“For theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

Above the ciborium, according to an old custom, is a little fount of stone where water from heaven always rests. . . and in which the blue birds nesting in the cypress, come and slack their thirst., Little Peter ask now the Father of Heaven to remember us sojourning here in exile.

In his heavenly home, little Peter prays thus to the Father of the Little Ones:

Thou who givest the birds the water they seek in times of drought, Thou who storest in Thy granary the wheat to nourish them daily. . . do not let the Little Ones who cry out to Thee in their soul's need die of hunger. . . Thou who dost clothe the lilies in white and daily purifieth their corolla by water from heaven. . . guard also the purity of the souls of the Little Ones by Thy daily Bread.

Send them always priests whose hands are not greedy for the children's bread. Send them always Mothers who understand the sublime mission entrusted to them. . .

Thou hast fashioned their Mothers hearts of a fibre of Thine own. . . to remind us of Thy gentleness. . . that they be Mothers of our souls as well as of our bodies. Thou hast consecrated their hands for eternity that they sow in our souls seedings of eternity. . . that they make Jesus descend into our souls. . . as the Priest makes him descend into the Host.

O Master, listen, at last, to the prayer of "the Little Ones who have asked for their Bread", and let it be no longer said "there was no one there to give It to them" . . .

Thus prayed Little Peter in his beautiful heavenly home

And the Angels of the Little Ones responded on bended knees: "Amen. Amen".

A. Bessières, S. J.



❖ IN JESUS' ARMS ❖



Dear Jesus! now my heart is Thine:
 Oh, may it from Thee never fly!
 Hold it with chains of love divine,
 Make it be Thine eternally.
 Vain objects that seduced my soul,
 I now despise your fleeting charms!
 In vain temptation's billows roll,
 I lie secure in Jesus' Arms.



Love Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament more than all sweetness, more than all pleasant foods. that so, restraining thyself from all excess, thou mayest begin to taste and see how sweet the Lord is.

