





## The Divine Raphael.\*

(Continued.)

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VIII. Conclusion. Return of Tobias. The end of the journey. Our return. The house of our Heavenly Father.

### VI.



UT what is this I hear? A cry of fear !  
 “ *Domine, invadit me !* ” “ Raphael, my  
 protector ! He seizeth me, come quickly ! ”  
 A monstrous fish coming up out of the  
 waters of the river, sought to devour the  
 young Tobias, who was bathing his feet  
 wearied by the journey. “ He cometh  
 upon me ! ” But Raphael is near, Ra-  
 phael, the protector, the defender. “ Fear  
 nothing ! ” he cries to Tobias, “ take him by the gills and  
 cast him ashore. ” The youth obeyed and flung the fish  
 panting on the strand. It is evident that Raphael, while

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telling Tobias the secret of overcoming the monster, inspired him with strength and courage by his words and looks, but we may also believe that he communicated to him supernatural strength to undertake something beyond his ordinary powers. O Christian soul ! never forget that you are traversing an enemy's country, that you carry a hidden treasure and that a thousand robbers ambushed to left and right, are waiting to deprive you of it. The false charms of the world, the snares it sets at every step for innocence and virtue, and to which its science and experience are applied, the league of the wicked against all that is high and holy : these are snares indeed, spread for unwary feet."

" Whose would live piously in Jesus Christ," says the Scripture, " must suffer persecution." Yet there are other snares still, a combat more terrible, that the soul must wage with the evil one, a combat full of surprises and mortal dangers that flesh and blood alone were powerless to overcome. St. Paul says: " We fight not alone against flesh and blood, but against powers and principalities

O my God, how often surprised and wounded we cry out that we are lost ! What shall we do? Where find refuge but in Thee? " Jesus save me, I perish !" Let us cry out to our divine Raphael, with a loud voice, and with an unshaken confidence, and Jesus, the Defender, the Conqueror, will be at hand to save us. Do you not know that the Holy Eucharist is the bread of victory? Do you not know that Jesus remains with us in the Eucharist to be ever our Defender against Satan ?

When Jesus instituted the Blessed Sacrament at the Last Supper, in the discourse that followed their First Communion, He pointed out to His disciples the dangers that awaited them. He told them that the world would persecute them, that they would be maligned and calumniated, and tortured and put to death. And then He spoke this word as a source of never failing consolation: " Have confidence in Me, for I have overcome the world." *Confidite, ego vici mundum ! Credite in Me !*

And as to the demon: " Know that I have cast him out. *Princeps hujus mundi ejicietur foras.*" He may rage

and threaten and beat at the doors, but he cannot prevail over those who have recourse to Jesus. And it is in order that we also may overcome him that Jesus will remain with us until the end of time. "*Ecce ego vobiscum sum, omnibus diebus.*"

Yes, weak as we live and easily overcome by temptation, bound with the shackles of this body of sin, we may still cry to Jesus, and He will never fail to answer. "We may do all things in Him that strengtheneth us." And when we come from Holy Communion we bring thence supernatural strength that makes us terrible to the evil one. *Tanquam leones facti diabolo terribiles.* As of old the exterminating angel passed by the doors which were marked with the blood of the Saint, so the devil dare not approach those upon whose lips shines the royal trace of the Blood of Jesus. They breathe forth a destroying fire: *Ignem spirantes.* And the devil cries out as he did of old at the approach of Jesus: "Why comest thou to torment us?"

But alas! You have already yielded to the tempter, or, too sensible of your weakness, are on the verge of despair. Cry to Jesus, your Raphael! He is the conqueror; He will reveal to you that to be tried by temptation is often beneficial. The outward falls that humiliate you in the eyes of the world will awaken you to the evils you do not recognize, secret pride and self love. Jesus will open your eyes to greater dangers and will by these means dissipate a blindness more fatal to your soul than these occasional falls. He will say to you with the angel: "Take hold of the monster, take the gall, the heart and the liver; these are salutary medicines," and from the bitterness of your shame, He will draw a remedy of contrition, humility and prudence that will guard you from like accidents in future.

## VII.

Raphael was to the young Tobias the most delightful of companions, but while guiding him to the house of his father's creditor, which was the object of the journey, he did him greater service still by assisting him in the deci-

sion of the most important question of his life, that of choosing a vocation. And when that vocation proved to be the marriage state, Raphael assisted him in the choice of the companion destined by Heaven as a means to the saving of his soul.

That the choice of a vocation in life is a matter of the greatest importance few would deny, and one can affirm also with positiveness that in general, on the wise choice of a vocation depends the salvation or loss of a soul. The vocation is the choice of one of those states instituted by God and confirmed by Our Lord as a distinct manner of life, having its obligations, its duties, its dangers, but also its special graces and appropriate helps which may be counted upon by those who embrace it in accordance with God's will and therein observe His laws.

The vocation of each human soul was chosen and willed by God from all eternity, and our whole being, body and soul as well, have been fashioned to the needs of this particular state. It is the special soil that is adapted to the growth of the seed of grace, that will, in Heaven, blossom into the beautiful flower of glory that we are chosen to bear.

Not to know one's vocation is a dangerous error, a real misfortune, which even though it should not result in the loss of our soul, will be for us the cause of a thousand falls, mistakes, treats and terrible doubts. And if this knowledge be so important, how can we doubt that God will give it to us if we ask Him in sincerity and faith?

But to know and not to follow would be an evil greater still, a fatal game in which we would hazard the chance of our eternal happiness. Divine mercy is infinite, it is true, and condones many mistakes in a divinely loving way, but the graces that repair such losses are never so strong, so helpful, so easy to follow as those ordained for us in the original designs of God.

This may be said of all vocations, and with greater force, of vocations higher than marriage, to the priesthood and the religious life. But as many draw back from these sublimer calls from ignorance or fear of their requirements, and a want of fervor and zeal, so many, too, who are called simply to the marriage state, forfeit its graces by

neglecting to seek in it God's inspiration, His will and His grace, and though they are really called to sanctify themselves by Christian marriage, which has been ever held by the Church to be a state adapted to the sanctification of souls, marry so badly, choose so imprudently and from motives so natural, so mercenary and so base, that what should be to them an aid to holiness becomes the instrument of their eternal ruin, after having embittered their lives here below with tears and anguish of heart, as well as many sins.

The heavenly guide of Tobias well knew how deeply these evils prevailed and knowing that his charge was divinely called to the state of matrimony sought for him a wife who was worthy of him. A virtuous woman, who feared God, who prayed, who was charitable to the poor, patient and brave in trial, a pure and modest maid, who loved not the ways of the world nor the glamour of its feasts. Such is the portrait that Holy Scripture draws of her whom Raphael obtained as a spouse for Tobias. Sara, for so she was called, was the daughter of Raguel, and lived at Rages. But a strange trial had been hers. Seven times had she been given in marriage and seven times had the prospective bridegroom met with an evil fate. A devil, under the name of Asmodeus, had strangled them one by one upon the wedding day. Tobias had heard of this and respectfully represented it to his celestial guide. Raphael explained the reason of these strange and sudden deaths and the means that should be employed to escape a like fate. "Those," he said, "fall into the power of the devil who embrace the marriage state in an unworthy manner, by excluding God from their union and from their hearts." "As for thee, thou shalt pray, and pray perseveringly with her. And after three days thou shalt receive her in the fear of God, asking of Him in your union only the accomplishment of the blessing of Abraham." "*Accipe virginem cum timore Domini, amore filiorum magis quam libidine ductus, ut in semine Abrahae benedictionem in filiis consequaris.*" Tobias followed the counsel of the Angel. He prayed with Sara and the devil fled. The marriage was a happy one, and after a blest and peaceful life with her he was surrounded on his

death-bed by the love and cares of his children and grandchildren. The prophecy is clear and definite in its application to our own day. If there is a moment in life when we need to consult Jesus and to walk in His company, it is the moment when we must decide our vocation. It is evident that none can know so well as Jesus the vocation He has destined to follow. He has chosen it for us and adapted us to profit by its special graces, He knows the means we must take to reach our end, and all graces and helps come from Him alone.

Why, therefore, should we not address Him in all confidence and trust, and abandon ourselves to His guidance in this momentous decision? The vocation to the religious life, it is true, is generally well considered. The world and the flesh do not yield their rights without a long and desperate struggle, and bring forward a thousand pretexts to try the perseverance of the young aspirant to the higher life. Religion, too, multiplies its exactions and insists upon a long probation, that the bonds that are to last for eternity be not lightly assumed, and the call may be proved with certainty to come from God.

But, since the story of Tobias leads us to consider more particularly the question of marriage, why is it that parents and children as well so seldom think of recommending to God this great step, on which depends their welfare in this life and in the next? Why do they not consult Jesus before making their choice and ask Him to indicate His will through the indications of His all wise Providence? Why do they not weigh *both sides* of the question before making a final decision, and offer Masses and Communions and Novenas for this special intention? For here at the outset, oh young man and young girl have two weighty questions to decide! First of all: Are you called to the state of marriage?

Believe me, you cannot decide with certainty until you have prayed a long time over it. You must interest Mary and beg her to help you, and you must frequently consult Jesus in Holy Communion and beg of Him light, generosity and indifference. To know one's vocation is after baptism one of the most necessary graces in life. If you ask it humbly, with the sincere and earnest desire of knowing

God's will, Jesus will answer you through those who direct you and you may, without fear, enter upon this path which for you will be the road to Heaven.

But there are other things to be remembered. It is not sufficient to contract marriage with God's blessing. You must take care that you do not live in the state of marriage in such a way as to exclude God from your heart and your marital relations. You are God's creature, always subject to His law, and He wishes to bless, to direct, to sanctify your mutual love and companionship. When Jesus is present all is truth and honor and holiness and joy. Where Jesus is not, is confusion and discords and sin and misfortune. Remember the words of the Angel : "The devil has power over those who enter the marriage state and shut out God from their hearts and their actions." He has power over the tree and over its fruits. Oh what a terrible power this is, and how frightful are its results! But with you it must not be so. The God who will preside at your nuptials is the divine Raphael of the Eucharist who will never cease to guide you as long as you abide in His company. Hear the Council of Trent. "*Sancta synodus hortatur ut antequam contrahant aut saltem triduo ante matrimonii consummationem sua peccata diligentius confiteantur et ad sanctissimum Eucharisticum sacramentum accedant.*"

Thus to contract one's union with the inspiration and in the very Presence of Jesus, to sanctify it by the reception of the Eucharist, is what the Church requires of her children at the very outset of their married life.

But we cannot fail to realize that it is not enough to begin well if we go no further. The Eucharist should not illuminate the dawn of marriage only, but must enlighten its meridian and glow upon its evening horizon, when all natural illusions being dispelled, we are face to face with its cares and responsibilities and need greater graces.

How little do the generality of mankind reflect upon the law that unite marriage with the Eucharist! I do not refer to the precept of the Council of Trent, but the deeper law that indicates the affinity between these two sacramental mysteries of union of Christ and His Church as the symbol of Christian marriage. St. Paul calls it



“ a great mystery ” because of the light shed upon marriage by this transcendental union which Christ contracted with His Church by the Incarnation. The Eucharist reproduces and extends this ineffable bond by uniting the Incarnate Word to soul that is nourished with the Bread of Life. It is the same gift, the same union of love, inspired by the same motives, ordained to the same end.

As Christ loved His Church and gave Himself up for her upon the cross that she might become all fair, without spot or wrinkles, so loves He each human soul, and delivers Himself up for her in each Communion in order to find in her a spouse all fair without trace of corruption.

So does the Apostle recommend husbands to love their wives, to love them as Christ loves His Church.

So may we say to all Christian spouses : “ Love each other as Christ loves you in the Blessed Sacrament. Let your union be formed upon the model of your Communion ; let each aid the other, strengthen the other, forget self for the other, do together the will of God as does Christ whom you have received, and must often receive if you would remain true Christian spouses. It would be a delusion to believe that your marriage will be fully sanctified and truly Christian without frequent Communion. The union of these two hearts would be but the union of two sources of weakness, two causes of sin, of ruin and spiritual death if He, Who is the Life of each, nourish them not to renew in each the supernatural life, strength of virtue, the sense of duty, the courage to resist. Let us be more positive still. It is not the ideal Christian marriage when a pious young girl who is a frequent communicant links her fate to a man who is not a practical Catholic or can scarcely be made to approach the sacraments once a year. Every Christian woman who has been so imprudent should feel it her duty, if loving her husband sincerely, and loving his supernatural welfare accordingly, should feel it her duty *to bring him to share her frequent communions and to lead him to higher aims.*

The marriage will never be true and holy and sanctifying to both, and, in spite of the weaknesses inherent to human nature, truly happy, until both husband and wife are one in realizing the necessity of frequent Communion,

and when the husband is one with the wife in the breaking of the bread, one in the Host of union, one in the Host of divine love in which they mutually love each other, one in the Host of Life in which they give themselves to co-operate with God in propagating the race of His true children.

Would that the Archangel Raphael, the sure and wise guide of Tobias in his marriage, would that the divine Raphael of the Eucharist might dispel from the direction of Christian marriage the mists of Jansenism, still so deeply overshadowing this field above all others, where in all the domain of faith, its consequences are most visible !

### VIII.

We must hasten to conclude. Who can forget the touching scene that concludes the history of Tobias? The return of the traveller, the joy of his mother, the cure of his father ; we can hear the echo of their words of gratitude, we can imagine the generosity with which they would recompense the charitable companion who was for Tobias the cause of so many benefits which he thus enumerates: He has brought me back safe and well, he secured our inheritance, he found me a wife, he expelled the devil that tormented her, he filled my parents with joy, he delivered me from the monster of the deep; He restored to my father's eyes the light of heaven ; through him have we been crowned with graces : *Et bonis omnibus per eum repleti sumus*. What can we offer him in return?"

And while they prepared to offer him the half of the restored fortune, esteeming it far too little in return, Raphael revealed to them his celestial origin.

"Bless the Lord and praise Him throughout all the earth, for He it is who hath shown mercy to you. I am Raphael, one of the seven who stand before the throne of God." At these words, trembling, they prostrated themselves to the earth. But the Angel continued : " Peace be with you. Fear nothing. It is by the will of God that I remained with you, bless Him and sing to Him your chants of praise. For me, I must return to Him Who sent me." Having thus spoken he disappeared from their sight, and they falling upon their faces, they blessed God

for three whole hours, and then, uprising, spoke to one another of the marvels of God's goodness.

The hour will come, when to us, too, will it be given to know the true origin of our divine guide. The journey of Life will end at last, and we will stand upon the threshold of our Father's house. Then our Raphael will cast aside the pilgrim's robe, the gross and earthly vesture of the eucharistic species and will appear to us in His divine beauty. Casting a look backward to our lives upon earth, we will see that the benefits that marked every step came to us through Jesus, and will begin to sing our canticle of eternal praise in the court of his elect. And it will not be for three hours only, but through the ages of eternity that we will thank Him, repeating with a joy ever new that it was by His love, His protection, His Presence in the Blessed Sacrament that we received all good things, light and healing and strength and deliverance from evil and victory over our enemies, the knowledge of our vocation and final perseverance. *Et bonis omnibus per eum repleti sumus !*

THE END.



## ROMAN MEMORIES

EASTER.

E. MCAULIFFE.

**W**E have in our times, in our land a great many inventions, the fruits of scientific research, which increase the comfort and physical well-being of our people ; but the soul's needs are often overlooked.

To feel the full tide of joy which a great religious festival brings to a people whose Faith is their most precious inheritance, one must go to those old lands beyond the sea, where everything tends to uplift the mind of the believer.

We have no bells ! Oh, the music of the bells of Rome as they peal out on Holy Saturday announcing by anticipation the Feast of the Resurrection ! Victor Hugo thus

gives his impressions of the bells of Paris (which may be applied to Rome) : " At the same moment these thousand churches vibrate. At first it is a scattered sound, passing from one church to another, as when musicians give signs of being about to commence. Then suddenly see—for sometimes it would seem that the ear has also its sight—see rising at the same moment, as it were a column of noise, like a smoke of harmony. At first the vibrations of each bell rises straight, pure, and as if isolated from one another in the splendid sky ; then by degrees increasing, they melt into one, and are mixed and amalgamated in a magnificent concert. It is now only one mass of sonorous vibrations, disengaged unceasingly from innumerable towers, which floats, undulates, rebounds, and thunders over the city, and prolongs, far beyond the horizon, the deafening circle of its oscillations. And yet this sea of harmony is not a chaos. Vast and profound as it is, still it has not lost its transparency ; you see winding apart each group of notes which escapes from the belfreys ; you can follow the dialogue alternately grave and piercing, from the chime to the great bell ; you see the octaves jump from one tower to another ; you see them dart forth, winged, light and hissing from the silver bell, and fall broken and heavy from that of baser materials ; you see the rich garment which descends and remounts unceasingly from the seven bells of one tower ; you see dart through it the clear and rapid notes which make three or four luminous zigzag lines, and vanish like the lightning."

" Lend an ear then to this chorus, which rises over the murmur of half a million of men, which mingles with the eternal lamentation of the stream, the infinite sighings of the wind wafted over the surrounding forests, which blend and soften what might have been too rough and piercing, and then say whether you know anything in the world more rich, more joyous, more golden, more resplendent than this tumult of chiming and tolling bells, than this furnace of music, than these ten thousand voices of brass, chanting altogether within flutes of stone of the length of three hundred feet, than this city, which is only one orchestra, than this symphony, which is as loud as a tempest."

A beautiful and pious custom is the blessing of the *homes* at Easter. On Holy Saturday surpliced Priests, each attended by an acolyte bearing the newly blessed water, are to be seen in every street going to bless the homes of the faithful ; and great preparations are made by all classes for this beautiful ceremony, cleaning and dusting and painting, as everything must be *pulito* (clean) before the Priest comes.

He goes into all the rooms, escorted by the *Padrona della casa*, (mistress of the house) he blesses the kitchen, and blesses the parlour, and blesses the sleeping rooms ; then, these exterior matters being settled, the remainder of the day is occupied in personal preparation ; everyone goes to confession ; so that all, without and within, is in order for the *fiesta*. An air of universal joy and gladness prevails ; the little flower-sellers on the streets as they toss bunches of roses into passing carriages, wish the occupants a *buona Pasqua* (happy Easter).

From dawn on Easter Sunday the streets are filled with peasants from the campagna and the mountains in their quaint and picturesque costumes. They come to attend the services at the great Basilicas, and to see their gorgeous decorations, for now all the weeds of mourning are cast aside, and the altars are resplendent with lights and flowers and gems ! But rustic as these sandalled Romans are, their recollection and devotion in the churches ought to put to shame the elegantly dressed foreigners who come to stare, and to talk, loudly and irreverently. "They know not what they do" ! The children of the church take no heed of them, nor suffer from them the slightest distraction ; filled with the joy of the *fiesta*, the words of the Psalmist wells up from their hearts : " Lord, I have loved the beauty of thy house, and the place where thy glory dwelleth " !

But even among the Protestants who throng the churches at such times are many pining for light, and seeking it with sincere hearts. Penetrated with the sanctity of the Lord's House they cry out with the great Lavater : " He doth not know thee, O Jesus Christ, who dishonoreth even thy shadow ! I honor all things where I find the intention of honoring thee. I will love them

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because of thee. I will love them provided I find the least thing which makes me remember thee ! What then do I behold here ? What do I hear in this place ? Does nothing under these majestic vaults speak to me of thee ! This cross, this golden image, is it not made for thy honor ? The censer which waves round the Priest, the gloria sung in choirs, the peaceful light of the perpetual lamp, these lighted tapers, all is done for thee ! Why is the Host elevated, if it be not to honor thee, O Jesus Christ, who art dead for love of us ? Because it is no more, and thou art it, the believing church bends the knee. It is in thy honor alone that these children, early instructed, make the sign of the cross, that their tongues sing thy praise, and that they strike their breasts thrice with their little hands. It is for the love of thee, O Jesus Christ, that one kisses the spot which bears thy adorable blood ; for thee, the child who serves, sounds the little bell and does all that he does. Why are the walls and the high altar of marble clothed with verdant tapestry on the day of the Blessed Sacrament ? For whom do they make a road of flowers ? For whom are these banners embroidered ? When the *Ave Maria* sounds, is it not for thee ? Matins, Vespers, Prime and Nones, are they not consecrated to thee ? It is under thy protection, O Jesus Christ, that every man places himself who loves solitude, chastity and poverty. Without thee the Orders of St. Benedict and St. Bernard would not have been founded. The cloistre, the tonsure, the breviary and the chaplet, render testimony of thee. O, delightful rapture, Jesus Christ, for thy disciple to trace the marks of thy finger where the world sees them not ! O joy ineffable for souls devoted to thee, to behold in caves and on rocks, in every crucifix placed upon hills, and on the highways, thy seal and that of thy love ! Who will not rejoice in the honors of which thou art the object and the soul ? Who will not shed tears on hearing the words " Jesus Christ be praised " ? O, the hypocrite who knoweth that name and answereth not with joy, Amen ! Who saith not with an intense transport : " Jesus be blessed for eternity ! for eternity " !

*(Impressions of a Protestant in a Catholic church).*



## Adoration for Holy Thursday.



AND the bread that I will give, is my flesh for the life of the world." "This is my body."—The advent of the beautiful feast of Holy Thursday should evoke from us, first of all, an act of most profound faith in the real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and this act of faith is easily made when we recall the formal and distinct promises of our Lord in foretelling and in giving to the world the Blessed Sacrament.

Never, indeed, in all the human life of Jesus Christ, were the words of the divine Master so carefully chosen, so clear, so precise as when announcing and instituting the august Sacrament in which He is contained wholly and entirely.

Without doubt if we would speak of the manner in which Jesus is present in the Sacred Host, there is darkness and obscurity. It is *the mystery of faith*. God dwells in realms of inaccessible light, where man's eye cannot penetrate without being dazzled, and blinded. Consequently, if God would come near to man, He must veil and eclipse his glory and the more so in proportion as he would come nearer to him. Therefore, first, the Blessed Sacrament in which He so identifies Himself with us, and enters our hearts, must necessarily hide and envelop him as with a thick cloud.

Secondly, the Blessed Sacrament is the work to which the Incarnate Word has applied all His love and all His power. It is not possible, therefore, that so great an effect should be produced by so great a cause without infinitely transcending the comprehension of our finite intelligence. Otherwise the divine artist would not differ in His methods from the ordinary workmen on earth.

But, if putting aside the mysterious means that Our Lord has employed, to render this dwelling with us possible, and if we reflect only upon the Reality of His Presence in the Holy Eucharist, nothing is more clear and convincing.

God would not permit us "to be weak and unstable," says St. Paul, and "tossed about by every wind of doctrine at the will of wicked men." *Ephes.* iv, 14, on the contrary, He wills that we should establish ourselves upon the firm rock of his divine word, and that we might say in joy and delight,

contemp'ating the Sacred Host: "God is here, He is really here, we know it more surely than we know that the sun is shining. We know of the existence of the sun by the testimony of our senses, it is true, but the Presence of Jesus in the Sacred Host is affirmed by testimony above the senses, the Word of God, who has revealed it, the God who neither deceives nor can be deceived. Consider the words of Our Lord, when a year before the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus promises it. What could be more clear and convincing. "I am the Bread that came down from Heaven. If any one eat of this Bread, he shall live for ever and the Bread I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." At these words the people of Capharnaum, who understood literally the words of the great doctor of Israel, began to murmur "How can this man give us his flesh to eat? This saying is hard, and who can hear it?" Jesus answered them affirming the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, He promises and affirms his words by a solemn oath: "Amen, I say to you: If you do not eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you" The multitude so lately won to enthusiasm at the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves then went away disenchanting, and even his disciples, saddened and scandalized, began to turn away and "walked no more with Him." At the sight of the desertion which went to His very heart, Jesus did not retract a single word of His divine assertion, nor explain away its awful and impressive meaning. But turning to his apostles who alone remained he said to them: "Will you also go away?" leaving it to be understood that His divine word must be sacredly accepted and that there was no alternative between accepting it and forsaking Him, His promise and its original interpretation by words of solemn import.

From the desert where Jesus outlined this great mystery, let us transport ourselves to the Cenacle. The legal feast is over and Jesus, taking bread into His holy and venerable hands, blessed and broke it, and gave it to his apostles saying: "Take ye all of this; this is my body"! What words could be more concise and explicit! When heresy, restless under the secular yoke of the spouse of Christ, dared not attack the doctrine of the Eucharist, Luther himself said: "If you would know the meaning of the words of the Lord, 'This is my body,' ask any little child who is learning how to read." And the Evangelical text is indeed most evident. Melanthon conti-



nued : "The formula : 'this is my body' is as vivid and clear as lightning, and the terrified mind cannot refute it."

Not to believe in the Eucharist would be to voluntarily blindfold our eyes. Suppose Our Lord wished to say that the bread he held in his hands was indeed His body, what else could he have said ? There is, to my mind, but one manner of reasonable rejection of the words of Jesus Christ in instituting the Blessed Sacrament, it is to deny absolutely His divinity. Then, might one accuse Him of imposture and mendacity. But to one who glories in professing the Christian doctrine contained in the creed : "I believe in Jesus Christ, his only begotten son," there is no alternative, but to prostrate ourselves before the Sacred Host and to repeat with love : "My Lord and my God" !

## II.—THANKSGIVING.

"*I will not leave you orphans.*" These words of Jesus at the last supper reveal the touching office He would fulfill for our benefit in the Blessed Sacrament. Yea, it is because he would not leave us orphans that he has chosen to communicate Himself to us so frequently under the common and ordinary form of material bread. It was to be our Penefactor, and to do us good that He dwells for ever in our midst.

Oh ! how the words of Our Lord : "I will not leave you orphans," portray to us the immeasurable depths of Christ's charity. Let us study them closely for a few moments, that our gratitude may become more intense. Nothing is so sweet, so ingenious, so powerful as paternal love. See this man at work, absorbed by all sorts of business cares, nothing seems to arrest his feverish activity ; nevertheless at certain times, see him put everything aside, concentrate his distracted thoughts and hurriedly retrace his steps to the spot where he has left all he holds most dear. Let us watch his arrival at the home so dearly loved, which holds the secret of transforming him into another man. He has scarcely crossed the threshold of his dwelling, when a happy group of children surround and cling to him. How happy he is as he listens with delight to the silvery voices that call him by the tender name of Father ! How quickly is business forgotten ! He thinks only of the happy home circle. How he gathers in his arms the golden heads of the little ones, and is himself a boy again as he joins in their joyous sports ! How the father is happy among those he loves and who love him ! but his love is not

measured by caresses. Night is falling and the evening meal is served. Each one takes his place at the table where an abundant provision is spread. They eat and are strengthened by their father's bread. But should food grow scarce and poverty and want come near the little home where plenty now reigns, the children still must have their share, though father and mother go without. The father is happy to forget himself, to deprive himself, that their wants may be provided for.

There is a father, however, whose love is greater still than that of any earthly parent, Who has not wished to leave us orphans, Who calls us all around Him and bids us to come to Him as a loving and tender Father, where He dwells, the centre of the home circle, in the Blessed Sacrament. He is here, not in one only, but in thousands of tabernacles, in order to show more fully His affection and tenderness to all the members of the human family. He is here upon all the altars of the world, in order to say to every human soul of the world over: "I love you, and my love is infinite."

But, let us not forget the dwelling of Jesus is a banquet hall, the table is always spread, the meats are abundant and delicious. The bread of Heaven, the bread of angels is served for the nourishment of souls. Jesus, our Father, knowing that he could give us nothing more precious than His own divine substance, has made Himself our Food, has given Himself to nourish us. He has not left us orphans. Yet He is not satisfied, He wishes to extend further still the evidence of his paternal love. The life of man is a warfare, a warfare against our passions, a war against the evil one, the anger of which we call down upon ourselves by continual offenses. Jesus, our Father, will He abandon us to the dangers that threaten on every side? He answers us in tender affection: "I will not leave you orphans." It is the duty of a father to defend his children, to imperil his own life, if necessary, that they may live. "I have not forgotten," he cries to us, "I have made myself a perpetual and universal victim for your sakes. I will continue to quench the ardor of your passions by the refreshing dew of my Precious Blood, forever offered anew in the sacrifice of the man.

No, Jesus, thou hadst not left us orphans. How sweet to remember it in the holy silence that surrounds thy tabernacle, and to let the heart recall in sweetness and confiding trust the intensity of thy paternal love!

## III.—REPARATION.

“*After this many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him.*” John, vi. 64. When at the multiplication of the loaves in the desert, Jesus foreshadowed and described the greater marvel He would perform, the master-piece of divine charity, so rapturously contemplated from the first moment of His existence, when he gave to the world in the promise so great an evidence of His love, the world forsakes Him and men care not to hear His words.

Let us contemplate in this point the love of Jesus in promising and in giving the Eucharist, rejected and misunderstood and draw thence more lively sentiment of contrition and reparation. All those who heard Jesus understood Him literally, that *He would give His flesh to eat and His blood to drink*, for the people of Capharnaum went away from him, and his disciples abandoned him entirely. Moreover, notwithstanding the sincere and concise reply of Peter in the name of the twelve, there is one among them who does not believe these words of the Master, one who is already protesting in his heart the Real Presence, one who is already a heretic, or to use the language of the Scripture, “one who is already a devil”: *Ex vobis unus diabolus est.*

What a painful moment for Our Lord must this have been! To see his infinite love repaid with coldness and ingratitude. To love without self interest, so generously and so boundlessly and be repaid only with ingratitude and scorn! How intensely must His divine Heart have been tortured by such indifference! Jesus suffered because men were insensible to His love, but the knowledge of their ingratitude did not cause Him to renounce His generous design. For a whole year before He gave Himself up to death Our Lord continued to contemplate the ecstatic mystery he so longed to institute. And it was when the hostility of His enemies was at its climax, when His countrymen were leagued against Him, when His friends, one by one, abandoned Him, when He had nowhere to lay His head, then it was that He would give Himself up for the world.

Jesus is alone in the cenacle with his twelve Apostles, He has sought here at least to gather round Him a few who loved Him, that He might show forth to the world how He had loved unto the end.

Alas! even amid the little circle of friends, hatred and deceit! there is one among them who for a whole year has carried

in his heart the germ of scepticism and unbelief. There is one who makes light of the words of Jesus, one who despises His sacrifices, one who is already in league with His enemies, who has already sold Him for thirty pieces of silver, the price of a slave.

Oh! what bitter suffering must Judas have caused the heart of Jesus, lavishing upon the world His most precious gifts! The Master looks at the perfidious Apostle, and is troubled to the depths of His heart. He tries to conquer him by His goodness and His paternal admonitions, but they are all lost upon Judas, who is incorrigible and will profane both Sacraments which he will receive, the Priesthood and the Holy Eucharist. What must our divine Lord have felt when he placed the consecrated Bread in the hands of the perfidious Apostle! But alas! even the eleven faithful Apostles added another sorrow to the sufferings of Jesus, When they should have been occupied with thanksgiving, for the gift of God himself, we are told that "they began to dispute as to which amongst them should be the greater." They wish to know who will have the first place near Jesus. They are all thirsting for power and superiority, and yet Jesus had just given them magnificent example of humility in the washing of their feet. O divine Lord! even at the last supper how much didst thou suffer from the Apostles themselves, from Peter, from John! The Gospel makes no exception. Nevertheless the anguish and suffering of the cenacle were only to foreshadow suffering and profanation greater still which should await the Eucharistic Christ in the centuries to come. At the last supper, with his infinite foreknowledge, Jesus saw clearly all the offenses and outrages which would be committed against that divine Sacrament.

Judas represented to him the unworthy priests who would profane their sacerdotal office, and use the divine power delegated to them to the loss of souls. In Judas again he foresaw all the denials of agnostics and infidels, and the sacrileges and profanations that would dishonor the Sacred Host.

At this first hour of the existence of the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus saw also our own infidelities, lukewarmness and imperfections towards his Eucharistic Presence, and He accepted all, He consented to all, forgetting Himself and thinking only of the good that He could do us in giving Himself to be the Food of our souls. Oh! in the Presence of Jesus, whom we adore under the Eucharistic veils, let us pity his sufferings

when he foresaw the outrages which awaited Him until the end of time. Let us console our Lord for the sins of Judas and those who follow his example, let us make reparation for the coldness and the indifference of the whole world towards Him, and particularly for our own faults and imperfections.

IV.—PRAYER.

*"If you shall ask me anything in My name, that I will do."* John, xiv, 14. The Holy Eucharist has been instituted, the earth possesses its God, and forever, the fruit of that great event is confidence and unlimited faith in Our Lord. Now, he can refuse us nothing, since he has given Himself to us at the cost of so many sacrifices and humiliations. In order that we may not be able to doubt, Jesus has affirmed solemnly before giving Himself to death: "If you shall ask me any thing in My name, that I will do!"

What a consoling revelation! We can truly then in the Presence of Jesus offer Him the most humble petition as well as ask the most signal graces, all will be given if we ask and ask rightly. We will never tire our Lord, for he is not like our earthly friends whom we weary and antagonise with too frequent demands. He has reproached only for those who ask nothing. Listen to His words to the Apostles: "Hitherto you have not asked any thing in My name. Ask, and you shall receive; that your joy may be full." John, xvi, 24.

Let then our prayers be more ardently and more frequently offered to His throne of grace in the Eucharist.

But let us not be selfish in remembering only our own wants. Let us think first of Our Lord and ask that his Eucharistic kingdom may come, that He may be better known and loved in the whole world, and particularly in our own country. Let us ask that our separated brethrens may be enlightened by knowledge and belief in the Eucharist. Let us pray for all the needs of the Church, for our relations and friends. Then let us expose to Jesus with confidence all our wants, all our necessities. Let us remind Him lovingly of His promise: "If you shall ask any thing in My name, that I will do." And let us say to Him with the simplicity of the child to his father: "Lord, you have promised to listen to all my prayers without exception; my wants are many and great, it is true, but I believe thy power and thy love are greater still!"

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**Stabat Mater.**

At the cross her station keep-  
ing,  
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
Close to Jesus to the last.

Through her soul, whose  
mornings low,  
Told how grievous was her  
woe,  
Sorrow like a sword had  
gone.

Who is he who would not  
weep,  
Could he know what anguish  
deep  
Pierced the Mother of our  
Lord!

For the sins of his own na-  
tion  
She saw him hang in desola-  
tion  
Till His spirit forth He sent.

Holy Mother, pierce me  
through:  
In my heart each wound re-  
new  
Of my Saviour crucified.

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,  
Lest in flames I burn and die,  
In His awful Judgment day.

Christ, when thou shalt call  
me hence,  
Be Thy Mother my defence,  
Be Thy cross my victory.

While my body here decays,  
May my soul Thy goodness  
praise,  
Safe in Paradise with Thee.  
Amen.



## EDITORIAL.

The March number of *Emmanuel* announces that the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis has selected the 8th, 9th and 10th of October for the 3rd National Eucharistic Congress, that of 1901. The sessions of this Congress will take place at Kenrich Seminary, and services will be held in all the churches of the city. An interesting feature of the Congress will be an exhibition by Catholic artists, of works and cartoons, for the benefit of the Rev. clergy.

The members of the Priests' Eucharistic League are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts for promoting and concentrating national devotion to the Eucharist by these public manifestations of clerical interest. The growth of the Priest's Eucharistic League has hitherto, however, been mainly noticeable in the cities of the West. The existence of a house of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament in New York, and the intended transfer of the direction of that League to the Fathers of the community will doubtless increase the interest of the clergy in forwarding the Eucharistic movement in the East. New York has been so long been the centre of commercial activity and enterprise, that one cannot but hope to see its religious aims also grow higher and more ambitious, and the zeal of its clergy and influential Catholic citizens more forcibly directed to the spiritual enterprises that should follow in the wake of its progress and prosperity. It is early yet to build hopes upon a future that is but dimly outlined, but the years pass quickly, and the people of New York have already proved their underlying spirit of devotion by their unanimous and solemn participation in the services that consecrated the new century to the Lord of the Eucharist. The First Eucharistic Congress of America was held in 1896, in the city of Washington, and its results are already far reaching.

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## Items of Interest.

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The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati has signified his desire that the churches in which the devotion of the Forty hours is being held should attract the notices of the people by some outward sign or notice. St. Joseph's Church in that city recently chose to signal the devotion in accordance with his wish by mounting a handsome flag of pure white, bearing the representation of a Monstrance with adoring angels. New York has not yet followed the example of the city of Cincinnati, but no outward sign could be more attractive and significant than the attendance of the long lines of adorers, who have made their pilgrimage from church to church wherever the Forty Hours is celebrated since the establishment of the People's Eucharistic League.

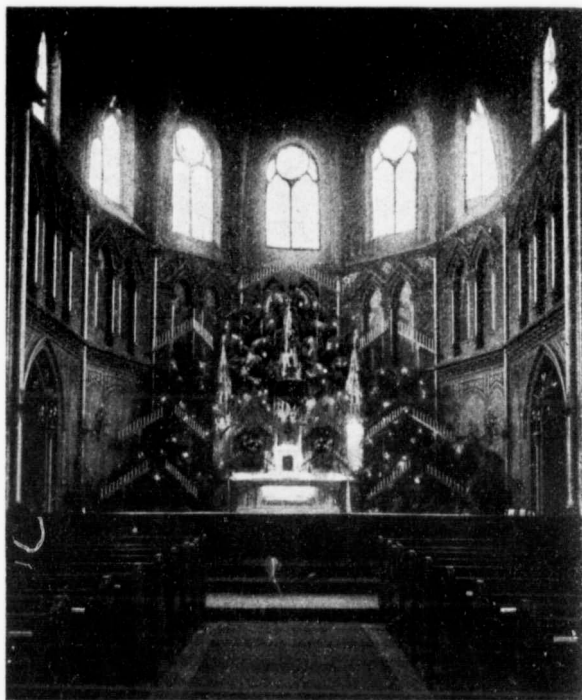
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The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament have already made a number of converts, and some eight or ten persons have received or are preparing to receive baptism. Rev. Father Roy is particularly devoted to this branch of work, and forwards it.

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The Men's Advisory Board of the People's Eucharistic League are doing good work and are actively interested in forwarding the devotion of the Nocturnal Adoration. They propose to increase the membership in the Board by admitting a number of delegates representing the various Local Centres in New York, in order to invite the interest of pastors and people in forwarding united devotion to the Blessed Sacrament among men. The Advisory Board will take charge of the preparations for the Men's Corpus Christi Reunion this year.





St. Patrick's Church, Washington.

**Our Washington Centre**, St. Patrick's Church.  
 Report to January, 1901 :  
 General Membership, 1,210.  
 Members Associates, 212.  
 Hours of adoration recorded by card : 11,852.  
 Rev. D. J. STAFFORD, D.D., ANNA B. PHELPS, Secr.

**A Good Beginning**—St. Vincent Ferrer's Centre, New York.—The President of St. Vincent Ferrer's Centre, Annie G. Peck, note that the Centre organized the Eucharistic League in November, 1900, and had its

first solemn reception of new associates in January, 1901, the members receiving their medals, blessed, at the altar. The Rev. Eugene Nilsen, O.P., is the Director, and the work is well organized and promises most effective results. There are already 318 members and 24 zelatrices. The cards for noting the adoration are used regularly, and many of the adorers make a weekly adoration of an hour. The organization of the Men's Branch will be actively undertaken at this Centre in the near future.

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**Nocturnal Adoration in Brooklyn.**—Our Lady of Lourdes Centre, Local Director, Rev. E. H. Porcile, S. P. M.—Besides recording a total membership of 200, with 50 men associates, the exposition on First Friday is mentioned as well attended. The following items are added:

“The Nocturnal Adoration has been carried on during the past year by an average of 20 men at the stated hours on the nights chosen. The men have organized their branch of the Eucharistic League separately in order to foster this pious practice and to encourage the weekly and monthly hour of adoration. This branch is yet in its infancy, but under the care of our Rev. Pastor and with the help of God we hope soon to do good work.”

JOHN A. MCGILL, *President.*

THOS. FAGAN, *Secretary.*

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**A Good Report from the South.**—St. Vincent's Centre, New Orleans, Local Director, Rev. A. Prossaerts.—Established March 25, 1900, this Centre records the opening of the First Friday exposition through the Eucharistic League, and the devotion of the Holy Hours in the evening at which the devotional booklets are used for meditation, and the service varied with congregational singing. There are few men members as yet, but the Nocturnal Adoration was introduced last Holy Thursday and volunteer obtained from the Holy Name and

St. Vincent de Paul Societies. There were not less than four adorers for each hour, the men of the Eucharistic League doing their share. There are 107 associates and ten zelatrices. Twenty-eight associates make the weekly hour of adoration, 29 the monthly hour.

ANAIS EVANS, *Secretary.*

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**Plenty of Men.**—St. Ignatius Centre (S.J.), New York, records the fidelity and perseverance of its associates, who are also faithful in wearing the decorations of the Eucharistic League in the organized bands of First Fridays as well as at their private adoration hours. The men assemble on First Friday nights for an hour's adoration in union. About 600 men take part in this service, and though it represents the League of the Sacred Heart, at least 200 of these adorers are associates of the Eucharistic League. Nocturnal Adoration during the Forty Hours, Holy Thursday and December 31st was kept up by some hundred of men.

ELEONARD A. BEATY, *President.*

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The Cathedral, Manchester, N.H., Convent Sacred Heart, Boston, Mass., Holy Rosary, N.Y., Tabernacle Society, Cincinnati, Ohio, St. Patrick's, Philadelphia, St. Brigid's, Westbury Station, L.I., have also sent reports to date.

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We have received interesting reports from the Ascension and Holy Rosary Centres, New York, and Immaculate Conception Church, Cincinnati, O. We cannot print all the reports received in *The Sentinel*, as the main features are similar, but will gladly, from time to time during the year, print Local Notes whenever the secretaries will send us any information of special interest.

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## The Children's Hour.

ANOTHER BED-TIME STORY.

HELEN MAY.



“WAS it a pleasant birthday, Toddles?”  
“Oh, yes indeed, mother,” dropping her tired little head against her mother’s shoulder, and sighing happily. “And, please, mother, because to-day was my birthday, tell me about Jesus’ Birthday.”

“Can you keep awake long enough?”

“Of course, mother; why, I’m five years old!”

“Yes, dear.”

“Mother, how many years is it since Jesus came?”

“Nineteen hundred.”

“What a long time it would take to count that! Can you count as high as that?”

“Yes,” laughed mother; “but if I started now my little girl would be fast asleep long before I finished. Well, so you want to hear about Jesus’ Birthday, which is Christmas-day?”

“And how Mary and Joseph went the long, long way from Nazareth to Bethlehem, ’cause they had to pay a tax; and it was tiresome, St. Joseph wouldn’t let Mary walk like he did, mother—she had a donkey to ride on, and it got so awful late ’cause St. Joseph could not go very fast. But mother, I’d rather you told it.”

Mother smiled.

"I'm glad you know the story so well, Toddles. Yes, it grew late and cold, and when the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph arrived in Bethlehem, there was no room for them anywhere."

"Like it once was when we were traveling, mother, and all the hotels were crowded."

"And Mary and Joseph wandered about Bethlehem looking for shelter and finding none; then when St. Joseph was thinking they might have to spend the night out in the open air, some one took pity upon him and led him to a cave where cattle slept."

"And there were mangers," added Toddles, eagerly, "cause Jesus was 'wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. And He was a real Baby, like all little babies, only He was God besides."

"Exactly, darling. Let me see, how far were we?—C.1, yes, Mary and Joseph were guided to the cave, which they accepted with gratitude as a resting-place."



"Well—Bethlehem lies in a hilly country, and out on the quiet hills, there were shepherds at watch over their flocks. Now these men knew how the sky looked at night, how the stars shone and the moon shone, because it was always their work to guard the sheep during the night; and that night they were astonished to see a great light shining in the sky, which was not the light of either moon or stars. It was more beautiful than any light the world had ever seen, and the men stood still and looked in greater and greater wonder."

"I wish I'd been there, mother," said Toddles earnestly.

"Suddenly, as the light still grew, a beautiful angel stood beside the shepherds, and they felt frightened, not knowing what to think. But the radiant angel spoke gently to them, saying: 'Fear not,' and immediately all their dread passed away. Then the angel went on to tell them that Christ was born and lying in a manger, where they would find him wrapped in swaddling clothes."

"The Blessed Mother was very poor," said Toddles, sadly, "and there was no little bed there for Jesus."

"But she would not have taken all the riches in the world, darling, for that little Child who was God."

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"And even the beasts knew he was God, didn't they mother, and knelt down before the manger?"

"Yes, daughter. And meanwhile the shepherds out upon the hills were listening to the great song of a whole multitude of angels. Do you know what those angels sang, Toddles? See if you can't tell mother."

"Glory to God in the Highest, and peace on earth to men of good will. That was the song the shepherds heard, until the angels departed again. Then they went very hastily to find Jesus, full of joy because He had come, after people had been waiting for Him for thousands of years."

"And they found him just as the angel said."

"In the manger, a tiny baby, with the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph kneeling by Him. As soon as the shepherds saw Him, they fell on their knees, too, and adored him. You see, darling, that little cave had become the palace of the King of heaven and earth, and the humble, holy Mary of Nazareth was the Mother of God. The shepherds knew this, and so they knelt and prayed with great joy and wonder, and thankfulness because God the Father had shown his love for us by sending Jesus His Son as a child into the world."

"So that was Jesus' Birthday, darling."

"But you haven't told about the Three Kings, mother?"

"They didn't come until twelve days later, sweetheart; perhaps that will be the next story, some night when Toddles isn't so sleepy."

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## The Story of a Little Saint.

E. McAULIFFE.

**S**T. Rose of Viterbo was born at a time when the church was suffering great persecutions from wicked men, and many were falling into heresy; which means giving up their holy religion for worldly advantages. The parents of the little Rose were very poor, but good, faithful Catholics. From her

earliest infancy the child showed a great love for God and a delight in prayer. She never had any self-will or obstinacy, but in all things obeyed her parents. She had no vanity ; she never spoke unkindly or uncharitably of any one, her soul was like a little garden filled with the sweetest virtues, which are the flowers that God loves best. We can imagine how happy her guardian angel must have been with such a holy charge, what a load of good works and prayers, and pious thoughts he brought up each night to lay at the throne of God !

And in return for her love God gave her wonderful gifts, even the gift of miracles. She was still but a little child, when one of her aunts died, and as she was being carried away for burial, the little Rose kissed her, and instantly at her touch, the dead woman was restored to life !

After this she tried to hide herself from the people who came in crowds to see her, and never went out except to church or to visit the sick. As the people still continued to follow her, the Blessed Virgin appeared to her in a vision and told her not to hide herself any more, but to preach to the people in the streets ; and first to go to a neighboring church of St. Francis and be enrolled in the Third Order, and wear the habit henceforth.

And so wonderfully did the grace of God shine in her that men and women listened with admiration to the voice of the holy child, and numbers were converted. In a short time Viterbo was so changed, that heresy was crushed out, and the young men going to their work would sing hymns on the way, instead of the profanity that used to be on their lips. And they felt so strong in the new grace infused into their souls that all the men of Viterbo rose up against the bad Emperor, and drove him and his army out of their country.

The fame of the Rose of Viterbo spread abroad into all the neighboring towns, and the inhabitants came in numbers to hear her. She preached unceasingly, calling on them to do penance, for evil days would come again and again, to be true to the Holy Father (the Pope) and to remember that their religion was their greatest treasure.

Now, my dear little readers, you must think that all

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this preaching was very hard work, especially when we consider that she fasted constantly ; but she was refreshed with Heavenly visions. And no living being can imagine the sweetness and the glory that God reveals to those who, like her, give up all the delights of life for his work.

After four years the wicked Emperor came back with a larger army, and took the city again, and established in it a governor as wicked as himself. This man, on seeing how St. Rose had been the means of restoring the Faith, ordered her to be arrested and brought before him, he forbade her to preach any more, and she replied : " As long as I have breath in my body, I will use it to praise God " !

This made him so furious, that he ordered her and all her family to leave the city ! That very night they left their humble home ; it was winter, and the snow lay thick on the mountains, so that they lost the path in the darkness and had to wander all night in the snow. Rose praised God for letting her suffer, and tried to console and encourage her poor parents. When daylight came they found their way to the tower of Soriano, where they were received with great joy by the people who had heard of the little preacher.

She prophesied then that the Lord would soon call the apostate Emperor to give an account of his cruelty.

It happened just as she predicted : before the month was ended he died. The people of Viterbo drove away his governor, and called back to her native city Rose and her parents. They gave her a grand reception, all the people going out to meet her ; but her mission was ended. After the Emperor's death there was no more persecution, the people practiced their religion under the charge of their Pastors. Rose lived in her mother's house for nearly seven years after her public life ended, all the time longing to see God, and at length he released her soul. When she died the bells in the churches rang of themselves. It would fill a book to tell all the miracles worked by St. Rose during her life, and after her death ; when you are older you can read them for yourselves. She lived just seventeen years ! *Sancta Rosa, ora pro nobis.*

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## TO THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

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Oh happy Lamp! how sweet 'twould be,  
If I could day and night like thee,  
Within this holy temple stay,  
And burn my weary life away  
With love of Him who for us died,  
And on our altars doth abide  
To be our comfort, food and stay,  
Our Life, our Truth and only way.

How oft, sweet Lamp! I've envied thee,  
Thy chosen place, so dear to me,  
When kneeling at the sacred shrine,  
Illumined by no light save thine,  
As day is drawing to its close,  
And nature sinks in sweet repose,  
'Tis then I love to linger there,  
And with thee thy sweet office share.

But if, dear Lamp, I cannot stay  
And watch with thee both night and day,  
Oh may my heart the vigils keep,  
E'en while my body's wrapped in sleep  
So should the Bridegroom come at night,  
He'll find my lamp still burning bright,  
And may I hear the summons sweet:  
"Come rest forever at my feet!"

My God, forever at Thy Feet!  
May I then hope for rest so sweet?  
Oh yes, if in that little shrine  
Thou dwellest Prisoner Divine,  
And even in this faithless breast,  
Dost sometimes deign to take Thy rest  
I know Thou'lt not refuse to hear  
A lonely, homeless orphan's prayer.

My spirit longs to be with Thee.  
Thy Heart my only home can be,  
Yet, if near Thee both night and day,  
Within Thy temple I might stay,  
My exile here would be so sweet,  
Although no Father's smile I greet,  
And though no Mother's form I see,  
This earth would be a Heaven to me.

But since such bliss cannot be mine,  
I ask dear Lord thine aid divine,  
Oh save my soul from dark despair,  
Then trusting to a Father's care,  
"Thy will be done" my prayer shall be,  
Though dark the way, Thy hand I'll see  
And leaning on Thy sacred breast,  
There find one day eternal rest.



Virgin Mary's Communion

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