

**Venerable Pierre Julien Eymard: The Priest of the Eucharist**  
**FOUNDER OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT**

*Taken from Documents on His Life and Virtues*

BY THE POSTULATOR OF HIS CAUSE  
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In conformity with the Decree of Pope Urban VIII, the author declares that he intends to give to the facts contained in this work a purely human sense, and that by any expressions of praise and titles of reverence used therein there is no intention to forestall the decisions of Holy Church, to which as a faithful son he submits his judgment.

AS we have already seen, Venerable Pere Eymard was privileged by God from his very infancy, prevented by His choicest graces. His soul, as if instinctively, turned toward piety and his interior attraction impelled him toward God. Although from his most tender age he was favored with special gifts of the spiritual order, he used to refer to his ninth year as that- of his conversion, for it was at this time that the supernatural lights he received were so great that it seemed to him he then began a new life as if after a conversion.

The Calvary of his native place, La Mure, abounded in dearest remembrances for him. It was there while still very young, he used to go barefoot in the snow to pray in preparation for his First Communion. There was another Calvary that also remained deeply impressed on his memory, for there too he had received signal graces, and that was the Calvary of Saint-Romans d'Tsere. One favor from Heaven there bestowed on him was indelibly imprinted in his soul. In a letter to Mme. Jordan, June 5, 1867, he mentioned it indirectly in these words: "For how long a time I have desired to behold again the dear country of Chatte and Saint-Romans !"

We do not forget the favor granted him in his early youth when on a pilgrimage made on foot with his sisters to the shrine of Our Lady of Laus. Worn out with the heat and fatigue of their pious journey,

his sisters longed for a draught of water. Naturally, none was to be had on the road they were traversing. But Almighty God supplied what was so greatly desired. The boy Pierre Julien found by a hedge a vessel of water from which his sisters slaked their thirst. Our Lady of Laus was not unmindful of her votaries. But the most important, the celestial favor that exercises the greatest influence over his life was the apparition of our Lady of Fourviere at Lyons, January 21, 1851. It was there that he received from the Blessed Virgin the commission to devote himself to the worship and glory of Jesus Sacramental.

Again, on April 19, 1853, after Mass, he made a thanksgiving which lasted two whole hours. It was in that close union with Our Lord that he comprehended that he would have to sacrifice everything, everything, even his vocation as a Marist, to devote himself to the Work of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The sanctuary of Our Lady of Laus was one of those he loved most. It recalled the pilgrimages of his early youth, the privileged graces he had then received from his good Mother, the assurance of his sacerdotal, and later that of his religious vocation. There too, besides the foregoing inestimable graces, he received other and more special favors. Of this we are assured by the words he dropped in a familiar instruction. Speaking of that place of pilgrimage which recalled to him so many sweet memories, he forgot himself so far as to say : There, one kisses the ground as soon as one sees that magnificent church. And why? . . . Because there the Blessed Virgin is kind, there she is a Mother. There . . . one sees her . . ." And then he blushed and appeared disconcerted.

On another occasion in the freedom of intimate conversation, he allowed some words to escape him to the effect that he had seen the Blessed Virgin when at Laus. But suddenly he broke off, saying: "Oh! I have said too much!" It was always thought that the Servant of God had been favored by frequent apparitions of Our Lady.

If one of God's servants becomes the object of the exterior assaults of the demon, it is not to be considered a supernatural favor, but does it not show that he who is called upon to endure such attacks is surely a privileged soul, one dear to God, and for that very reason more particularly hated by the infernal enemy? Now, Satan exercised his hatred against Venerable Pere Eymard from his earliest years. When only four he felt a hand grasping his throat, as if to strangle him, as we have related elsewhere. Later, toward his ninth or tenth year, when crossing a forest on a pilgrimage to Laus, he was struck by a wicked man whom he met on the way, and who disappeared afterward, leaving the child unable to say which direction he had taken. Some altogether involuntary allusions of the Servant of God made it understood that the demon frequently beat him in his cell, in order to avenge himself for all the good that he was actually doing, as well as that for which he was laying the foundation by the supernatural Works he was so strenuously forwarding.

The Servant of God hid under an exterior of sweet simplicity, the supernatural gifts he had received from God. One of the greatest was his profound intuition as a director of souls. "I hope that after a while," wrote Mme. G. ... in August, 1868, "the publication of his letters, which I dare compare to those of Saint Francis, will make him appear in this new light.

I can declare that no one after having recourse to him could possibly forget him. His words and counsels are forever ingrained in the memory and heart. He was truly the man of God speaking with authority and sweetness. He read even the very depths of the soul, and he acknowledged one day to her whom he was pleased to call his eldest daughter that God had granted him the gift of discernment of consciences, but he had suffered so much from it that he begged Our Lord to withdraw it from him.

"He must, indeed, have had much to suffer from it, he who was so upright, so confiding, he who would rather have allowed himself to be deceived frequently than believe in the malice of his fellow-men. The promise God has made us to do the will of those that love Him was accomplished in him to the letter, and he has told us with holy terror that Our Lord granted him all that he asked, and even went beyond his desires, so that he scarcely dared any longer either to desire or to ask anything."

The same lady had written in May, 1868 : "I never felt God so near me as when I was listening to Pere Eymard. His holiness shone forth in his great simplicity. What a difference between him and other venerable ecclesiastics whom I have known ! The latter spoke the language of faith, but he he was the seer, the prophet, who spoke with authority in the name of God and, when he

had once spoken, one had no more doubts. It was thus in a few words he settled my vocation. His least word produced its effect.

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When he told us that God had never refused him anything, we believed him, and sent up all our petitions through him. Once he exclaimed: "How good is God! He forestalls my desires. I wanted to see a certain friend, and I met her by chance on the street. She had come over a hundred miles to meet me on my way!" Mile. Marguerite Guillot, his first spiritual daughter (in February and March, 1845), later the first Superioress General of the Congregation of the Servants of the Most Blessed Sacrament, attested to the following fact. We reproduce it as she gave it. Many a time the Servants, her spiritual daughters, heard it from her own lips :

"In October, 1844, I lost the enlightened director whom God had given me to guide my conscience. I was greatly afflicted, and I asked Our Lord to be pleased to suffice for me alone. On November 21, of the same year, Feast of the Presentation, in the church of the Charity Hospital at Lyons, during Holy Mass and at the moment of Holy Communion, He said these words to me interiorly: Be consoled. I shall soon send thee a more perfect way of obedience. I was impressed, but not convinced. I felt an aversion for all interior words, as I feared illusion. My habitual petition to Our Lord was that He would say all that was necessary for me to those that directed me, while leaving me in naked faith and blind obedience.

"One, two, three months passed without any appearance of the accomplishment of these words. See, I said to myself, all imagination ! See, how some think they hear, and they hear nothing. ... I felt humbled at even having had the thought that Our Lord had deigned to speak to me.

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But Our Lord does not deceive. Toward the end of February, 1845, the good Masters promise was realized. The Rev. Pere Eymard, then Provincial of the Society of Mary, came to preach the Lent at the Charity Hospital, very near our dwelling. My aged mother could not go to the parish church of Saint Francis de Sales, so with permission she took up her abode at the Charity, which is half-way from the church. From there she attended Pere Eymards instructions. At the end of eight days, she said to me : My daughter, I wish you would come to hear my preacher. He is an apostle, he is a saint/ ... I believed my good mother, but what she proposed did not fall in with my wishes, so I told her of my desire to continue the station at our parish church. But she insisted, and I yielded. It was a Tuesday. Pere Eymard spoke of the trials of God in a soul, of the means the soul ought to employ in order to make a good use of them, and he ended by saying that trials are always marks of Our Lord's love for us. How does it happen, said I to myself, that this priest seems to speak for me alone ?

"A sentiment of respect and veneration seized me at the very sight of him, and I thanked the good Master for what I had heard and which was so suited to my needs. Obedience had gained for me that grace. The thought haunted me: What a man of God! How good it would be to open one's heart to him! I decided to do so. O goodness of God, how great thou art! How admirable is

Thy love in the pursuit of a soul! What passed in that first interview? Ah ! God knows and I, too! All I can say is that Pere Eymard

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was for me all that the sun at full midday is to a dark place. He read my soul as through a lens. He told me my life, my interior state, my attraction, my kind of prayer, my trials, God's graces for me, and as yet I had said nothing, I had repeated only the confiteor!

"Happy moment, blessed hour! My heart was inundated with joy and gratitude. In my thanksgiving it poured itself out between my good Master and myself. I kept my secret and resolved to profit during Lent by this passing direction, not thinking that Pere Eymard resided in Lyons. The Society of Mary was then unknown."

Sister Frances de Chantal de Montagu, the Countess d'Andigne, was under Pere Eymard's direction during the last twelve years of his saintly life. In her deposition she says: "I became acquainted with Pere Eymard toward the year 1856, when I was residing in Anjou. He had come to see a young man who was ill in our neighborhood. It was there I saw him for the first time and that he invited me to visit him in Paris where I always passed the winter. From that day I saw him from time to time till his death. I resided in rue du Bac, and every Thursday I went to his little chapel, rue Saint Jacques, to hear his sermon. I confessed to him frequently, and I often saw him in the parlor. We talked on religious subjects and those relating to spiritual direction. When I was in Anjou, he often wrote to me. Many of his letters I have burned, but the thirty-six I still retained, I placed in the hands of a Religious of the Most Blessed Sacrament."

"God was pleased to favor her devotion and to increase it by placing her in direct communication with that Seraph of the Eucharist, the Venerable Pere Eymard."

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These are the words by which we are introduced to Mademoiselle de Montagu, afterward Mme. the Countess d'Andigne. They refer to the time of her First Communion. The tender love that had always filled her heart for the Most Blessed Sacrament and her insatiable hunger for Holy Communion took on a great increase under his gentle and enlightened guidance. In the midst of the opulence of her Parisian home where she spent her winters, Mme. d'Andigne did not forget her love for the poor. There was one form of charity more dear to her heart than any other, and that was assisting poor religious Communities. Here it was that Pere Eymard benefited by her generosity. He had frequent recourse to her for the propagation of his Works, and he asked for the exercise of her charity all the more readily as (saint that he was!) he looked upon Mme. d'Andigne herself as the first beneficiary of it. There was question not only of sums of money, always given freely and generously, but every time that she visited the poor little wooden chapel, the cradle of the Perpetual Adoration inaugurated by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, the holy Religious would be sure to invite her to be godmother of some vagabond whom he had snatched from evil and instructed, and whom he now wanted to baptize and make an honest man for the good of the Church and society.

This constant exercise of charity brought true joy to Mme. d'Andigne, but her supreme consolation was the Divine Eucharist. She assisted daily at the Holy Sacrifice, although for that she had to rise very early. This cost her, but she did it generously.

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Thanks to the initiative of Pere Eymard, who understood the special need of her soul, she obtained permission to have the Blessed Sacrament reserved in her chateau of T'Isle and Holy Mass celebrated every day. She could then enjoy companionship with Jesus Hostia, which she did as long and as frequently as possible, spending hours at the feet of her Lord.

Venerable Pere Eymard gave his penitent an obedience to approach the Divine Banquet every day. "If you should find a priest," he said, "willing to give you Communion several times in the day, do not fail to receive It." That priest, however, was never met. But the insistence of the holy director conquered the fear of the otherwise obedient soul. Longing for Holy Communion every day, the luxury of her surroundings troubled her. Pere Eymard knew that nothing could more effectually help her than daily Communion, and from that time he was faithfully obeyed. She braved everything rather than lose that visit of her Lord, she was ingenious in overcoming every obstacle. Before daylight, if necessary, she was up and, carefully stilling the rustling of her silken robes, presenting herself at some confessional where at that early hour were found only servants and workmen. "My daughter," said a good priest to her one morning, "you are out at service?" Radiant with happiness, she answered: "Yes, Father, in the service of the good God."

Pere Eymard's direction, firm and gentle, sustained her under the numerous discouragements arising from the forced worldliness of her position. In her last years she was called upon to depose in the informative Process instituted for the Cause of the Servant of God.

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In several touching pages she recorded her spiritual relations with the Reverend Father of her soul and the prediction that he made of her entrance into religion. This writing, addressed to the Superior General of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, we shall give at length as more exact, more eloquent than any abridgment could be. We shall suppress nothing, for it has the double advantage of making the Venerable Father known as well as the writer herself :

"My very dear Reverend Father,

I have deferred answering your letter, because I listened to my self-love, not my false humility, as you have been pleased to call it. I felt the impossibility of faithfully expressing what I retain in my heart and soul more than in my memory. I shall write you what I can recall, and of which I can declare the truth : Being very ill with diphtheria, the good and holy Pere Eymard came to see me, and to him I confided my terror of death and judgment. He knew well the troubles of my soul, and he replied to me with his smile of goodness and innocence, lit up by a heavenly ray which was always reflected in the souls of his hearers: No, no, my dear Madame, you will not die. The good God loves your soul too much to take it from under silk curtains. Another time, confessing to the good Father, I accused myself of all my useless expenses as extravagance

and indulgence of fancies. He saw my trouble and anxiety. Then with his compassionate kindness, he asked: Do you keep an account of what you spend? and he added: Bring me the book. I want to see everything. I confess to you, Father, that this penance was far more humiliating than any other he could have given me.

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After some very timid little objections, I obeyed. On receiving that book of abjection, he said to me: I shall return it to you in a few days. I went for it punctually. On giving it back to me, he said: Look upon what is in it as pardoned. Now be at peace.

"Many a time I felt convinced that the good God enlightened the saintly Father with supernatural vision on the true state of my soul. One day among others, confessing with my usual trouble, he allowed me to go on without interrupting me. When I had finished, he said: You have spoken sincerely, but with no knowledge of yourself. I am going to show you the truth. Then, Reverend Father, he told me as if he had read it in a book, all that made me suffer and that was bad in me. You know well, Father, his penetrating glance which made one understand that, while one was speaking to him, he already knew what one was going to say. This impression was so supernatural that one day, having taken with me a little girl between ten and twelve years old, I received from her this reply to the slight reprimand that I gave her for looking sulky when even good Pere Eymard spoke to her or noticed her : Oh ! I do not like people who see inside of a body!

"This good Father had for my soul the most delicate solicitude and compassion full of divine charity. He understood what it suffered and what it had still to suffer. So, knowing by true presentiment that his death was near, he wrote me to meet him at ... when on his journey to his sisters at La Mure. I obeyed, and I can repeat his words at that interview exactly:

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exactly: I told you to come, for I am going to hear your confession for the last time. I want to leave you in peace. Confess all in your life that has given you trouble and anxiety, all that may be to you a painful remembrance or impression. I am going to give you absolution for your whole life, that you may leave the past behind you without ever returning to it. I think, he said to me again, that I am going to die, and that I am hearing your confession and talking to you for the last time. I have never asked you anything for myself, but to-day I am going to implore a charity of you which I beg you not to forget. As soon as you hear of my death, have fifty Masses said for me. So many priests go to purgatory for not having said the Masses engaged of them for the deliverance of the souls in purgatory. I may have forgotten some myself. People often give Mass intentions in the parlor at times when one is occupied or distracted. I depend on you to do me this great charity. I regret not being able to recall more of that interview, for he kept me a long time. The impression is still very lively in my soul. But I have no words to express without taking away the perfume of holiness, truth, and heavenly goodness, the way in which he gave me his blessing, the last on this earth, but which was to assure to me all those that he would send me from the height of heaven."

Venerable Pere Eymard's spirit of prophecy was not at fault, for the writer of the above, five years after his blessed demise, entered the second Monastery of the Visitation, Paris. There she spent the last years of her life near the tabernacle, near Jesus whom she had loved from childhood, and whom the Venerable Pere Eymard had taught her to know and love ever more and more.

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Rev. Pere Mayet, in the notes that he left upon the Life of the Servant of God, records the following fact : "A lady of good family, who was endowed with eminent piety, was overwhelmed by extraordinary trials. She was hampered in the way of perfection by the direction of a Religious who, instead of giving her wings to fly, bound her, so to speak, in a net. Still more, although absent a great part of the year, he had in a manner imposed secrecy upon her, as was formerly done to Saint de Chantal before her meeting with Saint Francis de Sales. It so happened that Pere Eymard met this lady and doubtless, moved by an inspiration of the Holy Spirit, he said on accosting her : "I am bringing you the liberty of the children of God."

"This unexpected salutation so suited to her case, brought with it a ray of light and a stroke of grace. Chained by her secret obedience however, she made no overture, and the conversation took another turn. They were talking on indifferent subjects, though edifying, when Pere Eymard suddenly said : But the good God has certainly sent me here for something, and you are telling me nothing! This second assault at once opened the gate of the citadel. Pere Eymard cut the chains that had impeded the flight of that soul, drew up for her the rule of conduct she was to follow, gave her his care for some time and, with God's help, established her in such a state of peace, of interior well-being, of spiritual detachment, of religious liberty, of renunciation of persons and things in God alone and for God alone,

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that it seemed to her she had been released from purgatory and elevated by the saintly director into an atmosphere of pure love.

"She afterward said that the first time she had met him (for before that memorable visit, she had seen him for a few moments), he had made on her an impression of grace which lasted all day. He became an angel of God for her whole household from the lackeys and the maids to the grandparents, the governesses, the children, all wanted to open their hearts to him. He established the reign of divine love and of sacrifice through love where he had found along with sincere love and heroic sacrifice; much servility and many false ideas."

M. 1 abbe Maillet, chaplain of the Servants of the Most Blessed Sacrament, sent the following deposition made by Mile. Josephine Oddou, of La Mure:

"One of the aunts of Mile. Creux, the god-daughter of Pere Eymard, and who was named Josephine Creux, being once on a pilgrimage to Laus, Pere Eymard himself being in the company, went to confession to him. She was not a little surprised when, although she had said



nothing about her practices of piety, Pere Eymard spoke to her about the subject she generally took for her meditation, and told her to vary it."

"Sister Camille of the Blessed Sacrament, a Religious of the Congregation of the Servants of the Most Blessed Sacrament, died in their House of Paris, in which she had discharged the office of dispenser, or what we may term housekeeper. She attested to the following fact, her deposition being received by the aforementioned M. 1 abbe Maillet:

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"It was in 1865. Pere Eymard had come to Angers. When it was known that he was in the city, the whole quarter was in movement, and a large number of people came to our chapel to assist at his Mass. I communicated at it, and during my thanksgiving, I had a most extraordinary thought about him. But I returned to the convent without thinking any more of it. That evening, having presented myself in the parlor with several ladies, he told me to come apart a little that he wanted to speak to me. I did so, and he said : You had such and such a thought this morning, and he mentioned the very thought that I had had. Being very timid, I merely bowed without saying a word, but I said to myself on retiring: Ah! then, Pere Eymard knows my thoughts."

Mile. Philip (in religion, Sister Julie Philomene of the Blessed Sacrament) attests as follows:

"I declare and certify that what I say is true. On March 18, 1868, after my confession for my taking the habit, which I made to Pere Eymard, our Founder, he said to me two things that no one could know, on the state of my soul. It was the first time that I had confessed to him, and our Father said what was very true. I saw that he read my soul."

We shall now touch upon the remarkable intuition possessed by the Servant of God with regard to souls.

Sister Marie of the Blessed Sacrament (Mile, de Boisgrollier), one of the first Religious of the Congregation of the Servants of the Most Blessed Sacrament, related the following facts :

"The state of certain souls was known to him. He knew, for instance, that such or such a soul whom he had left calm three days before was then in suffering, and the nature of that suffering.

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"I happened to have an urgent need of speaking to him but, not daring to go to the parlor, I went into the church, although it was neither the day nor the hour that he was accustomed to come there. Nevertheless, I saw him enter, and he thus addressed me: I have been at work. But something told me that you were here and that you wanted me. As I showed my astonishment and was thanking God, he said to me : "That happens to me sometimes."

The same thing happened to Mile. B. de M., who wanted to become a Religious, but whose father was opposed to her project. He took her to one of the most celebrated Cures of Paris, but

it did not bring peace to the poor child. Happily, her aunt, Mme. G. . . . was in Paris. She said to her: "Come, consult Pere Eymard." The distance was great, and they would have to go quickly and secretly. And oh, what a disappointment when Brother Porter told them that Pere Eymard was at Adoration and could not be disturbed! The two ladies entered the chapel feeling sad enough. But almost at the same instant Pere Eymard rose from his prie-Dieu, and came toward them.

"Mon Pere, we wish to speak to you." "Yes, I felt that someone wanted me." He entered the confessional, and there told Edmee that she should not consecrate herself to God, but remain with her father. Peace at once succeeded to her trouble, proving to her that the latter course was indeed the divine will. The Servant of God sometimes had extraordinary presentiments. One day, at Lyons, between the years 1844 and 46, a Brother went unknown to him to make a charcoal fire in the sacristy of the chapel of the Third Order, which was very damp.

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make a charcoal fire in the sacristy of the chapel of the Third Order, which was very damp. Having imprudently shut the door, he inhaled the fumes and soon fell to the ground asphyxiated and motionless. Pere Eymard was in his room writing, but he felt urged to go down to the chapel. He rose, took some steps, and then looking on it as an idle and useless desire, he returned and sat down again to his writing. But again he was urged to go down, and this time more strongly. He obeyed and descended to the chapel. The door of the sacristy was closed, and he saw no one. "What a trifler I am!" he said. "For what have I come here?" He prayed an instant before returning, and then the thought came to him to open the sacristy door. He did so, found the Brother lying on the ground, drew him out, and saved him. A little later, he would have been lifeless.

Another time, at Lyons also, the thought came to him to go and open the door of the apartments. There he found the Master of Novices, who had been surprised by a hemorrhage, in great need of assistance.

Again, a lady who had the intention of writing a letter of courtesy, but which would have been used for other ends, as she afterward understood, came to assist at Pere Eymard's Mass in his chapel at Paris. When she was leaving, she saw him. He approached her and said: "Do not write the letter you intend to write." His words amazed her, for she hardly knew Pere Eymard, and she had mentioned her intention to no one.

Sometimes the Servant of God uttered prophetic words. Several years before the event, he made a prophecy which was realized in every point and under circumstances which could not have been foreseen.

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A pupil of the College of Chartes, the son of a lady whom Pere Eymard highly esteemed, came to see him in Paris at the faubourg Saint-Jacques. He tells the following fact:

"Pere Eymard said to me one day a little abruptly and without any connection with the subject of our conversation: A revolution is near. It will be terrible. In spite of themselves young men will be rolled in the ranks of the rebels. If you are in Paris at the time, seek refuge in our house which will be spared. I was astonished at these precise details. One might, assuredly, without being a prophet, foresee the fall of the Empire and even a revolution. But there was more than that in Pere Eymard's assertions."

This conversation took place at the close of 1866, or at the latest, in the early months of 1867. The war and the revolution happened only 1870-71. The residence of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament at this time was 8, rue Leclerc, in the faubourg Saint-Jacques. This house was spared although in the thick of the fight both during the siege of Paris and the horrors of the Commune. Bullets fell in the garden of the house, which was guarded by a body of Communards. The Religious continued to expose the Most Blessed Sacrament as usual. They suffered only from the want felt throughout the famished city. Every morning some Religious Sisters at Montrouge sent them what was necessary for the day.

In 1880, at the time of the Decrees of expulsion of French Religious, the Divine protection was again evident in a very special manner over the Mother-House of Paris, 23 Avenue Friedland, which then possessed the body of the holy Founder.

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Forty-eight hours before the execution of the decrees, some persons belonging to the Spanish settlement interposed and obtained through the intervention of the Spanish ambassador, who was then the Marquis de Molins, that the chapel of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament should not be closed, although all the other churches belonging to Religious were placed under seal. Here, again, the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament continued in our chapel of Paris without interruption.

Another prediction of Pere Eymard, made to the Foundress of the Dominicanesses of Sevres, was realized. Trials such as are encountered at the beginning of all Religious Congregations, were besetting their recent foundation, and they were such that all appeared to point to a vexatious delay. Pere Eymard was at the time their ecclesiastical Superior, and to him they made known their apprehensions. His reply was: "Make the Adoration, and you will not perish."

The counsel was followed. The little Community consecrated themselves to the Blessed Sacrament, pledging themselves to daily Adoration. From that moment, every hour of the day saw one of the Sisters come in the name of all to supplicate Our Lord for strength and consolation. Little by little, their difficulties disappeared, and blessings from Heaven soon proved that Pere Eymard's prediction was realized.

The Foundress of the Congregation of Thanksgiving, (Morbihan), was known to Pere Eymard at Lyons, in 1851. He knew her great attraction for Our Lord, her ardent desire to consecrate her

life to Thanksgiving toward the Blessed Sacrament, and he assured her that her idea would be realized. "Hold on to your idea, for it will be realized. . . . you will

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one day be the Foundress of this Work, which is from God. But what tribulations, what sufferings await you. . . as myself! . . ."

Tribulations and sufferings did indeed fall upon her for long years, and the Work was abandoned. But as soon as Pere Eymard died, difficulties were smoothed away more or less, the Work was founded, and it now goes on in silence and gratitude for the divine protection and favors lavished upon it.

Not only were gifts of extraordinary intuition and prophecy accorded the Servant of God, but to them was added the gift of healing. The reverend Mere Marguerite recounts the following fact, which happened to herself :

"In 1865," she says, "I was attacked by spinal trouble. For three weeks I could not move. M. 1 Abbe Crepon, then Cure of Our Lady of Angers, came to hear my confession on October 23d. I told him that Pere Eymard had arrived in Angers the day before, and that he had told me I must be cured on Saint Raphael's day. M. Crepon replied : If you go to Mass tomorrow, I shall say Pere Eymard is a saint. But I had faith in obedience. My dear daughters clothed me in my habit. Sister Virginie and Sister Isabelle supported me under the arms to the chapel. I was obliged to remain seated the whole time of Mass, even at the Elevation. When the moment of Communion came, Sister Virginie supported me to the Holy Table.

"After Communion, I made a sign to her to go, and I returned alone to my place. I was cured. Pere Eymard paused an instant in giving Holy Communion, saying to himself: It is done! the favor is obtained!

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"After Holy Mass, I went to the sacristy to receive his blessing. He said to me: The good God is so good! He grants when we ask with faith. I assisted at his breakfast, and resumed my ordinary occupations. Sister Emilie of the Blessed Sacrament, who was present, attested the fact and gave a written deposition, April 24, 1898."

Sister Jeanne of the Blessed Sacrament was cured by the touch of Pere Eymard's hand. She relates the fact in the following words : "I, Sister Jeanne, the daughter, although unworthy of our Venerable Founder, declare that I was cured by him. In 1865, when I had a very severe pain in one eye, he told me to consult a physician. I replied: Mon Pere, you yourself are going to cure me. . . . He laid his hand on my sore eye for some instance and, when he withdrew it, the trouble had completely disappeared."

Sister Marie of the Blessed Sacrament likewise was cured by the Servant of God. She was one

of the first Religious of the Congregation of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament and assisted at the foundation. Through love and devotedness for her Religious family, she spent a part of her nights in writing and laboring for the Congregation. In 1866, her sight grew so weak as to threaten total blindness. Then her faith in the sanctity of Pere Eymard led her to address herself to him for a cure in confidence and simplicity.

His reply was: "Come after my Mass. That is the time that I am powerful"

"I went eagerly," she tells us. "Our good Father blessed me, he prayed, and I understood what he said in Latin: May these eyes cease not to see! From that moment my sight strengthened, and I never again feared its loss."

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that moment my sight strengthened, and I never again feared its loss." Sister Marie continued to write till the end of her life, which happened in 1877.

Venerable Pere Eymard frequently made use of the oil from the sanctuary lamp before the Most Blessed Sacrament to effect cures. "Remember," he used to say, "that this little lamp has never failed to cure those that have been anointed with its oil"

Brother Charles Richerd, who discharged that as House of Paris the duty of porter, for many long years, says: "Very often I saw Pere Eymard blessing the oil of the Blessed Sacrament, and by it he obtained numerous cures. His chapel of Saint-Jacques he used to call the chapel of miracles, on account of the multiplied cures and conversions he there effected."

In 1865, Pere Eymard's own sister fell dangerously ill, but she did not notify her brother. Pere Eymard soon arrived however, and thus addressed her: "My dear sister, I have come to see you, for Saint Michael gave me to understand that you are ill." During this illness of his sister, he visited Our Lady of Laus in company with Mme. Gras, to whom he related the following incidents:

First, he told her that he had been beaten. He said: "It was not human beings who beat me. The blows fell thick as hail"

"Then it was the devil?" she said.

"Ah! surely!" he replied.

Secondly, he told Mme. Gras that one day, having not a soul left, he went to the chapel and said to the Blessed Virgin: "But we can not die of hunger!" And he heard a voice, saying to him : "Do not worry yourself, go to your work,"

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and he found in his pocket a number of gold pieces. "I was very sure however," he said, "that I had none before." When at Laus, Pere Eymard asked for some oil and, returning to his sister, who was still very ill, he knelt down at the foot of the bed, saying: "Sister, we are going to begin a Novena," Then he anointed her stomach with the oil, for up to that time her vomiting and perspiration were incessant, and making the Sign of the Cross, he said : "Sceur Benoitte of Laus, intercede with the Blessed Virgin for me."

"That same evening," says his sister, "the floods of perspiration and the vomiting ceased entirely." From that moment she grew better and better. The following year, the Servant of God made another pilgrimage to Laus in thanksgiving.