

and glory of God humbled for us in the adorable Sacrament, I beg of you to ask the many fervent readers of the Sentinel to make multiplied acts of reparation for those cruel outrages.

May they also console Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament for the crimes committed against Him by the very ones for whom He has shed His Precious Blood.

Only the prayers of the good will be able to appease God's justice and draw His mercy down on those who still remain loyal to Him. Only the prayers of the good can obtain especially that those who now persecute the Eucharistic Christ with devilish hatred, be converted, and like new prodigal children hasten with contrite hearts to cast themselves into His loving arms....

I hope, Rev. and dear Father, you will be able to grant my request.

A reader of the Sentinel.



The year 1914.

The year 1914 has been a year of tragedy for the world, but especially for the Catholic world. The horrible war raging in Europe for half its span would alone make it a year to be written in letters of blood. Back through history we look in vain for any scenes as terrible as those of this present giant conflict. Even the Holy of Holies—the sacred place where rests the Incarnate Word—is invaded. Churches and convents do not escape the general destruction. Picture the God of heaven in His Eucharistic Presence hastily taken from the Tabernacle by His faithful friends and consumed or secretly carried away with scant ceremony in order to save Him from actual indignity. Picture Him looking out from His Tabernacle on a world of sorrow, Himself sorrowing with that world which He loves. His burning Heart embraces all men of all nations. It is the Heart of a Friend which bleeds less from the cruel wound they dealt Him in scorning His Counsel, than from perfect sympathy for the suffering which is of their own making.