




The Holy Family.



THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

VcI XVIII No 1

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A HYMN ON THE THREE MAGI.

From those Blest Regions where the Sun displays
His Blooming Light, and spreads his Earliest Rays,
Where Fragrant Groves for Sacred Incense spring,
To thee, Great Son of God, our Zealous Vows we
bring.

Hail, Mighty Infant! Offspring of the Skies,
Celestial Glory lightens in thine Eyes;
Thy Smiles presage Immeasurable Grace,
And Scenes of Paradise are open'd in thy Face.

More than the Race of Men, surprising Fair,
More Lovely than thy own Propitious Star,
When first its Cheerful Lustre blest our Sight,
Grac'd with Superior Beams and well-distinguish'd
Light.



THE KING OF NATURE.

The Blessed Sacrament has the same nature as ourselves, a Human Body and a Human Soul, taken from an Immaculate but a purely human Mother. Our Lord's presence in the Blessed Sacrament is peculiarly the presence of His Human Nature; and therein, to repeat, He is the Son of Mary, the Head of the Church, our Prophet, Priest, and King, the Owner of all temporal things and the judge of angels and men. Men are His own family; and He belongs to them and they to Him in such manifold and incomparable ways as pass our power to tell. He did not take upon Himself the nature of angels; yet He is their Head. They were created because of Him, and to be a court to Himself and His sinless Mother.

Thus all nature, angelic, human, brute, and inanimate is gathered to the feet of the sacred Humanity of Jesus, the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world. The Blessed Sacrament is the King of nature, and the government is upon His shoulder, and His Name shall be called Wonderful, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace; and His empire shall be multiplied, and of His peace there shall be no end. And there in the Blessed Sacrament is the actual living accomplishment of that tremendous mystery, the source of all our hopes, the fountain of all our joys, the eternal blessedness of every elect soul of man. O what should we do, if God were not made man? If the sun fell from the heavens, it were less dismal ruin than if Jesus had never been, if the Word had never assumed our human nature to His Divine. How is it we can ever distract ourselves to think of earthly things? Are not all thoughts gathered into this one thought? Do not all lights go out in this light. What are all truths but pale satellites to this shining only with a borrowed radiance from the Word made Flesh, the Light that lighteth every man that is born into the world. All worships be therefore to the King of nature dwelling amid His subjects in the lowly guise of the Sacramental Veils.

Faber.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST THE KEystone.

In, and through, this central mystery the other mysteries are nearer and, as it were, become personal to us. Thus, I do not see, I can not understand the mystery of the Holy Trinity, but I know that the Father gives His Son to me in the Blessed Eucharist, and that, in consequence of Holy Communion, the dwelling of the three divine persons in me is borne in upon me with greater power and vividness. I do not see, I cannot understand the sublime gift of the Incarnation and the Redemption — a God becoming man and dying for the world—but I know, I feel, that it is true when, after hearing such general statements as these: "God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son" I hear Jesus telling me personally: "Take and eat, this is my body, given, sacrificed for thee — take and drink, this is my blood, shed for the remission of sins." I know then, and feel what true salvation means for me; I feel that I have a Saviour; I have met Him at last; I realize what it is to hope in Him when I eat the Host of the Cross as the Divine Food of my soul; when I take the chalice of the precious blood as the title, the pledge, the substance of my eternal inheritance in the home of my heavenly Father.

What a wonderful dogmatic synthesis this is. No human genius could dream even of so vast and harmonious a system: the Cross prepared by the religious life of all past centuries; the Cross perpetually raised upon our altars in the Holy Eucharist; the Cross, through the Holy Eucharist, transfiguring souls for the glories of heaven, And this system is a fact; in the Blessed Sacrament, salvation and religion in their entirety, the Kingdom of Heaven itself, are mine.



What Benediction Means

Replying to a questioner probably a non-Catholic, who desires to know the meaning of the ceremony of Benediction in the Catholic Church, the Rev. James L. Quinn, in the Catholic Observer, says: "By Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament we mean the imparting of a blessing by Jesus Christ Himself, through the instrumentality of the Eucharist in which He is truly present. The service consists of prayer and adoration on the part of the people and the conferring of a blessing on the part of Christ. There is no more touching and solemn ceremony. The doors of the tabernacle are opened. The adorable Host is exposed for public adoration. And the Saviour, Who is veiled by the outward form of that Host, Himself blesses his children. Earth can furnish no more beautiful picture than that presented in a Catholic church at the solemn moment of Benediction. The vision of St. John is here reproduced—Christ is really present; the altar is His throne; the lights are the glories that surround Him; the incense are the prayers of the saints; the congregation is the multitude that bows before the Lamb and utters its ceaseless (Holy, Holy, Holy.) The air is heavy with incense. On the great altar countless lights lose themselves in the fragrant haze, and are massed together in one golden glory. The rays of the monstrance shine forth as if the divine Guest had robed Himself in a grandeur unseen before of human eyes. From the organ a soft, sweet melody flows, as if from angelic choirs, untill that, too, melts into the solemn silence over all. The people are hushed and bowed, awaiting the Benediction. Slowly, as the Sacred Host is raised on high, every form is involuntarily prostrate. In that moment a gentle hand is laid upon our heads; the tender blue eyes of the Nazarene look down upon us; His voice speaks lovingly through the ages, (Suffer little children to come unto me.) And he blesses us as the children of old, who kneel trembling, side by side—we are all His children. In that moment every soul is lifted to heaven every heart is bared to the glance that saved Peter; at that mo-

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ment His peace He gives to us, His peace He leaves to us. Not as the world gives does He give. Such is Benediction. The priest comes to the altar robed in his sacred vestments, he ascends the steps, opens the doors of the tabernacle, places the Sacred Host in the lunette or little round case, puts it in the monstrance, lifts the monstrance to a throne over the altar where the Host may be seen and adored by the people, descends to the foot of the altar, incenses the Blessed Sacrament, a hymn is sung, fervent prayers are said, he again ascends the altar, takes the monstrance in his hands, turns to the congregation and silently makes the Sign of the Cross—Jesus Himself imparts the blessing. Dear questioner, should you ever be present on such an occasion turn your eyes to the altar, and say, with St. Peter, humbly and sincerely: "If it be Thou, Lord, command me to come to Thee."

The Power of Prayer.

The wind blowing through the trees and the piercing cold made the night seem dreary. As a light from a street car flashed here and there, one could see the lonely cottage which stood on the outskirts of the town in a neighborhood famed more for its poverty than for its wealth. The house stood apart, as if to tell by the very loneliness of its aspect that not only was there poverty without, but great want within. Inside the cottage sat a widow sewing industriously. Over by the window were her two children, amusing themselves by making funny pictures on the frosted panes — her two little sunbeams, as the mother called them, for with their sunny dispositions they helped her to bear her burden in life. Their father, Mr. Le Roy, had been a skillful machinist, but being a very delicate man, he had found it hard to keep a position long, on account of his illhealth. He caught a severe cold one day and gradually became worse. He died and left as his only wealth, his two children. Looking at them, the widow thanked God silently for his grace in leaving them because, if she had

no material wealth, she still had them, and they were worth more than gold. As Mrs. Le Roy thought of the great feast of the morrow, her heart sank; for, if she were not paid for her labour, there would be no Santa Claus for Alfred and Theresa. Little as it was it would buy a few toys to present to the children from Santa Claus.

She finished her work, arose and put on her street clothes. Seeing her Alfred said, "Mamma, may Tess and I go down to the stores and look in the window at the pretty things Santa has gathered?" The mother could not refuse the request, cautioned them to wrap up warmly, kissed them both, and waved gaily to them on her errand.

With many a thought and great glee, the children wrapped themselves up snugly and sauntered forth to devour old Santa Claus' preparations for his many children.

The stores were a blaze of light in all their beauty and gay attire. Everyone seemed filled with the blessed spirit of Christmastide. Everyone seemed bent on showing homage to the New Born King on the morrow.

Alfred and Tess gazed to their heart's content at Father Christmas' display of gifts for his realm of old and young.

At last, tired and sleepy, they decided to go home. Having to pass the church on the way homeward they entered to offer their little petition. They went up the middle aisle to the main altar, folded their hands reverently and commenced their prayers. They thought they were alone in the church, and did not notice a man kneeling behind a pillar. Alfred said his prayers out loud: "Dear little Jesus, please tell the lady to pay Mamma tonight so that she will not cry any more and Santa will come to us, for I think there are so many poor children near my house he will not have enough for all." He finished with a prayer for his uncle Noel—Uncle Noel a brother of Mrs. Le Roy, was unknown to the children. He had left home before she married. It was a custom of the children to add to their night prayers one for him that he might, if living, some day be found. She had caused a search for him. It seemed as if the earth had opened up and swallowed him. She feared, if alive, that he was not living up to the holy truth of God. Being careless, he was too kind-

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hearted, too easily led by others, and fell into an altogether neglected life. She had recourse to that never-failing hope — Prayer!

Hearing the childish voice ring out in the church, the man behind the pillar looked up, arose, and followed the children down the aisle to the vestibule. He stopped them; but noticing the refinement in their faces and the poor but neatly patched clothes, he hesitated for a moment, and then kindly questioned them on their need for help. He gazed at Tess silently and thought of the dear sister her features brought to his mind. Still thinking, he asked them the meaning of their last prayer, and if their uncle was ill or in trouble. But Alfred explained the circumstances and hardly believing, he said, "What is your uncle's name?" "Noel", answered Alfred. "And your mother now my little man?" "Madeleine Emmond," said Alfred. Claspng the two bewildered children to his heart, he kissed them, and told them he was their uncle, and asked where their mother was. He took the now delighted children to see if Santa had kept any of his gifts for them. From shop to shop they went and finally each one was laden in returning home, with bundles of all sizes and shapes.

When they reached the cottage they proceeded to decorate it with the holly and pretty green they had bought, and put the big tree in the corner. Alfred and Tess helped to decorate it until warned by the late hour they waited for mother to see it all.

In the meantime, Mrs. Le Roy walked quickly, reached the rich society lady's residence, went to the servants' entrance, gave the work to the maid that answered the bell, and asked her to tell the mistress of the house kindly to pay her for she was in need of money.

The servant returned to the door and said: "Madam cannot attend to the matter tonight for she is too busy, and if you insist, she will dispense with your services altogether."—Mrs. Le Roy turned sadly away, thinking of the disappointment of the children. She asked herself, is there anything I can sell? Nothing she could spare presented itself to her mind. She breathed a silent prayer to God and went home. She opened the door

and stood still, hardly believing her eyes. Surely she was not in her own house. That fire burning brightly in the grate; gaily hung walls; that tree in the corner larder with its numerous gifts of every kind; but Albert coming forward leading the tall dark man, who somehow, reminded her of her brother!

She looked closely at the stranger. She did not know what it was that touched a chord of memory; but seeing her emotion, he took her hands, and said, "Can you forgive me, Madeleine, for my carelessness and trouble to you? I am Noel"

Leading her to a chair he said: "As the children are tired and sleepy put them to bed and I will tell you all of my life since I left father's home." Mrs. Le Roy put the children to bed and worn out by their unaccustomed excitement, they quickly fell asleep. "Madeleine, when I left home, I had a few dollars. Not caring what happened to me my only thought was to put myself at as great a distance away from home as I could. I got off at a little town, but soon drifted to the larger city, and there my few remaining dollars went the usual way. Coming out of the store one day, half blinded by drink, I attempted to cross a crowded street, and a sudden jolt was all I remembered until I came to in a city hospital. Lying there with my body covered with bandages, I tried to remember what had happened. I awoke to find a fair faced nurse bending over me. Seeing I was conscious, she asked me for my name and address. I was in a very weak condition and they wished to notify my friends. But, having brought enough disgrace on my name, I refused. I asked her how I came there. She told me I had been hit by a trolley car, and had been unconscious a week. She asked me my religion, and advised me to have a priest attend me, as the outcome of my case was difficult to foretell. I laughed at her but finally listened to her and the good Father came. After a short talk, I made my confession and received the last rites of Holy Church. From that moment I rallied and soon became better. When I was well enough to leave the hospital I said my farewells to my kind friends I had made there, and went out into the world with renewed hope and courage to live a life such as my Maker wished.

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I obtained a position out West in a manufacturing concern and by dilligent application to my work, I stand now president of the company.

I saw my kind nurse now and then, and encouraged by her help, learnt to love her, and one day asked her to share my lot in life. She did so and that is one more of the many blessings for which I have to thank God. We lived happily a few years and God blessed us with a little son. On the day my son first breathed, my wife departed this life.

I was overcome with grief, and to escape my sorrow I spent all my time training my little son. I prayed that he might have the grace to receive that higher call which God gives only to His few,— a Religious life.

He took ill one day. Not being very strong he did not survive his illness. I lost him too. Unable to stay amid scenes that held such sorrow for me, I travelled here and there, seeking to help out with my abundance any poor boy or any one with a call to God. I made a thorough search for you but in vain.

While on my way to my hotel I slipped into church and heard Albert pray. I was seeking to see if I could render any assistance when I discovered my own niece and nephew. Now, Madeleine, I shall provide for you and you shall have all the comfort you have been denied and Albert and Tess shall have all the education they desire. Perhaps we may one day have the happiness of seeing our own little Alfred cheerfully spend his life in the service of his Master.

As the red ember slowly blackened and fell to ashes, the dawn arises and proclaims the Son of Man has come to each of us. He is ever ready to help us if we will only go to Him with our daily trials and troubles. What may not be accomplished by a little prayer?

Irene Richard.



ON THE YEAR'S THRESHOLD

In life's strange book, for every year a leaf,
Today we turn, alas! another over;
Another year has passed away—how brief,
Could we the ending of life's book discover!

Could we tomorrow's peak a moment climb
And look far out upon the other side,
And see beyond, into the coming time,
What is to be that Fate's dark curtains hide!

In ignorance we murmur here below
That we can see so little of the way;
Yet 'tis God's mercy that we never know
The nearing future, even by a day.

Trusting as ever, why the future fear,
Though with its longed-for joy it sorrow brings?
O, Holy Spirit of the Coming Year,
Be you our guide to nobler, better things!

New opportunities new days will send,
New trials of soul, new victories to be won,
And while we sigh: "The Year is at an end,"
Good angels sing: "The Year is just begun!"

GEORGE BIRDSEYE

A Blind Girl cured by the Blessed Sacrament

In a century when materialism holds sway and the supernatural is treated with contempt we consider it a duty, as well as an honor, to publish to the glory of the Blessed Sacrament the wonderful cure which took place in the Chapel of Chelsea.

Our reader will not be surprised: It is in Mary Immaculate's domain, on the blessed soil of Lourdes that Jesus in the Eucharist works the greatest number of miracles.

The Monastery of L'Adoration Réparatrice, at Chelsea, is also Mary Immaculate domain and under her special protection, therefore it is not to be wondered at that our Lord, from the height of His Ostensorium should have manifested His Almighty power always at the call of His tender mercy.

We give in its simplicity, the account of the miracle, as told by the fortunate young girl, Miss W... F... herself.

During those six or seven last years my eyes were a constant source of grief and anxiety to me. With one I no longer saw at all, with the other only a little, and suffered great pain specially laterly, and the Doctor's verdict was that soon I would be totally blind. For four years I had besought God to cure me and placed all my hopes in prayer. One Sunday, I assisted at Benediction in the Convent-chapel of L'Adoration Réparatrice, Beaufort St., Chelsea. As I live some distance away, it was only the second time I had ever been in that chapel. While praying I raised my eyes to the Ostensorium, but only saw it dimly as if enveloped in a thick mist.

My sorrow was great! Coming so far to see Jesus on His Throne of Love and not being even able to discern

His hidden beauty in the humble Host. Nevertheless I could not be discouraged for a hidden voice was whispering in the depth of my heart: "Pray, hope and trust in Me".

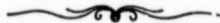
I redoubled my passionate pleadings to Him to whom during four years I had made novena after novena, and always by the help of His most loyal servants, especially Theresa of the Child Jesus. The hymns of adoration and praise filled the chaste little chapel, while I prayed with faith and fervor the moment of the blessing arrived. Then I thought of taking off my glasses and looked at the Ostensorium with ardent desire. Oh unspeakable happiness! Oh glad surprise! I knew my prayer had been answered. The Ostensorium glistened with a thousand lights and I saw with my formally totally blind eye the small white Host whose rays seemed focussed on me.

Since then I have worked without glasses, and my sight is as good as if I had never had sore eyes. I cannot express all the joy and gratitude that flood my heart since that blessed hour.

To the Eucharistic Christ who has given me back my sight be glory, praise, love and thanksgiving for ever and ever.

May God's power show itself daily more and more in this Protestant England erstwhile fertile with the blood of so many glorious martyrs. May His light shine at last to the eyes of its involuntary blind and make this dowry of Mary become once again the Isle of Saints.

A year later the young girl wrote to the Superior of the Convent: "You remember what our Eucharistic Lord did for me a year ago. Please help me to thank Him for all His mercies."



Guard of Honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament

A seraph's love, a martyr's zeal,
A saint's humility;
A cherub's spotless innocence,
A Christ-like sanctity.
Eymard, apostle, priest of God
For all eternity.

Success was most assuredly the keynote of the December meeting of the Guard of Honor, success that spoke more eloquently than words of the work accomplished during the preceding month by arduous promoters. During the Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament, 123 new members were admitted. It was, indeed, a most edifying and encouraging sight which we sincerely hope to see re-enacted at our January Meeting.

We were reminded in the instruction that adoration and reparation are the two essential duties of a true member of the Guard of Honor; these two acts of obligation to our Eucharistic Lord were the characteristics of the life of venerable Father Eymard, the originator of the People's Eucharistic League, now known throughout the world as the "Apostle of the Eucharist."

Our God truly and personally present in the Host! behold the main and striking idea that inspired Father Eymard's work and entire life. The Venerable Father used to say: "Jesus is constantly dwelling in our midst? He is veiled but it is for our sake that our weak eyes may behold Him better, that our poor hearts may come to Him with full confidence, but under the Eucharistic veils He is truly God, and as such must be revered and adored. Every king is constantly surrounded by

courtiers, servants and people; all are very anxious to show Him respect and affection. The same ought to be the case with Our Divine Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament. He is the King of Kings, and our churches where He resides ought never to be empty; at all hours somebody ought to be found in prayer and adoration at the foot of the altar, in union with the bands of glorious angels constantly surrounding the tabernacles enraptured in the contemplation of their King present in the Sacred Host."

Now, it is for the purpose of bringing together before the earthly throne of our Heavenly King as many souls as possible, that He may reign fully over them, that the Guard of Honor has been established. It endeavors by all means to foster in souls the spirit of adoration, to increase among all classes of society practical faith in the real presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, that faith which is shown by piety, respect in our churches, holy works, chiefly the practice of adoration, visits to the Blessed Sacrament and frequent communion. Therefore the object is most sublime, since our worship through this Guard of Honor is not directed to the honor of some great saint in particular, not even to the Blessed Virgin, but to the Creator and Master of all saints, to God Himself.

The most excellent in its object, the Guard of Honor is also the most excellent in its aim, which is the sanctification of souls through the Holy Eucharist. There is not a more powerful means of sanctification in the church than the Blessed Sacrament which does not contain or confer certain graces but the Author and the very source of grace. The Guard of Honor leads souls to this unfathomable source of all blessings and endeavors by all means possible to make this great treasure of the Blessed Eucharist better known, loved and adored by souls. It leads them to the foot of the altar and there, in silent prayer, they realize "how good the Lord is to the souls that seeketh Him;" It accustoms them to seek frequent refreshment at that fountain of heavenly waters which spring unto life everlasting, and the soul having once experienced the happiness of staying

with our dearest Lord cannot help repeating to themselves: "It is good for us to be here."

The members of the Guard of Honor have been earnestly requested to offer during the present month as a Christmas gift to the Divine Child of the Manger one or more new adorers.

A soul of wondrous light and grace;
A heart with charity aflame;
A life that bore its cross throughout,
In Jesus Holy Name.
Eymard! Apostle for the King's
Eucharistic reign!

Marguerite Feldmann,
Cor. Sec'y.



The Blessed Sacrament was instituted primarily for our strength, rather than to impart sweetness or consolation. Sweetness would, moreover, be oftener bestowed if it were received with humility—not with so much self-complacency, like so many spiritual Jack Horners, "What a good boy am I!" Sweetness, too, is very usually given before severe trials, and when we do not have it, the inference is that these are not coming."



Subject of Adoration

And falling down they adored Him.

ADORATION.

The Word of God, having clothed Himself with the flesh of man to save men invites them all to come to Him from the first moment of His birth.

First of all He calls the poor, the little ones, the unlearned shepherds. He invites them first as they are nearest to His state.

The rich, the mighty and the wise will come later on, they will come from afar, for their way to Him is longer, obstructed with more hindrances, and their preparation requires more time.

It is also the poor who are the most assiduous in surrounding the altars of our Eucharistic Messias.

The poor and the feeble seek him on His altar-throne for strength and comfort. The consolations of the rich are of another kind, quite different from those bestowed by religion.

Their well furnished table is apt to make them forget the table of the Eucharistic banquet, their feverish joys and worldly feasting dull their taste for the holy feast of our altar.

Let us the poor and the lowly adore the meek and humble God of the Eucharist who prefers the dead silence of a lonely tabernacle to the noisy pomp of kingly palaces.

THANKSGIVING.

Since we have not rich gifts as those of the royal Magi, to offer to our new-born King let us, like the poor shepherds, present Him with our humble offering. The God of the lowly born amidst the want and misery of the stable will not despise them.

He will indeed receive and heartily welcome the splendid gifts of the wealthy, but from His altars as formerly from His Crib He will have a brighter smile and a more loving look of caressing for the lambkin of the rough shepherd than for the casket of Balthasar heavy with burnished gold.

Let us thank Jesus in His Blessed Sacrament for allowing us to imitate His poverty and humility.

Let it be our happiness to be poor since our poverty attracts Jesus to us.

Finding His delights among the lowly poor, the ignorant and the needy Jesus desires to have them beside Him as of old the shepherds. He wants them to be able to find Him out easily and readily without any hindrance. And this is exactly what He is doing daily in His Blessed Sacrament exposed in a glittering monstrance.

While welcoming to Himself all men the needy poor are made the object of His special attention and loving care.

REPARATION.

In order to come to Jesus the shepherds leave their flocks behind them on the hills; the wise Kings abandon everything, homes, lands, subjects and treasures bringing along with them only what they intend to give to the great God whom they seek. More than that, they set aside worldly wisdom and science and allow themselves to be led on by a star whose strange and fickle conduct seems to mock their patience. God is the highest good, and for Him we must be ready to sacrifice every other good.

This is the main reason why the Word of God made flesh is born in such utter poverty, lest the gaudy, fleeting goods of earth divert from His own person the faith of His adorers.

This, too, is why He carries further still, in His Eucharistic life His willing self-denial and abjection.

How blind and senseless we are, then, to allow ourselves to be enticed by vain appearances taking mere shadows for the realities.

In this manner we overstate the value of these passing goods and waste our best energy in achieving and holding them, forgetful, the while, of the fact, that in spite of our utmost efforts we must yield them up at last, before we sink into our grave.

PRAYER.

Let us pray to our Lord Jesus, showing Him to us as poor in the Host as in the Crib. Pray that He open the eyes of our mind to the understanding of those heavenly teachings He lavished upon us from the first day of His coming amongst us.

If it happens that worldly wealth has not fallen to our lot, let our joy be in the thought that riches are very often hindrance to the possession of really true goods.

If, on the other hand, we are wealthy, let us learn to free ourselves joyfully from the bondage of riches by giving abundant alms to the poor. Like the Wise Men, let us open our treasure coffers and pour forth our gold in gifts to the suffering members of Christ's body, the needy poor, esteeming as of greater value than any earthly good, Jesus our God and our Supreme Good.

It is our priceless happiness to possess Jesus still, as truly as the Shepherds and Magi possessed Him, though for us He is hidden under the mystic veils of the Sacrament.

In Holy Communion we possess Him even more fully than the Wise Men who only contemplated Him.

May He always suffice us during these days of our earthly pilgrimage, awaiting the day when the sight of His beautiful face will fill us with everlasting bliss "*Satiabor cum apparuerit gloria tua.*"

D. N. P. s. s. s.



A LORD CHANCELLOR'S COMMUNIONS.

Blessed Thomas More, when he was Lord High Chancellor of England, in the days of Henry VIII, who afterwards sent him to martyrdom, on one occasion wrote thus to a friend: "You bring forward the very reasons why I should go to Communion every day; my distractions are very great— I help myself to recollection by Holy Communion; occasions of offending God present themselves every day— I strengthen myself against them each day by Holy Communion; I have need of light and wisdom to unravel intricate affairs, and for this reason I go every day to consult Jesus Christ in Holy Communion."



GOD'S GREATEST GIFT TO MAN.

Our coldness and apathy towards the Blessed Sacrament arise from our difficulty in realising the truth, and in vividly bringing home to ourselves the full meaning of the doctrine, even while we readily confess it. And whence comes this difficulty? It arises from the fact that we are such children of sense, and that there is nothing about the Blessed Sacrament to strike the senses, or to arrest our attention. And, as a rule, we are little impressed except by what we can see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and touch with our hands, What is hidden is scarcely thought of, and is easily overlooked and forgotten, and thrust out of our memory by more obvious things. Even an earthly king finds it necessary to assert himself by the display of much pomp and ceremony. He surrounds himself with his guards and sentinels and retainers. When he makes an official visit to any part of his dominions he clothes himself in royal robes, and sits in state in a gilded carriage drawn by four or perhaps six or eight horses. He has his outriders, his men-at-arms, his mounted soldiers with gleaming helmets and flashing swords. And we are impressed by the splendor and the pomp of his equipage, and, while our eyes are dazzled by the gorgeous show, our ears are startled by the blast of the trumpets and the clatter of the horses and the carriages. So that as he passes we are made to feel that he is not as other men, but one invested with special authority and influence and power.

It is far otherwise with the Blessed Sacrament. Though here we have not an earthly king, but the dread King of kings, and Lord of lords, irresistible in his power, and infinite in His might, before Whom the strong pillars of Heaven tremble and the greatest kings and emperors are but as,

The Dust of His Feet;

yet he gives no sign, He utters no sound, He is silent and hidden, and as invisible as the passing breeze. No

trace of His unspeakable glory does He suffer to escape Him; no glimmer of His beauty will He allow to reach us. There is nothing but the clear, steady gaze of faith that can, if I may so express myself, penetrate through the veil, and see in the small white Host, Him Whom angels love to contemplate and adore. We are perhaps busy visiting or shopping in the city, and perhaps we step aside from the bustle and turmoil and heat of the dusty street, into some unpretentious Catholic church. We look around. How still! How silent! How often deserted! Not a sound falls upon the attentive ear but the monotonous buzzing of the summer flies, or perhaps the murmuring of some poor women kneeling in a corner and saying her beads. Faith informs us that God incarnate is present. And we are more certain of the fact than we are of our own existence. But there is nothing to suggest that presence to the physical eye. We behold not His glory, nor the light inaccessible in which He dwells. Innumerable angels hover around His throne and prostrate in lowly adoration, but our senses are too gross to detect their presence. We can neither behold their prostrate forms, nor can our ears catch the music of their voices as they cry night and day, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth!" All is hidden and obscure and invisible save to the eyes of faith, A mere glimpse of His uncreated beauty, if He would but reveal Himself, would suffice to throw us into an ecstasy of wonder and delight, but that experience is not destined for our present life but for the next: and we must be content, so long as we are on earth, to be taught and instructed by the divine authority of the Church. But to a sincere Catholic that authority is enough. With infallible precision she teaches us that under the wheaten veils there is He Who created the heavens and the earth.

Mighty and Terrible

and without a peer. No creature can compare with him for He is high over all. So high indeed that an infinite gulf separates Him from the greatest. He is so high exalted above all the works of His hands that we cannot speak of Him as we speak of others, Or, if we use the same words, we do not mean the same thing. We can

predicate nothing of Him in the same sense in which we predicate it of creatures. Thus, we say God is good, and we also say an angel or a saint is good, but we mean something totally different in the two cases. In a creature goodness is merely a quality, something added to his nature; a thing apart which may be destroyed, forfeited or lost. But in God, goodness is undistinguishable from Himself. In fact it is not strictly accurate to say that God *has* goodness, We must rather say that He is goodness; indeed, the one only perennial source and inexhaustible fountain and essence of all goodness. With Him goodness is not a quality nor a possession, nor something added, but it is Himself, His very essence. And whatever there is of goodness or of virtue outside His own being comes from Him, and is dependent on Him, and cannot exist apart from Him, and would utterly fail did He not support it. So that if there be any holiness among the angels in Heaven or among the saints on earth, it is but a feeble ray from the Infinite Sun of Justice, but a drop let fall from the exhaustless ocean of all sanctity, which is Himself. And His knowledge and His love are commensurate with His sanctity, so that while on the one hand He is infinitely holy so on the other He knows our needs, and is ever ready to supply them. We kneel before the Tabernacle, not as before a statue, or a symbol or a memorial, but as before a living King of infinite majesty, who reads our innermost thoughts long before we can express them, and who is fully sensible and conscious of every emotion of our heart, and of every aspiration of our soul.

A Lesson from the War.

The clock on the mantle-piece struck seven. "I had better be getting ready" said Tom Reid to himself, as he laid down the evening paper.— "The curtain rises at eight."

"And I suppose you will stick home here as usual, Mary" He ad-
 cloud, addressing his wife.

"I will, I cannot leave little Tom.

"Oh a little paregoric will keep the kid quiet for the night. Come along and enjoy yourself, You need not insist. My duty is here and here I stay."

So, this evening, as every other evening since a son was born to him five years before, Tom Reid went to the theatre alone.

Tom Reid's character may be gathered from the above conversation. He was of that class of men for whom home is a mere restaurant; who live for pleasure and care nothing for family joys. His low ideals were the result of early experience. His lot had been a hard one. He had never seen his parents. After a few years in the Catholic orphanage, he was taken West by a farmer for whom he slaved for board and clothing till becoming of age he ran away together with Mary Fanning then a drudge on a neighboring farm.

Tom married Mary to give her what he thought was happiness, a life which was one continual round of exciting pleasures. They led a rather fast life for some time, making up for the joys they were both deprived of in childhood and youth, so they thought. They acted like children who arrive late at a party; who hastily stuff themselves with ice cream and cakes in an effort to catch up with their friends now enjoying themselves otherwise, and who will make themselves sick unless stopped in time. Mrs. Reid had stopped five years before, when little Tom was born, but her husband kept on at the same breathless pace. She tried to inspire him with her new and nobler ideals, but in vain. It was like arguing with the elements. She then put all her trust in prayer, knowing that by prayer we can command even the elements. Her devotions took the form of novenas of Communions in honor of the Child Jesus, and now, as Christmas approached, she redoubled her fervor, hoping for her husband's return to better ways as a gift from the Child of the Manger.

When her husband left for the theatre, Mrs. Reid knelt by her child's cot to prepare her soul for the ninth Communion of her Christmas novena. Sleep surprised her in that position and in her dreams she saw her husband with Tom on his knee— an unusual sight — explaining to the little lad's intense delight, the different pictures from the war zone in the paper he was reading. There was a change in the aspect of the room, it being now handsomely furnished. Even her own appearance reflected in a long mirror was altered; and a second look at father and son, bent eagerly over the newspaper, revealed them also to be better dressed than usual.

This was too good to be true; so good that Mrs. Reid was not permitted to enjoy it long even in a dream. The cot against which she was leaning shook violently. She awoke with a start to find her husband standing over her with Tom in his arms, veritably covering the child with kisses, now and then exclaiming: "Yes, little man I'll be a better father to you in the future." Then, seeing her awake he bent down and whispered: "And I'll be a better husband too. I understand my duty now, and I expect to find true happiness in doing it.

What had happened? Had Tom Reid gone to Church instead of to the theatre and been converted by some sermon? It was indeed a sermon that had brought about this change, a powerful sermon of example, a sermon from the *footlights*.

On the evening's programme, was a little sketch, in two parts founded on the present war. The curtain rose disclosing the interior of a Belgian home. A father and mother are partaking of their evening meal. They are expressing their anxiety about the absence of a third member of the family, when hurried steps are heard approaching and a little lad of six summers rushing breathlessly into the room, announces that the Germans have entered the town. Seizing a gun from a corner the father declares his intention of picking off a German or two as they turn the corner of the street and then escaping to the woods. The door is no sooner closed behind him when the report of his gun followed by a wild shriek is heard. The arrival of half a dozen German soldiers to search the house, tells of his escape. The searchers are at length called off by an officer who declares that the culprit has been taken, The man next door has been accused and will doubtless be shot at sunrise.

The German camp is the scene of the second part of the sketch. Last night's prisoner is about to be executed when some of the villagers lead in the real author of the shooting now acting as a mad man. Returning home he could not bear the sight of the bereaved wife of the man accused in his stead and is now trying by this ruse to save both their lives. The neighbor he urges, will surely be set free, and he himself, if he plays his part well, will get off after a little maltreatment at worst.

The villagers explain that the mad man broke loose, and before they could prevent him, was blazing away with a gun he had found. He is taken into custody and the neighbor released. In keeping with his role, he harangues the firing squad and threatens to shoot the officer in command. To all appearances he is out of his mind but before releasing him, the Germans wish to make sure they are

not being deceived. They stand him against a tree. The firing squad level their rifles and take aim. He still plays his role well; looking stupidly into the long barrels that might at any moment helch forth death, he is a picture of one demented. The officer seems satisfied and is about to order his release when one of the soldiers suggest shooting his son in his stead. The little lad is snatched from his mother and led to the tree, where, falling on his knees, he cries out piteously to his father to come and take him away. The latter is straining every nerve to crush down emotion and still play the madman, but when the soldiers raise their rifles and take aim the sight is too much for him. Uncertain whether the Germans actually intend to wreak their vengeance on his son or are simply putting his feigned insanity to a fresh test, his father's love naturally suggests the former alternative and unnerves him. Rushing to the tree, he catches up his son, embraces him fondly and places him in his mothers arms, then, returning, he faces the firing squad. The soldiers motionless till now, heighten their aim; the word to fire is given and the noble soul which loved neighbor and child more than self is no longer of this world.

The scene which Tom Reid had just witnessed was a silent and eloquent rebuke for his own life the reverse of the noble Belgian, since he procured his pleasures at the expense of his wife and child. The thud of the falling Belgian's body awakened his soul. He saw at once what he ought to be—a loving and devoted father—and he felt within himself the latent and as yet undeveloped powers to attain this ideal. He was so moved, that without waiting to see the rest of the evening's programme, he had rushed home and made known his conversion in the manner already described.

In spite of the strange circumstances, Mrs. Reid attributed everything to the Christ Child, and her thanksgiving after her ninth Communion the following morning, was most fervent.

She intends to make a similar novena, at the same date, every year. Little Tom who is to make his first Communion in May, will soon be able to unite with her. Tom Reid himself may join later, when he understands that he owes his present ideas of happiness to his wife's prayers and Communions and not altogether to his Belgian model. Besides, when he begins to put by a little of each weeks pay he will further realize his wifes dreams in which the house was handsomely furnished and its occupants very tastefully dressed.

THE TOWER OF STRENGTH.

Man is a warfarer, engaged in fierce battles, surrounded by enemies and innumerable dangers. We are on our voyage, on the great and tempestuous ocean, weary in this valley of tears. Temptations and dangers surround and beset us. Hell is up in arms against us. Shall we endure this trial? Shall we be able to conquer, shall we be able to subdue all exterior and interior enemies? Where is the Ark of the Covenant to be our strength and victory? Where is the armor of the strong? Where is our refuge in the hour of tempest and persecution? It is Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. why do you rely on the treacherous world? Why do you trust in men? Why do you become despondent and weary? Why do you not go to your master, to your Brother and Friend? Why do you not eat the Bread of the strong and drink the Wine of the elect? You need not wonder why you cannot resist, why you relapse, why you make no progress, why you are tossed about by passions and evil inclinations. Go, enter the tower of strength, go and call your Saviour: Lord help me, I am sinking! He will stretch out his arm to assist you. We are living in a sinful world, so godless and irreligious that we have to stand the test of our faith and morality of our duty and justice. We are almost like the first Christians, living in the midst of infidelity and paganism. Let us not overlook the present situation. It is this: Either for Christ or against Christ. The dechristianizing of the world is making rapid progress, otherwise our saintly Pope would not need to lead mankind back to Christ. But who will lead and guide us? Who will give us light and power, courage and endurance? Who will fill us with the proper Catholic spirit? The invincible strength and endurance of the first Christians was Holy Communion. The same Holy Communion will be our antidote against all modern errors. It will and it must be our preventive against infidelity and immorality. *Quis ut Deus!* If people fall away from faith it is due to the neglect of Holy Commu-

nion; and if they remain faithful it is due to Holy Communion!

The Christian life is essentially a life of sacrifice. This life of sacrifice is the marrow of the Christian religion. As Our Lord redeemed mankind by sacrifice, so likewise mankind must obtain redemption and salvation by sacrifice. Besides, our times and country demand sacrifice from Catholics. As all who are expose to hard work and trials need special help, assistance, and strength, so Catholics need special vigor, courage, and strength, and no one can give it except Jesus Christ, the Lion of Juda, who has conquered and will assist us to gain victory. The ever Holy and living Sacrifice of the Altar will give us the true, and genuine spirit of sacrifice.

PREACHING JESUS FROM THE HOUSETOP

Whenever you go from the Communion rail, blessed with the most precious of God's gifts, then you are preaching from the housetop Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. The sacred memory of the morning's Communion, the patient word, the kind deed, the checked murmur, the cheerful welcoming of duties and trials, the suppressing of all evil gossip and fault finding, the thousand and one other thoughts and acts, which are inspired by the presence of Jesus within you, are all so many sermons by which you are preaching Jesus from the housetop. Jesus is no longer dumb because He is speaking eloquently on your charitable lips. Jesus is no longer blind because He looks lovingly through your meek and patient glances. Jesus is not crippled or maimed because in your limbs He runs to virtuous deeds; by your hands He reaches out in numberless kind ways to His brethren and yours. "That which I tell you in the dark, speak ye in the light." Jesus seemed to have hidden Himself in a cloud when He passed your lips to be your food, but no, the light of Jesus shines through you, transfusing you with the brightness of its presence and the glory of His grace and radiating His splendor to all mankind through the virtues you perform because of His Body and Blood. You are the housetop from which Jesus preaches to the world.

DEPRIVED OF LORD'S PRESENCE

The Solomon Islands have not yet felt the horror of the war, and the Catholic missionaries, French though they be, are lustily working away and getting results. The Marists are in charge of these God-forsaken missions, and, as one would expect, are poor, and even worse than that. Father Bertet after describing his advent to the Island of Choiseul, puts in his plea for a boat. He needs a little boat or a big one, or in fact any kind of a craft that will carry him over the seas to the neighboring Islands. At present he is able to get to confession every two months. He is alone, but the solitude does not seem to annoy him over much, for, as he says, he has the Blessed Sacrament with him and he does not need companionship. As a postscript to his letter he writes:

"I have already said that I was as poor as Job. Among a thousand and other things I need a boat to carry me to the neighboring Island. I have been alone for a month and a half and my provisions have run pretty low. This morning I celebrated Mass with a small host, not having a large one. All the hosts I have are seven weeks old, and theology prescribes that they be renewed every three weeks or less, when possible. But I have no flour to make the hosts with, and so I am without the Blessed Sacrament, the great consolation of every missionary, but specially, of one who like myself, is alone. For acting occasionally against the rule I recall the words of a Bishop addressed to the late Holy Father. This Bishop had been warned by the Congregation of Rites to observe the regulations for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. He said to the Holy Father: "I will not have the courage to return to my mission unless I am permitted to reserve the Blessed Sacrament as best I can." In reply the Holy Father said: "Do the best you can, for you need the Lord, and He will understand." If I had a boat, I could, in spite of the weather, get to Paporang for provisions. Perhaps you will be able to find some one who will give me the price of a suitable boat."

The Blessed Sacrament in China.

Bishop Reynaud, of Ning-po, China, declares that adoration of Christ in the Eucharist has become the sum and center of the faith of the natives during the past ten years and as a consequence the conversions have increased by thousands.

In Shanghai and Peking, processions are held in public, and the pagans rival the Christians in ornamenting their houses and the road along which the Blessed Sacrament is carried. The same can be said of Canton. In several vicariates the Holy Hour is kept, lasting from Thursday morning until Friday night. This devotion commenced in 1895 in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes in Peking and has since spread practically throughout China. For some years public adoration was limited to the men, but so rapidly did the number of adorers grow that it was thought wise to have the Blessed Sacrament exposed for adoration night and day. These centers multiplied and today there are twenty places in which this devotion is practised.

The adoration commences always on the Thursday preceding the first Friday, the day being reserved for the women and the night for the men. These generous souls succeed one another hourly, day and night. On Friday there is the general Communion, concluding with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. If the missionaries in China have zealously worked to make the Eucharistic Lord known, loved and glorified, He has generously repaid the sacrifices they have made. During the past ten years, the progress of the Church in China has been greater than during the whole of the last century. From 880,000 Christians the number has increased to 1,531,216. And yet if we compare these figures with the total number of pagans the increase is trifling. Less than 2,000,000 of Christians and 300,000,000 of pagans. The Bishop is trying to form a world wide prayer circle for the conversion of China where he has been laboring for more than thirty years.

Christ has Compassion on the Multitude.

Which of us, will dispute that saying of Holy Job: "Man's life is a warfare?" For which of us can say that he has yet to taste of life's bitter cup of sorrow? We all have our trials and troubles. Some are harassed by temptations, temptations that seem about to crush their souls. Some are perplexed by the problems of life. Old habits seem to cling with an amazing and tantalizing tenacity. Sorrows come into our lives and leave an empty void that cannot be filled. Failure, disappointment, loss of fortune, loss of health oppress our hearts and life's path grows dark and gloomy. We become impatient with ourselves; with our lot in life; alas at times we are tempted to grow impatient with God. Why does He ask me to bear so much? We are sad and depressed. We seek comfort from our friends; we seek consolation in the pleasures of the world, but fail to find the solace our hearts so sorely need.

Ah then it is that we need to bear in mind the thought of Christ's tender sympathy for man. Then it is we need to bear in mind the thought of Christ's compassion for the multitude. And that sympathy has not grown cold with years. The Sacred Heart of our Divine Saviour still beats with divine tenderness for men. Now as of old Christ issues those sweet words of welcome: "Come to Me, all ye who labor and are heavy burdened, and I will refresh you. Come to me ye who are struggling with sin and temptation; Come to Me, ye whose hearts are sad and I will refresh you." It is the same Christ who of old, restored to the poor widow of Naim her only son, who today from our altars, invites the sorrow stricken and the tempted to come unto Him. Christ, is just as truly, just as really, just as substantially present upon our altars today, as He was when He sat by the well and spoke so tenderly to the poor unfortunate woman of Samaria. He is just as ready to receive poor sinners today as He was when He received the weeping Magdalen. During His mortal life Christ was known as the

friend of the sinner, as the friend of the poor, as the friend of those in trouble. Today that same Christ, who abides upon our altars night and day, awaits all who come to Him, as eager and as willing as of old to soothe a troubled mind; to refresh, yea, with his very Body and Blood — those who labor and are heavy burdened. But remember I do not say He will remove your bodily illness; that He will cure all at once that long-standing illness; that He will remove immediately that temptation. No, for pain and suffering have their divine role. But this Christ will do, He will refresh you with His grace. He may not remove as He did not remove for St. Paul "the sting of the flesh," but He will give you His grace and that grace will be sufficient for you, as it was for St. Paul. He will grant you that grace which will enable you to struggle on, bravely and courageously for His sake. He will give you His grace which will enable you, for love of Him who has died for you, to bow your head beneath your burden and cry out from the depths of a sorrow stricken heart: "Not my will, O Lord, but Thy will be done." Christ will show you Calvary, He will show you the Cross. He will show you the prints of the nails in His hands and feet, the crown of thorns that pierced His sacred brow, the wound in His Sacred Heart, and then ask you if you will bear patiently your lot in life, your cross for love of Him, your crucified Redeemer.

Christ is God and God is your Father. Come to Christ hidden in the Sacrament of the Altar, with your trials! Come to Him with your sorrows! Come and lay your burdens at His feet and He will refresh you, for remember, Christ had compassion on the multitude.

A little Hero

A little Chinese boy only ten years of age went to the Bishop and begged for Confirmation for which he had been considered too young. The Bishop hesitated. The eagerness of the child touched him, but he was so young! The boy continued to supplicate for the Sacrament.

"But after you are confirmed, if the Mandarin puts you in prison and questions you about your faith, said the prelate, what will you answer him?"

"Monsignor, I will tell him that I am a Christian by the grace of God."

"And if he commands you to deny your faith, what will you do?"

"I shall answer, Never!"

"And if he should say you must not go to Church, or keep holy the Sundays and festivals of obligation?"

"I shall tell him I must first of all obey the Commandments."

"And suppose that in the end he will call the executioner and will say to you: Unless you apostatize these men shall cut off your head! What will you say then?"

"I will say, cut it off."

The little hero was confirmed.



The Message of the New Year

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet,
I asked and paused; he answered soft and low.

"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried,
And ere the question into silence died,
The answer came—"Nay, remember too,

God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell—

"Yes! This one thing, all other things above,
God's will to love."

HOLY MASS

At the hour of death the Masses you have heard will be your greatest consolation.

Every Mass will go with you to judgement and plead for pardon.

At every Mass you can diminish the temporal punishment due to your sins, more or less according to your fervor.

Assisting devoutly at Mass, you render to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord the greatest homage.

He supplies for many of your negligences and omissions.

He forgives you all the venial sins which you are determined to avoid. He forgives you all your unknown sins which you never confessed. The power of Satan over you is diminished.

You afford the souls in Purgatory the greatest possible relief.

One Mass, heard during your life, will be of more benefit to you than many heard for you after your death.

You are preserved from many dangers and misfortunes which would otherwise have befallen on you. You shorten your Purgatory by every Mass.

Every Mass wins for you a higher degree of glory in heaven. You receive the Priest's blessing which Our Lord ratifies in Heaven.

You kneel amidst a multitude of holy Angels, who are present at the adorable sacrifice with reverential awe. You are blessed in your temporal goods and affairs.

When we hear Mass and offer the holy Sacrifice in honor of any particular Saint or Angel, thank God for the favor He bestowed on him, etc., etc., we afford him a new degree of honor, joy and happiness and draw his special love and protection on us.

Every time we assist at Mass we should, besides the other intentions, offer it in honor of the Saint of the day.