



OUR LADY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.



In the Coenaculum.

THE Saviour speaks : and words most sacred, break
 The solemn stillness which prevails : " HOC EST
 ENIM CORPUS MEUM ! " O Words most blest,
 Which doth of bread, His very Body make !
 " TAKE YE, AND EAT ; " " Come, one and all partake
 This Bread of Angels. 'Tis my last request,
 That ye may have eternal life, and, lest
 Ye would, that I, in death, your souls forsake."

* * *

Approach, my soul, why shouldst thou fear, when threat
 Most dire awaits pusillanimity ?
 With love draw nigh ; for sin thou hast regret,
 The sentiment thy Christ doth ask of thee—
 Communion sweet will cancel all thy debt,
 And be the pledge of thy fidelity.

SR. MARY EUSTOLIA.



The Coming Eucharistic Congress In Montreal.



IN September, 1910, our fair city will be the theatre of a great International demonstration in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, the first Eucharistic Congress held on our Continent.

"What a change," says Mgr. Baunard, since that time not so very long ago, when a holy person confided to Mgr. de Segur, the idea she had conceived, or received from heaven, "to promote great International Congresses meeting successively in the different European States to discuss during several consecutive days in serious sessions of study and prayer, subjects of piety and of practice as means for still further increasing in the world devotion to the Eucharist and more fully extending its beneficent influence in every direction.

As for the institution of *Corpus Christi* we are indebted for the idea of these solemn Eucharistic Congresses to an humble handmaid of the Lord, whose very name, though she is still living, is buried in the secret of the cloister. When this privileged soul disclosed her great project to Mgr. de Segur, he received her kindly, listened to her suggestion and was so impressed thereby that he immediately set about its execution and won numerous and distinguished adherents. But unfortunately, the sickness from which he was then suffering and which shortly afterwards proved fatal handicapped him and he

was unable to cope with the difficulties and obstacles that arose. In consequence the project was in serious danger of being consigned to the realms of beautiful but impractical illusions when luckily it was brought to the attention of M. Vrau, already but secretly called the "Saint of Lille"—then its success was assured. With the approbation of the Archbishop of Cambrai, M Vrau accompanied by P. Picard and the Marquis of Damas went to lay it before the Holy Father. They were well received and in a special brief the next Congress was praised and recommended by the highest authority on earth, Christ's Vicar.

The first Congress took place at Lille in June 1881. It was more than successful, a triumph worthy of those that followed.

As Mgr. Baunard said: "It was the dawn of Eucharistic Congresses opening never to close." A wish expressed by Mgr. de Segur when he wrote the Sovereign Pontiff in October 1880: "This benefit we would like to obtain afterwards for the fervent Catholics of England, Scotland and Ireland, for those of Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and even of America and Canada."

Daring and improbable as the wish then looked, it now seems about to be fully realized.

A Permanent Committee of Eucharistic Congresses was formed whose first president, Mgr. de la Bouillerie, was one of the sweetest singers of the Eucharist. A year after that of Lille, the second was held at Avignon. Then successively at Liège in 1883, Friburg in 1885, Toulouse in 1886, Paris in 1888, Antwerp in 1890, Jerusalem in 1893, Reims in 1894, Brussels in 1896, Paray-le Monial in 1897, Lourdes in 1899 Angers in 1901, Namur in 1903, Angouleme in 1904, Rome in 1905, Tournai in 1906, Metz in 1907, London in 1908, Cologne in 1909.

And now comes Canada's turn to be honored. Those scenes which have been enacted on the banks of the Thames and of the Rhine shall be repeated in our own midst on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence. Next year the twenty-first International Eucharistic Congress will be held in Montreal, our fair land so full of faith, so appreciative of the signal honor.

We are told " Art has no frontier, neither has Science, Charity or anything else that constitutes the common patrimony of humanity. Why then should there be any for the Eucharist, for that infinite treasury of comfort, consolation, virtue and merit from which nations, of all centuries of the Christian era, have unceasingly drawn without ever depleting.

At the Sacred Table accessible to all generations, Christians range in fraternal union like children of a family around the paternal board. At this banquet there is no distinction of rich or poor, high or low, race or nationality. And from this springs our hope that all will be happy to lend their aid, that this first Congress held on our Continent may be second to none in splendor and in proclaiming to the world the vitality of its faith.

Already Mgr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, has informed the Duke of Norfolk, President of the Catholic Union of England, that he depends on their help for the next Eucharistic Congress, that of Montreal. " The Catholics of Canada," wrote his Lordship, " will naturally count on the active sympathy of the Mother Country and from our experience of last year (during the London Congress) we are satisfied that the Catholic Union will fully rise to the expectations of their Canadian Brethren." What may we not expect from such valuable co-operation? Time will show how loyally the Catholics of England have hearkened to this appeal of Mgr. Bourne.

Even the difference of language will be no drawback, as there will be two distinct sections, one English and the other French; consequently, each in his own tongue, as at Pentecost shall hear and speak of the wonders of God, and all in solemn ceremonies the universal dialect of the Church.

And the lofty domes of St. James massive Cathedral, and the domeless streets of our unfettered Catholic City shall vibrate with a *Lauda Sion* such as was never yet heard on Canadian soil, and this Congress like its predecessors will be a brilliant triumph for the God of the Eucharist.

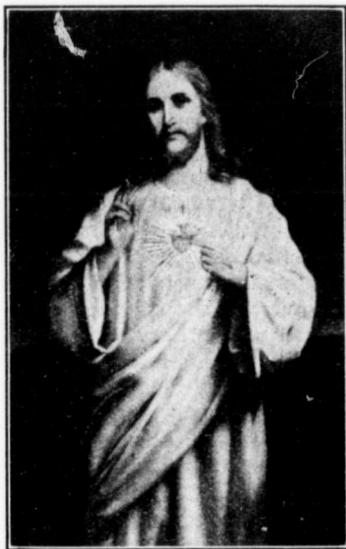


Our Premium for 1910.

THE illustration here presented is a faithful reproduction of the large picture, 16 x 23 inches, we offer as Premium for 1910, to all subscribers of the SENTINEL, who renew their subscription within a specified time : from the 15th of December till the 15th of February. !

As the picture is a rare work of art, and the time limit ample enough to accomodate all, we trust all will profit by this opportunity to secure the treasure which according to Our Lord's own promise " will comfort them in their afflictions "...., establish peace in their homes and draw down upon themselves and their families special blessings."

Moreover we hope it will also be a fruitful reminder of the coming Eucharistic Congress and induce all to pray fervently for its success.



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In the Blessed Sacrament we find a remedy for our tepidity, for our languor in good works, for our irreverence and indevotion, our feebleness of purpose, our foolish pride, our vanity, our worldliness—for every failing to which human nature is subject.

Procession of the Blessed Sacrament in Constantinople.

*From the special correspondent of the Catholic Times,
Liverpool.*



WE had seen nearly all that a tourist generally desires to inspect in Constantinople, so on Thursday, the 17th of June, I thought little more remained to be seen. But an agreeable surprise was in store for us. Going through the chief street of Pera, Constantinople, along with some friends of the city, we were surprised to see the houses decorated with flags, while on the front and in the archways of the parochial church, served by the Conventual Franciscans, banners and garlands covered the walls and clustered around the Papal flag. Though it was the octave of Corpus Christi, no one of the party dreamed of the real meaning of the festive attire of the locality. Mussulman Constantinople, with its little group of 20,000 Latin Catholics among a population of 1,000,000 Turks, Greeks, Schismatics, Protestants, and all the other offshoots of heresy or schism, was not surely going to do honor to the Catholic Church!

"We are going to have a public procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament at 4.30 this evening," observed a French Catholic quietly. "The procession will file through the principal streets for the space of nearly an hour."

If a thunderbolt had fallen in our midst the party could not be more astonished, especially since among the flags, there were those of Turkey, France, Italy and England. And somebody then asked would the procession be liable to molestation on the part of the Turkish soldiers or Moslems.

"During the procession," went on the Frenchman, "the trams and cabs, will stop, and order will be main-

tained by the Turkish police and soldiers—that is, they will stand in the streets and give the military salute as the Sacred Host is borne past. The Moslems and others will stand by respectfully, and everything will pass off, as if there were question of the most Catholic city in the world.”

There was a Turkish acquaintance listening, and he asked why we look so surprised at these words of the Frenchman.

“Because,” replied one of the party, “in London, with all its braggadoccio about liberty, equality, and fraternity, the Catholics were prohibited last year from carrying the Sacred Host through the streets. And in Rome itself, the Italian Government will not allow public processions of the Blessed Sacrament.”

The Mussulman then did two things that expressed his mind only too clearly. Holding up his thumb and two forefingers, he made a gesture signifying bigotry and stupid prejudice. This done, he spat out with a gesture of contempt.

The picture descriptive of the order and respect that attended that procession was not overdrawn, for never have I seen greater respect paid in public to the Sacred Host.

THE END OF ONE YEAR

— AND —

THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER.



TIME in its rapid flight has brought us to the end of the year ; days have succeeded to days, weeks to weeks, months to months ; before long, a New Year will begin which we know not if we shall live to finish.

Sacred Scripture tells us : “ We are like the waters, we do not remount.”

See that river leaving its source ; it runs through more or less country from the mountain where it took birth, to

the ocean where it dies ; its waters make more or less noise in their transit ; but all finally disappear in the mighty ocean ; they lose their identity ; they do not remount to their source. True picture of our lives incessantly propelled onward to the grave, where all must finally lose their identity and disappear until such time as Christ, the Resurrection, bids them arise.

Another year has flown ! Naturally this is a serious thought, one we should ponder well, one that neither the indifference of some, nor the levity of others, should make us forget or cause us to shirk the examination it entails. Willingly or unwilling we pause a moment before stepping over the abyss that separates us from the past and setting foot on the cold threshold of the unknown future.

It is a new step in life. To a child whose importance grows with his years, the thought is as full of gladness as the thrill of the lark. What difference does a year passed make to him when he still has so many before him, when his heart throbs only to the joyful rhythm of hope.

To an old man who sees this treasure of hours and years, that at first seemed so abundant decrease daily, the thought brings sadness. He can not deceive himself. He must admit that for him life is no longer the stream that flows on and increases but the tree that withers the longer it stands and that the least rude blast may overthrow.

To the practical Christian who considers it less as a year gone without return than as another year of which he shall have to render a strict account to God, the thought brings serious reflection. If he does think of it as a new step in life, it is principally as a step towards eternity ; moreover, his faith teaches that those days just passed are not consigned to eternal oblivion but will in God's appointed time confront him as blessing or curse, as worthy of reward or punishment.

" Time flies " is a common and generally speaking true expression ; still there are hours and days that seem long, so long : such for instance are the hours of anxious expectation, of sorrow, of suffering. How many a poor invalid stretched on a bed of pain would gladly accelerate its flight ; how many a victim of cold and hardships

bewails its slowness and longs for death to free him from its leaden weight.

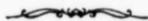
Centuries ago, David voiced the same complaint when he lamented the length of his exile among the inhabitants of Cedar. The Blessed Virgin after the death of her Divine Son, languished in the hope of heaven where she would meet Him again.

Bossuet tells us : " Time is a clever rogue who plies his trade so subtly that we scarcely notice it : he takes away a day but replaces it by another, and since he cannot hold the month that is passing he makes another ascend the horizon of life, thus being always before new days and new hours we do not realise the flight of time and in this illusion is his strength." " I considered my life," says the Psalmist, and it was no longer."

Let this be our first reflection. Even if it is sad its lesson will be productive of much good.

But as a whole time passes quickly : this closing year has passed quickly, the next will do the same, all our life, even should it last for a long time, will yet pass quickly like a dream. Do not then defer serious thought till another year. If you still hesitate between God and the world, do not do so any longer. Make up your mind to spend this new Year for God, to do your duty nobly and faithfully no matter what obstacles you may have to surmount to work for His interests. Learn from St Paul how to redeem time " by a greater fidelity and more practical virtue. Our Blessed Lord looks less upon the time passed than upon the ground covered and the perfection of the work accomplished.

Let us then leave the past to God's tender mercy and begin anew to serve Him without discouragement, without cowardice, without fainting ; and whether the new Year brings life or death, trial or consolation, success or disappointment, happy or unfortunate events—all will be as God wills, and since this God is our Father and loves us, why not trust Him and say ever and always with every beating of our pulse, every palpitation of our heart : Sacred Heart of Jesus I place my trust in Thee.



Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

(See frontispiece)



HIS title given to the Blessed Virgin by Venerable Père Eymard, was approved and indulgenced by Pius X, in two Rescripts. (Dec. 30, 1905 and Dec. 9, 1906). Some forty years before that, several Bishops had already sanctioned its use, and granted indulgences to their diocesians, who invoked Our Lady under this title; others had erected chapels and churches and dedicated them to Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament; many especially in our own day have conferred the titular title on parishes.

The aim of the devotion resumed in the title, is to present to all—especially now, when devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is so fervent and so universal—a model and a help in the discharge of their duties towards Our Lord in the Eucharist; assistance at Mass, Holy Communion, and adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Who more perfectly than Mary brought to the Sacrifice of the Cross first, and afterwards to the Sacrifice of the Altar, the sentiments required by such an august mystery; who received Holy Communion with more perfect dispositions, or more befittingly surrounded the tabernacle, during long years, with the honors and homages due to the Real Presence? If Mary is our model, she is also our help in the accomplishment of our duties towards the Blessed Sacrament: understanding, as she does, better than any other creature, the importance of these duties, she cannot but grant special graces to those who ask her help, or implore her aid, in order to more perfectly serve Jesus in the Eucharist.

From these considerations, naturally springs the desire—or more properly speaking the need—of placing before the faithful a representation of the Blessed Virgin, show-

ing her relations to the Eucharist and teaching them to to have recourse to her in their own relations towards the divine Sacrament. Regarding the altars and churches mentioned above, the need is even more pressing.

In my opinion, the style most appropriate for these pictures and statues is that adopted, by an artist of Rome, in a recent painting, and reproduced in our frontispiece.

In it, the Blessed Virgin according to the traditional mode carries the Child Jesus and presents Him to our homage. The Child shows the symbols that obviously, directly and at first sight recall the Eucharistic mystery : I mean the Chalice and the Host. The Chalice expresses the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Host, Communion and the Real Presence. Other figures or emblems such as grains of wheat, clusters of grapes, do not designate the Eucharist clearly enough to be understood by the generality of Christians, nor draw their attention directly enough to the Sacrament we wish to place before them. A Host alone would at first sight be less expressive, as it does not call forth in an immediate way the thought of the Sacrifice of the Mass, which the Chalice does and which has moreover the advantage of denoting the Saviour's sacerdotal character.

If the objection were raised, that the Child Jesus did not in reality thus present the Chalice and Host to Mary, and that, consequently, the painting is not historically correct, we could truthfully answer, that the Chalice and Host as represented are merely symbolic without reference whatever to history.

In the painting, the Blessed Virgin contemplates the mystery Jesus reveals and towards which, with a triumphant gesture He calls all ; it would be difficult to depict in the attitude of that mother full of admiration for the sublime reality she perceives, more of modesty, reverence or silent adoration.

We earnestly hope this painting at once so devotional and so artistic, will be extensively circulated and teach many what a model and what a help their devotiom towards Jesus in the Eucharist will find in the imitation and in the love of Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament.



The Tabernacle Door.

THEY tell me of grand seraphic prayer,
 They speak of the light that is gathered there,
 They say that to mountain heights above
 Fly up the eagles of holy love ;
 I hear them, but never ask to soar
 While I gaze on the little Golden Door.

I open a book of inspired thought,
 Treasures that saints may have dearly bought
 At another time, in another place,
 It might be a fount of the richest grace,
 But I close the volume and read no more,
 While I gaze on the little Golden Door.

It is not praise, it is scarcely prayer,
 I only think of Him dwelling there—
 The heart that is never strange or cold,
 The love that is always new and old,
 Till cares or sorrows can vex no more
 While I gaze on the little Golden Door.

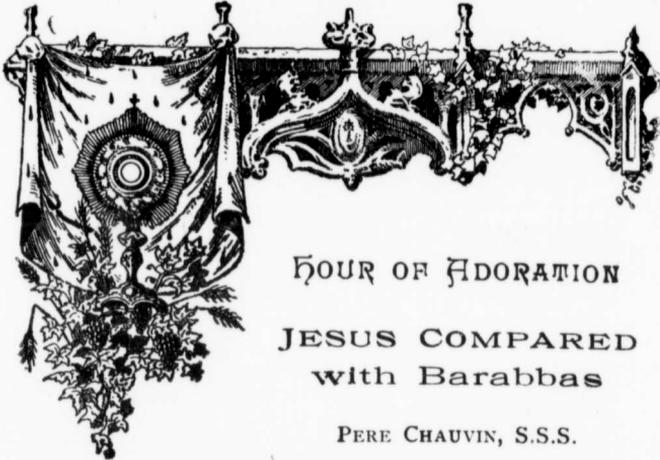
I bring before Him the crowded day ;
 I try to hear what His voice would say
 If others are right, and if I am wrong,
 Am I the weak and they are the strong ?
 I pass my thoughts and my feelings o'er
 While I gaze on the little Golden Door.

He so calm and untroubled still,
 We so tossed by our wayward will,
 So often sinking, so prone to fall,
 He watcheth, He heareth, He knoweth all ;
 Give me, O Lord, of Thy wisdom store
 While I gaze on the little Golden Door.

I only ask for one word to show
 The way Thou wouldst have my footsteps go ;
 One little beam of Thy truthful light,
 For the path grows dark, it will soon be night,
 And the hour is coming when never more
 Shall I gaze on the little Golden Door.



THE DOVE
of the Tabernacle.



HOUR OF ADORATION
 JESUS COMPARED
 with Barabbas

PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Habebat autem vinctum insignem, qui dicebatur Barabbas, qui cum seditiosis erat vinctus, qui in seditione fecerat homicidium. Et cum ascendisset turba, coepit rogare sicut semper faciebat illis.

“ Now upon the solemn day the governor was accustomed to release to the people one prisoner, whom they would. And he had then a notorious prisoner, that was called Barabbas. They therefore being gathered together, Pilate said to them : Whom will you that I release to you, Barabbas, or Jesus that is called Christ ? ”

(MATT. XXVII, 15-17.)

I. — Adoration.

“ Which of the two ? Barabbas or Jesus ? ” Jesus is sent back to Pilate’s tribunal. This attempt to rid himself of a case so complicated, had not succeeded. Pilate, sending for the chiefs of the Jewish nation, told them positively that, in spite of all their accusations, neither Herod nor himself found Him guilty of any crime. And all that he can do to please them is to inflict upon Him severe punishment. After that, he will let Him go.

Pilate has again proclaimed the innocence of Jesus. And yet he, the judge, ends by saying : “ I shall chastise Him, and let Him go. ” Gerhard, the writer, proposes to Pilate this irrefutable dilemma : “ Be in accord with thyself, O Pilate ! If the Christ is innocent, why not send Him away justified ? If thou dost think Him deserving of scourges, why proclaim Him innocent ? ”

Every year, on the feast of the Pasch, the Jews were accustomed to release a prisoner in memory of their own deliverance from Egyptian bondage.

After their subjection to Roman sway, this privilege was still allowed them, with this condition, however, that it would be the Roman Governor himself who would present to them two or three criminals capable of receiving pardon. The Jews had the choice of any one of the prisoners they preferred, and Pilate made use of this circumstance. He tried once more to deliver Jesus, if not as innocent, at least as pardoned. The better to succeed, he presented to them along with Jesus, Barrabas, a brigand notorious for his crimes. He said to them: "*Which of the two will you have?*"

Pilate, how dost thou dare make a comparison between Jesus and Barabbas, between the Creator and the creature, between God and man, Holiness and sin?

Who is Jesus-Christ? Is He not the only Son of God, the eternal Word of the Father, full of grace and truth, the splendor of His glory, the image of His substance, He who sustains all things by the power of His word? He is the King of glory, the God of majesty, the Creator of heaven and earth, the Holy of holies!

And who is Barabbas? He is a creature, a creature fallen by his crimes into the lowest stratum of human society, a robber, a revolutionist, a murderer!

Which do you prefer?

To Thee, O Jesus, all honor and glory from every creature, angelic and human, at this very moment when Thou art subjected to that outrageous comparison! And now when shut up in our tabernacle, Thou dost appear so small in the eyes of the wise ones of the world, I acknowledge Thee, I proclaim Thee infinitely superior to every man, were he prince or king, to every angel, were he cherub or seraph, to every being created or creatable. Thou art the King of men and angels. Could I unite all that is beautiful, rich, or great in heaven or on earth, all would be nothing, absolutely nothing, in comparison with the least particle of the consecrated Host. There, in the Sacrament as at the side of Barabbas, Thou dost rule in heaven. In admirable order, Thou dost marshal the stellar host and call them by their name. Thou dost art the Master of the world. I humbly prostrate before Thee, offering from myself and all creatures profound adoration.

III. — Reparation.

Which of the two will you that I deliver unto you, Barabbas or Jesus who is called the Christ?" What iniquity in this comparison! The fact alone of presenting Jesus to know what he should do with Him, is a crying injustice. Having just now declared Him innocent, Pilate is bound to deliver Him. Still more, putting Him on the same footing as the murderer Barabbas, he

proclaims Him guilty, justly condemned to capital punishment, He would ever after have borne on His forehead the indelible mark of a notorious malefactor. Such proceeding is criminal in a judge who is acting with full knowledge of the case. Pilate knows that the Jews have delivered Jesus to him through jealousy. What need, then, to fall back on the custom and the will of the people to release his august Prisoner? Can he without crime expose Him to inevitable condemnation? The custom which authorizes the freeing of guilty man, does not permit the demanding of the life of an innocent one, to whom life belongs by all laws, human and divine. Pilate's intention may be good, but the best intentions cannot excuse wrong acts.

How humiliating for Jesus to be placed on a par with Barabbas! The Saviour of the world side by side with Barabbas and exhibited to the people! "*Which of the two?*" Pilate, to whom do you compare God? It would have been a great insult to compare Jesus with the highest of the angels, for to none of these celestial spirits has God ever said: "Thou art My Son. Sit Thou at My right hand." The descendant of David is placed beside a plebeian, the Saviour of the world is put on the same level as one of His redeemed. Still more, He is compared with a robber, a revolutionist, a murderer. The Just, *per excellence*, is compared with a villain, the Holy of holies with the greatest criminal that could be found in the prisons of Jerusalem! Could it be possible to inflict a greater dishonor on the infinite sanctity of Jesus? How His Heart must have suffered!

But this was not all. Jesus felt at that moment all the affronts that men have offered Him from age to age, above all, in His Sacrament of Love. Sin is really only this, Jesus weighed in the balance with our interests, our passions, our idols—and what idols!

Yes, Barabbas stands for every evil passion, every pleasure contrary to divine will, every creature that resists the Creator. How often have I weighed His law with libertinism, good with evil, virtue with vice! Whenever the demon proposed to me some sensual satisfaction, whenever the world tempted me to its pleasures and that, slow and slothful, in repulsing the temptation, I voluntarily examined whether it would be better to please God by observing His holy law or to satisfy my passions like Pilate I compared Jesus with Barabbas, the Saviour with Satan! I weighed the Sovereign Good with a vile pleasure, with a miserable gratification of the moment! "*Which of the two?*"

How often, O Jesus, through human respect have I refused Thee in Thy Divine Sacrament the honor to which Thou hast a right! How often through human respect have I hesitated to make the double genuflection before Thy Host! Have I not omitted Communions that I had permission to make every eight days, per-

haps every day, for fear of appearing too much attached to Thy service? Or have I neglected them in order not to deprive myself of worldly pleasure and satisfaction?

II. — Thanksgiving.

“Which of the two? Barabbas or Jesus?” If this comparison was an abominable injustice on the part of Pilate, a gross outrage to Jesus, on the part of God it was a profound mystery. After all, Pilate was only a blind instrument in God’s hands for the salvation of the world. Barabbas was one of those audacious robbers, notorious for his brigandage, and the terror of the country. Everyone in Jerusalem knew him, and it was not without special providence that he was just then in prison.

What is the meaning of this mystery? The character of notorious malefactor given by the Gospel to Barabbas applies perfectly to the first and notorious sinner, Adam, who was likewise guilty of the three crimes of Barabbas, namely, robbery, murder, and sedition. He was guilty of robbery, having yielded to the temptation of stealing from God His knowledge and unity, by aiming at becoming equal to Him: “*Eritis sicut dii, scientes bonum et malum*—You shall be as gods knowing good and evil.” He was guilty of murder, having dealt to his posterity a double death, that of the body and that of the soul: “*In Adam omnes moriuntur*—In Adam all die.” He was guilty of sedition, having revolted, having constituted himself the leader of rebels against the most sacred and legitimate authority, that of God. “*In quo omnes peccaverunt*—in whom all have sinned.”

Again, this notorious sinner represented all the children of Adam, become sinners by the fall of their first parent and burdened, besides, with their own personal crimes.

While Pilate was placing the only Son of God and the villain Barabbas side by side, the Eternal Father from the height of His throne was regarding His well-beloved Son in chains. At the same time He cast a glance at the whole human race become the slave of hell, and represented by Barabbas. Turning His eyes upon the Son of His complacency and then upon the human race groaning in bondage, He said to Himself: “*Quem dimittam?*—Which of the two shall I deliver? This sinner or My innocent Son?” Then in an excess of love and mercy for mankind, placing on the shoulders of His Son the iniquities of us all, He condemned the Just and freed the guilty. How bright the light cast by this mystery on God’s love for man!

The Heart of the Divine Master is rejoiced at undergoing this humiliation, which was to contribute in so large a measure to the salvation of the world.

How shall we thank God for so great love? He has preferred me, His miserable creature, to His well-beloved Son. He shrank not from sacrificing Him to deliver me from the shameful servitude of sin, How shall I thank Jesus for having so generously accepted this bitter outrage?

IV. — Prayer.

"Which of the two? Barabbas or Jesus?" There is going on here below a perpetual struggle between God and the demon, good and evil, virtue and vice. At every instant of our existence, we find ourselves face to face with the choice between Jesus or Barabbas. Jesus, His law, His precept; Barabbas, the demon, his maxims, his passions, on the one side, Jesus says to us: "Choose! Which of the two will you take? No man can serve two masters"; on the other, the world, the flesh, and the devil cry louder still: "Choose! Which will you have?" Left to our own strength, it is much to be feared that we shall prefer Barabbas to Jesus.

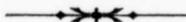
Grant, O Divine Master, that I may never have the misfortune even to think of comparisons so humiliating to thy Divine Person. May I be daily more convinced that, in heaven or on earth, there is nothing that can be compared with Thee, that for me Thou art my only treasure, O Divine Host, my only riches! *"Which will you have?"* Grant, O Jesus, that between the Host of the Sacrifice, the Host of Communion, the Host of Adoration and any interest or satisfaction, I may never have the shadow of the least hesitation!

And Thou, O Eternal Father, through the merits of this gross humiliation, never permit Thy well-beloved Son, my loving Saviour, to be put on a level with a creature! May all men, kings, and the great, enthrone Him in His Sacrament of Love, and treat Him royally according to His rank in reparation for the humiliating treatment He endured at Pilate's tribunal!

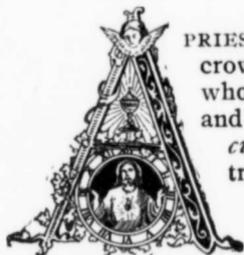
Grant that all men may recognize under the sacramental veils of humiliation His divine titles and infinite grandeur! May all submit to His salutary empire, and bring to Him the tribute of their love and gratitude! May the God of the Host reign on earth as in heaven over all minds, wills, and hearts!

Into thy hands O Mary, I place this ardent wish of my heart. It is for thee to realize it promptly.

RESOLUTION.—Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation on the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask your Saviour for the grace never to have the misfortune to prefer sin to His commands.



THE CHARITY OF THE POOR.



A PRIEST whose work is in the heart of a crowded city goes to visit an old friend whom he has not seen for several years, and who has recently been appointed *curé* of a little flock in a small country village. His knock at the presbytery door is answered by the *curé* himself, and the two friends, as they entered the house together, felt that though much had changed since they parted, their friendship, at least, had remained unchanged.

"Come with me and see my church," said the *curé*, half an hour later.

The church was a low building of no special architecture ; its bare white walls and wooden benches bespoke the greatest poverty. And the traveler, coming straight from his beautiful church in Paris, was struck all the more forcibly by the contrast. The *curé* now led the way to the sacristy. Inserting a key into a lock, he opened a wooden cupboard and drew forth from its hiding-place a golden chalice. Handling it with loving care, he held it up toward his friend, so that the light falling straight upon it through the window should reveal its marvelous beauty. His friend stood in silent admiration ; for rarely had he seen such exquisite workmanship, while the jewels which shone and sparkled in the light spoke of a value which left him in amazement.

"*Mon ami*," he cried, "you must tell me how you came by this treasure. Your church is poor, your village still poorer ; yet you possess this beautiful vessel, which might well excite the envy of a very rich parish."

The *curé* smiled.

"I knew you would be surprised," he said ; "and you are not the first who has asked that question. The

story of this chalice is the story of a life. If you will wait till after dinner, I will gladly tell you its history."

That evening, when the two friends sat smoking after their simple meal, the *curé* proceeded to fulfil his promise.

"Many years ago, in a chateau which stood but two miles from this village, lived a young servant-girl named Marie. Brought up by pious parents, she had kept her early faith, though her fellow-servants had long since given up all pretense of obeying the mandates of their religion. Often, when her work was done, she would steal down to the village church, and there kneel before the Blessed Sacrament, in loving converse with Him who is ever present on our altars. Coming straight from the chateau, where every room was hung with rich tapestry, where gold and silver plate was in constant use, the bareness of the church and the plainness of the sacred vessels when she assisted at Mass struck her painfully.

"One evening, as Marie was walking homeward in the dusk, wishing she were the possessor of great riches, that she might lay them at her Lord's feet, a plan, indistinct at first, yet ever growing into a firm resolve, shaped itself in her mind. She would henceforth put by every penny of her savings until a sum of money should accumulate large enough to buy a golden chalice,—one worthy of our Lord. She did not deceive herself as to the magnitude of the task; she knew it would be the work of years, perhaps indeed of a lifetime; but, nothing daunted, she smiled into the gathering darkness as her fancy showed her, upon the altar, a golden cup all studded with precious stones.

"From that time forward this poor servant maid led a life of the greatest self denial; she refused herself every pleasure, denied herself every comfort, that she might add to her little store. But as time went on she began to realize that if she would succeed in her purpose, she must in some way increase her earnings. Now, lace-making was one of the industries of Marie's native village and at home she had often handled the bobbins. Here was a way of adding to her store. With fresh courage she set herself to this new task, which proved to be no light one; and night after night when all about her slept, she would toil at her work, her heart set on her offering.

"In this way many years passed; the young girl became a grayhaired woman, and the some so long worked for was almost completed, when some rich ladies accidentally discovered the secret kept so well and so long. Filled with admiration for the patient toiler, and with shame at their own indifference, they gave out of their share of plenty the amount still required for the purchase of my beautiful chalice."

"And the servant girl? What became of her?"

The *curé* shook his head.

"It was before my time," he said. "Her grave lies close by in the churchyard, and the old villagers always refer to her as 'the saint.'"

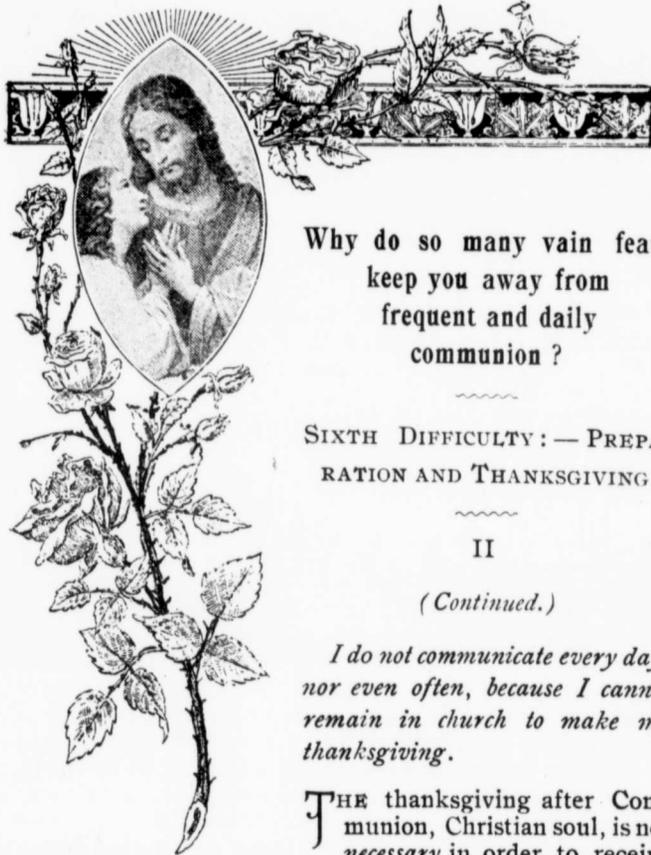


"Be on your guard against the notion that Our Lord lies dormant or inanimate in the Sacred Host. No, He is a living Victim.

"Above all let us learn to master the idea that Jesus is living in the Blessed Sacrament. In the whole range of that marvelous Kingdom of life, from the life of the smallest living thing in the depths of the sea, up through the glorious existence of Mary to the ever living God, there is none more wonderful than that which is lived in the narrow circle of the Host. There is the everlasting life of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There is the life of Jesus of the Eternal Word, in His assumed human nature. Every breath of our prayer, every aspiration of our love, every sigh of our agony stirs the mighty ocean of the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. O, wondrous life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. O wondrous life of Jesus! However profoundly He may be hidden from our sight, yet He is open to all that passes around Him, so that He catches the slightest wish of any one of us who visits Him, and His heart is trembling alive to the whispered accents of our love. Though His disguise is so perfect that the frail species are like a wall of adamant sheltering Him from all creation it is so pervious to our prayers that the slightest whisper reaches Him behind the veil."

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**Let us pray for our beloved deceased.**

*Duluth, Minn. : Ven. Sr M. Clementine Kammermeier.*



Why do so many vain fears  
keep you away from  
frequent and daily  
communion ?

SIXTH DIFFICULTY : — PREPA-  
RATION AND THANKSGIVING.

II

(Continued.)

*I do not communicate every day,  
nor even often, because I cannot  
remain in church to make my  
thanksgiving.*

THE thanksgiving after Com-  
munion, Christian soul, is not  
*necessary* in order to receive  
fully the effect of this Sacrament. It suffices, again I re-  
peat to you, to be conscious of no mortal sin and to ap-  
proach the Holy Table *devoutly*. To omit it, then, through  
*necessity*, does not diminish the Eucharistic glory of your  
sweet Jesus, the Divine Eucharist being in Itself both the  
gift and the thanksgiving. The thanksgiving, therefore,  
consists, above all, in receiving It with reverence and  
devotion.

Thanksgiving after Communion is, however, highly  
beneficial and proper, and I recommend it to you most

earnestly. It is *highly beneficial* for the gathering of the most abundant fruits from the Sacrament. Many rare authors, among them Cajetan, Suarez, Gonet, Valencia, de Lugo, are of the opinion that as long as the sacramental Species remain in the communicant, the more closely he keeps himself united to Jesus Christ and multiplies acts of virtue, the more he increases in himself the fruit of the Sacrament and divine love ; for this celestial Bread operates by Itself in the soul the same effects that material nourishment does in the body, whose health and strength it increases in proportion to its duration. For this reason, Ven. John of Avila said : " Great care should be taken of the time that follows Communion, because it is a time favorable for acquiring treasures of grace."

" The time that follows Holy Communion," says St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, " is the most precious in this life. It is the most opportune moment for treating with God, and for inflaming our heart with His holy love. Then we have need neither of masters nor books, for Jesus Christ teaches us Himself how we ought to love Him." St. Teresa also says : " After Communion, let us not lose an occasion so favorable to negotiate.... God is not accustomed to paying in a niggardly way the sojourn that He has made in the stopping place of our heart after He has received a good reception therein." In another place of her writings, the same saint assures us that " Jesus Christ after Communion resides in our soul as upon a throne of graces, and that He seems then to say as to the blind man, ' *Quid tibi vis faciam*—What wilt thou that I do to thee ? ' (1) ' Beloved soul, tell Me now what you want, since I have come expressly to grant whatever favors you ask of Me.' "

I have said that thanksgiving is not only highly beneficial, but also *highly proper*. Take, for example, some one who receives in his house a friend come to do him good, with no thought of personal interest. What would you think of the *impropriety* of that person if you saw him leaving the house instead of remaining home to entertain his friend and benefactor ?

Again, it was Jesus Christ Himself who willed to give us the example of thanksgiving after Holy Communion. After having consecrated His Body and His Blood at the Last Supper, He communicated Himself first, then

He communicated His Blessed Mother and His Apostles ; lastly, He gave thanksgiving, and later prayed a long time.

In imitation of her Spouse, the Holy Church constantly gives us the same example. In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, after the priest has communicated the assistants, he renders thanks for himself and for them, first in secret then aloud when reading the *Oremus* called the *Post-communion*. St. Augustine, also, says : " After participating in so august a Sacrament, all is finished by the act of thanksgiving."

But this thanksgiving, so *beneficial* and so proper, must it be made in the church ? Yes, when that is possible, the church being indeed the house of prayer. St. Alphonsus advises : " If you are not constrained to do something else to fulfil a duty of obedience or charity, try to entertain yourself with Jesus Christ at least half an hour."

He adds : " Do not fail, then, to produce acts of welcome, thanksgiving, love, contrition, self-offering, and an oblation of all that belongs to you. But, above all, occupy yourself in asking favors from Our Lord, especially perseverance and His holy love."

Beg Him, I add in my turn, not only for yourself, but still more for the whole world, taking care not to forget in this precious time the poor souls in purgatory.

" In fine," says St. Alphonsus again, " if your mind is dry and distracted, make use of some book that will suggest to you devout affections toward God."

When the obligation of your state or some urgent business affair prevents your remaining in church, then Jesus will consent to your " remaining an instant recollected in prayer with all possible devotion, not turning your eyes from side to side, not reading the prayers in your book, but thanking Him for so great a benefit — that of having given Himself entirely to you in Holy Communion and of having suffered for you, for we celebrate and receive this Mystery in memory of His sacred Passion." And when, having thus entertained yourself with your sweet Jesus a very little while, His will is that you go to your necessary occupations, do so as far as you can in silence and recollection, frequently recalling with gratitude the Divine Gift His most loving Heart has made you.

## The Immaculate Conception and Communion.

IF GOD preserves Mary from the stain of original sin, in her Immaculate Conception, it is because He wishes to take up His abode in her; to descend into a pure, holy and perfect habitation. The Eternal Father, the Holy Ghost only purify Mary, in order, to make of her a worthy tabernacle for the Word of God. Since it was imperative to create, for Him, a new heaven, all pure, and since Mary was destined to be that heaven and to receive the

Word in herself she must of necessity be Immaculate. The Immaculate Conception is Mary's preparation for Communion. With what joy the Son of God contemplated that dwelling! With what giant strides He hastened thither!

Jesus should be able to treat us in the same way for Communion; ardently desire the moment we will constrain Him to leave His tabernacle, come with joy as if He were coming anew to Mary, and, it will be so if we are pure. Jesus expects this preparation of purity, moreover He insists on it.



A great purity for Communion, such should be for us the fruit of the Immaculate Conception ; without purity all our virtues are nothing ; Jesus will only come to us reluctantly, our hearts will only be a prison for Him : Ah, shall He complain to His minister: " Where are you taking Me? To a heart that does not belong to Me! To a heart that my enemy occupies ! Leave Me, leave Me in my Tabernacle."

O Mary, conceived without sin, lend us your mantle of purity, clothe us with the whiteness, the splendor of your Immaculate Conception. It is a mother's privilege to prepare her child for Great Days, prepared by you, O Mary, Jesus will look favorably on us, will come to us with pleasure, and seeing you in us, His delight will be to dwell in our hearts.

PÈRE EYMARD.

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## THE GOSPEL

*The Gospel is God's book written for human souls.* Therein souls are trained in the divine science of their Lord and Saviour Jesus-Christ ; there they will find Life, true Life, Life unending, Life daily widening and increasing in perfection unto Life everlasting : " Father," said the Incarnate Word, " Father, this is eternal Life, that they may know Thee and Jesus-Christ whom Thou hast sent.

No book written by man, however beautiful and holy, can be compared with God's own Book. St. Augustine does not hesitate to say as much veneration is due to the " Word of God present in the Gospel, as to the Word made flesh in the Holy Eucharist, and he adds that it is as criminal to neglect one single Word of the Gospel as to let fall the Sacred Host Itself. In the Gospel as in the Holy Eucharist, we have God with us, in us and for us.

The Gospel, read as it should be, will be truly to us the Bread of Life. Its reading will insensibly pour divine Life in every fibre of our souls, and soon, according to St. Paul's saying, we shall have no other feelings but those of Christ : no other life but His Life. Then our name of Christians will receive its full and glorious signification : " We shall be other Christs ! Christianus alter Christus."

Extracts from preface of "*The Four Gospels Harmonized*" given to promoters by *The Sentinel of the B. Sacrament.*



## The Christmas Angel.

“ PAPA, I'm afraid ! Do you hear the wind moaning, and the snow beating against the window ? ”

“ Don't be afraid darling. It can't hurt you. Try and go to sleep and when you waken in the morning it will all be over.”

“ I can't sleep, Papa. The pain won't let me.”

The plaintive voice so fully corroborating her words smote the loving father like a sword thrust. Taking her emaciated hand he pressed it to his lips and turned away his head that the little sufferer so dear to him, might not see his anguish.

Many a sleepless night had Marie already passed ; a prey to the lingering disease inherited from her mother, which was slowly but surely consuming her. Poor child, but especially poor father. She was his all ; his only earthly treasure.

He had summoned to her bed-side, medical seers, renowned practitioners ; all that science could do, was done ; but they were powerless to arrest the fell disease and now the end seemed near, so near, that at times the very pallor of death warned the distracted father that his one ewe lamb might follow her mother at any moment. His anguish and rebellion were so much the more bitter since no spark of the faith he had renounced years ago, remained to whisper of humble resignation and future meeting — aye, and even while awaiting that future

meeting—of the sweet consolation of the Communion of Saints. The false philosophy and intellectual pride that had been his undoing offered no comfort for sorrow like



his, no antidote to the very bitterness of death that filled his soul to-night, as he thought of the beautiful young wife he had idolized, and who sustained by the consola-

tions of her religion, had generously and calmly bidden him adieu—because God wished it : and now this same God whom he denied and would disobey if he could, comes to claim his child also...

Suddenly the church bells ring out gladly, joyously Noel ! Noel ! And as mountain, valley and hamlet resound with the glorious refrain, the unhappy man lifts his head, and glances at Marie who is still wide awake and apparently greatly interested in listening to the hurrying footsteps that tell her of the happy throng hastening to midnight Mass.

Meeting her father's glance a sigh escapes her and looking at him with infinite love and longing, she whispers:

" Do you hear, Papa ? "

" Yes darling ; I'm more than sorry the bells prevent you from sleeping."

" Oh, no, Papa. It's not that."

Pressing her hand to her burning chest she continued.

" Last Christmas I was well and Mamma and I went to midnight Mass together. Oh Papa, but how beautiful it was. Such lovely flowers, such pretty bright lights around the crib. And the Child Jesus was so lovely, so lovely ! He seemed to smile on me and I loved Him right away... Oh, how I long to see Him again."

" So you shall, Marie, but not to-night. Even if you were well enough you could not face the snow-storm."

" Mamma and I did last year."

" Yes, but you were not sick then."

" That's true," sadly admitted the little sufferer.

" Yet, I'd like to know if the Child Jesus is in the Church this year ?"—" Why, of course He is ! "

" How do you know ? "

" Because, because " answered the nonplussed man, " He is there every year."

" Have you already seen Him ? "

" Yes, but that was a long time ago."

" Ah, if you would," continued the little pleader joining her hands, " if you only would...."

" Would what, child ? Tell me, what is it you want me to do ? "

" Papa dear, I would like you to go to the church and see if the Child Jesus is there, on the straw, and then come back and tell me."

"But I can't leave you, my pet. Who would take care of you like Papa."

"You might call Teresa," said the child coaxingly. "She is always kind to me."

"Well then, just to please you, and induce you to try and sleep I promise to go in the morning."

Marie said no more, only lowered her eyes, but the big tears that fell did not escape the keen watcher. Stooping and kissing her tenderly, he said playfully: "I suppose, unreasonable girlie, nothing will satisfy you but that I go right away."

The delight on the child's face was more expressive than the most emphatic answer. Rising he summoned Teresa saying briefly: "Take good care of Marie while I am away. I will return soon."

A minute or two afterwards the front door closed with a bang.

When Mr. B.... reached the church it was crowded. For a moment he hesitated. Then holding his head very high he walked right up to the sanctuary where the crib was fixed. Mass had just begun. Childish foolishness, he fumed inwardly, sending me here at such a time. Yet if it does her any good I shall be more than repaid.

The dear little Babe lying on the straw seemed to smile at every one, and as the proud sceptic contemplated the sweet picture, he felt his heart soften under the benign influence of the Redeemer's love. Swayed by an unusual emotion he tried to move away, but the crowd was so great that before he could, a venerable priest left the altar and standing near the sanctuary rail, said in a voice vibrating with feeling:

"O ye who suffer, come, and I will console you."

Instinctively the unhappy father made a step forward, and stood like a statue while the priest poured out his impassioned words, experiencing, as he afterwards related, in some indefinable way, something of that consolation the preacher promised on the part of the divine Child. When the last words died away he buried his face in his hands and gave himself up to serious reflection, while the Christmas Angel exultingly sang: *Gloria in Excelsis Deo.*

How long he remained thus he could never say. When he realized where he was the church was dark and almost

deserted but the lights at the crib still shone brightly. Going as close to it as he could, Mr B.... threw himself on his knees and implored : " O Child Jesus ! O God whom I have denied and forsaken, give me back my child, and I promise faithfully to return to Thee forever."

Weeping bitterly but full of hope he gave a last lingering look at the Almighty Babe and left the Church. The poor mendicant he passed in the porch murmured a fervent blessing at his generosity, and thought perhaps he was a Christmas Angel in disguise.

" How is Marie ? was his first question on reaching home.

" She seems somewhat better. She slept all the time you were away but awoke just as you rang the bell."

Throwing off his coat he hastened to her and embracing her with a new gentleness, asked : " Well are you satisfied now ? I am afraid I remained too long. Did I not ? "

" No, dearest Papa, it was so beautiful, so beautiful. How could you help it."

" Yes, the little Child Jesus was there in his crib," he replied forcing a smile.

" I know " she answered " and He was even more lovable than last year."

" How do you know ? "

" Because I went to the church with you."

Thinking her delirious he showed no surprise, only tried to quieten and humor her.

Seeing he made no comment she continued : " Listen Papa, and tell me if I dont describe exactly what happened.

Thoroughly mystified he answered as gently as he could.

" Hush child ! So much excitement is not good for you. Try and be calm."

" But I am calm " retorted the wounded child.

Seeing the sensitive little mouth quiver, he relented and said : " Why so you are, my pet, and now tell me whatever you like, I'm all attention."

Happy again she resumed : " When we entered the church it was crowded ; singing was going on ; the priests were at the altar.... we went through the crowd up to

the crib. Oh ! but the lights and flowers there were lovely, I took special notice of a lovely tree that drooped over the child Jesus."

"A palm," interrupted the surprised listener.

"Yes a palm. We were going to leave the church when a priest came and stood near us and began to speak. You listened very attentively Papa and you seemed sad.

At this astonishingly accurate account, the father felt his heart throb and staring at the child in amazement asked "Do you know what the priest said?"

"He said, she replied drawing him close, he said that Child Jesus would console you."

Surprise chained the father's tongue, and she continued :

"We remained a long time after that. Then the candles were extinguished and you said : 'O God, O Child Jesus, give me back my child and I will return to you forever.'"

"Yes you said that," reiterated Marie triumphantly "but I noticed you did not hear the Child Jesus' answer."

"His answer?"

"Yes Papa. He answered you."

"You are right. I did not hear His answer. Can you repeat it to me?"

"Yes. He said : 'Return to me first.'"

Labouring under strong emotion the deeply affected father slipped on his knees.

And when we were leaving the church, you gave a good piece to poor old Jeannette who was in the porch whispering 'pray for Marie and for her father;'"

Completely conquered, and thoroughly contrite, he laid his head on her little cot and strong man as he was gave way to a paroxysm of tears.

The next day he made a good Confession and approached the Holy Table with a fervor that spoke volumes.

From that hour, Marie began to improve. The doctor who had pronounced her case hopeless took courage. Before a month had passed she accompanied her Father to the Church to see the Child Jesus in His crib and thank Him for her complete recovery.