

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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St. Joseph

A cloistered garden was the place
Where Mary grew God's perfect flower;
One, only one, discerned her grace,
And visited her bower.

God's choice was his, by love made strong
To guard the Mother of the King;
No heart, save hers, had e'er a song
So sweet as his to sing.

Yet, lives there on the sacred page
No record of a word from him;
God's Ark he guards, a silent sage,
Pure as the Cherubim.

But sweeter than the sweetest word
Recorded as the wise and good
His silence is as music heard
On high and understood.

Blessed are those who take their part
Amid the carol-singing throng;
Twice blest the meditative heart
Whose silence is a song.

A. Gurney,



St. Joseph.

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The Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist

(From *Wiseman*.)

When ^{our} Saviour instituted this holiest of all observances He was at the most solemn hour of His entire intercourse with His disciples. Could He have wished to confuse His followers with a farewell like a riddle? It was during the discourse which accompanied this institution that they said to Him, "Behold now thou speakest plainly, and speakest no proverb." And yet we are asked to believe in a most obscure interpretation of the words which promulgated this last and most beautiful mystery of love. So, too, must we twist St-Paul's plain words into figurative meaning (1 Cor. X. 16): "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? And the bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord?" He is contrasting the heathenish sacrifices with the Christian rite, and he speaks of realities throughout, as much in regard to one as to the other.

And in the following chapter of the same epistle St. Paul enters at length into the institution of the Last Supper, and tells it exactly as Matthew, Mark, and Luke have done, using the same simple words. But he also goes on to draw practical conclusions from it, builds upon it solemn injunctions accompanied with awful threats. Here, at any rate, we may expect plain words, and expressions nowise likely to mislead. How, then, does he write? "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord." Again: "Whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." Now if the body of Christ be not really there, how can the offence be directed against It? It may be a sin against His dignity or His goodness, but it surely is not against His body if that be not present. It is quite a different thing to say one offends against Christ, and that he offends against the body of Christ. St. Paul would tell us that in the same

manner as the Jews who spit on our Saviour and buffeted Him offended against Him bodily, so those who receive Jesus unworthily in this institution, do likewise become guilty of bodily insult against Him, for He is as bodily present here as he was in Pilate's hall.

Now, let us look at all the Scripture texts on the Eucharist conjointly. We have four distinct classes of texts, First, there is the promise in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel: in it the Saviour uses phrases, and does so again and again with increasing emphasis, which lead both friends and enemies to believe that He means it to be necessary to eat His flesh and drink His blood — He allows the crowd to murmur, many of His disciples to fall away, His Apostles to remain in darkness while He insists upon His marvellous command. Secondly, we have the words and events of quite a different occasion. It is no longer the obstinate Jews or unsteady disciples whom He addresses; He is alone with His chosen twelve. He wishes to institute a symbol commemorative of His passion now about to begin, and He uses the extraordinary words again. All this is related by several of the evangelists without comment and in nearly the same terms. They evidently consider it a most important institution; there is not a hint from one of them that the words are to be understood figuratively. In the third place, we have the words of St. Paul in the tenth chapter of his first letter to the Corinthians, where he wishes to prove that this same commemorative rite of the Christians is superior to the sacrifices eaten by the Jews and heathens. Once more, although there is not the slightest necessity for such marked expressions since he might have used the words *symbol*, or *figure*, or *emblem*, if they conveyed the true idea, and although addressing a totally different people from our Saviour's audiences, the Apostle makes use of precisely the same words, and speaks of the real body and blood of Christ as actually partaken of. And in the following chapter of the same epistle we have the fourth case, in which the great Apostle of the Gentiles goes into a full description of the institution of this most sacred of all Christian rites. He uses the same phrases of Christ's body and blood being received; he tells us that those who

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partake of this blessed sacrament unworthily perpetrate an indignity on the Lord's body.

Now would it not be strange if on these four different occasions, our Saviour and His Apostles, speaking to different assemblies and under totally different circumstances, should all concur in using these words in a figurative meaning and yet not let one syllable slip as a key or guide to the true interpretation of their doctrine? Take the simple interpretation which the Catholic does, and from first to last there is not the slightest difficulty. There may be some struggle of Christian faith against the senses or the feelings; and to you it may appear new, strange, or unnatural. But so far as biblical interpretation goes, so far as the fair principles for examining God's word are concerned, so far as finding out just what is meant by the text, all is clear and consistent from first to last. Whereas, if the figurative be the true meaning, you must find different explanations of the same phraseology four different times, you must make the four separate texts all figurative; and you are driven to the miserable expedient of choosing some little word or phrase in a corner of the narrative and persuading yourself that it overthrows all the obvious consequences of the narrative itself and is of superior force to the whole body of clear and consistent meaning.

To give an instance of this process: it is urged that in the case of I Cor. XI. we still find the names "bread and wine" applied to the elements after consecration, and that consequently all the long line of argument we have been following is worth nothing; this one fact overthrows it all. Why, we Catholics call it bread and wine after the consecration; a name may always be coincident with appearances or with a previous condition. In the ninth chapter of St. John our Saviour gave sight to a blind man, a miracle which caused immense commotion, and amid the controversy which followed we meet this expression: "They say again to the blind man"; are we to infer from this that he was only restored to sight figuratively? When the rod of Moses was changed into a serpent it yet continued to be called a rod. What then—was there only a figurative change into a serpent? In the

narrative of the miracle at Cana it is said: "When, therefore, the master of the feast had tested the water made wine"; does it follow from this that it was still water, or both water and wine? Resort cannot be had to the passing use of natural modes of speech to escape from the repeated, cumulative, emphatic teaching of a great truth.

(*To be continued.*)

FERVENT JAPANESE CATHOLICS

No use of growing morbid over the shame and crimes and violence around us, when there is so much goodness and heroism in places where they are least expected. There is such a fine lot of men and women who are doing the right thing, thanks to the help we give them, that we can afford to make allowances for the bad lot.

Father Lamarie, of Yatsushiro, Japan, says: "If we have our trials, we have also our great consolations. Our Christians are in the best sense, children of God. It was beautiful to see the devotion and splendid Catholic spirit of our people on the occasion of the celebration of the feast of the Finding of the Christians. Each day the Communions mounted to the thousands, and from early morning until late at night the Cathedral was constantly filled. The altar of the Blessed Mother, with its flowers and lights, was the center of attraction. On it rested the same statue before which the scene was enacted of the finding of the Christians by Father Petitjean in 1865. At least 20,000 Japanese Christians took part in the recent celebration. Some of these came a great distance and at great inconvenience.

We may not have the largest community of Catholics in Asia, but I sometimes think we have our share of the devotion. There is no crime among them. They are good and pious and fervent, and what we lack in quantity we have in quality."

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The "Bishop of the Blessed Sacrament."

(*Bishop Maes of Covington.*)

III.—VISIT.

To the hearing of Mass and frequent Communion, the Bishop urged a third great duty in regard to the Blessed Sacrament. That reproach of St. John's "There hath stood one in the midst of you whom you knew not," made him an apostle in his zeal to further devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, especially by frequent visits. "Why," he cried out, "does Christ live day and night in the Tabernacle in the Sacrament of His Love? To be at your disposition! Why does He hide His Divinity and veil His Sacred Humanity? That you may go to Him with less fear and more confidence, remembering that He annihilates Himself out of love for you."

"When on your way to work at early dawn, if you can not tarry long enough to enjoy the blessing of assisting at Holy Mass, do not deny yourself the graces and Jesus the consolation of a short morning greeting to Him. Step into the church for a few minutes; tell Him that you love Him, that out of love for Him you are going to do your daily task; that out of love for Him you will avoid every thought, word or act that might displease Him, and ask Him to bless your resolutions and make them efficacious. And when the day is spent, when in obedience to the decree of God you have 'earned your bread in the sweat of your brow,' before you go home to enjoy its peaceful life and the well-earned rest, call again at the church and converse a few moments with the God of your heart. You never tire of the company of your loved ones; your true friends become better by frequent meetings. Visit our dear Lord often and He will grow upon you; you will feel His presence; your insensibility to grace will disappear;

the love of Jesus Christ will influence you and come home to you; Jesus will become your dearest friend, and the moments you will spend at the foot of the altar will be daily glimpses of heavenly light ... My God! what a useful, pure, and noble life we will lead when we know Thee thus intimately!"

And then that lonely complaint from the broken heart of Jesus, "Couldst thou not watch one hour with me?" never lost any of its pathos to our beloved Bishop. O! the many churches, and the few worshipers! Must Jesus remain there alone in the midst of His very own? Should we not make it a duty to visit Him often, to remain there even day and night? And because for the multitude this were not possible, the Bishop rejoiced in the fact that in Convents He is rarely left alone, and comforted himself with the hope that the prayers and praise there offered to the Eucharistic King brought grace and blessings to us all.

To see Bishop Maes before the Blessed Sacrament was a prayer; it was to realize what he understood by the oft-repeated words "our dear Lord in the Sacrament of His Love." One who knew and appreciated the Bishop, writes: "The Bishop building his stately Cathedral, the pastor gathering his flock to feed them on the honeyed words of infallible truth; the confessor tactfully opening the wounds of sin to heal them forever; the pleader for the Hidden Christ of the Eucharist—there let us pause, for his attitude before the altar of God is the highest, holiest picture in our memory of this great man."

Perhaps to some on whom rests the weary burden of life, to some who, though their need be never so great, have nothing to say to the Lonely Prisoner of the Tabernacle, these beautiful words of our Bishop may bring some light, impart some devotion, give some incitement to visit the Blessed Sacrament, there to plead for the graces so gravely needed and yet so little understood.

"You find time for temporal business, for useless visits, for calls that are dangerous, for hours of uncharitable conversation, hours of insecure reading; time for theater

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and amusements — you find time for everything, but you seldom think of visiting Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

“What shall I do?” say you. Have you no heart? have you no troubles, no difficulties, no trials? And who but Jesus can so efficaciously help you? Hear Him invite you: ‘Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you.’

“Pride of intellect rebels against the mysteries of Faith, revolts against the darkness of the understanding, and threatens to rob you of your faith. Come to Jesus Eucharistic; a flood of light will be poured into your mind: He will confirm you in the faith.

“Duties of position seem to conflict, to make it impossible to live up to your duties of Christian and you are tempted to forego the latter. You cannot keep up in business without temptations of injustice. Come to Jesus; He will teach you how to act.

“Your passions assert their power over your will; you almost despair of overcoming them; you daily fall into sin. Come to Jesus; acknowledge your weakness: He will strengthen you.

“The sorrows of life gnaw at your heart, embittering domestic life. Come to Jesus: He will give you the balm of consolation.

“New Monicas, you who deplore the irreligion of your husband, the bad conduct of your son. Come to Jesus, He will hear you.

“Sickness, misfortune follow you through life. Come to Jesus: He will make you understand the mystery of the Cross, He will save you from despair.

“With what joy you would have followed Jesus when on earth! He is more to you now, more of God in the Holy Eucharist, than He was then; hence, visit Him often at Mass, Holy Communion, in visits to the Blessed Sacrament!”



In the House of God.

If we are going to make a formal call on some one, and especially if that "some one" is a person in authority, we are eager, to appear at our best, to act and to speak according to the usual rules in such cases, and not to seem in any way awkward or ignorant.

We know that there is a special etiquette to be observed in approaching the Holy Father in the Vatican. The Catholic Church is the solemn court of the King of kings, from whom all power proceeds and before whom the angels veil their faces with their wings. Surely, then, we have certain ceremonies to observe in the churches that are His palace-homes, certain rules to follow, a certain holy etiquette to maintain.

First, we ought to enter and leave God's holy house silently and reverently. We should not rush in at the last moment just as Mass begins, to hurry out as soon as Mass is done, without having the decency to wait until the priest has left the altar. We should not bow to an acquaintance here and chat with a friend there, as though we were actually anxious to spend as brief a time as possible with our best friend, Jesus Christ.

Secondly, we must center our whole mind upon our act of worship and prayer. We should carefully avoid the reprehensible habit of whispering and looking about us. Why should there be need to caution any Catholic against this serious breach of good manners and good morals in God's house? Shame and pride if no higher motives ought to keep a well-bred Catholic silent there. If we have remarks to make, they should be reserved until we are outside the sacred place.

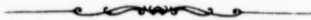
Thirdly, at the Consecration and Holy Communion our reverence and devotion should be increased and carefully shown. When we go to Holy Communion we should be neither too swift nor too slow in approaching the altar rail. There is time enough. Why, if the railing is full, do people kneel down at the very head of

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the aisle? Why not pass straight on to form a row of waiting communicants to take at once the places of the first, instead of blocking up the aisles as though we had not sense. It is because we do not think enough of the true reverence that makes all other things yield to the presence of the King. Let us approach Him with our ungloved hands humbly folded on our hearts, not swinging at our sides, not pointed downward, but resting on the heart into which He is about to come. If there are only a few communicants, let us take pains to kneel as close to the altar gates as we can, and not oblige the priest to carry our Sacramental Lord from one end of the sanctuary to another because we will not take a few humble reverent steps to meet Our God. Let us not delay too long at the altar, but return quietly to our places, and then let us remain as long as we can in prayer and thanksgiving with Jesus Christ.

Can we receive Him into our hearts and then rush heedlessly into the street to talk and chatter, while He still abides within us, longing to have us talk all alone with Him.

How mortified we are if we commit, by mistake, some fault against the world's ways and rules, in so-called society; if we make some error in grammar or pronunciation; if we are not dressed in the style of the day, or if we have not learned some passing fad like a new handshake or the latest bow. And meanwhile how must these follies look to the clear-eyed angels in our great King's court, when they contrast them with our strange carelessness, our boorishness, our insolence in His presence who knows all things and can do all things, and who has made us, poor finite beings that we are, out of a very little dust.



Guard of Honor

OF THE

The Blessed Sacrament

(Extract from the Sermon preached to the "Guards of the Blessed Sacrament," by the Spiritual Director, at the February meeting.)

The old king David, that intrepid soldier, who in the midst of his prophetic visions and his inspired poetical songs, had found time and means to fight so many favorable battles, was at the point of death. Calling his son, Salomon, he addressed to him these memorable words: "Be a man of courage!"

I will not astonish you, dear Guards, by telling that strength of soul and courage are necessary to prove oneself truly Christian, even in a land of faith. The baptized ones who do not dare to make public profession of their Christianity are not rare. They are well nigh legion in the Christian society. They believe in Our Lord Jesus Christ; they adore Him in the interior of their soul, because this adoration can give offense to no one. They even do that which is strictly essential, that which everybody does, because it is the custom and they would be looked upon with an evil eye if they dared to act contrary to the established customs.

But to declare themselves Christians in public life and to behave as such everywhere and always; to bend humbly before the priest to obtain pardon for their sins, then to come and kneel frequently at the Holy Table to unite themselves to their God. Oh! that is too much to ask of them; that would be acting otherwise than the ordinary, the common people and they are afraid of compromising themselves, of passing for women, of becoming the butt for the sarcasms of unworthy friends. Ah! they lack courage! Remember always, dear Guards, to be a true Christian you must be a man of courage.

But a Guard of the Blessed Sacrament must also be a soldier, and for that courage is no less necessary.

It does not suffice, indeed, to possess, to love virtue, to believe in the teachings of Our Lord Jesus Christ; it is necessary, moreover, to defend them because, here below, the destiny of truth and justice is to be constantly attacked, warred against and persecuted. But, for the Christian, all these things which are truth, justice, virtue are summed up in a well-known word which we pronounce only with love and veneration: The Holy Catholic Church.

Beloved Guards, you will be the soldiers of the Holy Church. You will defend it, for it is your mother and it is the duty of a son to defend his mother. You will defend it for it is the fatherland of your soul, and you will do so just as a courageous citizen devotes himself to his fatherland. You will defend it, since it is warred against to-day as much and probably more than ever in the course of the ages.

Remember that the enemies of the Church pursue with special hatred the Sacrament of the Altar because, with diabolic clairvoyance, they know well that Christ, as Man, is only there on earth, and is truly there as in a prison. Therefore, it is there that they seek to injure Him. You have in this satanic hatred the explanation of so many heinous crimes and frightful sacrileges perpetrated here and there against the Holy Eucharist. It is then evident that the legions of hell have been organized against God and especially against the Blessed Eucharist. Against it we have organized the chivalry of Christ, the chivalry of the Blessed Eucharist. Knights of Christ! Guards of the Blessed Sacrament! Ah! what beautiful names!

The knight of heroic times was beautiful when, on his proud steed, completely barded with iron, he rushed forth into the tick of the fray, cutting and thrusting, mowing down like ripe wheat the Musulman bands who fled distracted across the plain. They always pushed ahead; they did not count the enemy; one against ten,

one against hundred! that mattered little, enthusiasm led them to victory.

Knight without fear and without reproach that should be the name of every true Guard of the Blessed Sacrament! And since the war cry of the enemies of God is that of the rebel Jews: "We do not wish Him to rule over us;" our own battle cry will be that of the Apostle: "It is necessary that Christ should reign," and He will reign over you and over the world, since your earnest desire as Guard of the Blessed Sacrament is to be soldiers of Christ.

But, where will you find the great secret of your energy and courage? In Holy Communion, dear Guards, and nowhere else. Outside of Holy Communion there are, in the life of a Christian, only alternations of strength and weakness, generous resolutions and deplorable falls. And there is not wherewith to wonder; when one is separated from Christ he is separated from the source of life and energy. Hence, the moral anaemia of so many souls who neglect Holy Communion.

On the contrary, the full and overflowing life, the indomitable strength which does not know to turn its back against the enemies of God and of the soul, who does not wish to capitulate in the presence of duty are the share of the faithful communicant. When a Guard has rested a while on the breast of his Master, when he has felt the Heart of Jesus beating against his own; when He has heard Christ Himself saying to him in the depths of his soul: "Arise and walk!" immediately the communicant rises, renewed and fortified, ready for duty, ready for strife, ready to do anything for the sake of Christ.

Therefore, dearly-beloved Friends, be the communicants of Christ and you will be convinced Christians, brave soldiers of the Holy Church, Knights valiant and strong of the Eucharist, true Guards of your God and Master dwelling in the Sacrament of His Love and, if it would be necessary, you will know how to become heroes and martyrs.

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SUBJECT OF ADORATION

ST. JOSEPH AND THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

I. ADORATION.

Let us adore our Divine Saviour hidden in the sacred memorial of His love; and let our poor unworthy worship be united with that of the perfect model of adorers Saint Joseph. Adoration is the homage of our entire being. It is a whole-burnt offering of mind and heart of will and body; the royal tribute of knowledge and love, of freedom and action. The mind, awe-smitten at the sight of the unspeakable Majesty of God, bows down in humble acknowledgment of His surpassing excellence and perfections; the heart, thrilled in presence of His incomparable beauty and goodness, lovingly dwells upon His perfections and unselfishly thanks Him, not for favors and blessings, but sheerly because of His great glory; the will deliberately chooses this sovereign Good, resolved to sacrifice all rather than lose It; and the body, moved by the higher faculties, works gladly and tirelessly for His service and interests. Such is perfect adoration.

Now, our Blessed Lady alone excepted, no saint of earth, no spirit of heaven, ever knew so intimately, or loved so burningly, our Divine Lord as His own dear Foster-Father: none chose with greater willingness to love and serve Jesus, nor toiled with more delight for His sake, than the lowly carpenter of Nazareth. Truly then, there was never a more perfect adorer of Jesus than Saint Joseph. His whole life appears as one ceaseless adoration.

From the moment the light of the mystery of Mary's fruitful virginity dawned upon his mind darkened by doubt, until he breathed forth his lily soul under the eyes of Jesus and Mary, our dear Saint never ceased to center all his thoughts and affections on his divine Foster-Child.

Before the royal Magi cast at Jesus' feet the treasures of the East; before the shepherds offered Him the simpler tribute of their affectionate wonder; before the adoring angels filled the midnight sky with their rejoicings, St Joseph had already knelt beside the straw-crib and poured forth to Mary's new born Babe the homage of rapturous love and self-surrender. In Egypt and at Nazareth St Jo-

seph continued his loving adoration, sweetening thereby his long days of hard and bitter labor. Let us likewise be assiduous in our visits to Jesus amid the worries and cares that harass us daily. Let us, this month, meditate on St Joseph's adoration of Jesus at Bethlehem and Nazareth, remembering that the wonderful humility of our Savior's hidden life is the key to the unutterable condescension of His Eucharistic life.

II. THANKSGIVING.

Let us thank our Divine Lord, here present, for the sublime graces and privileges granted our Saint. Joseph is the Foster-Father of Jesus and this is his highest dignity, the fountainhead of all his glories. Jesus chose the unknown joiner of ill-reputed Nazareth for the loftiest mission on earth. Men adopt children, but Jesus adopted a father. Jesus loved the sweet title "Son of Joseph" by which men knew Him. His very Mother reminds Him "Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." Joseph is besides the husband of Mary, the protector of her spotless virginity and of her fair name. He is the head of that earthly shadow of the Blessed Trinity, the little family of Nazareth. He is the provider of their daily needs, their visible Providence. What wonderful privileges are these! Yet, in truth, must we be thankful only for the graces bestowed on Saint Joseph? What of ourselves? What have we to envy our great Saint? He, indeed, could behold with bodily eyes the Word Incarnate, could take Him in his arms and press Him to his heart, but more was not granted Him. He could not receive corporally in his fatherly heart the very Body and Blood of Jesus; he had not the inestimable privilege of assisting daily at the Sacrifice of Calvary bloodlessly renewed.

Let us then thank Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament for the real preference given us unworthy sinners. But let us not forget to thank Saint Joseph for his part in the great Gift. He it was who prepared the Victim of our Altars, defending Him, caring for Him, nourishing and strengthening Him for the great Sacrifice of Calvary...

III. REPARATION.

Every true adorer of Jesus must feel his heart overwhelmed with sorrow when he beholds the insults and outrages inflicted upon the person of his beloved Master. So it was with our dear Saint. His tender fatherly heart was rent with grief when he saw his Lord and King come into this world in the chilly dampness of a hill cave,

because, forsooth, the inhabitants of Bethlehem had no room for Him within their town; when he saw the helpless Babe doomed to death by an impious tyrant, and only saved from destruction by a precipitous flight into pagan Egypt; and when his tearful eyes beheld the way the rude folk of Nazareth treated their Incarnate Savior. He sought by increased attention and more eager service to make Jesus forget this unworthy treatment of men, pleading on their behalf for mercy and pardon, seeking to excuse their wickedness on the plea of ignorance or thoughtlessness. Here again St Joseph shines forth as our perfect model. We too, have much to be sorry for, much to repair for in our own conduct towards Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, as well as in that of others. How do we treat the Prisoner of Love, dwelling night and day in his narrow palace-cell solely for our sakes? With what joyfulness, what eagerness, what fervor do we receive our king when He deigns to become our Guest? All this carelessness, negligence and irreverence require reparation, for we have thereby robbed our Lord of that honor which is His due. Then again, we must humbly ask pardon of Jesus for the countless insults, blasphemies and sacrileges He is obliged to suffer daily simply because His immense love for us makes Him so weak and defenceless in the Blessed Sacrament.

Let us, His friends and adorers, make fitting reparation to our Eucharistic King for all these and innumerable other insults and injuries, especially for the horrible sacrileges and profanations of His holy temples during this dreadful war.

IV. PRAYER.

Prayer blossoms and bears its choicest fruit in the congenial soil of solitude and silence. Like the humble violet it shuns the glare of the noonday sun, and hides its delicate beauty and fragrance in dark unvisited spots.

St Joseph's calm and peaceful days in the workshop of Nazareth were all pervaded with the spirit of prayer. Not only did He adore, praise and thank the divine Child with whom he lived and labored; he also prayed unceasingly for the salvation of souls, for the triumph of his Foster-Son Jesus, for the spread of that glorious religion soon to be planted and watered with the Blood of Calvary, for the destruction of error and the conversion of his own nation and of all peoples to Jesus Christ.

Such we may be sure were the chief intentions of Saint Joseph's unselfish prayers, and such should be our own intentions during our adoration. Let us ask our dear Saint to give us a share in his beautiful spirit of persevering prayer. Let us pray to him frequently and confidently; he can obtain for us whatever we request of him. He is all-powerful in heaven as he was on earth; Jesus and Mary still obey him as in the days when he was head of the little family at Nazareth.

Let us ask of him those qualities and virtues which made him a perfect model of adorers, his unwavering faith that never fainted or failed although he lived in an atmosphere of mystery; his spotless purity which causes him to be represented with a lily in his hand; his silent recollection—not a single word of Joseph's is recorded in the Gospels,—finally his blind obedience to God's Holy Will, in whatever manner it was made known to him. Let us always try to imitate these his characteristic virtues, and he will repay us with his powerful protection during life, and at the tremendous hour of death.

VIRTUES

It is, indeed, a difficult thing to acquire a Christian virtue. But, now, in Holy Communion Jesus forms Himself in us, becomes our Master. How easy is humility when we have communicated, when we have seen the God of glory humbling Himself so far! How easy is gentleness under the actions of the tender kindness of Jesus giving himself to us in the sweetness of His Heart! How beautiful the dear neighbor becomes in our eyes, when we behold him feeding on the same Bread of life, seated at the same Divine Table and loved with so much effusion by Jesus Christ. Penance, mortification and sacrifice lose their bitterness when we have received Jesus crucified!

(*Ven. Peter-Julian Eymard.*)

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The Priest's Vestments

How many people are there who know the names of the vestments the priest wears at Mass, and that each one has a special significance?

Paste this in your scrap book, or better still, fix it in your memory:

1. The amice is a white linen veil, which the priest puts on over his head and shoulders. It represents the veil with which the Jews covered the face of Jesus when they struck Him.

2. The alb is a long white linen garment which reaches to the feet of the priest. It represents the white robe that Herod in mockery put upon our Lord.

3. The cincture, or girdle, is the cord tied around the waist to hold up the alb. It represents the cords with which Christ was bound.

4. The maniple, worn on the left arm, represents the chains put upon our Lord, and also the handkerchief with which Veronica wiped His face.

5. The stole is a narrow band which hangs down from the neck and is crossed on the priest's breast. It represents the cords with which our Lord's neck was bound after His condemnation. It is also the distinct sign of the priestly office and is used in many other ceremonies and blessings.

6. The chasuble, or outer vestment, covers the body of the celebrant, and represents the garment with which Christ was clothed in Pilate's court. The large cross upon the chasuble reminds us of the cross placed upon Christ's shoulders. At Solemn Mass, the deacon and sub-deacon wear vestments, called dalmatics, which resemble the chasuble worn by the celebrant of the Mass.

Saint Patrick

Exalted o'er those sanctities,
That thrones less lofty claim,
Thy brow is crowned with living stars
That feed their borrowed flame
On thy vast blaze of haloed light,
Great Saint of Erin's fame!

Most glorious of the sainted throng,
Whose life outshineth thine ?
Who won to Christ more ransomed souls,
Or smote with might divine
More fiends that fought to crush the truth
Set forth in triune sign ?

Within those heights of ceaseless song,
No heart with love of God
As thine e'er glowed so fiercely white,
No holier feet e'er trod,
In shepherd search for strayful souls,
Earth's sin-polluted sod.

Not vain those sighful toils and prayers!
The faith thy lips revealed
Like linkèd mail clasps Ireland's heart
To false enticements steeled,
And oft in blood her hallowed trust,
Still unbetrayed, she sealed.

Her children from the rugged path
Of Truth have never swerved,
When tyrants foamed and tempters lured,
No meaner gods they served,
But cheerly welcomed rope and rack
By thee to tortures nerved.

'Neath every star that throbs in heaven,
Strong hearts and true, today,
In loyal love united, raise
To thee a rapturous lay;
And still, with proud and hopeful tears,
For noble Ireland pray.

D. F. S, S. S. S.

THE HILLS OF NAZARETH

The name of Joseph comes before us for the first time in the sacred narrative as "the husband of Mary of whom was born Jesus," and through him our Lord Himself is connected with the holy line from which the promised Saviour was to descend. Joseph was gradually growing in years and approaching middle life in his retired and quiet home at Bethlehem. His days were passed devoutly, and in their flight no detail of the law was neglected. Years ago when ministering in the Temple, Mary had vowed her virginity to God. The Creator alone was to be her Spouse and possess her Immaculate Heart. Now, however in the designs of the Most High she will soon need a kind and faithful protector for herself and her Child.

This maiden will one day be a mother and remain a virgin. The vow which almost as an infant she laid at the foot of the altar will be kept, and yet she will be crowned with the highest dignity that even God can bestow; she will be crowned with the dignity of a Divine Motherhood. Who then will be chosen to protect her fair name, to guard her honor? To the humble carpenter of Bethlehem came the call; and of Joseph we can say: "The bridegroom shall rejoice over the bride, and thy God shall rejoice over thee. These shall be perfect and without spot before the Lord thy God."

Later on when the Babe of Bethlehem is born and the dark days of Egyptian exile are over, when Mary in the quiet Galilean home carries in her arms the Divine Child who nestles trustingly on her breast, tell the simple Nazarenes that the Child is the Son of God and that the Mother is a Virgin; tell them that Mary is she of whom Isaias said: "A Virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son and His name shall be called Emmanuel," and they will laugh you to scorn. If Joseph is not there as the young Mother's husband and her Child's father in the eyes of men, that spotless maid will be led forth

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outside the walls and stoned to death, and her Child will be marked for life with the stigma of disgrace. What a glory this! What a privilege to have protected from dishonor her whom the King would honor; to have guarded the fair name of the Child! This then is St. Joseph's glory and the reason of our devotion to him, that he is Mary's Spouse and the Foster-Father of our Blessed Saviour.

How rich in heavenly gifts, therefore must Joseph have been to be found worthy of being the husband of Mary! Yet it is quite natural that in virtue of this office, God should have made him rich beyond all telling in spiritual favors.

Joseph was also the Foster-Father of our Saviour. Years ago Mary had offered her pure heart to God by her vow of virginity. Thus our Lord could have no natural earthly father. And yet to Joseph was granted every privilege and right of a natural father of her Divine Son compatible with the vow of earlier years. The paternity of St. Joseph was no mere title, no empty honor. In his heart was all the affection and all the love of a father for his Child. In virtue of his office he became the representative of the Heavenly Father and to him clung the shadow of the Eternal Father's incommunicable Paternity. After Mary's love for the Babe of Bethlehem and for the boy of Nazareth there is no warmer love than that which burns in the heart of Joseph. With what truth may be applied to him the words of the Book of Proverbs; "The keeper of His Master shall be glorified."

Happy, indeed, were all the peaceful years which followed the return of the Holy Family from Jerusalem. How the angels must have worshiped in that home from the flush of dawn till darkening twilight and on through the silent watches of the night.

The years in the quiet home were swiftly running by; and Joseph is looking with dimming and expectant eyes towards the tomb. His life has been a happy one. It had not been without its crosses; but the cross is ever found with Jesus and Mary; and crosses are the gifts of the Sacred Heart to His closest friends.

Strange that one so near the source of strength could grow weak; that one so near Him who is "the Life" should die.

There have been many death-bed scenes in the world, but never a death like this. Dying, Joseph will read in Mary's eyes her gratitude and love. How happy their life had been because they both had toiled and labored for Jesus! No life that is lived for Him can be aught but happy.

Again our dying saint will turn and look into the face of our Blessed Saviour. In those eyes he had read love years ago, but never did that love seem so deep and so tender as now; never have human eyes shone with such warm love and melting tenderness, as did the eyes of that loving Son looking into the white face of His dying Foster-Father. Joseph speaks for the last time. His face lights up and his eyes are fixed upon the brightening countenance of our Blessed Saviour, and on it Joseph sees a look of love and a smile of welcome such as he had never seen before through all the years of intimacy. "Jesus, Mary!" he feebly whispers once more and as he pronounces Mary's sweet name the lips of Jesus touch him and Joseph dies in the kiss of the Lord. We, too, shall die. May we die the death of the just and may our going forth be like to that of Joseph in the presence of Jesus and Mary, with their sweet names on our dying lips!

Whenever thou findest that in some matter thou hast fallen, immediately turn thy soul with humble confidence to thy most merciful Lord God; take hold of His most kind hand, which is always stretched out to help thee when thou returnest to Him; kiss that loving hand, and be of good cheer.

Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of Our Lord is to be true to His Name.

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WHY DOES HE RESIDE THERE?

Let us for a moment direct our view to the holy tabernacle, which has been for ages and will be to the end of time the self-elected abode of the Incarnate Word. Why does He reside there if not to impart to us a share in His divine love for His Father? Why does He give Himself to us in the adorable Eucharist unless to render us participators in His life, the life of love? "He," said He, "that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in me and I in him." Can Jesus abide in us without communicating a spark of the love which consumes Him? And can we abide in Him unless we endeavor to nourish the fire He has kindled? When we approach the holy table our prayer should be: "Remember, O Lord! thy object in coming on earth and residing still among us. I present myself to receive into my soul the sacred fire thou didst bring from heaven, that fire which I believe to be Thyself—For thy apostle tells me that 'God is charity,' and Moses has declared that 'God is a consuming fire.' In receiving thee I receive not merely a spark from the fire of charity but its undivided substance; why, then O my Saviour! am I insensible to its action? Thou desirest that it should consume my being, and my most ardent aspirations coincide with Thine; what, then, O Lord! can impede the fulfilment of Thy designs?" But the sincerity of such expressions is proved only by a cordial hatred of self-love and a practical determination to pursue it to destruction.

If our object in visiting the most Holy Sacrament were to renew our love for Jesus Christ, to expose our souls to the eternal sun of charity, that they might imbibe the ardors reflected from its burning rays, we should derive from such visits blessed effects, sometimes sensible and always real, and gradually our tepid hearts would be transformed into the glowing hearts of seraphim. We can surely draw near the fire with a simple view to participate in its heat; we can remain in its vicinity, to receive its action, which will be more vigorous in proportion as our own is repressed. But here, again, self-love interposes to baffle the intentions of our Redeemer. We

visit Jesus Christ in His tabernacle to treat of our own interests, not of the interests of His glory. We often bring to His feet a heart attached to creatures; a heart swelling with pride and arrogance, or burning with envy and rancor; a heart carried away by levity and dissipation, or overflowing with unmortified desires and unsubdued feelings; a heart agitated with many plans, disturbed with many cares, void of the Spirit of God, ignorant even of the meaning of prayer, and unwilling to acquire a knowledge of the heavenly science; a heart whose affections are either centred in self or, at best, divided with God. In our visits to the altar we seek only to satiate our thirst for heavenly consolation; the sweet and tender emotions of love we rejoice in, but its painful and crucifying operations we will not submit to, forgetting that the property of fire is to divide while it penetrates its object, to transform into itself while it destroys the substance on which it feeds.

PRAY FOR THE POPE

The Intention of the League of the Sacred Heart is "Our Holy Father the Pope."

There is infinite pathos in the great Emperor of Earth asking his children's prayers for him.

At all times, the cares of the papacy are measureless. The Holy Father has to see to the maintenance of the integrity of the body of doctrine. He has to guide the myriades of rulers in spiritual affairs in every land. He has to see to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ. He has to reward and rebuke fearlessly. He has his own soul and the souls of Christendom to rule and guide.

Here are cares that would "sink a navy." Now he has the most awful war of all times to prudently cope with. Enemies watch for semblances of favoritism to his own children of many lands in the field and falsely argue against his neutrality, try to annoy him in misrepresentation and abuse. So we should join our prayers that will ascend as perfume to the skies for the ruler who has his empire from the Eternal King Himself.

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THE SOLDIER PRIEST'S MASS

Father Giveline, after devoted service in one of our big Parisian Institutes, under the direction of Father Escousin, who is forming therein a regiment of heroes—as the records of the order in the army show — went to Rome to take his degrees at the Roman College. There the declaration of war surprised him.

He returned at once to France and wrote to Father Escousin: "Here I am a soldier priest, fully resolved to do my duty, but much more a priest than a soldier. If I am to be wounded or killed, pray God, it be in the exercise of my priestly ministry rather than that of a combatant. I would very much rather give my own blood than shed that of the enemy; if consistent with my duty, I do not want to kill."

Evidently our young soldier-priest did not spare himself for always in the lead, inciting his fellow-soldiers to bravery he was soon promoted to the rank of Sergeant, then Adjutant and afterwards Lieutenant.

One day the Colonel called the regiment where Lieutenant Giveline served saying: "My men, we are ordered to attack the front trenches. I know I can depend on you all."

"Colonel," responded Lieutenant Giveline, "with all our heart we will obey the command and do our best to win; but I am a priest, allow me to give absolution to the men who desire it."

With a start of surprise, the Colonel answered: "as you wish."

The Lieutenant advanced, faced the soldiers, and in a voice vibrant with many emotions said: "Brothers, in a few minutes we are going to attack the front trenches, let those who wish to make their peace with God before the critical venture kneel down; I am a priest and will give them absolution."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the whole regiment as one man, knelt and made the sign of the Cross, while the priest his hand raised in blessing pronounced the words of pardon. When they rose Lieutenant Giveline was again their inspiration and sword in hand lead them to meet the enemy.

The trench was taken amidst general rejoicing and the Lieutenant and his brave men entered into possession. Those sturdy soldiers of his had not waited for that feat to give him all their confidence, from the very beginning officers and men liked and trusted him; even the captain often shared his quarters.

The next day, from his conquered post, Lieutenant Giveline saw a little church spared by the bombs: "Captain, if I could go there and say my Mass how happy I would be. — I think you could. — Will you be my acolyte? — Willingly."

They set out and fortunately escaped the stray bombs again beginning their deadly work. Father Giveline entered the little sacristy abandoned for months and robbed for Mass; his vestments were of the sheerest, as space was limited. As he lifted the stole a bomb crashed through the window and broke the communion rail in half.

"Will you say your Mass just the same?" queried the Captain in an awe-struck whisper.

"Are you still willing to serve me?"

"Certainly."

Together they advanced to the altar, the soldier-priest praying: My God, if I am to be wounded may it be as priest and not as soldier.

* * *

Mass begins. The bombs whistle right and left of the edifice but do not strike it.

At the Offertory, the priest lifting up the paten offers himself to God with the host about to become the salutary oblation for the living and the dead. This offering he makes with all the fervor of his priestly heart, uniting the gift of himself to that of the sacrifice. At this very

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moment a bomb explodes on the altar, reduces it to powder, overthrows priest and captain, leaving only the Tabernacle standing.

The Captain is the first to recover, he is not wounded; the priest, bathed in blood, helped by the Captain, with difficulty gets to his feet. Fragments of the deadly missile have inflicted three ugly scalp wounds and broken his arm in two places.

"Can you walk to the ambulance? — Yes, Captain, if you will kindly lead me for this blood blinds me. — Would it be possible to take off your vestments? — No, it's impossible. Moreover I am glad to go as priest to the ambulance"... glad?...

And the Captain gazed in amazement at this wounded soldier-priest whose eyes shone with supernatural light. "You do not know Captain, you cannot know how happy I am! Do not question me but let us recite the Magnificat, each a stanza in turn, as we walk along."

And he began: "Magnificat anima mea Dominum! My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced".....

The beautiful hymn goes on to the end, for the ambulance they thought so near, had been obliged to move further away from the threatening bombs, and they only reached it after the Gloria Patri.

That was an indescribable moment.

"Our Lieutenant! In priestly vestments. He was wounded saying Mass. Is it serious?".....

And he, radiant, calm and serene gently said: "Do not be anxious about me, I am not the first you have seen wounded. It is not serious, I do not suffer."

The vestments drenched with blood are taken off with infinite care, the white alb is forever empurpled.

The Doctors pronounce it a very serious case requiring three operations on the head immediately. After that the arm would be attended too.

"Please treat my arm, specially, for if I live, I must be able to say my Mass."

Priest! Priest before all! Priest above all and forever! Father Giveline underwent the painful operation, with a smile on his lips; his soul united to God in the ineffable joy of a voluntary and blessed sacrifice.

* * *

... A few days ago Father Escousin was informed his friend, Lieutenant Giveline would pass Aubervilliers at four in the morning, on a train bearing the seriously wounded; he set out, on foot at two, in the darkness of the night, arrived at the station in good time, and soon saw his poor mutilated priest-soldier, weak and unrecognizable, but the Doctors said they hoped to save him, and afforded Father Escousin the consolation of keeping him in Paris, by placing him in the hospital of the Brothers of St. Jean de Dieu.

Father Escousin after finishing this tale, opened a box he had and drew out the vestments of the soldier-priest, the alb, chasuble, amice, maniple, stole all dyed with blood, mute witnesses of heroism and faith, testifying to the fervor of the priest and the intrepidity of the soldier.

In the intimacy of a pious conversation, Father Escousin, asked his wounded friend: "when you were struck when you fell at the foot of the Tabernacle, were you fully conscious?— I was perfectly lucid, — How did the awful shock affect you?— I was gald, it was so sweet to feel God had heard my prayer."

Today Father Giveline, the priest soldier is convalescing; he will return to the front, when he is able, more a priest than ever, keeping in his heart the interior joy of a sacrifice blessed by heaven.

Y. D'ISNE.

THE BAPTISM OF ST PATRICK

St. Patrick was one of those upon whom God set His seal, even in infancy, manifesting by miraculous gifts and favours the designs which He had formed concerning him. The priest to whom the child was brought for baptism was blind, and no water could be procured for the sacrament; by a sudden inspiration the priest took the hand of the infant, and with it made the sign of the Cross upon the ground; forthwith a fountain broke forth, in which the priest baptized the child; then, washing his own eyes in the miraculous waters, his sight was restored.

"How can the babe baptized be
Where font is none and water none?"
Thus wept the nurse on bended knee,
And swayed the infant in the sun.

'The blind priest took that Infant's hand:
With that small hand above the ground
He signed the Cross. At God's command
A fountain rose with brimming bound.

In that pure wave, from Adam's sin
The blind priest cleansed the Babe with awe;
Then, reverently, he washed therein
His old, unseeing face, and saw!

He saw the earth; he saw the skies,
And that all-wondrous Child decreed
A pagan nation to baptize,
And give the Gentiles light indeed.'

Thus Secknall sang. Far off and nigh
The clansmen shouted loud and long;
While every mother tossed more high
Her babe, and, glorying, joined the song.

AUBREY DE VERE.

"THE STANDING ARMY"

Nearly every parish has one.

Are the priests proud of the "standing army?" Not so that you could notice it. They are doing their utmost to disband it. Observant Catholics have seen this "awkward squad" that rouses the pastor's ire, or his "Irish" as the case may be.

The church-door on Sunday mornings is its parade-ground, or some convenient nook or cranny just inside the door, from whence the last ones in, may be the first ones out. Mass has been going on for several minutes before the first straggler appears. As the squad increases, its members are seen to be chiefly young men, whose eyes drowsily declare that they were among those present, when the Saturday night dance ushered in Sunday morning. They are at Mass, but not to adore the Body and Blood of Christ.

"They drop on one knee, or take a crouching position, like sharpshooters on a skirmish line," said the justly indignant pastor who dubbed them the "standing army."

The priest is not a "crank," when he insists that we should assist at Mass with interior piety, and outward respect. It is his duty to order the straggler away from the door, to come on time, and to kneel in the pew where he may hear Mass devoutly. Kneel down at Mass, young man, every Sunday and holy day. Stand up for the Church and her doctrines, when she is attacked by those who know her not.