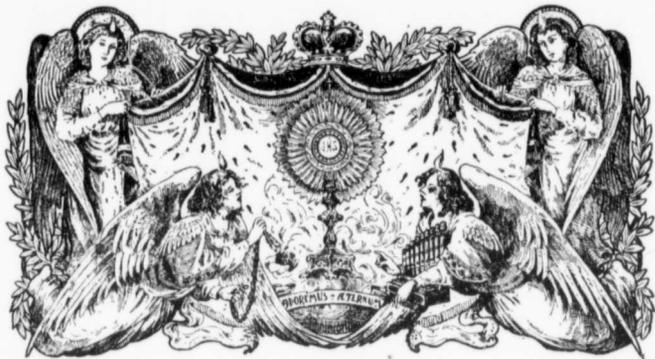


Mary Immaculate.



GLORY TO GOD.

*I*n the midnight's solemn silence,  
 While the shepherds watch afar,  
 On a sudden glows the radiance  
 Of the wondrous Christmas star.

Hark ! amid its silvery gleaming,  
 Angel voices from above  
 Bring to man the happy tidings,  
 Full the measure of God's love.

To the tiny, slumb'ring Infant,  
 Nestled 'gainst His Mother's breast ;  
 For though Lord of earth and heaven,  
 As the Saviour, He must rest.

See, the sound of heav'nly music  
 Wakes the Blessed Babe so fair,  
 And His Infant hand He stretches  
 Forth to bless the shepherds there.

Now these watchers of the hillside  
 Down in adoration kneel.  
 God hath granted to the lowly  
 First His blissful love to feel !

## Particular Practice for the Month of December.

Our duties towards the Blessed Eucharist.

Sixth Duty : To Study It.



WHY are we in this world ? Our Catechism tells us in order to know God, to love and serve Him and thereby gain eternal life. First of all, we must know God, because only knowledge will make love spring up in our hearts. And to attain this knowledge we must study ; otherwise it would be like trying to kindle a light without the help of another light ; in like manner the light of our intellect must be ignited at the flame of study. We must study God. Vast ambition ! God dwells in an inaccessible light. He veils Himself from our mortal eyes, we can scarcely lift them to Him because of the dazzling splendour of His surroundings.

Creation shows us the magnificent variety of His attributes ; nevertheless, we do not see Him. He is almost as hidden under nature's veil as in the sanctuary of His inaccessible essence, almost as incomprehensible in His exterior operations as in His exterior perfections. In the Sacred Scriptures, His authentic word, do we see Him more clearly ? Those pages were written in order to be a book more easily read than that of nature ; in order to enlighten our soul in a more clear and sympathetic manner.

Even so we do not understand them : they seem to us like the ancient terrestrial paradise in whose fragrant avenues the Lord walked at eventide ; we hear Him, we realize His presence, nevertheless, we do not know Him.

Yes, God's good pleasure and wish is to hide Himself from our corporal eyes ; nevertheless, we should know Him. Moreover, He desires to be known. " He invites us to come and visit Him, to lift the veil that hides Him from our eyes, to gaze into the sanctuary where His beauty, shines : while at the same time He draws us by irresistible charms and encourages us by letting His blessed rays of light penetrate us " (Faber.)

O my God, how shall we learn to know Thee ?

\* \* \*

In the first ages of the church, when the adult Catechumens were received for Baptism, they were compelled to wait outside the sacred precincts and go through a course of instruction regarding the divine science to which they aspired to be initiated. On Holy Saturday morning, in response to their lively desire to know God, they were allowed to partake of the "Wonders of God," as the Blessed Eucharist was then called. At this unexpected revelation, they entered into such transports of joy, admiration and thanksgiving that their sobs could be heard outside intermingled with the glad cry: "we know God because we know the Eucharist." We cannot try to know the divine Splendor but by studying the Eucharist; on the other hand, the Eucharistic God leads, as Père Eymard says, from light to light.

Let us rejoice to be able to study God in a mystery so loving, so attractive and, we may add, so clear to the faithful soul; rejoice to be able to penetrate easily the divine greatness, of which Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist is the recapitulation.

\* \* \*

How can we study the Eucharist? By the Eucharistic life, that is to say:

By adoration, not so much that of the intellect, gleaned in meditation and reading, but that of the heart loving familiar conversation of our poor soul with its well-beloved.

"But, according to Père Eymard, all your meditations will not sanctify you unless they have Holy Communion for basis." Consequently, we shall learn to know the God of the Eucharist principally by receiving Him: "it will be the mystery of Emmaus renewed, wherein Christ walked with the two disciples instructing them, explaining the Sacred Scriptures to them; though they were inwardly moved, their faith still wavered; but when they partook of the breaking of the Bread instantly their eyes opened, their hearts dilated. The voice of Jesus had not sufficed to disclose His identity: they had to feel His heart in order to be nourished with the true Bread of the intellect."

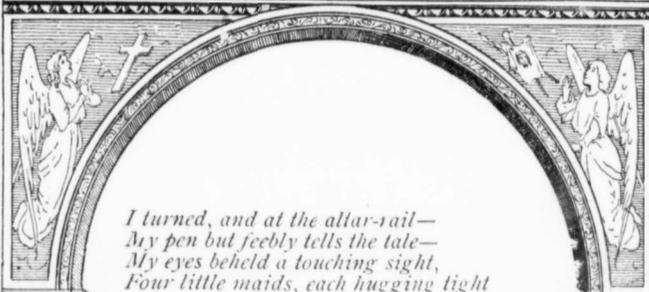


## Flowers for "Baby Jesus."

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*At noon on Christmas Eve, alone,  
I knelt near Jesus' altar-throne;  
And pondered on that Christmas Day,  
When on the straw the Christ-Child lay;  
And in her virgin motherhood,  
Our Lady by the manger stood,  
With blessed Joseph, guardian true,  
Both filled with rapture, strange and new.  
The wond'ring shepherds, too, were there,  
And angels through the star-lit air  
The tidings brought, "This holy morn,  
"A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is  
born!"*

*While lost in contemplation sweet,  
I heard the tread of children's feet,  
As tripping up the quiet aisle,  
They came to where I knelt the  
while,  
Then paused, and something whis-  
pered me,  
"These children want to speak to  
thee."*





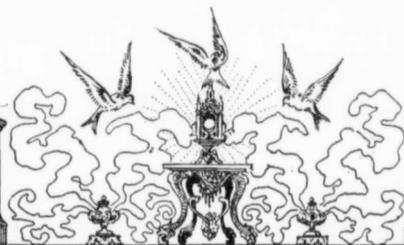
*I turned, and at the altar-rail—  
My pen but feebly tells the tale—  
My eyes beheld a touching sight,  
Four little maids, each hugging tight  
A battered doll, unclean and old,  
But well wrapped up from wind and cold  
Though scantily themselves were dressed  
Against the searching, chilling blast.*

*With loving, reverent eyes upraised,  
Upon the Sacred Host they gazed.  
Anon they seemed my face to seek,  
As longing, yet afraid to speak,  
Till one took heart, and drawing near,  
In tone subdued, lest others hear,  
Said, "Father, we have brought you these,  
Give them to Baby Jesus, please."*

*Then handing me a bunch of flowers,  
She added: "They are really ours.  
Me an' my sister, and their name  
Mary and Nellie—all the same,  
Saved up our pennies, just us four,  
And bought them at the flow'r man's  
store.*

*We asked for lots. He said he would  
Do just the very best he could,  
But flow'rs were very scarce and high,  
Our pennies not one more would buy."*

*My heart was moved, ah! very much,  
As by some holy angel's touch.  
"How many pennies did you save?"*



*I asked, and one the answer gave .  
 " Just fifty-two we hid away  
 And saved them all for Christmas Day."*

*The children knelt, their heads bent low,  
 The dollies, too, were made to bow —  
 A silent prayer, no spoken word,  
 But Jesus in the Monstrance heard !  
 How He who, when on earth, caressed  
 Such little ones, must these have blessed !  
 Then down the aisle, with dolls held fast,  
 Out to the noisy street they passed.  
 All through " my hour " the scene returned.  
 I thought : What lessons may be learned  
 From children as from Magi wise,  
 Of faith and love and sacrifice !  
 Though tempting visions they had seen,  
 Of lovely dolls, so sweet and clean,  
 With curling hair and shining eyes,  
 And sweets and toys that children prize,  
 They would not spend their little hoard,  
 But saved it for their Infant Lord !*

*Like those wise Holy Kings of old,  
 They brought three gifts — their love, the gold,  
 Their offering myrrh, and incense sweet,  
 The prayer they whispered at His feet !*

—MARGARET L. JONES.



## At the Crib.



hat church on which Banchu had just cast his evil eye was a very sad looking and dilapidated old building with its creviced roof and greenish tiles overrun with moss its awkwardly poised belfry, its broken windows, its gloomy walls apparently pleading :

“ Why do you, good villagers hold yourselves aloof from me? Why do you stay so far away down there in your peaceful valley? Can you not clearly see that though I'm God's house I'm not any better off than you.”

But the pleading had no effect on the villagers who seemed satisfied with their location and thought if any change took place it certainly would benefit the half-ruined old church to let it come from its direction. Even the presbytery itself with its bright red sloping roof was more than a hundred yards off. The sexton's house was not any nearer, so that, enveloped in the mountain darkness, the sacred edifice forlornly stood, deserted by men, defencelessly exposed to the mercy of any ill-disposed person who passed that way.

\* \* \*

And that unfortunate wretch was Banchu, a notorious criminal who had already served more than one term in penitentiary, a daring robber, the pride and head of a lawless gang and the president of backsliders.

How he happened to be there this night, the twenty-eighth of December, in that little out of the way village, hidden in the mountains of Auvergne, so far away from his native haunts the usual scene of his depredations... no one could ever really say.

Some asserted that during the past few months his stay at the capital had suddenly grown injurious to his health, that its carefully patrolled and vigilantly guarded highways no longer suited his taste. However that may be

he had, beyond the slightest doubt, lately taken a wonderful fancy to inhale the air of the most secluded country places and mountain hamlets.

The only thing he came across in his walk through this



peaceful valley likely to suit his purpose was this old church. Without unfastening the big bundle of linen strapped to his shoulder he cautiously walked around and carefully examined it. Then instead of going, as he generally did, to the presbytery, to ask for something to eat

he retraced his steps and hid among the rocks to wait until the darkness of night should be his innocent accomplice.

\* \*  
\* \*

The aged door gave way at his first blow like a weak old woman whom the slightest shove will overthrow, and fell with a noise like a stifled moan. Banchu was too well accustomed to such sounds to let it affect him and remorselessly he entered. The little lamp, like a faithful star glowed before the tabernacle and dimly lighted up the intense darkness, Banchu did not even glance at it. Like the consummate robber he was, he knew not only how to accomplish his designs easily and quickly but moreover, — and through experience, — what alms-boxes would yield the richest harvest according to the season and the devotion of the inhabitants of the different localities in which he carried on his depredations. He was such an adept in this art that he might readily have acted as a guide to Catholic charity.

Lantern in hand, he walked through the church carefully reading the inscriptions on the alms boxes, scornfully passing some by eagerly stopping before others... Then the peaceful stillness was disturbed by the harsh sound of breaking iron and with an ugly sneer and a heavier pocket Banchu continued his sacrilegious quest. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a dim flickering light at the further end in a lateral chapel, Impelled by curiosity, he directed his steps toward the spot : but the reflection was so faint and unsteady that he had to approach quite close to it before he saw a tiny crib and in that crib a figure lighted up by the mysterious reflection.. a little smiling babe who held out his hands to him,.. to him Banchu !

At first he tried to laugh off the feelings produced by this sight, then, getting angry at the unusual emotion threatening to overpower him he longed to smash crib light, smiling babe and all and gave expression to his rage in a blasphemous cry, which echoed throughout the edifice like in infernal howl. But the more furious he grew, the more gentle and soothing appeared the heavenly reflection and the attraction of the little Babe.... So much

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ntry  
this

old  
men  
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ne-  
eat

so that the poor tortured creature, not knowing what he did, surprised at still finding something human in himself, stared with wide-open eyes then in a paroxysm of sorrow and remorse fell prostrate at the feet of the Christ-Child in His little crib.



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\*  
\*

How long he remained thus was never known.  
The next morning when the sexton came to ring the Angelus, he saw that the church door had been burst open and the alms-boxes broken. Surmising what have taken

place he instantly rang the alarm-bell at which unusual sound the villagers all hastened to the church.

Strange to relate and something no one could explain, the contents of the rifled boxes were spread out before the crib and at the Christ-Child's feet was an odd-looking instrument none of the villagers had ever seen before and which the cheif of police declared a burglar's tool.

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## FOR OUR DEGEASED.

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WE profit by this opportunity to call the attention of our dear subscribers to the new spiritual favors open to them ; favors in which their deceased loved ones may also share. We announce this as we are often asked, if the dead could not be made partakers in the spiritual favors granted to subscribers : When a person offers an annual subscription in behalf of a departed soul, that soul thereby shares in the merits of fifty-two masses celebrated for our subscribers during the course of the year and a solemn service sung in the month of November for our benefactors and lay-auxiliaries of our various associations.

When a deceased is thus enrolled the *Sentinel* is sent to the address of the person paying the subscription or if so desired, the Director uses it for propagation purposes, or gives it to some poor family, thus affording the donator the occasion of performing a double good work, with one alms : charity towards the poor souls in Purgatory and charity towards their less fortunately endowed fellow-creatures.

We trust our subscribers will make known this precious advantage to their friends and acquaintances. We sincerely thank them for their laudable zeal already shown in endeavouring to extend the good work and we assure them of the undying gratitude of the holy souls whom they will release, by this simple means from their painful purgation. Subscribers when sending us new subscriptions, whether for the living or the dead, will, please, use the enclosed printed form.



O Holy Child of Bethlehem, descend to us we pray,  
Cast out our sin and enter in, be born in us today.



## The Crib and the Altar.

**T**HE liturgical cycle, whose unfailing revolutions no time or tide can alter, will shortly bring round once more that holy night which, centuries ago, witnessed the greatest event in humanity's annals; that most solemn and blessed hour when become Son of Mary, the Son of God entered the world created by His might to redeem it by His love.

"She brought forth her first born, wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger". Mary has just given to the world the fruit of her chaste womb. Her heart overflows with rapture, with ineffable happiness every fibre of her being throbs with joy, she loses herself in an ocean of divine gladness; she adores this little child, He is her God; she loves this tender infant, He is her Son; her motherly caresses and her respectful homage blend in a delicious worship of adoration and love. Near Mary, St. Joseph kneels, gazing upon the Infant God with lively faith and deep humility, spell-bound in loving admiration at the goodness of Jesus who has vouchsafed to become a little child, who deigns to receive his and the Virgin Mother's help and protection. What recollection in that poor stable! What love and joy in Mary's and Joseph's heart! What a victim wrapped in swaddling-clothes! The angels hover round making the air resound with the glad notes of their exultant Glorias; the shepherds leave their flocks and hasten to adore the new born child; the Magi came to Him from afar laden with costly gifts; the faithful greet and welcome with joyous hearts their God and their King. That is the true sign, the miracle, the mys-

tery : " You shall find a child wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger."

How often perhaps in thinking of the Christmas mystery, we have sighed and said : Ah ! if I had only been at Bethlehem, how happy I should have been to see, to gaze upon, to touch the dear little child who looked so lovingly on those surrounding Him, whose winning smile and infantile charms filled their hearts with such pure delight. We need not sigh but rather rejoice and unite our Gloria to that of the angelic choirs for by the Eucharist, the Incarnation of the Saviour, His birth in Bethlehem is unceasingly renewed in our churches and on our altars. Come close to the tabernacle. What does it contain ? That tabernacle is the crib of Bethlehem and the adorable Eucharist abiding therein is the same Child whom the kings and shepherds adored.

It is true, on the altar, He appears in a very humble manner, more humble still than in the crib, lying so passive in the priest's hands ; here as there He is worshipped, He receives the adoration of the universal Church of the Hierarchy and its ministers — and marvel beyond expression — the faithful after deposing at His feet their homage, their enraptured hearts, ask the priest to give Him to them. And the priest takes in his hands this divine Child hidden under the Eucharistic veils, he takes Him from the altar as from a well-loved crib and gives Him to those souls who thirst for His coming while adoring Seraphim bend low in wondering awe as the greatest of all love's mysteries is accomplished. Necessarily since all grace comes from heaven through Mary's hands, it is also Mary who brings her divine Son to the Holy Table and lays Him on the trembling lips, in the burning heart of fervent communicants. Mary who laid Him in the shepherd's arms will also lay Him in our longing hearts as in so many cribs lovingly prepared by her maternal hand to receive the Babe of Bethlehem under the Eucharistic veils. And while the blessed mystery takes place on the altar the heavens ring with the glad refrain : *Glory be to God on high, peace on earth to men of good will.*



## SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

### An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

*Dominus Tecum : The Lord is with Thee.*

#### I. — Adoration.

*Dominus Tecum!* — The Lord is with thee! From the first moment of thine existence, O Mary, the Lord was with thee, because it was He that created thee all beautiful, spotless, stainless, perfectly and absolutely pure. Already the unparalleled privilege of thine Immaculate Conception illuminated thine intellect with a shadowless light, filled thy heart with ineffable love, disclosed to thee all the divine perfections and amiabilities and gave thee to God as a holocaust immolated by all those titles. Thou wast then a perfect adorer and thy heart became the chosen temple wherein God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost should everlastingly receive homage, ever less unworthy of the August Trinity.

*Dominus Tecum!* — The Lord was assuredly with thee on the day of thy blessed Nativity which gladdened the entire world and saw thee offer to thy Creator, so generously and so lovingly thy days and hours, thy life and death. The Lord was with thee, sweet little child, inspiring, guiding, leading thee, when thou didst present thyself in the Temple; and, during the years thou didst remain within its hallowed precincts, the unblemished lambs and the innocent doves daily immolated on its altar did not offer to the divine Majesty a sacrifice so pure and so acceptable as that thou didst daily offer by the gift of thyself in a sacrificial spirit. The Lord was always with thee, O Mary. Yet there came an hour when those heavenly words distinctly sounded in thy human ears and more distinctly in the depths of thy soul. It was the hour a thousand times blessed of the Incarnation; the hour decreed by God from all eternity, looked forward to by centuries, desired by heaven and earth.

O Mother! O Virgin! O Mary! what seraphic tongue will tell of thine adorations and annihilations in that hour, thy speechless admiration, thy loving praises, thy rapturous joy when, having uttered thy sublime fiat, thou didst realize

that thou hadst given life to thy Creator and that in thee and by thee the Word was made flesh. Then more than ever the Lord is with thee, with thee, no longer merely as God, but as Man-God, by which title He is thine, He belongs to thee as a child to his mother.

And when thou wilt have given to the world this Jesus, Son of the living God and Thy Son also, He will still be with thee and thou with Him, everywhere and always from the Crib to Calvary bearing out the Archangel's words: *Dominus tecum* and making of all the acts of thy life a perpetually adoring *fiat*. But when thy well-beloved Son will have ascended to heaven to His throne of glory how will He still be with thee, how shall we say, the Lord is with thee? Ah! the Eucharistic mystery is there to answer me and to explain as fully as possible the mystery of thy ever-increasing union with the divine King of our hearts. I know that Jesus while returning to His Father did none the less remain spiritually though really in the hearts faithful to Him, then with how much more reason in the Immaculate Heart of the Virgin most faithful! If St. Paul could say: "I live, no, it is not I that live, but Jesus that lives in me," how much more justly could not the Mother of Jesus make the same assertion! We see how the Lord is always with thee, Virgin Mother, and, moreover, how He came to thee as Man-God, in the most holy Sacrament, at this period of thy life wherein adoration and communion formed the sum of thy existence; when each morning was as a new Incarnation of the Son of God in thy chaste womb, when the angels bowed before thee, the living tabernacle of the living God. Let us meditate on and endeavor to relish those sublime truths; let us not fear to bring them home to ourselves in a certain degree, for, by baptism, every Christian becomes a temple wherein God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost dwell, so long as he remains in a state of grace and frequent and well made communion is the principal means, the sure way to preserve this state of grace and also to increase the divine life of Jesus in us.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

*Dominus Tecum!* The Lord is with thee! God's gift bestowed by His own hand on Mary but in such an abundant and unusual way as will never be given to any other creature. Premised that Mary understood the greatness and grandeur of this gift in as much as a pure, a very noble creature could, we may then judge what her thanksgiving must have been. Concentrate your thoughts simply on what

concerns the gift God bestowed on the Blessed Virgin in the mystery of the Incarnation and of the Redemption ; then of the Eucharist renewing and perpetuating them among us and you will see what Mary did to respond. O my Jesus, O Son of God and of the Virgin Mary, how really Thou art with Mary, solely with Mary during the first months of the Incarnation when no one in the world, not even thy chaste Spouse, St. Joseph, had any idea of the mystery of love which had taken place on the day of the Annunciation. O Mary, who has ever possessed God like thee, in the person of His divine Son made man, possessed Him so long, so intimately, so maternally ? How often during that happy time thou didst hear again in spirit the Archangel's greeting : The Lord is with thee.

How truly He is thine, the little child-God thou dost carry in thy arms, thou dost clasp so closely to thy heart, thou dost cover with loving kisses ! How truly He is with thee, this boy of Nazareth who works beneath thy tender supervision and according to thy wish. How truly He is with thee, also, on Calvary, Jesus, the Saviour of the world, but as a perfect Victim, a Spouse of Blood causing thee to give birth in sorrow to the members of His mystic body. When Calvary's anguish has given place to the joyous Resurrection, He is still with thee, still thine, the Eucharistic Christ whom, every morning, thine adopted son, St. John, immolates for thee in the temple and gives to thee at the Holy Table. Always, ever and always, the Lord is with thee.

What then will be thy thanksgiving, O Mary, for the gift of Jesus which enfolds and surpasses all gifts ? That most acceptable to thy divine Son,—the continuous gift of thyself by incessantly repeating and living the Annunciation's fiat ; by singing with thy works as well as with thy lips the Visitation's *Magnificat* ; but especially by offering to God the Father this same Jesus, who is really thine, blood of thy blood, flesh of thy flesh. O Mary, we are thy children participating in thy benefits, grant that following thy example and with thy spirit of thanksgiving we may unceasingly offer ourselves to God in union with thee and thy divine Son in the Blessed Eucharist.

### III. — Reparation.

*Dominus Tecum !* The Lord is with thee ! Consequently thou art obliged to live a victim's life. Thou art too closely united to this Sacred Victim not to share His sufferings. Love alone can explain why and how Mary should be the

Queen of Martyrs. It was she before all others that Jesus came to redeem, she that was to be His first and greatest conquest. And she knew it and saw it. Moreover, the cup from which she continually drank the waters of eternal charity was the pierced hand of her Son, who, Himself held it to her lips; or, rather the agonizing Heart of this Son was Itself the cup she pressed night and day to her lips. It is then, easy to understand, or, to be more explicit, we are compelled to acknowledge that sorrow was for her a refuge, a solace, a rest, a beverage to quench her thirst, a food to appease her hunger, finally, the object of a consuming and insatiable passion... From the moment that Jesus redeemed the world by the Cross, her life on earth without suffering would have been to her like an infernal region. From this consideration we may draw a practical lesson: do we desire to know if the Lord is with us, and how much we love Him? Then, let us examine how we bear our crosses and trials and how sincere is our wish to be a victim with Jesus for the salvation of the world. Do not let us forget that participation in the Body and Blood of the Saviour, is participation also in the sufferings of His passion.

#### IV. — Prayer.

*Dominus Tecum!* The Lord is with thee! We repeat it because we cannot assert it sufficiently. It is an inexhaustible, an incommensurable truth containing worlds of dilection, of offering, of union, and coming from worlds of sanctity, of peace, and of beatitude. So we see, dear Mother, why thy supplications are all-powerful. Since God left to thee the inception, the free exercise, and the complete installation of His royalty over the world, is it not just, that He should also establish thee its Queen and Sovereign? The Lord is with thee and thou dost dispose of His riches and His power. How, then, can we lack confidence in thee, O Mary! What should we not, what can we not expect from so powerful a Queen, who is at the same time so tender a Mother.

O Queen! O Mary! O Virgin ever blessed, we beg of thee, we implore thee lead us to thy dear Son Jesus, and offer us to Him in order that we may merit to hear those blessed words so full of all good: The Lord is with thee. Amen.





## The First Martyr of the Blessed Eucharist.



IN the early days of Christianity there lived a youth whose saintly and heroic career will cause his memory to be cherished even until the end of time. As the first of the flock to lay down his life to save from abuse and sacrilege his Eucharistic Lord, Saint Tarcisus, the acolyte, has an honor and a glory all his own. His name, of Greek origin, meaning full of confidence, bears witness in itself to the greatness of his characteristics, and the sequel of this little history will reveal how he upheld its dignity and showed forth its full significance in the midst of bitter persecution.

In these later days the duties of an acolyte are simple and few, comprising merely the bearing of the lights in the ceremonies and offices of the ritual, and the presenting of the wine and water, which serve in the Holy Sacrifice. During the first ages of the church the requirements were much more extended, for the acolytes were especially attached to the person of the Bishop whom they accompanied everywhere, and it is for this very reason that they were so called, the word being also one of Greek origin, which signifies to follow, to accompany.

Primitively amongst those united in the religion of Jesus Christ, charity was the universal factor of action, and so visibly and effectively was that virtue practiced that the Pagans themselves cried out in astonishment: "See how those Christians love one another!" It is not, then, surprising that the general needs should have been a primary subject of interest to all, and that the wants both spiritual and temporal, of the less fortunate, should have called forth daily and loving care in those linked together in the brotherhood of faith. In accordance with this sublime code, neither those who were prevented taking part in the Holy Mysteries, nor they who were detained in prison in time of persecution were to be deprived, if possible, of the holy consolations of religion. There was the eulogie or bread blessed by the Bishop, and even the Blessed Sacrament to be conveyed to them, and the fulfilment of these functions was among the duties confided to the youthful acolytes.

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Little of the life of Saint Tarcisus has survived the ages, rather has it been overshadowed by the history of his glorious death; even of this the facts transmitted are meager indeed, but still sufficient to proclaim the intrepidity of his faith and the ardor of his love for the Blessed Sacrament. This martyrdom is generally supposed to have taken place in the year 257, under the pontificate of Saint Stephen I., just when the church was suffering a violent persecution on the part of the Emperors Valerian and Gallienus.

In troublous times the subterranean cemeteries around Rome answered a two-fold purpose, not only were they burial places for the dead, but also did they become so many retreats for the faithful striving to practice the precepts of their Holy Religion in the midst of pagan fury and profanation. Those spots sanctified by the blood of martyrs, served for the members of the flock of Jesus Christ to assemble in unison of prayer. There they listened to the exhortations of their pastors or participated in the Divine Mysteries offered on the venerated remains of their brethren who had earned the crown and palm. It was there also that souls were made Christians by baptism, and nou-

rished with the Eucharistic Bread, drawing from the Divine Food strength, if necessary, to suffer and to die.

It was in the cemetery of Callistus that Saint Stephen had sought an asylum, hoping in that retired place to perform more faithfully and peacefully the duties of his sacred calling. Into it, however, on the 3rd of August, in the year 257, just at the moment when the venerable Pontiff was finishing the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, came rushing tumultuously the soldiers of the Emperor, who respecting neither the sanctity of the place nor the dignity of his person, beheaded the Holy servant of



St. Tharcisius, Acolyte.

God. The following day the acolytes were as usual sent to carry to the Christians the consoling sweetness and vivifying strength of the Eucharistic Bread, and Saint Tarcisus was of the number selected for the holy mission. On the route he was recognized by the Pagan rabble, who judging from his bearing readily surmised the Sacred character of his errand. Barring the passage they ordered him to show them what he was secreting with so much reverence. This the saintly boy refused to do, and struggling with a vigor all supernatural defended his charge as best he could. The Pagans then letting loose their fury showered upon him blow after blow which quickly felled him to the ground. There, realising humanly speaking, the helplessness of his situation, the holy youth with all the ardor of his faith and love, opposed to his persecutors the power of prayer. "Oh God, he murmured, my life is nothing, but Thou art everything, must Thou then be profaned by these sacrilegious hands, oh, I implore, spare Thyself such an outrage, and me such an anguish. With these words he pressed to his heart the divine treasure he so lovingly guarded, and sinking, bathed in his own blood, rendered his beautiful spirit to the God who made him.

The murderers hastened to search the clothing of the martyr in order to obtain possession of the Blessed Sacrament, but the Eucharistic Species had disappeared. Whether Tarcisus, in his desire to save his Sacramental Lord from profanation, had at the last moment been able to give Jesus an asylum in his heart in Holy Communion, or whether, as is quite probable, that God had rendered Himself invisible to these sacrilegious enemies cannot be affirmed. However, it is reasonable to suppose that something supernatural had taken place, for the persecutors seized with sudden terror, abandoned their victim and took refuge in flight. The Christians hastened to gather the precious remains and transported them to the Callistus cemetery where for long centuries they lay, according to some tradition, in the very tomb of Saint Stephen, whose worthy disciple Tarcisus had been. Later, in order to facilitate their veneration, they were placed in the church dedicated to Saint Sixtus and Saint Cecilia above the cemetery. After having been transferred to

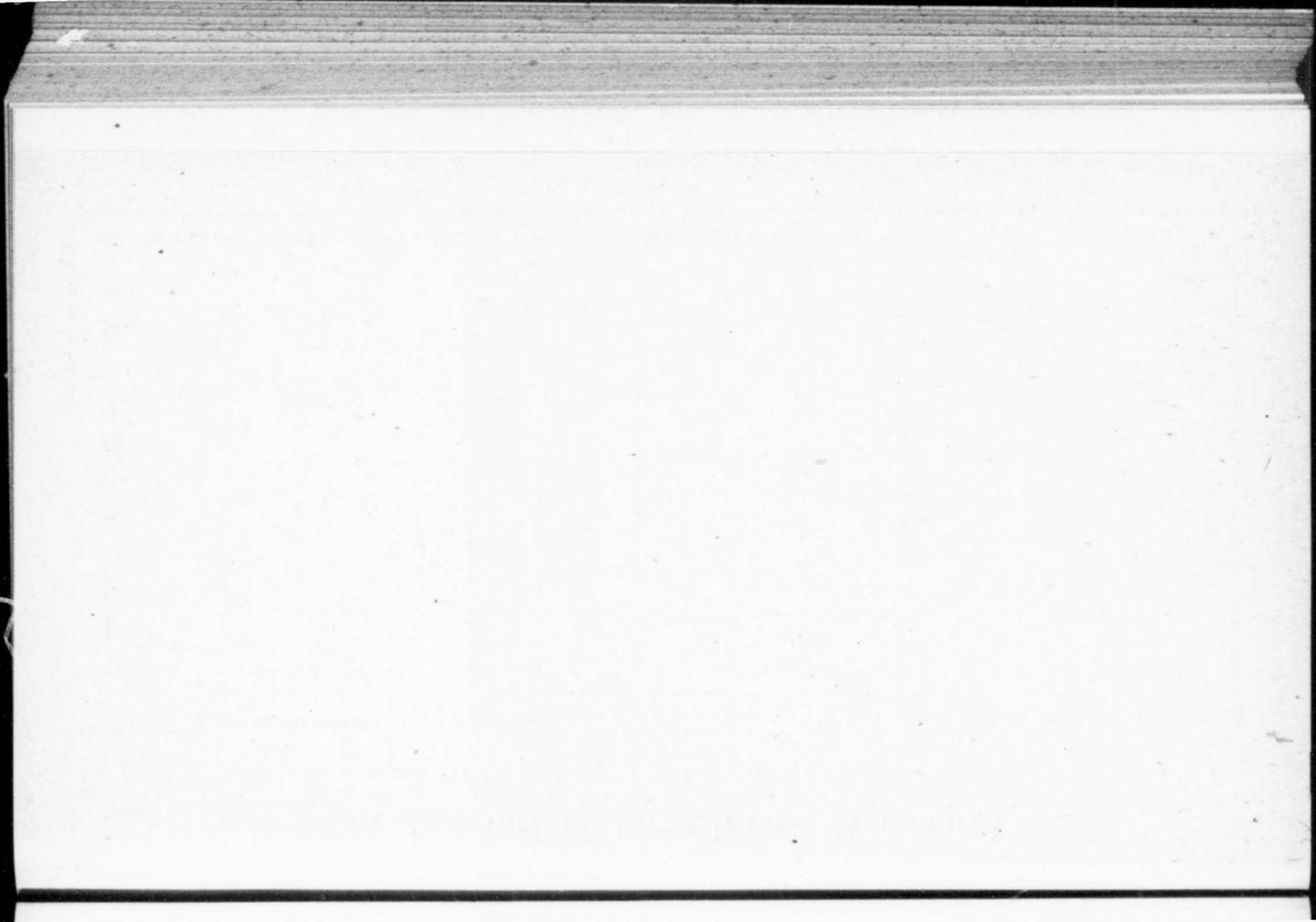
# The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament

POPULAR ORGAN OF EUCHARISTIC DEVOTION, WORSHIP AND WORKS.

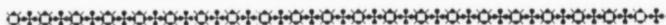
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Saint Sylvester in Capite at Rome, they were finally given to the Church of Saint Dominic at Naples, where they now call forth much devotion. Such in its sublime simplicity is the history of the death of the first martyr of the Eucharist, and little did the saintly hero foresee that in the fulfilment of his precious duty he was gaining for himself unfading laurels both for time and for eternity.



### IN A STABLE.



Prophets long had told the story,  
 Angels bright announce the morn,  
 But instead of pomp and glory,  
 In a stable Christ is born.

All the world was robed in splendor  
 That for Him might well be worn ;  
 Outcast with his parents tender  
 In a stable Christ is born.

See yon brilliant star is shining,  
 Like a jewel to adorn  
 The Child King ! Yet unrepining,  
 In a stable Chris is born.

Priceless gifts the wise kings offer,  
 Worship they that Babe forlorn  
 Though 'mid scenes that tempt the scoffer,  
 In a stable Christ is born.

What though universe might scatter  
 At this word ; yet, 'neath the scorn  
 Of all meekly, mundane matter,  
 In a stable Christ is born.



## New Spiritual Benefits,

Offered to Subscribers of the Sentinel of the  
Blessed Sacrament.

OUR humble little magazine aims, not only to furnish pious and interesting reading to its patrons, but also and principally to do good to their souls. We know our subscribers themselves appreciate, above all, the spiritual advantages we offer, and consequently to accede to their wish, and to give them a special mark of gratitude, we have decided in future to **celebrate a weekly mass**, instead of a monthly one, for their intentions. The holy Sacrifice is as our readers are aware, the most powerful of all prayers, and at the same time an inexhaustible reservoir of the divine treasures, so, doubtless, they will appreciate, at its just value, this precious advantage and find therein a new incentive to attach them more strongly to the little magazine.



We profit by this occasion to remind our readers, that, by their subscription they also enjoy the merit of helping to support a work very glorious to Our Lord : namely, that of the perpetual exposition and adoration of the Blessed Eucharist, in the Sanctuary of the Religious of the Most Holy Sacrament ; where Our Lord has taken possession of a throne from which He never descends either day or night. Loyal Christian hearts understand the beauty of such a work and its urgent necessity

especially in those days, when so many injuries and outrages are continually showered upon Our adorable Saviour in the Sacrament of his infinite love. The small fee of each subscriber helps to maintain this royal and incessant worship : being transformed into lights, flowers and incense at the foot of the Ostensorium, thus affording those fortunate subscribers the sweetest consolation faith can taste here below ; that of giving to Our Lord Himself, personally present and living in our midst.

Moreover the subscribers have a share in the grateful remembrance, the merits and prayers of the community of the Most Holy Sacrament, whom they materially aid in the accomplishment of their sublime mission.

Special prayers are also recited for them daily, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and their intentions are thus, so to speak, constantly remembered at the foot of the Throne of all grace. Those spiritual benefits apply to the dead as well as to the living. Every year a solemn requiem mass is offered for the deceased associates.

\* \* \*

If our zealous promoters would fully explain those priceless advantages to Christian souls, we should soon have the consolation of enrolling a great many new recruits in our Eucharistic militia. We cordially congratulate those generous promoters on the great devotedness they have already shown and which bears daily numberless fruits intended to promote the greater love and knowledge of our Blessed Lord residing for our sake within the Sacred Host.





The Children's Hour.

## A Midnight Mass.

 SUSAN, isn't midnight Mass beautiful? I do wish you would tell me all about it!

It was Christmas eve. Little Pete, the blue-eyed questioner, sat on a small step-ladder as close to the big old fashioned fire-place as he could get and right opposite his sister whose patience he taxed by innumerable questions which only ceased when his father and mother, who were busy out-doors, came in to supper.

He was a picture fair to see, this curly-headed little lad as he stretched out his hands towards the bright sparkling fire enveloping him in its rosy glow and reflecting his boyish happiness in its dancing flames. Susan industriously and tirelessly plied her knitting needles in and out, out and in, to the melody of her own happy thoughts, frequently interrupted by Pete's questions. Suspended from its iron perch over the great big log fire, the kettle sang merrily.

"Susan, do tell me, can't you, all about the beauties of the midnight Mass."

And Susan began her tale thus:

"Oh! there are candles, so many as to make us think we are in heaven; then, beautiful hymns, too beautiful to describe, then the Child Jesus dressed in lovely white satin and gold and lying on straw in a manger, and near the manger is the Blessed Virgin in her pretty blue robe,

St. Joseph with his long crook, and yes, the shepherds with their sheep... And the ass and the ox and the Magi in soldier's garb with long beards... who give the child Jesus presents, Ah! such presents, far nicer than those the poor shepherds bring Him... And the shepherds and



the Kings and the Curé and the ass and the ox and the choir children and the sheep ask the child Jesus for His blessing... and, I forgot, there are also angels there who bring stars to the child Jesus...

Susan had been to midnight mass the year before for the first time and perhaps imagined she had seen what she so graphically described. The little lad listened like

one entranced and when she stopped eagerly exclaimed :

“ I want to go to midnight mass with you tonight.”

“ You are too young,” objected his mother entering at that moment. “ You will go when you are as big as Susan.”

“ I want to go !” insisted Pete, knitting his brow in an ugly frown.

“ Be reasonable, my boy, the church is too far away and besides it's snowing heavily. If you are good and sleep soundly you will hear midnight mass without leaving your bed, in your little white chapel.”

“ I want to go” reiterated the wilful boy, threateningly clenching his fat little fists.

\* \* \*

“ Who says, “ I want to go ? in that tone” asked a deep voice.

Instantly Pete subsided. He knew from experience it was better to submit quietly when his father's presence made it impossible to do otherwise without incurring punishment. They sat down to supper but poor, crest-fallen Pete ate little and thought much. Shortly after the meal was over, his mother called Susan, saying : “ go and put your little brother to bed. He seems tired tonight.

Susan took him to his little cot right beside her own and screened off from their parents' quarters by spotless white cotton curtains. When he had finished his prayers, she tucked him in snugly, kissed him good night and drew his curtains, saying :

“ Close your eyes, dearie, and go to sleep and perhaps the Christmas Angels may let you see how beautiful midnight mass is in your little white chapel.”

Pete did not answer ; neither did he go to sleep. In fact, he kept his eyes wide open in case he should and listened attentively to what the others were doing, to their coming and going in the kitchen which only a thin wooden partition separated from his bed-room, or to be more truthful, the bed-room, since the quaint old homestead possessed only one, shared by all the inmates. After what seemed to him an interminably long time, he heard the sound of dishes rattling and knew the folks were having a lunch before going to midnight mass. His heart grew

heavy with unconquerable longing to go, too, and he made up his mind to do so. Consequently, when his mother, sorry to leave him alone, bent over him and lightly touched his forehead with loving lips, he closed his eyes tight and did not stir, so she left him with the impression that he was sound asleep and would not awaken until their return ; but as soon as her back was turned, the little lad was very wide awake again.

When he heard the street door close behind them, he sprang out of bed and started a hunt for his clothes which, owing to the darkness, was not very successful. He got his pants and blouse, but his warmly-knitted shirt seemed to have mysteriously disappeared, so he gave it up and put on the rest of his clothes as well as he could. His blouse happened to be turned wrong side out, but he didn't notice it in the darkness and put it on as it was. And, although his little fingers certainly tried hard, yet no button was exactly in its right place. To make matters worse, he could only find one of his stockings, leaning against the wall he drew it on so clumsily that the projecting heel prevented his sabot from going on properly, while the stockingless foot was even in a sadder plight. Imagine what he looked like as, groping his way, limping and strumbling, he reached the door, which opened easily, and crossed the kitchen, through whose curtainless windows the cold light of the bleak, stormy night streamed in. Wisdom beyond his years led him to avoid the front-door and go round to that leading from the kitchen to the stable. As soon as he opened it a cow jumped up, but he was not afraid and continued on his way until a pet goat licked his hands and tried to detain him. Pete hesitated for a moment, he almost thought the goat was saying in her own way : Stay with us, little laddie ; stay under shelter where it's warm and comfortable.

\* \* \*

Like a white carpet the snow covered the path, the trees, the bushes, the fences, and still kept falling as if it never meant to stop. Pete plodded ankle-deep in its soft flakes, which soon filled his wooden shoes, making them uncomfortably heavy ; but he did not mind his trouble for at the end, in a huge golden light, he saw the child

Jesus and the Virgin, the Magi and the angels with the stars in their hands. And so he walked on and on, drawn by the alluring vision.

Soon his pace slackens. The blinding snow combined with the dense darkness prevents him from seeing or recognizing anything. He does not know where he is. His feet feel like lead, his hands, nose and ears pain him sorely. The snow runs down his neck, his cotton blouse, meant only for in-door wear, is wet with it. He stumbles, falls and picks himself up, minus one of his shoes, which no amount of searching with his numb hands can make him find. He is completely discouraged while, to add to his misery the entrancing vision seems to fade away. He no longer sees the child Jesus, nor the Blessed Virgin, nor the Magi, nor the star-bearing angels. Then he is afraid, afraid of the darkness, the silence, the loneliness, the white trees with their ghostly reflections, the piercing cold. And in his misery and anguish moans and sobs : "*Mamma ! Mamma.*"

The snow stopped falling and Pete saw apparently near, the tall steeple and brilliantly lighted windows of the church he was making such heroic efforts to reach. The sight gave him fresh courage and urged him on, as he thought : " There it is the church, so near, in which I shall see the child Jesus and the beautiful midnight mass ! " In his eagerness to reach it, he left the ordinary path and took a short cut across the fields, with the result that he fell into a deep hollow, hurt himself and lost his other shoe. He dragged himself up and on, with eyes fixed on that beacon-light which seemed so near and yet so hard to attain. And as his pace grew slower and slower, his little foot prints sank deeper and deeper into the soft, white carpet... Still he kept on until now he could plainly see the church and hear as he thought angelic voices singing :

*" Come, divine Messiah..."*

With outstretched arms and joyously dilated eyes, elated by the closeness of his cherished desire, he entered the cemetery which adjoined the church. More closely and sweetly still the voices sang :

*" I hear below in the plain,*

*The Angels come down from heaven."*

Little Pete listened, spell bound, for a moment then concentrated all his fast-failing strength in a superhuman effort to reach the enchanted spot... But the effort was too great. He fell prostrate near a snow covered bush,



with closed eyes but smiling lips as again the melodious voices in exultant gladness sang :

*" He is born the divine Child."*

Slowly and steadily the snow began to fall again covering the little rigid form with its lightly woven texture. And thus Susan's words were verified and Pete heard midnight mass in his little white chapel.





## PRAISE TO MARY.

---

WHEN the manna was given to Israel a precious vase received a portion to be preserved and this vase remained intact. In thee, O Mary, precious Vase, Jesus Christ is conceived by the operation of the Holy Ghost and the glory of thy virginity remains intact.

THE supreme Author of all things has made of thee a glorious Vase, an excellent and truly admirable Vase, a Vase worthy of our love and of our praise, a Vase admired with respect by thy numberless children ; in order to make thee worthy to give to mankind a delectable food, the Bread of Angels, the Bread of the elect in heaven.

YES, thou wilt give to man the true Bread of Angels, the Bread of thy womb to be the salvation of sinners. the Bread of strength, the Bread superior to all earthly aliments, the Bread of God's children.

THE delicious Bread enrapturing our hearts, the fruitful Bread enriching our souls, claiming our love, the most excellent Bread worthy of our homage, the choice and palatable Bread meriting our preference.

THE living Bread, the source of our strength, the way, the truth and the life ; the Bread of immortality whose goodness is infinite, encircling with its splendor the new spouse whom He has chosen to replace the Synagogue and the figures of the Old Law.

O Mary Immaculate ! Spotless Virgin ! Lily of the Most Holy Trinity, give us this heavenly Bread ; feed us, thy children, with the blessed fruit of thy womb and by its might and its power lead us safely and surely to the mountain of God. Amen.



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THE COMMUNION OF SAINT JOHN.