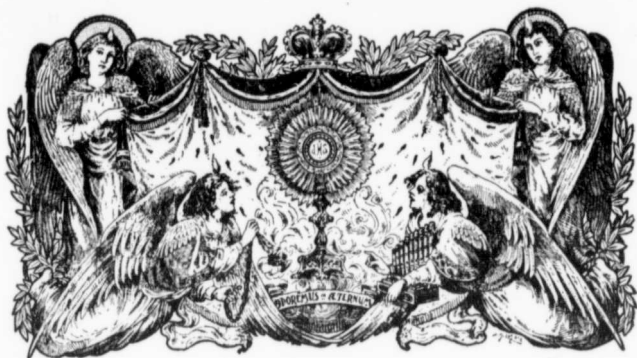




MARTHA AND MARY

After a painting by Dietrich



O HOUSE OF GOLD

The Ciborium wherein rests our Eucharistic God.

☩ HOUSE of Gold ! In temple dim
Whose peace draws weary souls to Him,
The thorn-crowned Christ, thou hast a home
Beneath the Tabernacle's dome ;
Around the spot, their love outpouring,
Angelic hosts are now adoring.

O House of Gold ! Before thee sways
The crimson light, its quiv'ring rays
E'er pierce the gloom, like Beth'lem's star
That led the Wise Men from afar ;
With longing deep beyond earth's measure
My soul cries out : " Show me thy Treasure ! "

O House of Gold ! My fervent prayer
Is heard and granted, — opens there
The little door, unveiled, behold !
The Mystery thou dost enfold ;
In answer to my heart's appealing
To me Christ is Himself revealing.

O House of Gold ! How sweet and clear
 His words fall on enraptured ear :
 " My child beloved come to Me
 That I may give myself to Thee ;
 My heart with love of Thee is burning,
 To dwell in Thee, its fondest yearning. "

O House of Gold ! what wonder this !
 My spirit thrilled with perfect bliss
 Can find no voice wherewith to say
 A welcome meet for Him to-day ;
 And yet he comes ! His love caressing
 My trembling soul with every blessing.

O House of Gold, He is all mine !
 A palace for the King divine
 This heart unworthy, — may it be
 A home for Him, always, like thee
 Through life till death my sweetest pleasure
 To guard my Sacramental Treasure.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA !

O GOD Benignant ! smiling high
 Above our trembling, troubled hearts :
 O Radiant Whiteness ' Jesus Fair !
 Thy blessed, shining Presence parts
 The shadows gathered o'er our way ;
 Thou breathest o'er us Thy " Peace, be still ! "
 And unrest and rebellion die
 In glad surrender to Thy will.

Mary Kavanagh.

MAKE SUNSHINE wherever you can. Lift the curtains. Let in the light. The world is dark enough. Cheering words, words of counsel, words of peace, mildness, meekness ; acts of simple love for each other, sympathetic helps over every rough place that our neighbor may be compelled to walk, are blessed ministries in our pilgrimage, beneficial alike to giver and receiver.

God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for every thing he wants us to do.

Robertson.



The Blessed Sacrament

JESUS veiled, in His own great mystery of love, offered by our priests, dwelling on our altars, feeding our souls, this is the sacred and venerable truth which we are now about to consider. The wisdom of the cherubim cannot fathom the depths of this adorable Sacrament, neither can the burning love of the Seraphim adequately praise the inventions of compassion which are contained therein. It is our daily Sacrifice, and our perpetual Food, and our constant adoration : and the more we know of it the greater will be our love of that most dear Lord whose veiled Presence we possess therein ; and to know Jesus a little more and then to love Him a little more, let the little be ever so little, — is it not worth a long life of sadness and care ? Jesus veiled ! let us kneel down before Him in adoring awe, while our Mother teaches us His beauty, and His sweetness, and His goodness, and His nearness. When we think we know Him we shall not know the half, and when we speak of Him we shall stammer as children do and when our hearts are hot with love of Him, they will be cold in comparison of the love which is His due.

Let us suppose it to be the Feast of *Corpus Christi* We have risen with one glad thought uppermost in our minds. It gives a colour to everything round about us It is health to us even if we are not well, and sunshine though the skies be dull. At first there is something of disappointment to us, when we see our dear country wearing the same toilsome look of common-place labour and ordinary traffic. We feel there is something wrong, something out of harmony in this ; but somehow our very disappointment causes us to feel more touchingly the gift of Faith, and the sense of our own unworthiness

which makes it such a wonder that God should have elected us to so great a gift. O sweet Sacrament of Love ! We belong to Thee, for Thou art our Living Love Himself. Thou art our well of life, for in Thee is the Divine Life Himself, immeasurable compassionate, eternal. To-day is Thy day, and on it there shall not be a single thought, a single hope, a single wish, which shall not be all for Thee !

Nay, the whole theology of the grand dogma of the Eucharist is nothing less than angelic music made audible to mortal ears ; and when our souls are attuned to it we shall the better understand the sweet secrets which it reveals to our delighted minds.

O the joy of the immense glory the church is sending up to God this hour : verily ! As if the world was all un-fallen still ; We think, and as we think, the thoughts are like so many successive tide-waves filling our whole souls with the fulness of delight, of all the thousands of masses which are being said or sung the whole world over, and all rising with one note of blissful acclamation from grateful creatures to the Majesty of our merciful Creator. How many glorious processions, with the sun upon their banners, are now winding their way round the squares of mighty cities, through the flower strewn streets of Christian villages, through the antique cloisters of the glorious cathedral or through the grounds of the devout seminary, where the various colours of the faces and the different languages of the people are only so many fresh tokens of the unity of that faith, which they are all exultingly professing in the single voice of the magnificent ritual of Rome. Upon how many altars of various architecture, amid sweet flowers and starry lights, amid clouds of humble incense and the tumult of thrilling song, before thousands of prostrate worshippers is the Blessed Sacrament raised for exposition, or taken down for benediction ! And how many blessed acts of faith and love, of triumph and of reparation, do not each of these things surely represent ? The world over, the summer air is filled with the voice of song. The gardens are shorn of their fairest blossoms to be flung beneath the feet of the Sacramental God. The steeples are reeling with the clang of bells ; the cannon are booming in the gorges of the

Andes and the Apennines ; the pomp of royal or republican armies salutes the King of Kings. The Pope on his throne and the school-girl in her village, cloistered nuns and sequestered hermits, bishops and dignitaries and preachers, emperors and kings and princes, all are engrossed to-day with the Blessed Sacrament. Joy so abounds that men rejoice they know not why, and their joy overflows on sad hearts, and the poor and the imprisoned and the wandering and the orphaned ; millions have made their preparation for Communion, and the least fervent of them all did something for God he would not else have done. The same millions communicated, and think of all that Jesus did in them, and with them, and for them, while the sacramental union lasted ! The same millions made there thanksgiving, and what a choir of praise was there. Who can tell the vocation begun or achieved to-day, the conversions suggested or effected, the first blows given to a sinful habit or the crowning virtue to a devout resolve. There has been a vast and busy and populous empire of interior acts open to the eye of God to-day, so beautiful, so glorious, so religious, so acceptable, that the feast of the outer world has been the poorest possible expression of the miner feast of the world of spirit. And what is it all but triumph, the triumph of our hidden Lord ?

FABER.

PATIENCE

It rests with us to meet with equal mind both Southern breeze and Northern blast, and here it is that character, another heavenly gift, must help us up the hill. Nearly every trouble in life takes its real sting from the view we happen to take of it, and fortune sometimes sends a blessing in disguise. We turn away and try to escape our sentence, but finally decide to make the best of what we think a cruel blow. It is not until long after that we reverently kiss the rod which smote us and remember with gratitude the bitter draft we were forced to drink. Had it not been for such and such a lash from the whip of fate, which left us breathless, bleeding and exhausted at the time, we might never have been able to help others in their distress with a word of encouragement and love, spoken from knowledge and experience of pain.

Susan, Countess of Malmesbury.



The Voyage of Saint Louis



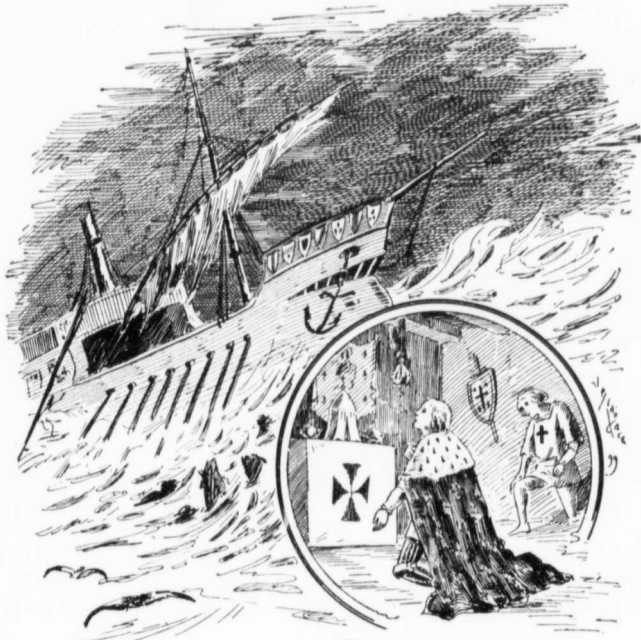
ESUS slept as if unconscious of danger, until awakened by a loud cry, " Lord, save us or we perish " ; instantly He commanded the winds and the waves and there arose a great calm, which swayed, not only the elements, but the very souls of those who had uttered that cry of fear. How often since then, in every age and clime, has not the same cry ascended from anguish stricken hearts invariably winning the same answer, for the gentle, tender mercy of the Master, is the same, yesterday, to day and forever.

Another instance of the answered cry is found in the voyage of Saint Louis, a fervent christian king, a fearless warrior, and an intrepid knight ; when on his return from the Holy Land, his ship was twice threatened with destruction. He sailed from St Jean-d'Acre the twenty first of April in the year 1254, accompanied by his wife Queen Marguerite, and their three children, two of whom were born during the expedition.

The king when equipping his fleet ardently desired that the Blessed Sacrament should accompany him on his long journey, in order to satisfy his own devotion, and to minister to the spiritual needs of his numerous crew. He asked permission, and intense was his joy at the granted privilege. He built a rich Tabernacle in the foremost part of his ship, ornamented it with cloth of silk and gold ; precious relics gathered by him during his extended tour, and of great value, were also placed in the chapel, the Divine office was recited daily ; the Blessed Sacrament

was guarded night and day by ecclesiastics, the king himself paying frequent and long visits to his honored guest.

Sails unfurled, the ship was bravely and swiftly steering for home, surrounded by all the consolations which form the happiness of religious communities ; but neither the inconstant sea, nor life, which resembles the sea in its various moods and swift changes, is long favored by peace and calm. A thick fog suddenly arose preventing the sai-



lors distinguishing the sea-coast, which they believed far away, working under this illusion all canvas was spread, to take full advantage of the wind, in order to reach home before night.

This rigging was fatal, the ship wrongly directed, veered from its course, struck a rock and rebounded with such a shock that the crew thought themselves lost and the ship split open. Simultaneously from every heart went up the cry, " Lord help us, save us or we perish "


the sailors were stupified with fear, the queen and her children overcome with sorrow and anxiety. The king left the terror-stricken crew, and with unbounded confidence, went and prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament, begging help in their awful danger. His example influenced others, who came and united their prayers to his. — The Ship was saved. — Once again Christ commanded the waters and the rocks, and the ship which bore the master of the elements righted itself at His command, as if nothing had happened. The cries of anguish and fear were succeeded by hymns of joy and thanksgiving.

The king ordered the ship anchored, and a minute examination, only disclosed slight damage easy to repair. Dawn found Saint Louis still prostrate in thanksgiving at the foot of the altar.

Day-light showed greater damage suffered by the ship, in consequence of which the pilot advised the king to leave the vessel for another in his fleet ; saying there was every danger.

God forbid I should consent replied the king. If I yield to this fear, the five or six hundred who are in this ship, would have the same right to avoid the danger as myself, as doubtless each one values his own life as much as I do mine. If I leave the ship all will do likewise. No, I prefer placing my life and those dear to me in God's keeping.

God rewarded his generous confidence and the ship carried the crew safely to France : but not without encountering fresh dangers. A storm arose and the allready damaged ship was nearly wrecked. Saint Louis with his accustomed confidence prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament, with his arms extended in the form of a cross, resigned to die if it were God's will ; the queen shared her husband's resignation and when asked if her sleeping children should be awakened calmly answered, no, let them go asleep to Jesus, who has said " Suffer the little ones to come unto me. " Such heroic resignation was rewarded. The storm ceased, calm returned, the ship reached home safely. Those miraculous deliverances inspired in the crew a sovereign respect and unlimited confidence in the Blessed Eucharist.



AN APPEAL

➤ To the Friends of the Blessed Sacrament ◀

IT is a source of great consolation for us to mark the constantly increasing circulation of the *Sentinel*, and its powerful influence in fostering love and devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist.

This publication responds to the ardent desire with which our Eucharistic vocation has inflamed our hearts : To make Jesus known and loved in the Blessed Sacrament.

As our voice is rarely heard beyond the portals of our own sanctuary, and our duty of adoration keeps us constantly loving prisoners, at the foot of the Tabernacle, we resort to the voice of the press to propagate this Eucharistic appeal and thus cooperate with God's will in our regard.

Leo XIII in his Encyclical says " Jesus wishes to reign in the Eucharist. " Our humble little *Sentinel* will be one of his heralds crying to all : " He is There " !... Adore Him !... Love Him !... Receive Him !...

We ask all truly christian hearts to help us in this apostleship, by enlisting new subscriptions for our pious publication. If each one would make a slight effort, we are sure, success would surpass our most sanguine hopes.

As a special inducement for subscriptions to the *Sentinel*, we offer, during this month, the fol-

lowing valuable premiums.

1. For *each new* subscription, or *two renewals* : two lovely silvered or gilt ostensoriums, medallion shape, a truly artistic jewel of piety.

2. For *five new* subscriptions, a dainty gilt-edged prayer book of 300 pages, and six medallion ostensoriums.

For *five renewals*, the same book, and two medallion ostensoriums.

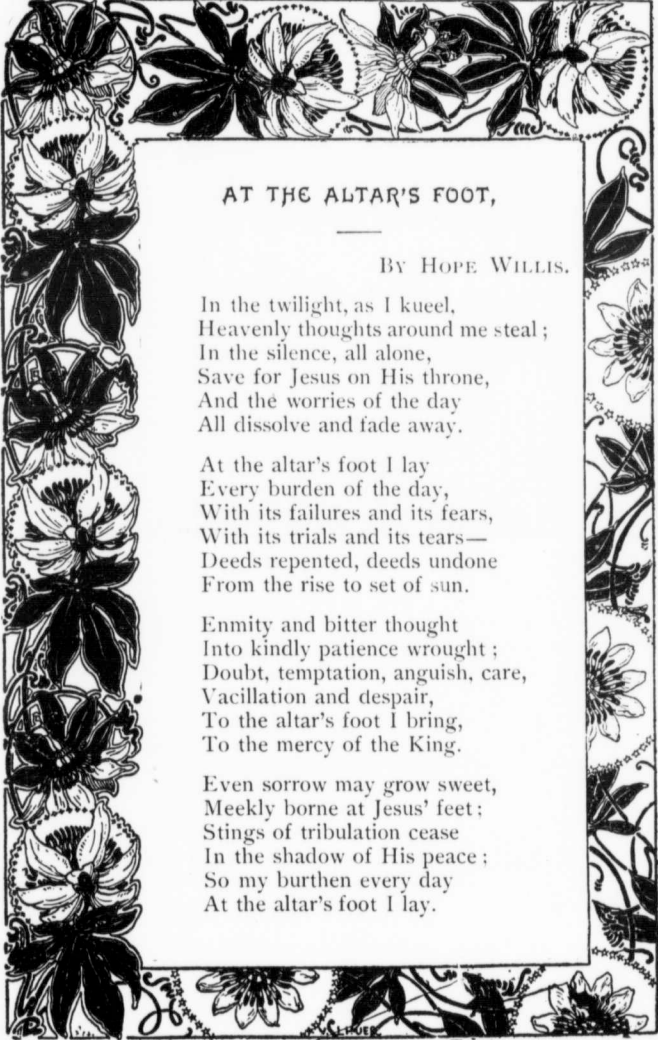
3. For *ten new* subscriptions, a lovely prayer book, containing 600 pages, gilt-edged and enriched with many really artistic half tone illustrations, twelve medallion ostensoriums, and a year's gratuitous subscription.

For *ten renewals*, the same beautifully bound prayer book, and four medallion ostensoriums.

The liberality of our premiums shows our ardent wish to leave nothing undone to spread, and extend in all hearts and homes, the Eucharistic reign of Jesus.

Nevertheless we are convinced, the premium most valued by our promoters and readers will be the assurance of our fervent prayers, which we will offer in their behalf, day and night, before the Eucharistic Throne, where Jesus is perpetually exposed ; and that by their zeal, they will draw down on themselves and families, the most precious graces and blessings, which Jesus so liberally dispenses from His Throne of Love.





AT THE ALTAR'S FOOT,

—
BY HOPE WILLIS.

In the twilight, as I kneel,
Heavenly thoughts around me steal ;
In the silence, all alone,
Save for Jesus on His throne,
And the worries of the day
All dissolve and fade away.

At the altar's foot I lay
Every burden of the day,
With its failures and its fears,
With its trials and its tears—
Deeds repented, deeds undone
From the rise to set of sun.

Enmity and bitter thought
Into kindly patience wrought ;
Doubt, temptation, anguish, care,
Vacillation and despair,
To the altar's foot I bring,
To the mercy of the King.

Even sorrow may grow sweet,
Meekly borne at Jesus' feet ;
Stings of tribulation cease
In the shadow of His peace ;
So my burthen every day
At the altar's foot I lay.



Eucharistic Thoughts

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL S. J.

I

A SAINTLY and exquisitely gifted frenchwoman, whose letters and journals, meant for no eyes but her own and her brother's, have nevertheless made her already a classic in the literature of her country—this Eugenia de Guérin writes somewhere in her journal: "Oh, quel don ! Que dire de l'Eucharistie ? Je n'en sais rien. On adore, on possède, on vit, on aime ; l'âme sans parole se perd dans un abîme de bonheur."

"Oh what a gift ! What can be said of the Eucharist ? We adore, we possess, we live, we love ; the soul speechless, loses itself in an abyss of happiness."

That beautiful soul passed out of this world many years ago : but the same devout joy she felt in her country chapel in Southern France is, thank God, felt at this moment, by many a beautiful and holy soul in convent chapel or in public church in thousands and thousands of places, all over the world. With these pure and fervent souls I now unite my poor tribute of praise and prayer. O Lord, infuse Thy love into my heart that I may adore Thee under this sacramental disguise as I hope to adore Thee in Thy heavenly beauty and majesty for ever.

II

I wish I could feel now here at Thy feet, O Lord, the most burning love, the most vivid faith, the firmest hope, and the truest contrition that ever any heart felt before Thy tabernacle. But this would be the purest happiness, this would be heaven on earth, no matter what sweet

sadness might accompany such holy feelings ; and I, being what I am, and having been what I have been — how could I dare to expect such grace and happiness ? But at least I can be happy in the thought that there are many innocent and penitent hearts feeling this happiness at this moment in many a nook of this sinful earth ; and I can bless God with all my heart for the countless acts of faith and love that are now being made before many tabernacles over all His Church.

III

What is told of many of God's saints is not true of canonized saints alone ; there are even mortal creatures like ourselves whose presence is a sort of vicarious presence of God — whose voice, whose look, whose smile, whose very neighborhood, nay the mere thought of them, the remembrance that such beings exist, tend to purify refine and elevate the soul and to make what is vile and ignoble impossible, even in secret thought. And if this is true of some of God's poor creatures still on their probation, how much more is it true of the glorious company of heavenly citizens — of St. Agnes, St. Aloysius, and so many others of the special patrons of purity ! And what are all these to their Mother and their Queen, the Virgin of Virgins Mary Immaculate ? But if the Sun of Justice thus communicates His divine influence to His creatures and most of all to her who is "fair as the moon" — if her borrowed light, the moonlight of her smile, puts to flight unholy thoughts and all the demons of darkness, how transcendently must all this hold good of our Saviour Jesus Christ Himself, the Incarnate God of Purity ! Nay, all this would have been true if God had never become incarnate, if Jehovah had never made Himself our Emmanuel, if God had remained (or had seemed to remain) far away. But he has not remained far away. He has drawn near to us, very near, nearer than He was to the favored disciples in the Garden when He withdrew from them a stone's throw, and even this was not enough for the incomprehensible yearning of our Saviour's love : He comes nearer still, and not content with abiding in the tabernacle of our altars, He makes our very hearts His tabernacle.

IV

From how many sins and miseries has Jesus preserved us through the means of this sacrament from our first Communion — how many years back in the past? From how many dangers will this sacrament continue to preserve us, on till our last viaticum — how many years (or days) forward in the future? And the sacrament of purification which prepares for the sacrament of union— how many sins have been pardoned, and how many sins that we might have committed have been prevented, through the thrice blessed influence of the tribunal of penance, from the first trembling but happy confessions of our childhood long ago, and by the watchfulness and self-restraint which, please God, have linked confession with confession ever since, on to the last absolution to be received, as we pray and hope, with the most perfect dispositions on our deathbed which we think to be far away, as many a one has thought to whom death in reality was very near.

May the Food, which makes the young heart chaste, strengthen us in our dying hour and in the strength of that Food may we reach safely the judgement—seat of our Eucharistie Lord Himself. Whose Merciful Heart will then yearn (may Its yearnings be satisfied !) to give His blessed Mother to us for ever as our nursing Mother.

It does not follow that people forget because they cease to mourn as one refusing to be comforted. Remembrance may live under smiles as well as under tears. Indeed, the truest, the sweetest and the deepest hearts are those which remember in this way — which, with a cheerful spirit, go to meet all fair and pleasant gifts of God, and yet carry in sunshine or in shadow the tender memory of some buried past.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath. For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

— *Thomas A Kempis.*

The soul that meditates for a quarter of an hour every day cannot be lost. *St Theresa.*

Saints did not do hard things because they were saints, but doing the hard things made them saints.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament



Act of Preparation.

O my God, I believe Thou art here, really and truly present in the Sacrament of The love. How good Thou art Lord Jesus to allow me to approach Thee, to spend an hour at Thy feet!

Be recollected, oh my soul! guard thy senses; banish distractions and preoccupations, and listen to Thy King, hidden, but living in the Sacred Host.

O Holy Ghost, enlighten my mind, inflame my heart! Immaculate Virgin, Mother of Jesus and my own sweet Mother, lend me your heart with which to love your Divine Son! My good Angel guardian watch over me! My dear patron saint pray for me! Pause an instant from your particular intention and offer the indulgences of the hour for the souls in purgatory.

I. — Adoration

O my God, one God in three persons, I adore Thee... I recognize Thy rights of Creator and Sovereign Master, and my duties of absolute dependance on Thine Infinite Majesty. Thou art my Father, I am Thy child: Thou art my Master, I am Thy servant, Thou art my King, I am Thy subject. What obligations emanating from those glorious titles... Infinite in grandeur in wisdom, in power, in perfection, Thou dost merit my respect, my adoration

and my love! O God sovereignly independent Thou art the absolute Master of my being and of all events! On Thee Lord depend life, health, individuals, families and nations... I adore Thee, I humble myself at Thy feet, and I love Thee with my whole heart. I wish what Thou wishest or permittest, I submit unreservedly to the decrees of Thy loving paternal Providence.

Divine Jesus hidden in the Holy Eucharist allow me to unite my unworthy adorations, to Thine, so profound and continuous.

Nations recognize your God and King, unite with us in singing a hymn of love to the glory of the Thrice Holy God...

Practice. — Make an act of faith, hope, love, adoration and abandonment to Divine Providence.

By faith we give God our intelligence; by hope, our future; by love our heart; by adoration, our being, by abandonment, our will.

Prayer. — Psalm 116 — *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes... Gloria in Excelsis.*

Ejaculation. — My God and my all!

Virtues. — Faith, purity of intention, love of complicity in the Divine perfections.

Lecture: — Imitation, Book II, chap I. Book III chap. IV.

II. — Thanksgiving

O my God, I thank Thee, for the numberless graces and benefits Thou hast bestowed on me both in the natural and supernatural order. — Creation, preservation, health, education. — The Incarnation, Redemption, Faith, the Sacraments and above all the Blessed Eucharist, earth's sweetest treasure. I thank Thee for graces particular to every age and state of life, and for Thy eternal promises...

How render Thee adequate thanksgiving for Thine excellent gifts? My dear Benefactor, how can I thank Thee? I am nothing, I have nothing, I can do nothing! Thou dost say, "My child, give me Thy heart. Yes, Lord, I give Thee my heart in loving gratitude, in grateful love, and with the help of Thy holy grace, I will be faithful to Thee for ever..."

Eternal Father, Benefactor of the human race, receive the incessant thanksgivings offered to Thee by Thy Divine Son in His Sacrament of love.

O Mary, my dear Mother, I unite my thanksgiving to yours and I sing your hymn of love to offer thanksgiving with you and by you to my Divine Benefactor.

Practice. — Make repeated acts of love and thanksgiving.

Prayer. — Magnificat.

Ejaculation. — Thanksgiving be to Thee O Lord, for all Thy mercies and benefits.

Lecture. — Imitation Book II, chap. IX.

Virtues. — Meekness, joy and grateful love.

III. - Reparation

My God humbly prostrate at Thy feet. I beg and implore pardon and offer reparation for the iniquities of the whole world... Thou art offended unceasingly by nations, families, and society... Pardon and mercy, O my God !... Lord I ask pardon for the abominations and sacrileges committed against Thee in the Sacrament of Thy love, and which afflict Thy Heart so sorely... I ask pardon, my Divine Saviour, for my numberless sins and those of which I have been the cause... Pardon, my God, for the sins of childhood, of youth, of maturity of all my life... Pardon, Lord Jesus, for the sins of my parents, relations and friends... Remember, Divine Jesus, Thou hast suffered and died for us... Have mercy on us... Eternal Father, grant us pardon and mercy ! Look not on our sins, but on the face of Thy Divine Son... He offers Thee for us, His blood, His wounds, His passion and death... God the Holy Ghost have mercy on us, touch our heart with Thy Divine unction giving us the grace and happiness of true contrition !...

Practice. — Make acts of contrition firm-purpose and love. Offer reparation in union with the Heart of Jesus.

Prayer. — Psalm 50... *Miserere mei Deus*... adding three times *Parce Domine, parce populo tuo ; ne in acternum isarcaris nobis.*

Ejaculation. — My Jesus, mercy.

Virtues. — Humility, mortification and penitent love.

Lecture. — Imitation, Book I, chap. II. Book III, chap. XXX.

IV. — Prayer

O my God, I approach Thy throne of grace and mercy with confidence and love; asking Thee to bestow on me the natural and supernatural graces of which I stand so much in need. Divine Jesus grant me the grace to lead a truly christian life, the strength to subdue my passions, to conquer self and sin, final perseverance which will introduce me to heaven; especially Lord, do I ask a lively faith, an ardent love, love strong, generous, and self-sacrificing, so that I may devote my life to Thee in the Sacrament of Thy love.

Divine Saviour, bless the Church, Thy Spouse and our tender Mother; bless the Bishops, the Clergy, the diocese. My God bless my parents, my relations, my friends and my enemies, grant eternal rest to the souls of the faithful departed.

O my Divine King, for the interests of Thy glory, listen to my prayer! Make Thyself known, O Lord, to all! Thou art the way, the truth and the life of nations as well as of individuals. Oh! that all nations and individuals would know Thee, and love Thee, and serve Thee, as their King, their Benefactor and their God. Take precedent, O Lord, in our thoughts, in our lives, in our desires, in our works! — Thus will we possess peace and joy, fore-taste of eternal beatitude; thus will we console Thy Sacred Heart.

O Jesus, living in the Sacred Host with Thee and through Thee, I ask those graces of Thy Heavenly Father Amen.

Practice. — Recommend to our Lord the pressing needs of the Church, the conversion of sinners, the perseverance of the just, agonizing souls, the souls in purgatory.

Prayer. — Recite the Our Father several times.

Ejaculation. — O my God, bless Thy child! Protect Thy Church.

Virtues. — Faith, resignation, loving confidence.

Lecture. — Imitation, Book III, chap. XI. Book IV, chap. XVI.



ALONE BEFORE THE TABERNACLE



SILENT and still the heavenly host
 Prostrate in love and fear :
 And we — for whom Thou art hidden thus —
 Not one is kneeling here !

Alone in the day : and crowds rush past,
 Like a stream in noisy glee ;
 Yet none of them stay their steps, to come
 And waft a prayer to Thee.

Alone in the night : the weary world
 Is sleeping its toils away ;
 While the rich and great, in idle ease,
 Are gathered to feast and play.

Not one of them here to visit Thee,
 To draw from Thy Sacred Heart
 Those words so tender, loving, dear,
 Which bid us in peace depart.

None of them dream of the floods of joy,
 So tender, so full, so sweet,
 Which flow when we weep, as wept of old
 The sinner at Jesus' feet.

Draw us O Lord ! with the chords of love ;
 Draw us, until we rest
 In the twilight dim, before Thy throne,
 Sharing the watch of the blest.

Heavy and dull, we are clothed in clay,
 Oh ! scatter Thy holy fire ;
 Light up our hearts from Thy heart of flame,
 Our souls with love inspire.

Then shall we come with ardor and joy,
 Then shall we kneel and pray,
 With angels who keep their vigils blest
 At Thine altar, night and day.



O SALUTARIS

HERMANN,

Alleg. (♩ = 44)

f *p* *Avec expression*

Adagio.

f *p*

O sa-lu-taris hos-ti-a, Quae coe-li, quae coe-li pan-dis

O sa-lu-taris hos-ti-a, Quae coe-li, quae coe-li pan-dis

O sa-lu-taris hos-ti-a, Quae coe-li, quae coe-li pan-dis

p *f*

os-tium, Bel-la premunt hos-ti-li-a; Da ro-bur, fer auxi-li-

os-tium, Bel-la premunt hos-ti-li-a; Da ro-bur, fer auxi-li-

os-tium, Bel-la premunt hos-ti-li-a; Da ro-bur, fer auxi-li-

-um. Da ro-bur, Fer au-

-um. Da ro-bur, Fer au-

Crescendo *Marcato*

-um Bel-la premunt hos-ti-li-a, Bella premunt hos-ti-

pp *Très doux*

-xi-tium. O sa-lu-taris hos-ti-a, Quae coe-li pan-dis

-xi-tium. *pp* *Très doux* sa-lu-taris hos-ti-a, Quae

-fi-a O sa-lu-taris hos-ti-a, Quae

Crescendo
 os - ti - um, Bel - la pre - munt hos - ti - a, Da ro - bur, da ro - bur, fer au -
Crescendo
 coe - li pan - dis os - ti - um, Da ro - bur, da ro - bur, fer au -
Crescendo
 coe - li pan - dis os - ti - um, Da ro - bur, da ro - bur, fer au -

pp *Avec tendresse* *Très doux*
 - xi - lum O sa - lu - ta - ris hos - ti - a, Quæ coe - li pan - dis -
pp
 xi - lum O sa - lu - ta - ris hos - ti - a, Quæ coe - li
pp
 - xi - lum O sa - lu - ta - ris hos - ti - a, Quæ coe - li

f
 os - ti - um, Bel - la pre - munt hos - ti - a, Da ro - bur, da
f
 pan - dis os - ti - um, Bel - la pre - munt hos - ti - a, Da ro - bur, da
f
 pan - dis os - ti - um, Bel - la pre - munt hos - ti - a, Da ro - bur, da

Très fort ff *Rallent* *Four*
 ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um, A - men A - men
Très fort ff *Four*
 ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um, A - men A - men
Très fort ff *Four*
 ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um, A - men A - men





He beholds thee wherever thou art. He calls thee by thy name. He sees thee. He understands thee. He knows all thy own peculiar feelings and thoughts, thy weakness, thy strength. He views thee in the day of rejoicing and thy day of sorrow. He notes thy very countenance. He hears thy voice, the beatings of thy heart, thy very breathing. Thou dost not love thyself better than He loves thee. Thou canst not shrink from pain more than He dislikes thy bearing it. And — He is God. ”

Cardinal NEWMAN.

~~~~~  
SEEK for self the hardest portion ;  
Work forever 'neath God's eyes.  
Courage ! Virtue springs from struggle ;  
Peace is born of sacrifice.

Die to self at every moment ;  
Love to be despised, unknown,  
Find no rest in human comfort,  
But in God and God alone.

Let there be no petty striving  
After human praise or fame ;  
To the glory of our Saviour  
Sacrifice each selfish aim.

Pass a grievance by unheeded ;  
Keep but heaven's goal in view ;  
Then in peaceful, sweet communings,  
God will always be with you.

*—A Sister of the Precious Blood in Guidon.*

~~~~~  
Prayer is the key of heaven. *St Augustine.*

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.
La Rochefoucauld.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY for others should be constantly manifested in our lives and revealed by our actions. We ought ever to remember that as there are many flowers that never open but when the sun shines on them, so there are many hearts that are closed until kindness leads their good qualities to light.

BE kind! 'tis but a heart throb,
 The choosing of a word,
 The loosening of a sweet smile,
 A feeling inly stirred;
 But what a golden treasure
 It seems to stricken souls!
 What a jeweled measure
 Of heaven-paying tolls!

Be kind! 'tis but a violet
 You pluck from out the field,
 Yet given to a poor child,
 What fragrance it shall yield!
 Low-hidden in his heart's nook,
 How oft 'twill feast his eyes,
 And written in his heart's book,
 Seem memory's fairest prize.

Be kind! 'tis but a hand-shake,
 Given to despair;
 A friendly like direction,
 Not preaching to beware.
 Yet it may serve to strengthen
 A spirit easily bent;
 And greatly it may lengthen
 The line of life's content.

Be kind! yet seem not kindly;
 Let nature be the rule;
 To patronize were blindly
 To play the friendly fool;
 But let your kindness falling,
 Just feel like friendship's rain,
 That drops at sorrow's calling,
 To soothe the lips of pain.

—Thomas J. Moore.

But a life of prayer is the only true prayer. It is a life of incessant progress in sanctity. *Father Faber.*



A Story of Grace Versus Nature



HERE is a tradition current in Spain, which is one of the least singular of the tales afloat about the great painters. One day Rubens was in the neighborhood of Madrid, and, visiting a monastery of very austere observance, remarked, not without surprise, in the humble and poor choir, a painting exhibiting admirable talent.

This picture represented the death of a monk. Rubens summoning his scholars, showed them the picture, and asked their opinion concerning it. All agreed it was a work of exceeding genius.

“ Who can be the author of this work ? ” asked Vandyck, the cherished pupil of Rubens.

“ There is a name at the bottom of the picture, but it has been carefully rubbed out, ” replied Van Thueden.

Rubens begged the favor of an interview with the prior, and asked the name of the artist whose production he admired so much.

“ The painter is no longer of this world ” replied the Abbot.

“ Dead ” cried Rubens “ Dead ” ! And no one knows his name, no one ever hinted it to me, no one ever told me his name — which should be immortal — a name before which my own would have paled. And yet, “ my father, ” said the artist with a flush of pride “ I am Paul Rubens. ”

At the sound of that name, the pale face of the prior was animated by a singular warmth. His eyes flashed, and he looked at Rubens with a strange glad look — a faint glimmer of pride flashed across his face, but it lasted only an instant. The monk then looked down, crossed his

arms, which for a moment he had raised to heaven under a sudden impulse of enthusiasm.

"The artist is not of this world" he repeated.

"His name, my father, his name that I may let the whole world know it that I may render unto him the glory which is his due."

The monk trembled in every limb; a cold sweat broke out upon his body, a faint color tinged his wan cheeks, his lips were tightly compressed like one not wishing to reveal a mystery, of which he knew the secret.

"His name, his name" cried Rubens.

The monk only shook his head.

"Listen to me brother, you have not understood my meaning. I said to you the artist was not of this world; I did not say he was dead."

"You say he lives, cried the artists in chorus. "Give forth his name."

He has renounced the world — he is in a cloister, he is a monk.

A monk, my father, a monk? Oh, tell me in what convent. He must come out of it. When God stamps a man with the seal of genius, this man should not be buried in obscurity. God gives such a man a sublime mission, and he must accomplish his destiny. Tell me in what cloister he is concealed and I will tear him from it, telling him of the glory that awaits him. If he refuses, I will have him commanded by the Pope to return to the world and resume his brushes. The Pope loves me, my father, and will hearken to my words.

"I will disclose neither his name nor the cloister which has opened its shelter to him," replied the monk in a firm tone.

"The Pope will command you" retorted Rubens exasperated.

"Listen to me replied the monk, listen to me in the name of God. Do you think that this unknown artist, before leaving the world, before renouncing fortune fame and glory, did not first struggle firmly against such a resolution? Think you brother, that he must not have felt bitter deception, great sorrow before he became convinced that all was vanity and affliction of spirit, save only to love and serve God alone. Let him die in peace in

that shelter he has found from the world and its sorrows. Your efforts, moreover, will be in vain — he will triumphantly reject your advances, for God will still be-friend him, God who, in His mercy has deigned to appear to him, and will not drive him from His presence. ”

“ But, my father, he renounces immortality. ”
 “ Immortality is nothing in presence of eternity. ”

The monk refused to carry on the conversation.

Rubens departed with his pupils, silent and sad. The monk went back to his cell, and kneeling down on the straw mat which served him as a bed, prayed long and fervently.

Then he collected his brushes, pencils, colors and easel, which were scattered about his cell and cast them through the window into the river which flowed beneath.

When they had disappeared, he knelt down again and prayed with excessive fervor — “ For Thy dear sake, My Jesus. ”

The author of the master-piece was never known.

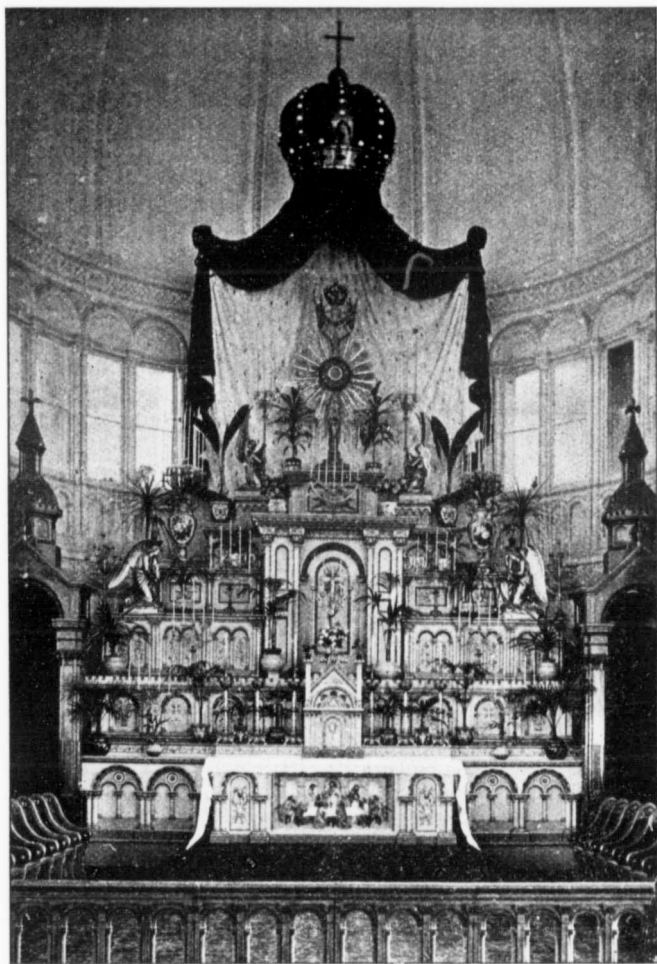
A WORD to me ? A word for me apart
 No other ear to hearken, heart to heart ?
 A word Thy hidden pleasure to impart ?
 O Master, say it !

Is it a word of love entreating mine—
 Poor recompense indeed for love divine,
 Yet precious to that human heart of Thine ?
 Dear Master, say it !

A word to cast aside my craven fears,
 To bravely bear my cross, these many years
 Dragged after Thee with protest and with tears ?
 O Master, say it !

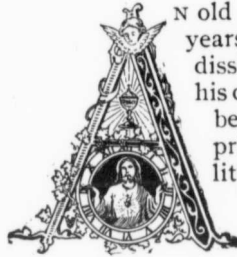
Perchance a dreaded word, not once or twice
 But often suing for a gift of price ;
 Can I invite the call to sacrifice ?
 Yes, Master, say it !

One tender word to Thomas brought belief,
 One pitying word, Thy kingdom to the thief,
 One only word would bring my soul relief—
 O Master, say it !



Throne of the Perpetual Exposition
CHURCH OF THE FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT
MONTREAL.

The Tenderest of mothers



N old soldier who for more than forty years had led a life of irreligion and dissipation, and who was not known by his companions or neighbors ever to have been a Catholic, suddenly stopped the priest one day as he was passing the little cottage where he lived, and surprised the good man by telling him he wanted to go to confession.

“ But are you a Catholic ? ” inquired the priest.

“ Yes, Father, ” was the reply, — “ that is to say, I was once a Catholic. ”

“ Certainly you may come to confession whenever you wish, ” said the priest. “ But I am curious to know what has impelled you to this step. It can hardly be fear of immediate death, for you look as well and hearty as ever I saw you. ”

“ I never was better in my life, ” replied the man. “ For the past fortnight I have been feeling unusually well. But something has taken hold of me, father : a vague unrest which I can not describe. For several days I have been saying to myself that the next time I saw you I would ask if I might not be permitted to go to confession. ”

“ And afterward ? ” queried the priest. You intend to lead a good christian life to the end of your days, I hope ? ”

“ That is my intention, ” responded the soldier, — “ with God’s help, Father. ”

“ With God’s help, of course, ” observed the priest. “ Without His help we can do nothing. I am rejoiced at your good dispositions, my friend ; and you may come this evening at seven o’clock. ”

“ Very well, Father. But you will help me, I hope. I have forgotten all about confession, and I do not know any prayers. ”

“ No prayers at all ? — not the Our Father ? ”

" I have forgotten it."

" Or the Haily Mary?"

" I have forgotten that also."

" Well, well! But you must have said some prayer now and then to have received the grace which Almighty God is working in your soul."

" No, I have never said any prayer, because, as I told you, I do not know any. But there are a couple of little verses my mother taught me more than fifty years ago. Often at night when I am in bed they come into my mind — a matter of habit, you see, — and frequently I have fallen asleep while murmuring them to myself."

" Will you say them for me now?" asked the priest, quietly.

" I would like to hear them."

The old man began, without the least trace of self-consciousness :

" I put my trust forever,
O Mary pure, in thee!
Then show thyself a mother,
And daily succor me.

" And when death's hand shall touch me,
Thy pity I implore;
Oh, lead me, dearest Mother,
To God — for evermore!"

" My dear friend, don't you know," said the priest, " that, though you may have been entirely unconscious of it yourself, the Blessed Mother of God, whom none have ever invoked in vain, has always had you in her keeping?"

You have great cause for gratitude. Come to me this evening; it will not take long to restore to your memory the 'Our Father,' the 'Hail Mary,' and the act of contrition.

As the priest pursued his homeward walk he said to himself: " I believe, in spite of his apparent good health, that the hand of death has touched him." And so it proved. The old man made a good confession, and received Holy Communion the next morning. The following day he was found dead in his bed.

Putnam... nam... om... oum !...

(Episode of the persecution of the religious institutions in France.)

ON the outer boulevard, of the little town, about forty years ago, the Fathers of St. Joseph erected a modest convent. It was perched on a broad terrace, protected, so at least they thought, by a high hedge, from the inquisitive gaze of the passers by.

Nothing disturbs the monotony of this peaceful suburb. In the morning, the whistle of the kitchen gardener awakes the sparrows huddled in rows upon the branches flocks of children run noisily to school and a few women generally of a ripe age, glide silently to mass at the convent.

At twilight on fine days, the boulevard becomes the rendezvous of the swells of the neighbourhood rich ohop. heepers, officers, civil, functionaries, etc.

Their conversation is not very animated, for one must be cautious in these days. Every evening under the spreading chestnut trees monsieur Tribouillot, his wife and his little terrier stroll quietly along on their little fat legs for Azor must have his airing.

Monsieur is a retired police officer. He wears whiskers and white gaiters 'à la Felix Faure' He is man who looks as if he had swallowed a sword, he is so stiff and uneasy. His dog is rough and unkenpt and is followed by his wife a fat jewess with an apoplectic face a troubled, astounded expression and a harsh grating voice. From time to time they stop under the pretext of allowing Azor to relieve himself.

An autumn evening.

The Tribouillot family are alone on the promenade. Through the leafless hedge can be seen the convent windows. Suddenly one of the blinds is slowly pushed open and a human shadow appears. The hand of the shadow is thrust forward and places something carefully on the outside window ledge.

Then again another object, then a third and a fourth all are put in a line and look alike. The hand belongs to Brother Pancreas, with whom you might sympathize, if you have ever suffered from corns. His feet were simply covered with them. He had tried on all the old slippers of the house in the hopes of walking with greater ease but in vain, he still continued to roll along as if on eggs, sighing and groaning as he went up and down stairs. As a consequence he would be told, oh ! trials of trials " Brother Pancreas, be more modest, you scandalize the novices."

Now it so happened that on the morning of that day the chemist's wife who was devoted to the good Fathers, took pity on Brother Pancreas and sent him through his superior, four bottles of corn cure, one more infallible than the other.

In the evening Brother Pancreas hurried up to his cell. Pitching one of his old slippers under his bed and the other one towards the grate he seated himself bare footed on his table, with his strong teeth, he extracted the corns from the four bottles.

"*Holloways corn-cure... Put nam's corn-cure... Sovereign corn-cure...* May God and St. Joseph bless her!"

The operation over. The brother found that the odor of the strong drugs made his cell unbearable yet wishing to keep the wonderful cures near at hand, he placed them on the stone ledge of his window.

At the same moment Azor must have stopped, for Tribouillet, whose nose was always bent upwards noticed the light in the Brother's window but as his sight was not very good he drew his wife's attention to it, by a gesture. They were an illminded pair.

"They are little bottles, evidently perfumery."

"Ah! yes, no doubt they are the recipes of the monastery" said he with an ugly laugh, "put up for the habitués of the place who come here very early" eh! eh! eh!"

"O! la! la! It is exasperating," cried Sarah, Then she began to rage in a loud voice, shaking her fat fist in the direction of the convent.

Azor hovering recovered from his momentary indisposition hearing the loud tones of his mistress tried to imitate her, by barking at the stars.

"Stop that" shouted Trubouillot authoritatively to the two companions of his existence. "I have an idea. Those monks well hear from me."

Brother Pancreas was ignorant of all this nocturnal uproar. Rolled up to his ears in his bed clothes and rocked in the arms of a kind hope, he was dreaming that he was being carried through the air, his corns were gone and he kept repeating: "Holloway, Putnam... nam... om... oum..." and innocently snoring.

The second day after his superior was astonished to receive an official envelope containing the following.

Nov. 10, 1902.

SIR :

From information received we are forced to believe that your convent has as an annex a perfumery establishment. In your authorisation papers you neglected to mention it.

Such an exposure obliges me to immediately reject the above mentioned papers.

Yours etc.

The worthy religious was dumb founded, which was worse, the crying injustice of the procedure or the lying allegation.

Then a memory of his youth came to him he recalled the name of his elder sisters toilet perfumery "No doubt" he exclaimed ironically "we will furnish old Mde X. with Trefle Incarnat," or the austere President of the confraternity of a happy death with "bouquet de jouvence!"

A knock at the door.

"Well, do you feel better Brother Pancreas?"

"What I feel, Father, is that those remedies smelled abominably, I have put them on the outer ledge of my window."

On the window ledge? Now I understand how they came to think we kept a perfumery depot."

"A perfumery depot?... I do not understand.



REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS

M. W. A. Cunningham, Ill. — A man addicted to drink. — A woman given to drink and who has not made her Easter duty. — A person in ill health. — Health for a father. — A young man for a good situation. — Two young girls for success. — A priest for having better health. — Miss Hogan and her intentions. — Mrs J. Vincent for the conversion of two persons

Let us pray for our beloved deceased.

C. Lassonde, died in January. — Miss C. O. Hutty, died in May. — Miss Maria Nichol, died in May. — Miss Leo Mary Smith. — Miss Mary Toy. — Miss Elmire Drummond, one of our subscribers, died on the 8th of June.

R. I. P.





MARY MAGDALEN AT THE FOOT OF CROSS