

Tisi Benvenuto.

The Magi.

UNTO HIS OWN.

By Robert Cox Stump.

Thou say'st: "O would that I were hastening
To Jesus with the Shepherds, or could bring
—As did the Magi—rich gifts to the King!

"My heart doth yearn with longing to behold
The Christ-Child, and to hear the tale retold
By angels, of His birth 'mid want and cold;

"Of how He dwelt, a hidden God, 'mongst men,
In Nazareth with Mary. Ne'er again
Could evil part us, were I near Him then!"

Thou blinded soul! The Christ-Child waiteth where
Each altar shrines the Host, to grant thy prayer;
Lo! Bethlehem and Nazareth are there!



“ Come to Me All ! ”

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**I**F we put into one scale the warnings of the Scripture which might deter us from Holy Communion, and in the other the loving words that invite us to our Lord's Table, we shall see how surprisingly the last outweigh the first.

There is, it is true, His condemnation of the guest who came unprepared to the marriage feast ; there are St. Paul's terrific words against those who eat this Bread unworthily. But who shall count the words and ways by which our Lord invites us to himself !

“ Come to Me all you who labour.” (S. Matth. 11.)  
 “ I am come not to call the just but sinners.” (S. Mark 2.) “ If anyone thirst, let him come to Me.” (S. John 7.) Suffer the little children to come to me. (S. Mark 10) “ All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me and him that cometh to Me I will not cast out.” “ I am the bread of life, he that cometh to Me shall not hunger.... I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever.... Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up in the last day.... He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him. As I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me the same also shall live by Me.” “ You will come to Me that you may have life.” (S. John 6.) “ If any man open to Me the door, I will come to him and will sup with him and he with Me.” (Apoc. 3.)

Invitations, threats, entreaties, promises— all these He uses, after the fashion of love, to bring about His union with us, to convince us that His “ delights are to be with the children of men.” (Prov. 8.) Let us think over three of these promises.

(1.) *He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in Him.* Ponder the amazing union

implied in this mutual indwelling, like the ocean in the sponge and the sponge in the ocean.

*Abideth* - for it is not a passing visit that leaves no trace. This is true even of reception at long intervals. But much more in the case of frequent, and beyond our power to express in daily Communion, does Christ abide



with and in the soul, the Sacramental Presence establishing a union that subsists by its fragrance and by its fruits after the precious time of thanksgiving is past, to vivify every action of the day and be renewed with ever increasing efficacy on the morrow.

(2.) *He that eateth Me the same also shall live by Me.* The body lives by its daily food, and its life will be vigorous in proportion as its nourishment is good and ge-

nerous. Our soul feeds—daily if it will—on the noblest Food God Himself can provide, a Food that repairs unceasingly the losses sustained in the spiritual conflict, by venial sin, by want of vigilance, by infidelity to grace, by the drag of the corruptible body on the soul. Like corporal nourishment, but in an incomparably higher manner, it builds up, invigorates, heals, refreshes, delights, wards off disease and death. Is any soul so weak as not to gain some strength from this Divine Food? Can any disease persistently resist this remedy? What more can Omnipotent Love do than give us—not Its help only, but Itself, by the undreamed of device of becoming our Food and in this way uniting us with the Source of all good! “I am come that they may have life and have it more abundantly.” (S. John 10.)

Here we draw from the Saviour's fountains the courage we need in the battle of life; patience with others and with self; the brave humility that rises promptly after every fall; the right intention that sanctifies our words and works; the charity that seeks not its own and brightens life for all around it; perseverance in well-doing, in monotonous work, in that dry and seemingly unanswered prayer which is the great difficulty in the service of God. Here, from our union with Him, we learn little by little to “put on Christ,” (Gal. 3.) to see from His standpoint, to adopt His judgments of passing and eternal things, to take to heart His interests, to desire nearness to Him even at the cost of pain and shame. Thus we come to live by Him, thus His life within us shows itself in all manner of spiritual beauty and fruitfulness.

(3.) *He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day,*—the necessary consequence of a union with the Sacred Humanity, so close that earth can furnish no parallel with it. The soul of the worthy communicant has *now* eternal life in pledge and promise, and will be called hereafter to share in the life and glory of its Saviour. He who has not suffered His Holy One to see corruption, will raise up in glorious beauty those members of His which on earth have been so closely united to their Divine

Head. "We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him because we shall see Him as He is." (I. S. John 3.)

Can we have further doubts as to His desire to see us often, daily, if possible, at His Table? Do we find the words of Scripture have been strained in their interpretation? Or is our hesitation in accepting and acting upon them due solely to the sense of our unworthiness?

Our Lord has removed this all but unsurmountable hindrance in a way perfectly marvellous. The Church which in the past has been wary in her words and has only constrained her children under grievous penalty to Communion once in the year, has spoken her mind in our days with a clearness and an earnestness that should sweep away the last particle of honest difficulty from every mind. The Vicar of Christ has said what no theologian would have dared to say—that Christ our Lord desires to meet us one and all in the embrace of a daily Communion. The times grow more and more perilous as the end draws nearer; snares thicken; human respect is more enslaving; the cares and pleasures of the world are more enthralling; the flesh is more exacting; the devil more wrathful, knowing that he has but a short time. We must have Christ with us if we are to overcome and persevere to the end. We must be drawn into His open arms—or driven into them.

And therefore Pius X. has spoken—not indeed to constrain or lay any further injunction upon us, but to assure us so unmistakably of the desire of our God to be with us in frequent Communion, that henceforth the question is placed beyond the reach of doubt or even of discussion. No one may hinder us, no one may frighten us; the easiest of conditions are all we have to fulfil. Provided only we are free from conscious grievous sin, and that our intention is "right"; that is, provided we go from the motive of pleasing God, of gaining help in our spiritual needs, and the like, we may go to Him fearlessly, go to Him daily—and be welcome guests.

"O how good and sweet is Thy Spirit, O Lord!" (Wisd. 12.)

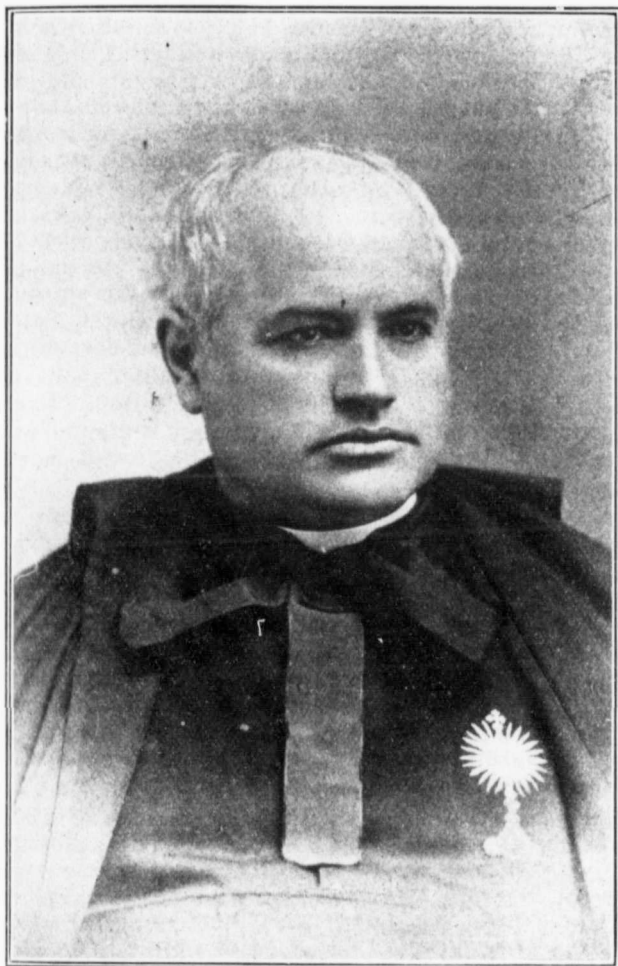


IN MEMORY  
OF  
**Very Rev. Louis Estevenon**

Doctor of Theology,  
Superior General  
Of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament,  
Founder and First Superior of our Montreal House.  
Born at St. Sauveur (France), March first. 1851.  
Died in Rome in the peace of the Lord,  
The 25th of December, 1912.

Louis Estevenon was born at Saint-Sauveur de Peyres, in the diocese of Mende (France), the first of March, 1851. He began his studies in the little Seminary of Marvejols, but so great was his devotion to, and love for the Blessed Eucharist, that before they were finished, he followed his heart's attraction and entered the Novitiate of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament at Saint-Maurice, near Paris. He completed his studies at Rome and returned a D. D. and Licentiate in Canon Law.

He was ordained on the 19th of March, 1875. Even then his truly religious spirit, learned in the school of the Founder, attracted the attention of his Superiors and led them to appoint him Master of Novices. He filled this responsible position, and all subsequent ones entrusted to him, with honor to himself and his Institute, and had a marked influence in the upbuilding of Père Eymard's glorious Apostolate. Moreover he was so well versed in the spirit and doctrine of the Ven. Founder, that he was able and willing, whenever necessary to uphold and defend them.



**Very Rev. Father Louis Estèvenon**

Superior General of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament,

Died in Rome, the 25th of December, 1912.



In 1890 he founded our Montreal house and was its Superior for ten years. Under his wise administration the Eucharistic propaganda made wonderful progress. During these ten years he employed the talents and qualities with which God had so richly endowed him, to instil in those under his charge the true spirit of the Institute, and to foster Eucharistic piety in souls attracted by Perpetual Exposition. He preached by his example the virtues necessary to every Server of the Eucharist. His fidelity to adoration was remarkable, even when ill-health made this fidelity more angelic than human; his offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, his spiritual bearing, his touching fervor as he repeated the Pater, the living expression of his ardent love and deep faith, his recollection as he distributed the Bread of Life, all excited devotion and preached love to the Blessed Sacrament.

His zeal and assiduity in the confessional could not be surpassed; but his principal characteristic was benignity, universal, unvarying, gracious benignity, outcome of his humility and spirituality. His cordiality and uprightness, his noble bearing and frank open countenance, his serenity of soul and keen sympathetic nature won universal affection which he dexterously turned from his own charming personality to the works of the Institute. He had a special love for Priests, and was kindness and graciousness itself to them, and thus established those family ties which link the members of his Order to the vast army of Clerics, composing 'The Priests' Eucharistic League.

Virtues so real and so lovable also increased his Eucharistic ardor, and enabled him to inspire in his subjects, the assiduous care of their own sanctification as well as devotedness to the Works of the Eucharistic Apostolate. Only our Blessed Lord knows how much this humble follower of His did to extend His reign both among Clergy and laity.

In 1900 he was obliged to leave the house he had founded, and the subjects he loved so well, and go to New York to establish a new centre of Perpetual Ex-

position there. He was its Superior for two years and afterwards Counsellor General. This house is located in East, 75th Street.

On the 15th of August 1905 he was elected Superior General of the Institute as successor to Father Audibert.

In order to investigate the general standing of the Institute, and strengthen its true religious spirit, he undertook the canonical visitation of its many houses, and in consequence we had the great happiness of welcoming him among us twice. During his tenure of office, as Superior General, his untiring energy combined with his remarkable administrative abilities produced the most satisfactory results. Shortly after the edict that closed our houses in Europe, he succeeded in erecting new centres of adoration and Eucharistic Apostolate. He founded two important houses in South America, one in Buenos Ayres, the other in Santiago, and a third in Austria.

Alas! just as he was achieving such glorious results he was stricken and died after a short illness in his sixty-second year. His loss, for our Institute, still in its youth, is great indeed, and leaves a void almost impossible to fill. Still we must not grieve too much, for whatever we may suffer, our loved one has found favor in the Master's sight, peace and the plenitude of happiness in the eternal reward he so richly deserved. His welcome from the Eucharistic King he served so loyally and faithfully must have been warm and tender indeed, also from the Ven. Founder, who had bequeathed him such a rich heritage of his spirit and of his Eucharistic virtues.

Here-below his works like his example outlive him, and through them he still continues to urge and invite us, to adore the King, Jesus in the Sacred Host, the True Bread of Life. From heaven he repeats to us with holy church, at this festal season: Come one and all, come ye faithful and adore the King, the giver of life.





## Favors through Venerable Père Eymard

St Zacharie, Beauce, Feb., 1912. — For four years, I suffered greatly from a sore on one foot, and I could wear a shoe only with difficulty. I commended my case to Ven. Père Eymard, promising to publish my cure, did I obtain it. Fifteen days later I was cured. *A Reader.*

St. Louis, Mo., May 2, 1912. — Enclosed find an offering for Mass for the Beatification of Père Eymard, and in thanksgiving for recovery of my little girl from a very severe sore throat through his intercession. I placed his picture on my child's neck, made a Novena and, thanks to God and Père Eymard, my child is well. *D. P. L.*


Brooklyn, N. Y., May 21, 1912. — My husband was out of work, and no sign of his getting any. Every night he came home with the same story — “nothing doing.” I was discouraged. I began a Novena to Père Eymard. The Novena was hardly over when my husband got steady work. I am very thankful to Ven. Père Eymard, and I am having a Mass said for his Beatification. Thanks also to good St. Ann. *S. F. F.*

Brooklyn, N. Y., July, 1912. — Please publish in THE SENTINEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT how grateful I am to Ven. Père Eymard. I had to undergo an operation, but there was question of my heart. I pinned a picture of Ven. Père Eymard on my heart after reciting the prayer and thanks to God and him, all things went well.

*J. H.*

After a Novena, reception of Sacraments, and use of picture for Ven. Père Eymard's Beatification, I received remarkable help in a bad form of rheumatism, from which I had given up hope of immediate relief. I am now quite able to travel, etc. Kindly publish. *A Subscriber.*

1913.



New York City, July 1912.—After three weeks' suffering and absolutely without the use of my right foot from an attack of neuritis, I happened to take up THE SENTINEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT and found a picture of Ven Pèrè Eymard, with special favors obtained through its use. I cut it out and placed it on my foot, promising to publish the cure, should one take place. In less than thirty six hours I was able to place foot on the floor for the first time.

Ardmore, Pa., July, 1912.—I had been suffering from a very severe affection of the ears. After nine months my hearing became very bad. Remedies were of no avail. I began a Novena to Ven. Pèrè Eymard and, before it was ended one ear was much better. I made a second, and now both are well. I promised publication, and I enclose a Mass offering to further his Beatification.

*A Subscriber.*

Camden, N. J., July, 1912.—I wish to return thanks to our Eucharistic Lord for the great favor granted my wife. She was suffering so intensely from a sore on one of her limbs that she could hardly endure it. She placed a picture of Ven. Pèrè Eymard on the limb, and obtained relief. I offer a Novena of Masses in thanksgiving for the wonderful graces sent us.

*L. G.*

Portsmouth, N. H. Sept. 25, 1912.—While reading the "Sentinel" one evening, I happened to read of Ven. Pèrè Eymard and of all the good deeds he has done. So having a sister afflicted with sore eyes for about two years, I resolved to make a Novena to that great Venerable, and promised a publication if cured.

When my Novena ended, the fourth day, her eyes began to heal, and now are as well as they ever could be expected of her. Hoping I have fulfilled my promise and thanking Ven. Pèrè Eymard for his good works.

*N. F. Q.*






THE

## SENTINEL'S GREETING

The Sentinel wishes its Readers,  
A happy and blessed New Year.  
Full of gifts and of graces from Heaven,  
And of God's Holy Love and His Fear.

Not the vain wish that life would flow calmly  
Unruffled by tempest or rain,  
But the wish that they bow to the Master  
Alike both in comfort and pain.

For sorrow and joy are apportioned  
By a Father both loving and just,  
And we need but to accept them ever,  
And then in His Mercy to trust.



May the year that has dawned bring to Jesus  
Many hearts that will keep Him enshrined,  
Many worshippers that will comfort Him  
And joy in His Presence will find.

May the children whose hearts He will enter,  
Keep Him with them evermore.  
And may their white souls ne'er be sullied,  
Nor chilled by sin's blast flowing o'er.

These few are the Sentinel's wishes  
To its Readers both distant and near,  
May the Christ-Child e'er bless and protect you,  
With a peaceful and bright happy Year.



# The Holy Name

OF



Adoration.

O Jesus, my adorable Saviour! I pronounce Thy holy name Jesus, and I feel my soul penetrated with respect, love, and adoration for the Divine Person who bears this thrice holy name. I love Thee, O my Saviour, for ennobling our human nature by taking from it Thy Body, Thy Blood, Thy Heart, and Thy Soul with all their admirable faculties! I say to myself: If the name of Jesus is so holy, so terrible that, when pronounced every knee should bow in heaven, on earth, and in hell; if it is so powerful that the first miracle of the New Law, the first miracle of Thy Apostle Peter, was wrought in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and ever since by the power of the same holy name the saints have performed so many prodigies, what must we think of Him who bears that name of glory and of love? If the name of Jesus is so sweet, so charming that the Church delights in chanting it, and all who love the Saviour thrill with joy when pronouncing it or hearing it pronounced, what shall we say of Him, of Jesus Himself?

Ah! I understand why the name of Jesus is of so much worth and merit, why it is deserving of so much reverence and confidence. It is because Jesus signifies *Saviour* of the world. Now, only a God, a God made Man, has power to save us, as Peter assured the Jews that there was no other name by which we could be saved. *Jesus!* Matchless name, peerless name, sacred name *par excellence*, name truly adorable, because it is the name of our Emmanuel, the name of the good God, present and living among us! To merit this name above every name, Oh, how much our dear Saviour suffered and humbled Himself, becoming, as St. Paul says, obedient unto death and the death of the cross!

Gladly, then, will I cry out with David: "*O Lord, our Lord, how admirable is thy name in the whole earth! From the rising of the sun till the going down of the same the name of the Lord is worthy of praise. Young men and maidens: let the old with the younger praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is exalted. All the nations thou hast made shall come and adore before thee, O Lord: and they shall glorify thy name!*"

Would, O my Jesus, that I could speak and write Thy name in season and out of season, as did St. Paul in his Epistles! Would that I could declare with St. Augustine and St. Bernard that every writing is insipid if I find not there the name of Jesus, that every conversation is wearisome if it does not echo the sound of the holy name of Jesus! Would that, in imitation of St. Bernardine of Sienna, I could engrave the name of Jesus in letters of radiant gold on the walls of every public edifice and every private dwelling! Above all, by dint of pronouncing it and chanting it, would that after my death it might be found engraven on my heart, as on that of St. Ignatius of Antioch!

### Thanksgiving.

The name of Jesus is a name of sweetness and love. If it calls upon me loudly to adore, it commands me not less imperatively to thank. The name of Jesus recalls to me my beloved Saviour, my Sovereign Benefactor, Him to whom I owe all that I am, all that I have, all that I hope for and expect in this world, both in the natural and the supernatural order, and in the next, eternal glory and beatitude.

To pronounce, to hear the name of Jesus, is in itself a grace, a protection. The saints teach charming things on this subject. I love especially to recall what St. Lawrence Justinian says of the advantages to be derived from the pious invocation of the name of Jesus: "As often as you piously pronounce this holy name, you taste a certain spiritual sweetness most agreeable, not only in the heart, but also on the lips. This name has a power all its own to rejoice the soul, refresh the spirit, strengthen devotion, and rouse the piety of him who invokes it. If tempted by the demon, oppressed by men, burdened by sadness, worn out by suffering; if violently agitated by the spirit of blasphemy or despair, struck with terror, or plunged into the agony of doubt, utter the name of Jesus and, at once, light and grace will flow upon you. Yes, in difficult, perilous, terrible moments, at home and abroad, in the desert and on the billows of the sea; in fine, wherever you may be, pronounce the name of the Saviour. Pronounce it not with the lips alone, but from the bottom of the heart, with faith, love, and confidence, for it would serve little merely to spell, as it were, the syllables of the divine name. But if you say, *Lord Jesus!* confessing with mouth and heart that He is truly God and truly man in the unity of one same Person, you will be entirely embalmed with the good odor of Christ and, by virtue of that confession, you will be saved."

Let us now listen to St. Bernard: "The name of Jesus," says he "is honey to my mouth, music to my ear, jubilation in my heart... Thy name, O Lord, is like oil poured out. Oil enlightens, nourishes, softens. It feeds fire, nourishes the flesh, soothes pain. It is a light, a nourishment, a remedy. And so it is with the name of Jesus."



Here let us give utterance to our sentiments of gratitude, for we have near us in our tabernacles Him who is called Jesus, and we can approach Him, speak to Him, receive Him into our breast, and unite ourselves to Him as closely as we please. O my Jesus, if Thy name is already a light, a nourishment, and a remedy, can I doubt that Thy Body and Blood, Thy Soul and Thy Divinity contained in the Most Blessed Sacrament, are with far greater reason our indefectible light, our supersubstantial nourishment, and the remedy for all the evils of our soul? Moreover, it is Thou Thyself, O well-beloved Saviour, who hast said; "*I am the light of the world.*" "*My flesh is meat, indeed. I am the living bread.*" "*I am not come for those that are well, but for the sick.*"

*May the name of the Lord be forever blessed and praised, and thanked at every moment be the Most Holy and Most Divine Sacrament!*

#### Reparation.

The name of Jesus has wonderful power to incite us to reparation. There is nothing astonishing in this, since Jesus is the name of our dear Saviour, officially imposed upon Him on the day on which, in His eagerness to save us, He began to shed the first drops of His Precious Blood, namely, the day of His Circumcision. It is in view of this fact that Holy Mother Church places upon the lips of her erring children these words: "*By Thy name, O Lord, have pity on me, for great is my sin!*" "*Through Thy holy name O Lord, pardon my sins!*"

To repair the sins committed against the Eucharist, the forgetfulness, the irreverence, the blasphemy, let us love to repeat often the following little act of love and adoration: *Praised be Jesus-Christ!* Let us say it when passing before a church, when we see a steeple in the distance, when making the genuflection or the prostration before the Most Blessed Sacrament. Our fathers, the First Christians, when they met, saluted one another with the words: *Praised be Jesus-Christ!* Why, at least among devout persons, should we not try to establish this holy custom? Let us say, let us cry out if possible, when we hear a blasphemy: *Praised be Jesus-Christ!*—If miscreants claim the right to blaspheme and curse aloud, why should we not enjoy the liberty to bless and adore aloud? In many Christian homes, notably in Catholic Belgium, may be seen on the walls scrolls and placards, bearing in large characters these words, which are constantly repeated: *Praised be Jesus Christ! Forever!*—Ah! here is a tradition which we should not allow to fall into disuse. It would help to repair the evil wrought by so many vile posters stuck on the walls of our cities.

There is another invocation of Thy holy name, O my Jesus, which is reparative in the highest degree. It consists of the three words: "*My Jesus, mercy!*"

Let us love to repeat it in reparation for our sins and for the conversion of sinners,

## Petition.

*My Jesus, mercy!* It is a cry of reparation and an ardent prayer. St. Leonard of Port-Maurice, that illustrious converter of souls, the great apostle of Italy in the eighteenth century, constituted himself the indefatigable propagator of this short, but powerful, invocation. He used to cry out at the end of his missions: "Ah! my dearly beloved brethren, who will give me a voice of thunder or rather one of the trumpets that will resound on the day of the Last Judgment, and, transported with holy zeal, I shall ascend to the top of the highest mountains and there shout with all my might: 'Erring people, commend yourselves to God in these or similar words: *My Jesus, mercy! My Jesus, mercy!*'— And I give you my word, since Jesus has given you His before me in His Holy Gospel, when He said, '*Ask and you shall receive*'—yes, I give you my word, I repeat, if you commend yourselves often to God by these words, *My Jesus, mercy!* you will cease to sin, and you will be saved!"

The incredible power of the invocation of the holy name of Jesus is founded on the promise of Our Lord Himself. Hast Thou not said, O good Master: *Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My name, that will I do?* Has not Thy Apostle written: *Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved?* Behold why the Church expects all her help from the Lord who made heaven and earth: *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini qui fecit coelum et terram.*—Blessed, then is the man whose hope is in the name of the Lord! Again, if the name alone of Jesus possesses so great supernatural power, what of His Person Itself, of His Divinity, His Sacred Humanity? What is the power of His Soul, of His Body, and of His Precious Blood? What shall we say of His Heart, that adorable Heart, which the Divine Sacrament places at our disposition, that by It we may render to God all our religious duties, merit all His benefits, and pay our debt of gratitude for them? Yes, when we offer to Almighty God the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, we discharge our debt far beyond its value, since nothing can equal in worth the Holy Eucharist, the Gift above all gifts!





The  
 Infant-God and the Holy Eucharist

As we kneel before the Blessed Sacrament during and after the sacred time of Christmas, we shall naturally find the silent Dweller in the Tabernacle rising before our vision of faith as a little Child. The crib, during this happy season, haunts our imagination, especially during our moments of adoration. In the hush of recollection, as the world with its follies and cares fades from the mind, our thoughts go stealing back twenty centuries and more over many lands and many seas to the holy night and the holy place where Christ was born. Palestine may be to us an unknown country, but we need no guide but love. Love for the Infant Jesus leads hearts straight to Bethlehem; and should our thoughts go astray ever so little, the angels of the Nativity are watchful to turn them back to the lowly manger of the lowly Babe.

All lovers of the Blessed Sacrament, but especially the timid and the shy and the doubting, should fill their minds with the image of the Infant Saviour; above all, sinners, and none of us is without sin, should think long and often of the Divine Child. For it is hard to imagine an appeal to our love that is quite so attractive or quite so irresistible as that which our Blessed Lord makes to us from His wintry stable and His bed of straw.

We must have an abiding sorrow for sin, and our constant study must be the crucifix ; we need its silent reproach and reproof, its tender reminder of our wayward wrong doing. But there are times when we should put aside all thought of self, and strive only to give love for love. During these days when the spell of Christmas is in our hearts, there is no surer or easier way of eliciting acts of perfect love than by kneeling in spirit or in truth before the crib. The outstretched arms, outstretched at the beginning of His life no less than at its end, the look of confident love in the trustful eyes, the gentle charm of His utter helplessness, the example of His mother and St. Joseph, of the shepherds and the wise men from the East, make an appeal that we cannot refuse. He seems to be giving us so much, and to be getting from us so little in return, that in spite of sinfulness and worldliness, our hearts overflow with affection and our souls are possessed by love, love silent but strong, forgetful of self but mindful of God.

This, perhaps, is the reason why our Lord has appeared so often in the Blessed Sacrament as a little child. We all of us remember the story, that we heard in the days of our First Communion, of the little Child with the halo of glory around His sacred head, that opened the door of its tabernacle and came forth to give to that other child that knelt in humble worship a loving caress of loving thankfulness for the other's loving adoration. Scarcely less familiar is the other story that Saint Louis of France loved to tell, of how the Infant Jesus appeared in the Sacred Host, and how Simon, Count of Montfort refused to look ; his faith in the Real Presence had no need to be strengthened by a visible apparition. Not less wonderful and even more consoling was the favor granted to St. Lawrence Justinian. It was Christmas night, and the holy man was celebrating the holy sacrifice, when suddenly there before him was Christ Jesus in the form of a most beautiful Child. We can imagine how tender was his love and how profound his adoration for this little Child, his Eucharistic God. Such too shall be our adoration, if we will only yield to the winsomeness of the Babe of Bethlehem.

## THE MAKING OF A PRIEST.

— Alice Dease. —



PEGGY MACNAMEE all her life had one ambition, and that was to help in some way or other in the making of a priest. She was poor and old and lonely, and it did not seem that, except by prayer, she would ever have her heart's desire, yet year after year she still prayed and hoped on, and at last when she least expected it, her chance came.

Peggy lived four miles from Ballyowen, where every year a hiring fair was held, and as it was the custom for all the parish, not only those who sought employment, to go into the town and see their friends and do their shopping on that day, Peggy, like her neighbors, used to lock up her door and go off with the rest for a day's enjoyment.

She lived in a bog cottage in Carrigadurris, where a big family had been reared, but all the others had left the old country, and though they had settled down over the water, they liked to feel that the old home was there, ready to receive them if ever they came back to Ireland again, and so they paid the little rent of it and sent from time to time what supplied nearly all of Peggy's modest wants. This irregular income she supplemented by working now and again for Mrs. Hennessy whose husband owned the big farm on the hill, and it was on Mrs. Hennessy's car that Peggy journeyed in to the hiring fair of Ballyowen. The farmer's wife was looking for an extra servant boy, and though quantity of what she sought was not lacking, the quality to suit was harder to procure, and it was Peggy who at last discovered Christie Carroll and carried him off to where Mrs. Hennessy was interviewing a group of would-be servants. He was much

smaller than the other boys, and it was only his conductor's persistence that gained him a hearing at all.

"How old are you? You're too young," said Mrs. Hennessy, all in one breath.

"I'm strong, though I am small," replied the boy; "and I'm a good worker, too."

Peggy had rescued him just as his uncle was about to hire him to the owner of a low public-house in the town, and he was haunted by the fear that they would seek him out again and clinch their bargain before he had found a hirer for himself.

"And—" Christie glanced at the other competitors and instinctively lowered his voice, "by reason of being young, I wouldn't be asking big wages."

Mrs. Hennessy turned again to look at the boy whose case she had thought to have dismissed.

"I give £2 the quarter," she said.

"I was asking the half of that," replied Christie tentatively, "and you'll find me handy."

"Who had you hired last term?" she questioned.

"The boy's face clouded over, and despite his efforts his voice trembled.

"I—I wasn't hired—"

Then again Peggy came to his aid. "He's an orphan, God help him," and, lower, she added: "Hurry, then, Mrs. Hennessy, dear, and say the word, for I see that rascal Patsy Kearney coming to take him off to his low shebeen unless you've got him hired first."

"Will you do what you're told?" asked Mrs. Hennessy, "and mind, now, you're to 'ma'am' me and 'sir' Hughie."

"I will—ma'am," replied Christie, his face lighting up.

And so, after some further converse, his fate was sealed. Half an hour later he was seated at Peggy's side on the car, their united weights hardly balancing Mrs. Hennessy's portly form, and the old mare was taking them slowly homeward.

Before they had reached their destination Peggy had learnt much of her protégé's past, but some weeks had passed by before he gave her his full confidence and told her of the ambition of his life. His father had been a

tailor, and although Christie was old enough to learn the trade, he had been kept at school until death had carried off both his parents a few weeks previously. The grief that he felt at his loss and the sorrow that the breaking up of his home had brought him, were increased by the knowledge that all hope of his becoming a priest some day was gone.

Peggy listened to his story with breathless interest. All her life she had longed "to help in the making of a priest," and now at last the opportunity had come to her.

"Is it give it up you're talking of?" she cried. "How could your parents rest in their graves if you gave it up and wasted all the years of learning that they gave you?"

"But, Peggy," cried the boy, scarcely daring to hope, "how can I keep to school when I have my own living to earn?"

"There's other ways of learning outside school," she replied. "Listen here to me. What did you do with the books you had beyond?"

The boy flushed to the roots of his hair.

"I—I left the most of them," he began.

"Is it at your uncle's?" asked Peggy.

"No. I thought my school was dead, along with them, and—" his voice dropped to a whisper, "I put them in a box and buried them too. The ground was soft, and after the neighbors had gone from the graveyard I went back, and I put them under the sod."

Peggy laid her hand on the head that was drooping now.

"We'll have them back, please God," she said. "You chose a safe place."

"The only place in all the world that is my own," interrupted the boy, and he spoke almost fiercely.

"We'll have them back," repeated Peggy, "and I'll speak to the master for you."

And she was as good as her word. Daybreak of the next holiday saw this curious couple making their way towards the far-off parish where Christie's home had been. They stopped for Mass in the town, and then went on through country strange to Peggy, but growing ever more familiar to the boy, until the gray walls of the churchyard they were seeking came in sight, and there,

under the double mound, where the grass was already growing green, the box of books was safely recovered. Then, after a rest and a prayer over the graves, they retraced their footsteps, but dark night had fallen when they reached the little home in Carrigadurris again.

Then began Peggy's self-imposed task as monitress to a willing pupil. The precious books remained in her keeping, and every night Christie came down from the farm to seek them. Three times in the week he went to the schoolmaster's house for his lessons, the small fee required for them coming out of the boy's own wages, Peggy's share being to keep down his other expenses, mending and making, and keeping his scant wardrobe in such repair that, with the exception of boots, he never seemed to have to buy anything at all.

The boy, with his bright face and eager ways, grew very dear to the little lonely woman. She was quite content to sit silently by the fire evening after evening, as long as her eyes could rest on the dark head bent over the oil lamp that lit the room. And whilst her fingers were busy knitting for her young student her thoughts strayed away to his future, and ever and again her lips moved in prayer that God would make him worthy of the high calling to which he aspired.

The six months of his hiring lengthened to a year, to which another and yet a third succeeded. He had learnt all that the school-master could teach him, and yet beyond his added learning he was no nearer the desired goal.

The parish was poor, and there were already more candidates than burses at the diocesan seminary. Perhaps, too, the parish priest was dubious of Christie's vocation, and even Peggy could extract no more from him than a promise that if Christie was of the same mind in two years' time, when another student from the parish would have finished his course of studies, that his name would be laid before the Bishop, and if his vocation was thought to be a real call from God it might be possible to provide for his maintenance at college; but in any case he would have to supply something, say five pounds a year, for the seven years of his theological course.



There was not much encouragement in this, but Peggy was undaunted. The first thing to do was to find a means of earning that five and thirty pounds, and this at home in Carrigadurish was impossible. Her brothers, working away in England, had often told her of the high wages that were earned in the coal mines of Lancashire, where even boys of Christie's age could gain more in a week than a month's labor at home would bring them.

It was like shutting the sunshine out of her life to send the lad from her. Well she knew that once he was gone from her he would be gone forever. The minister of God, whom she hoped and prayed to live to see, could never take the place that the boy Christie would leave vacant in her heart. Outwardly she showed no sign of this as she told him all she knew of a miner's life and he, bent only on reaching the long looked for end, decided bravely to put her suggestion into execution.

He was sorry to part from them at the farm, but Peggy's cottage had been his real home, and it was the goodbye there that hurt him most. He was seventeen now, a child no longer. Yet the world loomed very large and empty before him as he turned away from the little figure to whom he owed so much, and the tears that fell from her patient deep-set eyes were no less sorrowful than the unbidden mist which blotted out the familiar landscape from his own.

Letters came from time to time, and Peggy cherished them every one. He wrote that he had found work, that he was getting on well. He had joined night classes and his spare time was occupied with study. He did not write of the trials and temptations that surrounded him, of the mockery of his comrades nor of the time that he found to kneel in the tiny chapel, seeking and finding strength to endure and persevere.

Peggy aged during his absence, and even when a year and two years had passed since his departure, she missed him still as regularly as the twilight fell. A third year ran its course.

The sum required had been saved and put aside. Peggy began to count the days until her boy's twenty-first

birthday, when she counted upon having him home again, but before the time came Christie wrote and told her of an unexpected turn in his fortunes. The priest of the mission on the coalfields had been a friend to him from the first, and now he had succeeded in getting him a nomination in a missionary college in England.



Peggy had looked forward so surely to seeing her boy once more that it was hard for her to say: "God's will be done." But when his next letter came, full of his new life, she forgot her own regrets in his rejoicing. She knew that seven long years must pass before she would see him again, but when he did come it would be to say his first Mass in the chapel on the hill.

Time rolled on, and others forgot the farm lad who had passed out of their lives so completely. Peggy alone waited and prayed for him still. At last, after all those years, he came; not the high-spirited boy that she had sent away, not the fair-faced young priest that she had pictured in her dreams, but an earnest-eyed man, who had toiled amongst other men and had seen in those three years more of strife and sin and suffering than a lifetime at Carrigadurris would have held. The peace of his student's life, the joy of his ordination, the holiness that an appreciation of his high calling had stamped upon his brow, could not efface the lines that those years of toil and endurance had laid there first.

He came, and in him Peggy saw the fulfilment of her dreams. There was no discontent, no heartache, no disappointment. She had helped him forward to where he had come, and now - he was a priest. She knelt and saw him stand before the altar and heard his voice in the well-known prayers, heard the sound of the sanctuary bell, saw his anointed hands upraised, and in the hush of the chapel she caught the whispered tone as he pronounced those words, the most solemn in the world. Afterwards she knelt before him to kiss his hands.

"I've prayed for you these ten years," she whispered; "now it is your turn to pray for me instead."

"Not instead, Peggy," he returned. "Much as I needed prayers before, now I need them a thousand times as much again."

 THE EPIPHANY 

(See frontispiece)

**L**ET me take you with me in spirit to Judea's distant hills. It is the month of January, seven hundred and forty-nine years from the founding of Rome. All the earth is at peace. The heavens unite in telling the glory of God and the brightest star of the firmament illumines the city of David.

On yonder hill we discern the forms of three royal personages, the Wise Men from the East, mounted on camels splendidly caparisoned, and followed by such a retinue as becomes their station. Their facial expression betrays their anxiety, and on all sides they enquire, "Where is He who is born King of the Jews, for we have seen His star in the East and are come to adore Him?"

They continue to follow the star until lo! it stops in the heavens and casts its light upon a stable! Filled with mingled joy and wonder they enter, and prostrate themselves before a child, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid on a pallet of straw. Behold the first public manifestation of the God made man, the first adoration of the Gentiles! Would that we could appreciate the holy sentiments which fill the hearts of these three kings at this particular moment! They offer Him gold, the usual tribute to kings, myrrh, which honors the sepulture of the great, and incense, a symbol of the homage we owe to God.

But how shall we enumerate the gifts of the God-Child to the Magi? Oh that we could draw aside the veil that hides from view the next thirty-three years of His life — but let us content ourselves with the consideration that the Divine child, on His cradle-throne, will not be outdone in generosity.

Here then, at Bethlehem, the "house of bread," is begun the adoration which we are called to continue — not

for a month, not for a year, not for the span of human life, but for all eternity. On the altar is exposed the same child that was born in the stable at Bethlehem two thousand years ago. Let us prostrate ourselves before His Eucharistic Throne, offering Him our homage: the



pure gold of our hearts after the dross of sin has been cast aside; the myrrh of our daily sufferings; the incense of our prayer. Let us offer Him our Adoration, Reparation, our Supplication, and our Thanksgiving for our supernatural vocation in Christ Jesus, Our Lord!



## ➤ Under the Sanctuary Lamp ➤

### The Hills of Egypt.



The swarthy Oriental Kings have come to Bethlehem and gone. The sound of the jingling bells on the stately camels has long since died away in the streets of David's City. Their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh had been laid at the feet of the new-born Babe, who in His Mother's arms had welcomed the weary travelers after their long journey.

The fortieth day after the angels had chanted their undying hymn of triumph over Bethlehem's hills found Mary, Joseph and the Child in the temple. Simeon whose form was bent with the weight of years and whose eyes were dim from watching into the future, holds in his feeble and trembling arms Him who bears myriad worlds in the hollow of His hand.

Back now to Bethlehem the Holy Family have once more found their way over the same road which Mary and Joseph trod so wearily the first Christmas eve. The quiet, peaceful days, so full of untold joy and consolation, were not to last long. One night as Joseph lay asleep, "an angel of the Lord appeared to him saying: "Arise and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt. A "hard saying" this. Why retreat, why have recourse to flight? Was not the Babe the Eternal Son? Ten legions of angels with drawn swords stood eager for His defence. Not so did Joseph reason. Of him Holy Writ adds: "Who rising up took the Child and His



Mother by night and retired into Egypt." In centuries to come the land of Egypt both in city and desert will teem with religious life, which perhaps had never been lived if Mary's Child had not sanctified that soil so fruitful later on in saints. Joseph however, could not peer into the future, nor did he need to do so. For him it was enough that God had spoken and he was sure that He who fed the swallows of the air and clothed the lilies of the field, would watch over His own beloved Son.

Before following the Holy Family down through the hill country of Judea and over Hebron on out into the desert, we can pause awhile and ponder on the lesson already hinted at in this beautiful mystery. No call of God ever found in holiest seraph such prompt obedience as Joseph gave that night to the angel's voice in Bethlehem.

As at times we kneel under the light of the sanctuary lamp, do we not hear the voice of Mary's Child calling to us in various ways? Sometimes He bids us fly from danger, from some occasion of sin. He is in our hearts and He entreats us to take Him away from an enemy more cruel than the wicked Herod who sought His life among the hills of Judea. Often with outstretched hands the fugitive Babe of Bethlehem begs us to take Him in our arms by nobler lives of purer motives, higher aims, braver deeds. And we look at the difficulties and perhaps refuse. Joseph did not look out into the darkness and weigh the obstacles in his path and tarry till the dawn.

Again how often before the Tabernacle have we not heard in our souls the command given to Abraham: "Go out of thy country and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee"? To many hearts these words are spoken, into many lives this blessed invitation comes. He pleads with them so piteously; He promises them a hundredfold in this life and eternal joy in the next. He yearns to be taken by their efforts away from persecutions fiercer than Jerusalem's blood-stained king and brought into an Egypt of ten thousand hearts and souls; but those who receive the call, hesitate, find excuses

and finally heed not. How many lives which in the cloister would have blossomed into fairest flower and richer fruit and been productive of untold good, have in the world faded, shrivelled up and died with nothing done for souls or Him who bled His life away for men. How many who, if they had generously asked like Paul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do" and had been strong of arm and stout of heart to do His will, would have lived near the altar and within the shadow of the sanctuary! Their lives, like Paul's, would have rung true to every noble motive and have influenced for good ten thousand souls. Such lives outside of their calling, away from the Tabernacle, have been cold and dark, scanty in merit for themselves and all but useless for others.

One day during our Lord's public ministry, a certain young man kneeling before Him asked Him: "Good Master, what shall I do that I may receive eternal life?" When the young man had answered our Lord's heart-searching questions on the commandments with the sublimely simple words: "All these things I have observed from my youth," Jesus looking on him, loved him and gave him the call to the higher life. "Come and follow me," were the words that conveyed the invitation. Who that had seen the look in the Master's eyes, had heard the sweet persuasiveness of His voice, had witnessed the pleading of His hands could have refused? Yet, St. Mark tells us that the young man who had kept the commandments from his youth did refuse, for he says: "Who being struck sad at this saying went away sorrowful." But who can tell the sorrow that weighed down the Sacred Heart? It is sad to think how often similar scenes are enacted in Catholic homes, how those whom Jesus calls will not heed. The command comes to flee with the Babe of Bethlehem. They loiter and tarry. The days of their sad lives slip away. The Child has been taken into the Egypt of other souls by braver and stouter hearts. There He will render lives fruitful of holiness as did His sojourn along the Nile centuries ago.

Out from the same Tabernacle comes the same voice of our Blessed Saviour pleading with parents; the Sacred Heart asking for his own, which He has entrusted



to them, not given. How often are obstacles set in the way of the higher life by the example, by the unwillingness of the parents themselves! Frequently the pleading of the Sacred Heart is either unheeded or unheard. Natural affection, hopes of worldly prosperity, imaginary needs dull and blunt the perceptions of the soul and the voice of the Master which was heard above the wild rush of the storm and waves on the Sea of Galilee, is not perceived. What a risk such parents run lest one day God scourge them for their selfish disobedience.

It is not unknown that God has called and parents would not let their children go. For this disobedience such homes have been scourged. Firesides have been chilled and darkened, lives broken and shattered, and tears of blood shed. Young lives full of promise have been blighted with a blight more wasteful than that which swept over the land of Egypt at the command of Moses. Young hearts once noble in their aims, lofty in their purposes, and eager for things of God, have wilted and shrunk up and sunk to things low and degrading. Parents have lived to see the day and to regret that when God called they hardened their hearts. In bitterness and anguish of spirit they could say with Jeremias; "How is the gold become tarnished, the finest color is changed, the stones of the Sanctuary are scattered in the top of every street." This is the first lesson which we must take deeply to heart as we kneel during our Holy Hour and hear the angel in the night bid Joseph: "Arise and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt."

J. H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

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