



The Virgin and the Child.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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A Visit to Jesus

(Written for the Sentinel.)

When weary and tired of many a care,
I love to retire in silence and prayer,
To kneel before Jesus, our Father most dear,
Who loves to console us in sorrow and fear.

How happy I am to be there at His feet,
And heed with attention His warnings so sweet;
And hear plainly His tender voice say:
"Come, O my child, rest with Me here and pray."

My heart is no longer so heavy with sadness,
But light and happy with joy and gladness,
"O Jesus, dear Jesus come into my heart,
And stay with me always, ne'er to depart."

R.

The Happiness of Daily Communion

Every day! what happiness! Yes, every day Jesus gives Himself to me, without this loving gift my life would be hard indeed.

Every day I find Jesus in the Eucharist as really as during His mortal life and happier than His disciples, I can receive Him in the sanctuary of my soul, unite myself to Him, feed on His substance, incorporate myself to Him, become one with Him.

How exist without receiving Jesus every day? How bear the burden of life without Him? Only His heavenly visit can comfort me in this my painful exile.

Yesterday I had the happiness of receiving Communion and last night I fell asleep with the glad thought of receiving the visit of My Lord in the morning. O Blessed Eucharist, without You could I live? . . . However hard life is it has grown much more peaceful, and supportable since I have the happiness of going to Communion daily.

Every day my first thought on awakening is the visit of the Host, I get up full of hope and courage, I receive the Host, the constant companion of my life and with It my days pass in the closer intimacy of true friendship.

I received Communion yesterday, I had that happiness today, and will again tomorrow, and every tomorrow our Blessed Lord will give Himself to me. Yesterday . . . to day . . . tomorrow . . . always; for me those four words contain all. Oh! how weary life must be for those who do not understand this abiding of Christ in the Sacred Host.

Yes always, O Well-beloved Host Thou Wilt be mine and I Thine! I receive Thee every day, but every day, every second, Thou dost hear my heart repeating; always;

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meaning return, give Thyself to me anew, I possess Thee yet I desire Thee ever more and more; Thou hast filled me, yet I still hunger after Thee. Every day I receive Thee, O Saving Host. Ah! I do not fear death, nay, rather I long for it; I am eager to see Thee face to face, eager to behold Thee whom I possess under the sacramental veils.

Death cannot take me unawares for my heavenly Viaticum is always with me, for I bear in my bosom the germ of eternal life, the blessed assurance of glorious immortality. May the days of my earthly pilgrimage thus glide by in grace and peace, until the final one, when the Tabernacle will open and the benign mighty Prisoner will come to visit me and bless me once again before admitting me into His heavenly Kingdom to eternal Communion.

Joseph RUNIMUNCH,
Carpenter.

Our readers probably remember the Pagan Emperor Ménélik, lately deceased, who presented Pius X with two young Abyssinian lions, and assured him he would protect as far as lay in his power, the Catholic Religion in his kingdom.

Here, then, is how a little negro of Abyssinia, learning that the Catholic Missionary, to whom he owed his education, was going to leave the country expressed his sorrow as well as his sentiments of piety: "My Father, I have heard something, that you are going away and will not come back. I am so sorry I can't keep from crying. Until you do return I will receive Communion for you every day and every day I will say my beads and make sacrifices for you. Your poor sinful child cries lots; but may the will of God be done, and mine not done. Amen".

Guard of Honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament

Sermon delivered by the Rev. A. Letellier, S. S. S.,
Superior of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament,
Montreal, at the meeting, Nov., 1st., 1914.

“The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive
power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength,
and, honor, and glory, and benediction.”

Apoc. 5. 12.



THESE words, my dear friends which we read in the Office of the day, tell us of the great acclamation that resounds in the heavenly Jerusalem round about the throne of our glorified Redeemer. The angels, the living creatures and the Ancients, numbering thousands and thousands say with a loud voice the words just quoted, and every creature in heaven and on earth and under the earth and such as are in the sea, all repeat: “To Him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb, benediction, and honor, and glory, and power for ever and ever.”

I know, my dear friends, you are all desirous to join in the canticle of the Blessed. I know that you will make it your joy and your honour to copy the conduct of the four and twenty Ancients before the throne of Christ, and fall down like them and adore Him, and cast at His feet your crowns, namely all you hold most precious; the noble faculties of your souls as well as the good things of the world.

You will ask, no doubt, why it is that Our Lord reveals Himself to the Blessed under the appearance of a lamb always immolated. It is to remind them that the great mystery of His dolorous Passion has been the reason, the cause of their beatitude. It might seem at first sight unbecoming for Our Lord Jesus Christ to take in

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the midst of His glory a form apparently so unworthy of Him. It is nothing of the kind, my dear friends. On the contrary, nothing proclaims more the grandeur, the excellence, the divinity of Christ, as does this mystical figure, which He prefers to every other. It is because He has been the Victim for the world, because He has duly and with all equity paid the enormous debt of humanity towards His Father, that it behooved Christ to be God. An infinite expiation alone could satisfy the justice of the Most High rightly irritated against His rebellious creature; only a God could make such expiation, such satisfaction. Therefore by manifesting Himself as Redeemer, the Lamb of heaven strongly asserts His divinity and imperiously claims from the Blessed the adoration due to Him, and they are only too happy to pay Him their homage.

Besides, nothing reminds the Blessed more eloquently of the infinite love of Jesus than this vision of the Lamb "standing as it were slain". After all it is the drama of Calvary that is unfolded to them, it is the humility of the poor Convict of the Pretorium, the indomitable patience of Him, who, despite betrayal, denial, calumny, mock trials, repeated blows and the ignominious death of crucifixion, never even opened His mouth to complain. At the sight of these grand scenes of the past wells up in the hearts of the Blessed a stream of love that shall never run dry.

Moreover the Lamb "standing as it were slain" is the constant memorial, the undeniable proof of the final victory of Christ over Satan and the world. Our dear Saviour seemed, it is true, well crushed and conquered on the night of His death. All His plans seemed completely foiled. Men boasted of having destroyed His work. But the voice that issues forth from the heavenly spectacle of the Lamb "standing as it were slain" is no other than this: "*Ubi est, mors, victoria tua? ubi est mors stimulus tuus?*"—O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? Hence the Blessed forever sing His victory and His triumph.

Now, my dear friends, if from the consideration of the Church triumphant, we turn to the Church militant, here again we meet with and enjoy the same scene. Only make use of the eyes of faith, dear friends, and peep through the dark veil that hides the sacramental Christ. In what state do you behold Him? Does He not appear to you in the state of immolation, as the Lamb always sacrificed for our salvation? Tell me, is it not by the door of sacrifice that Jesus always enters when, from the bright realm of our heavenly fatherland, He comes to visit us? To take birth on the altar, He must annihilate Himself, so to say. For is not the condition of Host, which He assumes

at Mass when the priest pronounces the words of Consecration a veritable destruction and self-effacement for the glorified Christ? Yes, we have unceasingly in the Blessed Sacrament the Lamb forever slain, and He there claims the same homage as in heaven, for He manifests therein the same attributes. It is to perpetuate and distribute the fruits of the Passion that Our Lord becomes Eucharist. Now the Passion, as I told you, that it may produce its glorious effects, requires an infinite power. Whence it follows that the Victim of the altar, who unceasingly cries towards His Father for pity and obtains it for sinful man, is truly the Son of God. Consequently we owe Him the homage of an earnest and eager service of adoration and all the splendor and glorification possible. This is what you propose doing, dear friends, in promising to come every month to prostrate yourselves for an hour before the Divine Victim, to proclaim His grandeur and excellence. Again the sacramental state is the most solemn assertion of Our Lord's love for us. Recall, my dear friends, the words of Saint John in the introduction to the long discourse of the Last Supper: "*in finem, dilexit*"; "He loved them to the end".

Why this veil, this obscurity, this littleness, this apparent weakness, why this condition of bread? Ah! Love alone can explain it all. He has loved too much and has cast Himself into the unfathomable abyss of Eucharistic annihilation. It is because He is but a morsel of bread that He can be everywhere, that rich and poor can give Him His sacramental clothing. It is because He is bread that He can descend into our souls and bring to them life and immortality.

My dear friends, does not so much love call for some return? It is this return that you make to Our Lord in your weekly or monthly adorations. It is assuredly a mark of love to seek anyone's presence, to be pleased in his company, to converse intimately with him. Well, this is just what you do during your hour of watch before the Most Blessed Sacrament.

But this Eucharistic state of Christ has another message for us. It proclaims His strength, His power, His invincibility. Think of the amount of power required for the permanence of the Eucharist! That It may continue existing priests and chaste souls by the thousands are needed. Think of the attacks of heresy that the Eucharist Christ must resist, the indifference and forgetfulness of those who surround Him that He must overcome! Yet all this is accomplished by the Victim of the Altar. Yea more! He goes on conquering continually. Daily He invades new lands and everywhere He brings

with Him the most wonderful gifts, which transform man's existence. Does not such a Conqueror deserve your acclamations, your praises, your congratulations? Dear friends, you come to offer them to Him, when, at the hour assigned, you enter the Holy Temple, and, prostrated before Him, you sing with the Blessed in heaven: "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction."

O dear friends, be faithful to this your beautiful Work! It brings you so much nearer to the members of the heavenly court. In fact it makes you participate in their praises, in their adoration and in their love. Accustom yourselves, dear friends, to do here below what you will do one day in heaven. Make it your sweet duty to remain near Our Lord during this life, to serve Him faithfully, in order that at your last breath you may merit to hear from His lips these consoling words:

"Father, I will that where I am, they also whom Thou hast given Me, may be with Me."
(John xvii, 24.)

Let your little children go to Our Blessed Lord, let them approach the Holy Table from their earliest years. Verily, our Lord is better pleased in the heart of an innocent little child than in the most costly, ornate or beautiful ciborium, monstrance or tabernacle. If the pure crystal when exposed to the light emits rays, how much more so will not the pure heart of a child exposed to the light of God's love in Communion. . . "I am the Bread of Life; Whosoever shall eat of Me the same shall live by Me". Communion at a tender age will safeguard our children and strengthen their faith, and this in a day when faith and virtue are more than ever in danger of shipwreck.

Mgr. HUMBRECHT.



Subject of Adoration

“A Son is given to us”

Filius datus est nobis.

ADORATION.

This little Child born to us, this Son given us by Heaven, is the very Word of God, the only begotten Son of the Father. He it is who, in the day of our sinfulness and of His Father's righteous ire, offered Himself as a Mediator to establish the glory of God in its primitive rights.

This Child is our Savior, promised and given us that with Him we might be enabled to pay our debt of justice due to God. This is what the Prophet means when he says that He is given to us, handed over to us, so to say, “*Filius datus est nobis.*”

The Son of God, once given and delivered up to us in Calvary for our Redemption, remains hence forth our property.

In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass He is offered up daily for our sakes, working once more the Redemption of mankind to satisfy the requirements of divine justice and love.

From the first moment of the Incarnation, from the hour of His Birth amidst the wretched poverty of the Stable, Jesus is truly our Savior, our Victim. Already He has begun the work of our Salvation, and He will not leave it off until it is consummated on the Cross; nay, even until the end of time He will continue it through the deep humiliations of His Eucharistic Life.

Let us, then, adore our Savior, always working out our salvation in His adorable Sacrament, by His almighty intercession in our favor, by the example of His virtues and by the annihilation of His glory beneath the humble Eucharistic veils, that hide Him from our sight.

THANKSGIVING.

Our Savior sets out with eager haste upon the road of Sacrifice and immolation. “*Exultavit ut gigas ad currendam viam*”. Hear this joyful answer “Behold I come!”

His life is a continual longing after His hour, that blessed hour which will crown His whole life work. "With desire I have desired to eat the Pasch with you"! How eagerly He gives Himself to us on the Cross and in the Tabernacle.

Yes, in truth, a Son is given to us! Here, in the sacred Host, the Son of Man gives Himself up entirely to man, to be his life and his health, his strength and his victory; a solace in his woes, the cause of his joy, the sharer of his happiness.

Let us bless our heavenly Father for this gift of His Son.

Let us also bless the divine Son for His gift of Himself bestowed upon us in Bethlehem, on Calvary, and in the Cenacle. Bless Him for the royal gift of Holy Communion, whose spiritual waters flow, like a life bearing stream, into the insatiable ocean of man's heart.

Let us then try to make the depth of our fervor and love equal, in some slight degree, to the boundless generosity that makes us partakers of this divine Gift.

REPARATION.

During His bitter Agony in the Garden Jesus shed hot tears of blood at the awful sight of the sins of the world; not only those of past ages, but also and especially those to be committed in the future.

He had, indeed, great reason to weep over the forgetfulness and thanklessness of mankind.

He, the great Son of God, gives himself unreservedly to this creature, man, at the price of untold suffering, and of an ignominious death amid low and degrading humiliations; at the price of sacrifices, the very thought of which make us recoil with horror and affright when we strive to fathom their abysmal depths.

He gives Himself again to that same creature at the price of those sacrifices which this Eucharistic state and Holy Communion entail; and man, thankless man; looks on with an air of indifference, while his heart, insensible to generous impulses, beats as sluggishly as ever.

He turns away with unfeigned disdain, eagerly stretching out his hands to seize and welcome the fleeting goods of earth, neglecting, meanwhile, the Babe of Bethlehem and his heavenly gifts.

O Jesus how rightly then didst thou weep over our sinful folly and fickleness! Grant us now to understand the foolishness of our conduct and to deplore it together with Thee.

PRAYER.

Jesus fully accomplished the purpose of His coming on earth as a gift to mankind.

By means of His Sacrifice on Calvary's height and His daily immolation on our altars, the infinite God receives an infinite homage of adoration and His supreme rights are recognized, proclaimed and accepted. Not only has man been taught the road leading to eternal life, but he has been endowed with strength to persevere upon it. Hence forth it depends solely on his free choice whether he enter Heaven in triumph, or not. God has done His part. He has given us all the means necessary to win the palm of victory and the crown of glory. He still bestows them on us all every day of our lives. In the Holy Eucharist, His divine Son is given daily and without stinting to all, and with Him, everything we may need. All the cravings of our heart are satisfied, nothing now remains to be desired. "*Filius datus est nobis*".

Let us not be so senseless as to allow this treasure, this heavenly gift to lie useless; rather let us put it to profit without further delay.



What can God our Father refuse us, when He has given us His divine Son, the Blessed Sacrament and the ineffable gift of Holy Communion?

D. N. P.

S. S. S.

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The 15th of August was celebrated in a frontier village by a Mass said in the open street. A brigade of infantry and a hussar regiment were present. Close by were traces of recent fighting; burnt haystacks and ruined homesteads. In the distance were the Vosges Mountains, whose "blue line" appeals so strongly to the French soldier of today. After Mass, the priest turned round and said: "I wish to say a word to the officers and soldiers present. You are every day exposed to death; you must be ready to appear before God. We are pressed for time, and I cannot hear the confession of each one. Make an act of contrition and I will give absolution to all those who make the Sign of the Cross." Every hand was raised, and the grave Latin words echoed whilst the heads of the soldiers were bowed.

 THE HOLY ANGELS. 

(Continued.)

When she was seventeen she began to think for herself, and then John Olliver was often hard put to it to answer her questions.

"But you said that we must think for ourselves, uncle," she said a little helplessly once, when he had been more than usually dogmatic. "You are as bad as the Pope. You won't let me believe what I think is right."

He started.

"What do you know about the Pope" he questioned. Joyce hesitated.

"Not much, uncle—only what you have told me. You said that he enslaved men, and would not permit them to think for themselves—that—that—he wanted to lay down the law for all his followers. I don't see it, uncle—you do the same thing yourself."

"Yes, but, Joyce, the thing is different—the Pope is a Catholic, and Catholics are superstitious idolators—that alters the case; if he taught the truth, it wouldn't matter."

Joyce thought for a long while.

"It's all very hard to understand, uncle," she said absently, "and you may be wrong and the Pope right, after all."

"Joyce!"

"I didn't say that you were wrong," she said, and threw one arm around his neck in the fashion that he could not resist. A new realization of her beauty came to him, and with a dream that he had had for her future.

"You are getting quite grown up," he said, after a silence. "What shall I do when you go away and leave me?"

She flushed a little.

"I wanted to talk to you about that," she said, and there was a catch in her voice. "I should like to be a nurse, uncle. I think nurses can do so much good. Next year I shall be eighteen and then I shall be old enough to start training."

"A nurse! There will be no necessity for you to work, Joyce. Listen, child—it is time that I told you something of your history. Your father and I were twin brothers. We were all in all to each other until we met—Joyce—your mother. We both wished to marry her. She preferred him, and so I stood aside. Even when poor Charles died I would not intrude upon her, for I loved her too well. Then for some inscrutable reason, because she was lonely perhaps, she embraced the Catholic faith——"

"My mother! How awful!" He drew her to him tenderly.

"Not awful, dear child, because I fell sure that she thought she did right. I suppose that she was happy in her belief—I don't know—but she died a Catholic and even had you baptized so."

"Me? Am I a Catholic, then uncle?"

"God forbid!" he exclaimed, so energetically that she started from his embrace.

"I don't understand," she said with a puzzled frown settling between her eyes. He smiled.

"No, Joyce. I rescued you from bondage, child. You are a free Protestant—a child of God. 'He hath given His angels charge' "—— he began and stopped. Memory had come suddenly to him. It was the parting blessing of

Father Hall to the motherless child that he was quoting. How strange that it should have occurred to him just then. She had noticed his sudden stop—her mind was too full of wonder at what he had told her.

"I should like to see my mother's grave," she said softly "and the Church she used to attend, just to see what it was like."

He hesitated a little.

"I don't see any harm in it," he said, after a thoughtful pause, "I will take you there some day." And so it chanced that on Joyce's eighteenth birthday they motored down to the little village and visited the lonely churchyard on the hill that overlooked the sea. Then they drove to the Catholic Church. Joyce entered it with a sort of shrinking from some influence that she suspected and dreaded. Her uncle followed her silently, and together they stood for a few moments watching a white-haired priest who knelt motionless before the altar. He arose after a while and came toward them.

"Mr. Olliver!" he exclaimed, and led them through a side door into the presbytery. "And is this little Joyce?" he asked, looking earnestly at the young girl. "How old are you now?"

"Eighteen to-day," she answered him.

"Ah sixteen years ago since I baptized you," he said.

"I told her about that, Mr. Hall," broke in John Olliver. "She is quite convinced that it was a mistake on her mother's part—she is quite a contented Protestant now."

"A good Protestant I hope, Mr. Olliver."

The priest smiled.

"Well, well, time will prove, Mr. Olliver—I am getting old, now, but the angels don't grow old, and 'He hath given His angels charge over her. They will not fail.'"

He held out his hand. "Come in again if you are passing this way, God bless you," he said. And when he turned back into his house again he was smiling. "They're coming home—thanks be to God!" he said, as if speaking to a friend.

A sudden crash, a blinding flash of light, darkness, silence, nothing! There a faint stirring of life, and with it the keenness of agonizing pain—the eyelids flickered once, and they could not bear the light. There was a faint rustling and the murmur of a voice. He lay still for while, then some one put brandy between his lips, and he opened his eyes, only to close them with a sense of fear, for he had looked upon the face of a Sister of Charity. After a pause he opened them again—this time he felt sure that there was no mistake. There had been an accident—he was in severe pain—he was lying on a white bed with white curtains all around it, he remembered.

"Joyce?" he asked weakly.

"She is not injured—only shaken—she is resting now. If you keep very quiet she shall come and look at you for a moment presently; but you must not try to speak."

The nun moved softly, and dropped the curtain. He was shut in by white walls that kept away most of the sounds of the hospital ward where he lay. He could hear soft footfalls, and the rustling of garments that suggested to him the rustling of angels' wings. "He hath given His angels charge over thee," he murmured, and fell into a fitful sleep. Joyce was beside him when he awoke, but she did not speak—only smiled lovingly at him and stroked one hand that lay upon the coverlet. He smiled back at her. Some one touched Joyce on the shoulder and led her away. The curtain dropped again. For many weary

days he lay upon his bed, thinking, thinking, until one day he astonished Joyce by speaking Father Hall's name.

"Ask him to come to me," he said simply. And the old priest came with a smile on his face, for he knew that John Olliver was coming home, and that he would bring God's child with him. After all, it did not take so long to convince the injured man of the truth of Catholicism.

"I have been to blame, Father," he said, when he finally expressed his determination to submit to the authority of the Church, "because I would not inquire into the matter. It was prejudice, of course—I see it all now, but it needed an accident and the loss of a limb to make me stop and think."

"It is better to go into heaven maimed than, having both limbs, to lose your soul," answered the priest, "and you see that the holy angels have not failed 'God's child.'"

Joyce came to him the same evening. "I shall have to nurse you now, uncle," she whispered, and her face was radiant with happiness, for they were both to be received into the Church on the following day.

"You will not leave me?" he asked anxiously.

"No, uncle," she answered, "not so long as you need me." And he lay content, thinking of the happiness of the morrow. A nun came and prayed beside him.

"When I die, I should like to know that Joyce was one of you," he said.

"Hush!" she replied, holding up a warning finger, "that is God's secret. For the present her duty is to you." He smiled at her.

"It was a fortunate accident," he murmured as he fell asleep.—

Mary Ag. Gray.

“THERE IS NO ROOM.”

The King of Heaven, whose gorgeous Throne
Is gemmed with glittering orbs of night;
Whom mighty Host of Seraphs own
Their Lord by undisputed right;
Whom Knighted Powers in trembling awe
Adore and praise, steps down to earth,
And lies on crib of cheerless straw
A shivering Babe of lowliest birth.

At yonder inn where bursts of light
And roaring logs dispel the gloom,
They shelter seek that numbing night,
And heart-rent hear “There is no room!
For Herod’s flatterers, false and fair,
Rich Romans, Jews who sacrificed
Their nation’s pride to Wealth, were there,
And ample room for all—but Christ.

Where howls the wolf, where groans the wind
Through woods of leafy greenness shorn,
The footsore travelers resting find,
And there the Child Divine is born:
A hovel in the hillside hewn,
Where cattle sleep upon the sod,
A cavern cold with damp leaves strewn,
Here “room” they find for Heaven’s God!

O Christian heart, though hard as stone
Canst hear unmoved this tale of woe?
God came a Savior to His own
And Him their pride rebelled to know.
Alack! That God, Who in our heart
Seeks refuge from the chilling gloom
Of sinful souls, we bid depart,
Because, forsooth, there is no room!

No room for God? Sad words of shame!
Where pleasure finds a place prepared,
And love and friends and thoughts of fame,
Where space for Sin and Self is spared,
There Bethlehem's Babe must beg in vain
His place in crowded hearts denied!
His love we spurn, His gifts distain,
His lowliness we meet with pride.

Then Christian men this hallowed morn
Refuse not God your Guest to make;
Of Him in wheaten Crib new-born
In sweet Communion bliss partake.
With deffest love a living Throne
High raise o'er wreck of shattered sin
And bid Him reign à King, alone,
O'er all that dwells that heart within.

And ye the Peace of God shall fill,—
True peace with Jesus born on earth.—
And heavenly joy and love shall thrill
In hearts full-brimmed with Christmas mirth
While neath the touch of Jesus' hand
Once wintry souls will thaw, and bloom
With virtue's flowers, for that blest land
Where Bethlehem's Babe will find ye "room".

D. S., S. S. S.

✻ Daily Communion ✻

Some are inclined to fear lest daily Communion should become a matter of routine. Is not breakfast a daily routine, and if anything were to deprive us of it on a single occasion, should we not feel the want of it? A tramp who had not had a good breakfast for a week would very likely eat a better one if he had the opportunity, and enjoy it more than a man to whom a good meal was a matter of daily routine, but if it came to a question of fighting or of staying power, the tramp would not be placed in the first line. It is quite possible that one who Communicates once a week may feel more sensible devotion than another who receives daily, but nevertheless the latter has unquestionably greater spiritual strength. . .



A great Eucharistic wave unchained by the holy audacity of Pius X is sweeping over the world, and raising up in all ranks of Christians, other audacious victories over human respect and deeply rooted prejudices. Who would have thought a few years ago, that, in such a place, where only a few exceptionally brave young people dared call themselves Christians, the day would come when a great number, an elect destined to exercise a vast intellectual and moral influence, would be publicly faithful to their duty as Christians and that many would go as far as frequent and even daily Communion.

Nevertheless that is just what has come to pass. And the consoling fact should induce us to respond even more zealously to the glorious appeal of Pius X, which is but an echo of our Blessed Lord's own heart; let us repeat it everywhere and at all times and especially let us work ceaselessly and tirelessly for its perfect realization.

In the Museum of La Trinidad, at Madrid, hangs a lovely picture: The Source of Life. It represents Our Lord seated on an altar, at His feet a mysterious source filled with floating hosts; typifying the royal profusion with which Jesus, the Source of Life, distributes the Divine Food to those who hunger for It. Let us strive to bring to this Source of Life those who require it most, those who need to grow and gain strength. Without Communion youth can only grow up in a cold and dangerous indifference when death itself does not overtake them. On the other hand a life full of Catholic vigor or sap is the prize, or the reward of those multiplied Communion of children and youth, prepared, of course, with the zeal and prudence that must always accompany the practice of holy things.

To mention one point so vitally important at the present moment to the many anxiously interested in the future well-fare of the Church, how many sacerdotal vocations will not blossom from an intense piety, entertained and fed by the Eucharist? Mgr. MAILLET.

Our Lord Jesus Christ has deigned to remain with us to be our victim in the Sacrifice, our life-companion, our burden-sharer in toil and grief, our spiritual food composed of light and energy. Nevertheless, when we do not ignore Him entirely we too often treat Him as a lifeless relic. If we want to assure the success of our efforts, we must always associate thereto our fellow-laborer, so full of life and so near,—Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. A vital condition of success in all our undertakings is to directly interest, Our Lord therein and give to piety and Eucharistic works the first place, that rightly belongs to them.

Mgr. QUILIET.

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The Daily Mass.

Among lost opportunities, said the late Father Russell, S. J., the saddest and strangest neglect for many is the omission of the daily Mass, which it is in their power to hear. Daily Mass! What a faithful store of grace it has been to good Christians living in the world! What strength it has given them in the trials of life, what temptations it has enabled them to resist, what burdens it has lightened for them, what sorrows soothed. But there are many in our cities and towns and villages who might have gained for themselves those graces and who have not done so. The churches, indeed, of some of our larger towns are well filled on weekday mornings; though, no doubt, even then, many are absent through sloth, or through thoughtlessness, or through want of faith and zeal. But in our country towns, at least in many of them, we fear the Mass is considered by too many as a mere Sunday duty, and that these habitually neglect a great spiritual privilege which they could enjoy every morning without interfering with their temporal concerns. If anyone on whom this reproach might justly fall should read these lines, may God put it into his or her heart to resolve to hear Mass henceforward, not on Sunday only, but every day, if possible.

Value of the Mass.

Every priest when saying Mass is used to form a special intention, i. e., he makes application of the special fruit of the Mass to some definite object.

To be made the recipient of that special fruit is a great privilege. It means remission of temporal punishment

due to forgiven sins, and a fresh bestowal of precious gifts and graces drawn from the Divine treasury of the Passion of Our Lord.

The heretic Wickliffe taught that special prayers and the special application of Masses were of no more avail to a soul than general prayers. The Church condemned this error. She has always held that special prayers offered for special purposes are of very great avail.

When the priest offers the Mass for a special intention we are to believe that what he thus does officially is ratified and accepted by the Chief Priest, Jesus Christ, whose agent he is, unless He behold something imperfect, unworthy, or unwise in that special intention.

The greatest favor a priest can show you, next to offering the Sacrifice for you, is to make a memento of you in the Mass. It is an honor and a great spiritual advantage to be named officially in the Holy Mysteries.

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### *Our Premium for 1915*

We regret being obliged to announce to you, that owing to the difficulty in procuring the special paper required, we find ourselves unable this year to present our faithful Subscribers with the usual beautiful Premium.

However, you will suffer no loss on account of this sad necessity caused by the war, since, instead of an artistic picture we are giving you something incomparably more valuable; a daily Mass offered up for your intentions. As a great number of our Subscribers cannot assist at daily Mass it will be a blessing and a consolation for them to think that, every day, in our chapel a special Mass is being said for their particular intentions.

## The First Christmas

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Judea's fields were glistening,  
    'Neath a wintry moon's pale light,  
And tiny stars shone brightly,  
    O'er an earth of ermine white.  
The piercing winds has ceased to blow,  
    Now all was cold and still,  
As kindly shepherds watched their flocks  
    On a lonely silent hill.

Midnight hour was almost nigh,  
    Each lamb had sought its rest,  
When lo: sweet strains of music  
    Were heard from out the West.  
The sounds came gently, softly,  
    Wafted on the frosty air;  
And startled shepherds all afright  
    Fell prostrate as in prayer.

“Fear not, we bring glad tidings”,  
    The sweet, strange voices sang,  
“Glory to God in the highest,”  
    The silvery music rang,  
“Glory to God in the highest,  
    For unto you is born,  
“A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
    This blessed Christmas morn”.

In deepest awe the shepherds gazed  
And saw that angels bright,  
Were hovering in the radiant sky,  
All wrapt in heavenly light.  
Again angelic voices,  
In sweetest strains did sing,  
"Go, follow yonder star and find,  
Your Lord, your God and King."

Peacefully and silently,  
The guiding star moved on.  
With anxious steps its watchers  
Were led where e're it shone,  
Until o'er Bethlehem's cave it stood  
And there its beaming ray  
Revealed a crib of cruel straw,  
Where on the Christ Child lay.

"*Venite Adoremus*",  
On bended knee they praised,  
"*Venite Adoremus*",  
In love each heart was raised.  
And so from humble shepherds  
We learn a pleasing way  
In which to render Christmas gifts  
To Christ on Christmas day.

*M. Creamer.*





→ *From field afar.* ←

A little native named Delibis wrote: "I was at Gallas; the place is full of assassins. A Mussulman received us well and treated us like angels. His wife cried because it was Lent and she could not kill a sheep for us to eat. The old Mussulman blessed us saying: "May not even a pebble hurt your foot." At Abdis Abiba there were French soldiers. I went there, no one prevented me. I was glad I was able to speak French. I went to Mass and Communion every day. The good God was Father, Mother, brother and sister to me, He replaced all my dear ones. In crossing L'abbai (the Nile) we were in water up to our neck. A few Catholic Soldiers followed us, but through fear hid their crosses and medals. I told them: "You must not be afraid like that. We Catholics are much greater than those who belong to false religions. It is they who should be ashamed not us" . . .

A Missionary writes about a good old man, a Catechumen of Alitiéna: His faith is very lively and firm ; every morning, he is at the church door, at four o'clock, not knowing the time it sometimes happens he makes a mistake and has to wait a long while for Mass. He receives Communion every day. He said to me not long ago: "I scarcely sleep at all nights, while I lie awake I say the beads three times for the souls in purgatory, and my scapular prayers. " One evening another fervent old soul came to spend the night with me; I preached to him for an hour and afterwards we spent the night in prayer, our prayer was: "Lord Christ, have mercy on us. God forgive us as we for give."

And thus, our blessed Lord always finds in ever country among every tribe, in all nations, and at all ages faithful adorers, loyal noble souls, serving Him through love.

## ✠ LAURENCE ✠

*Continued*

And the conversation went on naturally to the life of Jesus, His Infancy, to Mary, His Blessed Mother. "She," I said, "loves boys like you so much. As soon as such a one prays to her, she hears him and helps him in all his needs. One does not see her, but one experiences her maternal protection. Here is her portrait. Take it and put it around your neck with a string." So saying, I gave him a large medal of Mary Help of Christians. "All who are devout to Mary are certain to be saved, because she loves and protects all her true children."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, *Black-Robe*; you are always giving me presents. How can I make a return for all your kindness? What a beautiful portrait of the Mother of Jesus! I shall value it greatly and wear it always here, on my heart," and he put it to his lips in a transport of tenderness.

On this day I answered his question: "Why are you so good to me?" I told him of the mission given by Jesus to the Apostles and their successors. I spoke of Palestine, of St. Peter and the Pope; of the missionaries scattered over the world to teach so many souls sunk in superstition and barbarism. The boy was greatly moved, and said:

"I, too, Father, would have done like you, had I known what you know, and heard that even one man was as ignorant as I was!"

The last visit paid to the boy was on the 5th of August, Feast of Our Lady of the Snow. On the following day the snow fell so fast, and the roads became so muddy as to be impassable.

I was obliged therefore to put off my next visit to the 10th of August; and I think it was by God's design, so

that the child, whose name was *Laurence Gonzalez*, might make his First Communion on the Feast of Saint Laurence, his heavenly Patron. Scarcely had I entered the hut when the boy, contrary to his custom, began to cry.

"What is the matter, Laurence? Do you feel worse than usual?"

"No, Father, I am very well; but I weep because you have been so long without coming; you have deceived me."

"Forgive me, it was not my fault. Do you know it has snowed heavily of late and the roads became so bad, it was impossible to travel. Now that the frost has hardened them, I have hastened to visit you, and will stay some time."

"Did you remember to bring me the Bread of Heaven, in which is Jesus, the Son of God?"

"Yes, I have Him with me and will give Him to you. But first let us pray together to prepare your heart to receive Him."

"Oh! I am so happy! Let us pray, let us pray, so that Jesus may come willingly into my heart."

And he knelt on his couch, joined his hands and waited for me to say the prayers in preparation for Holy Communion.

Having placed the silver pyx, in which was the consecrated Host on a temporary altar made of a few boxes between two lighted tapers, I began to prepare him, and then I administered Confirmation and Holy Communion. When He saw the Sacred Host in my hands, whilst I was saying: "*Domine non sum dignus ut intres sub tectum meum,*" he fixed his shining eyes upon It, without moving; and his countenance, inflamed with divine love, manifested his ardent desire to receive Jesus into his heart! In the act of receiving, he wept with tender emotion.

As soon as he had received, he closed his eyes and crossed his hands on his breast, as if he were visibly clasping Jesus in his arms, and then reclined on his pillow. His countenance was so beautiful, shining as it were with heavenly light, that he seemed quite transformed.

The few persons present whispered to one another:

"He is not like himself!"

"What a beautiful countenance!"

"He looks like an angel!"

Even I had never seen a face so divinely beautiful as that of this child, after he had received Holy Communion. He remained thus rapt in God for a long time, without opening his eyes, without moving his lips, without speaking to any one, continuing to clasp Jesus to his breast and praying all the time in his heart. I did not dare to disturb his union with God. When he roused himself, he never ceased thanking Jesus who had granted him so great a grace, and he went on saying:

"I believe, Lord, I believe all the truths of Faith, and I love Thee as much as I am able."

Seeing that his sickness was growing worse, I gave him Extreme Unction the same day.

When I took leave of him, he was so touched that he burst into tears. He could not thank me enough for the consolation I had given him, and he repaid me, as usual, with an affectionate embrace.

"Pray for me, little Laurence," I said, "when you are in paradise, that I too may join you and be happy with God, the Blessed Virgin, and all the Saints for ever."

He promised, and then added.

"Come soon to see me again, because your presence, Father, does me so much good. When you are here I feel no pain and my heart is full of joy. Oh! if you knew how grateful I am! You have taught me about heaven. Good-bye, Father, till we meet again!"

"Good-bye, till we meet again," I said aloud in going away, and to myself, I added: "Either in this life or in heaven!"

Touched to the heart, I left that hut, which had witnessed such heavenly marvels, and I reflected:

"Here is a *little flower of the desert* which the angels will soon gather to carry it to heaven.

"It is too beautiful, and this world is not worthy to keep it any longer. Before the frosts and storms of passion come, it is better for it to be transplanted to heaven!"

This was indeed the last time I was able to see the boy. From the severe cold and the fatigue of the journey, I was obliged to remain in bed for several days and I was not able to go again to visit the saintly child. I learned afterwards that he had taken his flight to heaven on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, five days after his First and last Communion, making a most happy death. Our Lady the Mother of Jesus, wished to have him with her to celebrate her triumph in Paradise.

*A. Salesian Missionary.*

Our parish seems to be awakening to a new life. It is indeed a daily edification the lovely sight presented by this group of little children who every morning assist at six o'clock mass and receive Communion, and a consoling and affecting one all those toilers, men and women, who come to receive the God of labor before going to their work, and a pleasing one to the Heart of Jesus all those numerous parishioners who every Sunday form but one heart and soul by partaking of the Bread of the Strong.





In his interesting letter to Cardinal Granito di Belmonte, who as Legate represented him at the Eucharistic Congress, the late Holy Father Pius X draws attention to a remarkable change which has come to pass in regard to the cures that take place at Lourdes. It is noteworthy that whereas for the most part the miracles formerly took place before the image of Our Lady, they now occur more frequently at the solemnities in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. His Holiness gives the explanation. The principal object of the apparitions was to prepare a way for healing the wounds of the soul. The Blessed Virgin having by means of these apparitions and her clemency, awakened the interest of multitudes of her clients in Lourdes, felt, as it were, that her office was fulfilled, and it seemed good to her that the Heavenly Physician Himself, by whom alone all evils can be cured, should come to the relief of the sufferers. Certain it is that the zeal of many earnest propagandists of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament has been quickened at Lourdes. They have themselves experienced there the blessing derived from it. We may, therefore, confidently hope that the Lourdes Eucharistic Congress will have enduring effects on spiritual life in many lands.

*"Catholic Times"*, Liverpool.

"What a wonderful metamorphosis" says de Ségur, "there would be in our colleges and public schools if frequent Communion could be established there. Experience shows what is the influence of Communion on a young man's daily life. There is no vice which regularly frequenting the sacraments will not extirpate, there is no moral resurrection beyond its power to effect."

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## Communion Meditation

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With eyes downcast and lips apart I wait  
The coming of my loving, gentle Guest,  
For one brief moment rests He on my tongue,  
Then slowly, gently sinks within my breast.

I fold my arms as if in an embrace,  
I close my eyes, the world seems far away,  
While o'er my soul there surges utmost peace,  
I do not try to think, to speak or pray.

Then slowly in my mind the picture forms  
Of my Redeemer's wounded hands and feet,  
In spirit I my lips just softly press  
To every wound of Thine, my Saviour sweet.

I kiss Thy wounded feet, Thy pierced hands,  
Thy knees and every thorn gash in Thy head,  
I kiss Thy shoulder and Thy open side,  
From which the last drop of Thy blood was shed.

I kiss Thy wounds, dear Jesus, o'er and o'er,  
And from them draw a joy and peace complete,  
Oh! grant that when that final day shall dawn  
I find myself, in truth, at Thy dear feet.

A. M. Kennedy.





It is the supernatural spirit, the more and more intimate knowledge, the more and more deep love of our Lord, the more and more frequent and fervent contact with His adorable person in the Eucharist, by adoration and Communion, that constitutes the life and strength of a Work of Perseverance as well as its true power of attraction.

Communion by rendering our young men invincible makes them conquerors as well. Thanks to our Works of Perseverance that have raised up, and that are increasing from day to day this intrepid legion of chaste believing youth. And this is what the enemies of Catholicity fear and what unites them together against us.

Mgr. PENON.

In the regenerated parish of X... the Communions increased from 7 to 2,000, in 1912, and in 1913 to 3,924. The Pastor exclaims with reason: "Yes, Jesus Hostia is truly the regenerator of our parishes; whoever employs this means is sure of success—instead of 7 children of God, 4,000!!

A X... The boys were regular little rowdies three years ago, today they are a delight to behold. A zealous young curate took them in hand, and trained them like real little monks. There are twenty-five who go to Communion every day, with a piety so angelic and sensible that we never even think of supervising them.

Ask of our Lord a constant "Sense of the Divine Presence", that you may walk before Him and be perfect; and that, as His delights are to be with the children of men, so your delight may be to be with the Son of God.