



ADORATION OF THE MAGI.



The Coming Year.

*ALL of the coming year, dear Lord,
I offer Thee ;
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains,
It holds for me.*

*Whether it bloom with brightest joys
To crown my life,
Whether it bring but pain and woe
And endless strife.*

*Through its veiled future, Lord, be this
My prayer, my plea,
That it may bring me nearer still,
Dear Lord, to Thee.*



A NEW YEAR.

SADLY, silently, with an emotion akin to tears ; we listen to the last sigh of the departing year... One more year registered on time's cycle, yet the insatiable dial halts not but relentlessly pursues its onward march, pitilessly carrying in its wake our joys and our sorrows and our days. The past recedes,—that past which can never be grasped nor lived again ; that past with its beautiful, radiant dreams which can never be fully realized until dawns the perfect day wherein time is no more.

Before this impetuous torrent rushing headlong to death and destruction, we may well tremble with fear, shiver with consternation and our soul, like a drowning man, eagerly clutch everything within reach in a strenuous effort to stay the swift current bearing it on. Can it ever succeed in grasping anything stable or tangible? Do not all earthly things,—riches, honors, pleasures, aye, even—the best of them all—friendship and love,—pass away like so many bubbles cast aside by those mighty waves no hand but the Almighty's can stay?

Even so, apart from these fleeting things, there is One who has said : " Behold I am with you always, even unto the end ; " One who declares : " Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away ; a King whose throne of glory is in heaven, whose abode of love is with us in the Blessed Eucharist.

Time, which weakens affection, has only more clearly shown His goodness ; time, which obliterates fame, has only borne His name and His love and His sacramental presence to all generations ; time, which overthrows principalities and powers, has only strengthened His Eu-

charistic sovereignty and caused His Church, despite hell's blasphemous opposition, to sing exultantly : " The Eucharistic Christ lives, commands, reigns ; " the Christian rejoices and is glad and heaven applauds.

O immutable and eternal God ! O Jesus, Sacred Host, what joy to be able to sing to Thee with holy church this canticle of the Old Law : " All that exists on earth shall perish, but Thou shalt remain, like an old garment they shall change and grow old, but Thou, Thou art ever the same and Thy years shall not weaken."

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* *

What will the opening year be ?

That is the Master's secret, mercifully hidden lest its successes puff us up or its crosses and trials dishearten and discourage us.

Notwithstanding this, fond hearts anticipate the course of time and clothe their dear one's future with brightest hopes, glad New Year wishes.

This gracious, kindly custom should not be merely an empty ceremony, a meaningless exchange of civilities but sincere heartfelt wishes, ascending to Jesus' Eucharistic throne and there invested with the sublimity and efficacy of prayer.

Prostrate before the Ostensorium where Jesus abides, we cordially wish our dear readers a Happy New Year—all that ordinarily and naturally renders a year happy : health, wealth, success. Yet even with the possession of these much coveted gifts, a year may still be far from happy, as—lacking them—it may still be very happy. Therefore, the best of all good wishes is that of the Christ Child Himself : " Peace to men of good-will."

This peace, then, we sincerely wish you all peace with God that stills the heart's remorse and calms its longings and yearnings, peace that flows like a benediction over all things and imparts joy in sorrow, resignation in pain, comfort in adversity ; peace that will fill your home-life with mutual love and forbearance and give you and your loved ones a foretaste of that happiness eye hath not seen ear hath not heard.

May Jesus in the Sacred Host bestow on you His blessed peace during this New Year and always.





Frequent Holy Communion

(Continued.)

There is a second class of zealous communicants who are not their own accusers. They do not see their own faults, but others, with whom they come in daily contact, have just grounds for complaining against them. Their neighbors say, for instance, "We see these devotees receiving holy communion every week but we fail to perceive of what benefit it is to them. Their piety does not command our respect, because their daily actions do not show any improvement in virtue. They cannot be accused of any great faults or serious crimes, but at home they are disturbers of the peace; they are extremely selfish, sensitive, envious, and imperious; they indulge their appetite; they are fond of dress and run after the pleasures of the world; some of them have a very loose tongue; they are rude in their remarks and unkind in their criticism of other's faults; they are remiss in the performance of the duties of their state of life, severe and too exacting with regard to their servants, but entirely too indulgent with their own children." Truly a long list of complaints! And yet these accusations are sometimes not made without reason. These devotees, who practise so little self-restraint and make no serious effort to overcome their passions and evil inclinations, cannot promise themselves any extraordinary operations of divine grace by receiving holy communion frequently. Progress in perfection and man's eternal salvation are simultaneously dependent upon two causes, namely, upon the grace of God and upon our own voluntary co-operation. Without our own co-operation, without our own earnest efforts, nothing can be attained in the way of our sanctification and salvation. He who wants the love and intimate friendship of our divine Lord and desires to participate frequently in the heavenly ban-

quet prepared by Him in holy communion ought to realize that some personal sacrifice is imperative. He must daily examine his soul to ascertain whether it is clothed in a garment that is worthy of the heavenly bridegroom's marriage feast. He must himself labor and strive to bring his soul to perfection if he expects to merit any special graces.

Sometimes we hear the question, why are such Christians permitted by their spiritual directors to receive holy communion every week? For the simple reason, we reply, that the father confessor cannot easily refuse weekly communion to a penitent who is apparently free from inclination to mortal sin. Furthermore, he must be guided in his judgment simply and solely by that of which the penitent accuses himself in confession. When it happens that frequent communicants are guilty in their daily conduct of such charges as we have enumerated, then it is evident that they are blind to their own faults and do not make them a matter of confession. In this fact we find the first and most important reason why these Christians gather so little fruit from frequent holy communion. The first and most grievous mistake of these Christians consists in the fact that they look upon their custom of receiving holy communion frequently as a criterion of their sanctity or a guarantee that they have reached the goal of perfection. Hence they deem it unnecessary to devote any time to preparation for confession or to the daily examination of conscience. They accuse themselves of certain imperfections, and for these they always employ the same stereotyped expressions. Whether their confessions are accompanied by a true interior and supernatural contrition is a very doubtful matter. One great consolation in the deplorable condition of these Christians is their good faith. They make their confessions in good faith and as they think proper; they are otherwise also not guilty of any mortal sin, and hence they do not receive holy communion unworthily, although with little fruit. Now what is the plain duty of such Christians? In the first place it would be well for each one of this class to address himself and to say: "The fact that I am so well satisfied with myself is a bad sign — an indication that I am not perfect yet by any means." Then they ought to

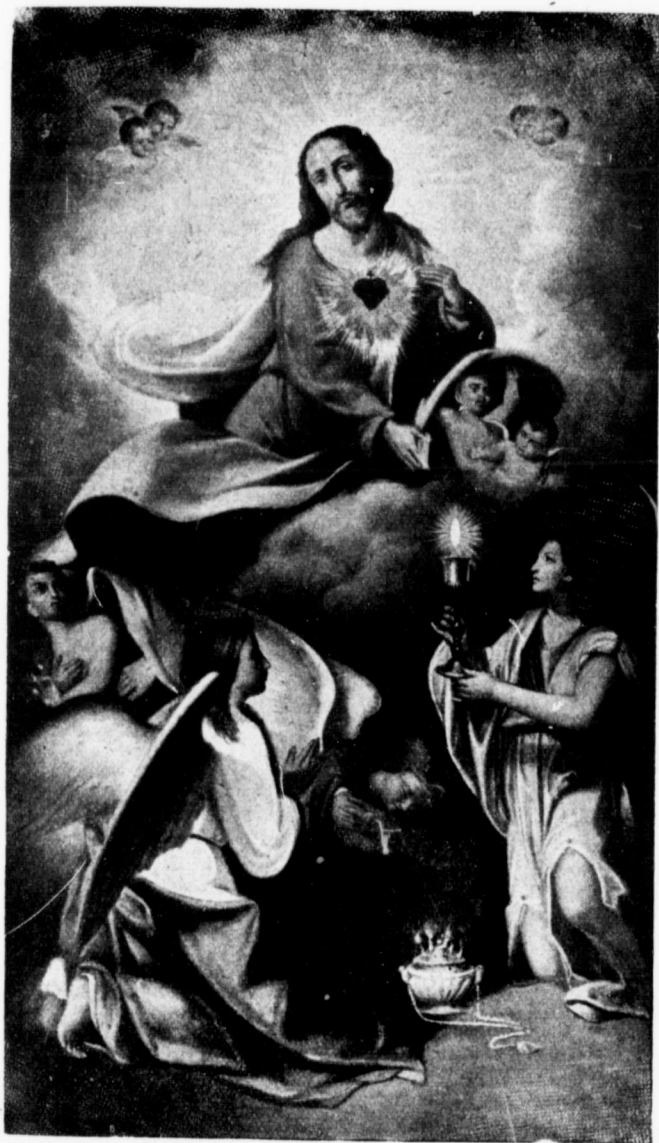
examine their thoughts and inclinations and especially their predominant passions, asking themselves, "Are not vanity, selfishness, pride, uncharitableness envy, and jealousy at the bottom of all my faults."

Let them also examine their words and reflect upon their manner of speaking. Are their words not governed by injustice? Do they not speak with untruthfulness and uncharitableness? Are they not imprudent in speech and careless about the reputation of their neighbor?

Let them, moreover, examine their actions, their prayers, their devotions at holy communion, their daily occupations, and the manner in which they perform the duties of their state of life. Are they honest and sincere in all their actions? Are they conscientious in the performance of every duty? Are they faithful in little things?

No doubt the majority of those who have nothing to confess would find innumerable faults if they were accustomed to subject themselves to a rigid and sincere examination of conscience. They should not be satisfied, however, with the mere examination and confession of their faults. They should moreover ask themselves: "What is the cause of my frequent relapses into the old imperfections? What measures must I adopt to correct these faults?"

One of the most important means to perfection is, no doubt, the daily examination of conscience with regard to our predominant passions. If all those who communicate frequently would adopt the habit of a daily, sincere and systematic examination of conscience, and would then endeavor to make a more perfect act of contrition, a firmer purpose of amendment, and a better confession, their fellow Christians would cease to be scandalized at their conduct and to complain about the fruitlessness of their many holy communions. We must, however, guard against another bad habit in which we are apt to fall when we receive holy communion frequently. We must carefully guard against performing our devotions before and after holy communion in a distracted, mechanical, and profunctorious manner. If those who wait on kings and serve the potentates of this world are at times careful in the exact observance of every rule and regulation of propriety, no matter how often they may appear before their exalted



The Bread of the Angels.

masters, how they can we expect the full measure of divine grace and charity from our royal Host at the heavenly banquet when we are careless about our appearance and negligent in our devotions? Hence it should be our earnest endeavor before every holy communion to be completely absorbed with mind and heart in our devout preparations. A good prayer-book will be of valuable assistance to us in eliciting acts of faith adoration, humility, contrition, hope and charity. At least a quarter of an hour should be devoted to these pious acts and other devotions in preparation for holy communion. Let us bear in mind, however, that our hearts must be in our prayers if we desire them to be fruitful and pleasing to God. On the eve of holy communion, or at least early in the morning, our thoughts should be occupied with the great question: Who is coming to me? To whom is He coming? And what is the object of His coming? When we reflect that Jesus is coming into our hearts — Jesus, Who, as the eternal God, is enthroned in heaven; Jesus, the same Whom Mary, the heavenly Queen, carried under her heart and in her arms; Jesus, our Saviour, our best Friend, our Brother, our King, the Bridegroom of our soul — when we reflect that He is coming to us, unworthy, ungrateful sinners, who, though created by Him and entirely dependent upon Him, have nevertheless offended Him so frequently and so grievously; when we reflect, moreover, that Jesus is coming to us with mercy and pardon, to bless us as He once blessed the little children, to nourish us with the bread of life as He once miraculously fed the multitude of five thousand who had followed Him in the wilderness, to restore us to health as He once healed the blind and the lame and the deaf mute, to save us as He once saved His disciples on the Sea of Tiberias, to comfort us as He once consoled His disciples after His resurrection, to make us happy as He once brought joy to the despondent apostles when He appeared to them in His glorified body — when we reflect upon all this, and consider it most earnestly, then, indeed, will our preparation for holy communion not fail to be most pleasing and acceptable to God, as well as salutary and most beneficial to ourselves.

The precious moments which follow immediately after holy communion should not be devoted at once to reading

from the prayer-book ; it will be far better and more profitable to spend them in silent contemplation, in producing holy affections, in speaking from our own oppressed yet happy hearts to the merciful and divine Heart of Jesus Who dwells within us, in eliciting pious acts of profound humility and gratitude, in disclosing to Him quite confidentially and hopefully our many wants, and, finally, in importuning Him to aid us in all our necessities. Then only is it commendable and desirable to have recourse to the prayer-book for a more ample thanksgiving and more extended devotions. At least a quarter of an hour should be spent thus in our devotions of thanksgiving after holy communion. If we earnestly pursue this method of meeting and receiving our divine Saviour when He comes to us in holy communion, His life in us will soon become manifest and His virtues will shine forth in our daily conduct. Our faults will gradually disappear ; our passions will be subdued ; our affections will be purified ; our hearts will be completely changed and made so conformable to the will of God that we will seek in all things only his divine pleasure and His holy love.

REV. F. X. LASANCE.

Premiums for 1907.

A fac-simile of the lovely engraving of the Immaculate Conception, which appeared last month, nicely printed on glazed paper and measuring $12\frac{1}{2} \times 17\frac{1}{2}$ inches, will be mailed, free of all charges, to any person sending to our office, until the 31st of January 1907, a new subscriber to the "SENTINEL," as well as to the old subscribers renewing their subscription within the same time.

Besides the above picture, special premiums will be given if a larger number of subscriptions are sent.

As in the past years 10 subscriptions will entitle the sender to a free copy for 1907.

Kindly address :

THE DIRECTOR OF THE SENTINEL, 490 MOUNT-ROYAL AVE., MONTREAL.



Emmanuel!

JESUS!

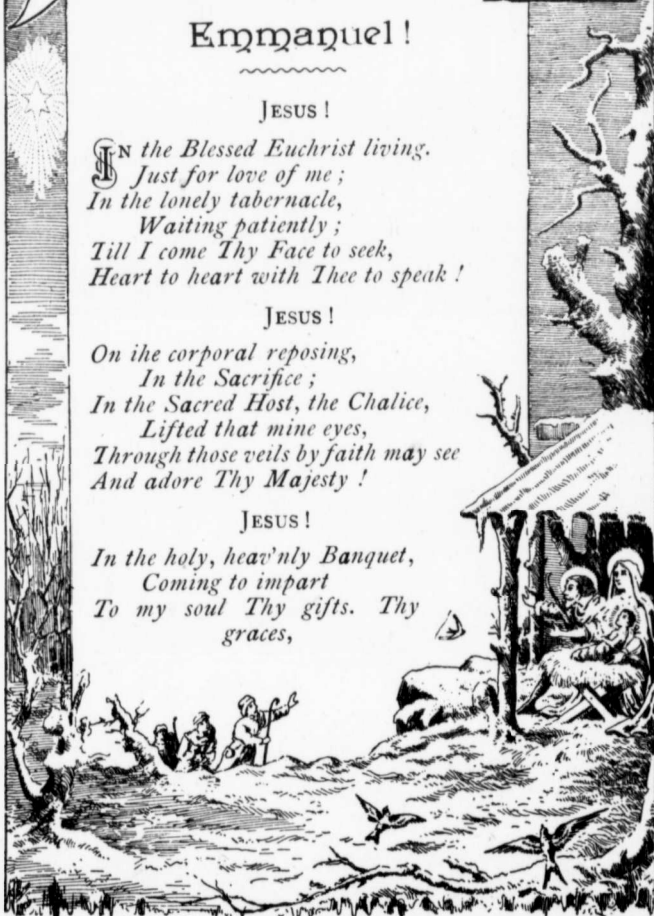
*I*N the Blessed Eucharist living,
Just for love of me;
In the lonely tabernacle,
Waiting patiently;
Till I come Thy Face to seek,
Heart to heart with Thee to speak!


JESUS!

*O*n the corporal reposing,
In the Sacrifice;
In the Sacred Host, the Chalice,
Lifted that mine eyes,
Through those veils by faith may see
And adore Thy Majesty!

JESUS!

*I*n the holy, heav'nly Banquet,
Coming to impart
To my soul Thy gifts. Thy
graces,





*Dwelling in my heart ;
In my heart so weak, so small,
Thou dost rest, my God, my All !*

JESUS !

*When I kneel before the altar,
Thou art throned above ;
To adore in reparation,
For Thy outraged love ;
Contrite heart to Thee I bring,
Fill it with Thy love, my King !*

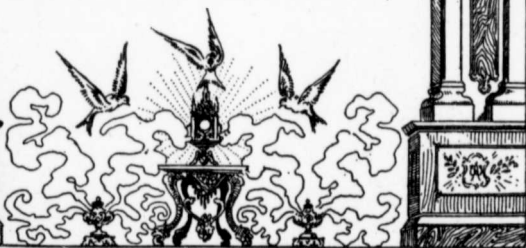
JESUS !

*Thou art there where lights are gleam-
List'ning to my sighs ; [ing,
Sweetly sounds the " Tantum Ergo,"
Clouds of incense rise ;
Peace descends in copious stream,
With Thy blessing, God Supreme !*


JESUS !

*In the tabernacle watching,
For me day by day ;
When my failing feet no longer
Bring me ihere to pray,
Thou, sweet Lord, to me wilt come,
Take my soul and bear it home !*

MARGARET L. JONES.



Mr. Lapin's Awakening.

OZILY and warmly wrapped in costly furs and velvet Mrs. and Miss... or rather... Miss and Mrs. Lapin burst gaily into the office of their respective husband and father... or rather, father and husband.

That robust specimen of humanity has donned smoking cap and beaded slippers and comfortably settled himself in his easy chair and is apparently oblivious of all things save the cheery grate fire into which he gazes like one spellbound.

The rather shrill voice of his better-half abruptly breaks upon his reverie as she sarcastically remarks :

"So you intend to stick to your easy chair like an oyster to its shell instead of accompanying us to midnight mass?"

"Oh ! never mind me," lightly answers the not over gallant husband whose domestic relations — at times — feel the little rift in the lute.

"You naughty, lazy Papa !... How funny you look !" laughingly exclaims his daughter. Then growing serious she asks : How can you let Mamma and me go to Midnight Mass alone ?"

"Sweetheart"... and his voice softened perceptibly as he addressed her, "I told you before, it is not my fault. I have some important work which I must finish tonight."

"You're only fooling, Papa."

"On my word as a respectable member of the City Council."

"Well, then, good-bye you dear old Pater," she whispers, bending to give him a loving hug as her mother calls : "Hurry up, Alice, or I'll have to go without you also."

* * *

As the respectable City Councillor listened to the sound of their retreating footsteps he smiled knowingly...

At last !... They were gone !... Yes, but — his wife especially — feeling hurt and sorry because he would not

accompany them. His better nature asserts itself and he thinks of following them, when human respect intervenes and effectually stifles the impulse. No, it would never do for him, the head of the new party, elected by acclamation to be seen at the Cathedral with a lot of old devotees ! The lodge would never tolerate such a thing !..

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Besides, his report must be attended to immediately. Lapin as an influential member of the City Council had been chosen by the School Commissioners to draw up a report concerning the secularization of the three religious schools still existing in the city.

Naturally, he had promised his colleagues to take the affirmative side, still he was not at all sure about the

ultimate fate of his statement. His wife was so conscientious... His daughter so curious... If either happened to lay their hands on the official document he trembled for its safety as well as for his own. And that was the real reason why he had allowed them to go to midnight mass alone, fully determined to finish his work during their absence.

Just as they were about to enter the church, the mother whispered : " Alice dear, let us offer this mass to obtain the grace that Papa may come with us next year."

Needless to say how heartily her daughter acquiesced.

Left to himself Mr. Lapin drew his notes from their hiding place and got ready to work.

At first, all went smoothly. He wrote easily and clearly... But after he had penned a couple of pages there came a subtle unaccountable change. Was it fatigue, he wondered, or perhaps the natural result of the cozy warmth and late hour ? A delicious drowsiness envelopes him, takes possession of his brain, runs through his veins like rare old nectar, soothes his overstrung nerves, gradually overpowers him and irresistibly weaves its magic spell closer and closer until his head falls heavily on his broad chest and he is sound asleep.

* *

How long did that slumber last ?

He never could tell. It seemed to him he did not sleep at all, so plainly did he hear the Mass-bell ringing, so vividly its echoes awoke innocent childish beliefs forgotten long ago... One after the other they struggled out of the darkness where they had lain buried as beneath a shroud for years and years... He sees them all distinctly, those religious beliefs in which his mother's piety had nurtured him ; those beliefs that now greet him like old familiar friends wistfully asking... do you recognize us ? we thought we should never see you again... Did he recognize them ? It seemed to him as if they had but just taken birth in his soul, so clear was their remembrance, so perfect the happiness accompanying them.

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Slowly the scene changes. Like a horrid nightmare the picture of the Massacre of the Holy Innocents takes its

place and holds him with a tenacity and reality truly appalling. Try as he will, he cannot take his eyes off that blood-stained field strewn with lifeless bodies of numberless little children... and pitiable beyond expression was the sight of those mutilated corpses, weltering in their blood shed by Herod's minions.

Suddenly, — and he shivers as he notes this new feature in the Gospel story, — all those dead children rise up and threateningly and angrily shake their finger at him while a most formidable wail escapes their discolored lips...

What does it mean? What do they mean? He is not a saint, nor yet is he Herod... bewildered... surrounded by those hideous spectres that seem about to fall upon him... terrified by the awful sight — he cries out.

* * *

That cry awakens him... To his great relief he is still in his comfortable chair near the grate, where no outward sign marks the fierce struggle from which he has just emerged. Somewhat reassured, he tries to think the matter over calmly and see why even in a dream those children should menace and upbraid him.

Just then, his eyes fall upon his partly finished report and like a flash he understands. Is there not a striking resemblance between these two things: The massacred Innocents and this bill of secularization, that in its turn will wound and slay innocent young souls? And Jesus who rules over all is it not He again — and on that point he now has no doubts — that the bill aims to suppress; that King who today as centuries ago can so easily thwart the best laid plans?

Long and seriously he ponders the matter... His colleagues' arguments seem less forcible He is less sure of doing even a material good work. Finally he makes up his mind to have nothing whatever to do with the matter. If it must be done, let some one else attend to it — he never will.

* * *

When his wife and daughter... or rather... daughter and wife re-enter his office on their return from midnight

mass, they surprise him kneeling before the grate deeply absorbed in the contemplation of some burning papers.

"You will set the house on fire," angrily exclaims the anxious wife.

"Don't be afraid;" he replies with a new gentleness born of this night's strange dream.

"What are you burning, Papa mine;" caressingly

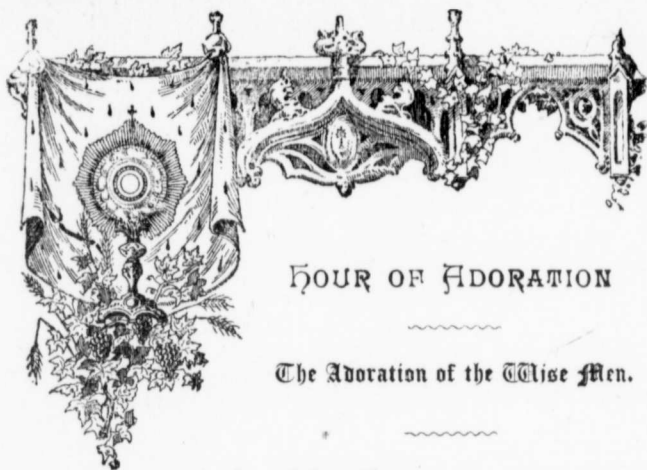


asks his daughter.

"Nothing important, — just some worthless papers," innocently responds the wily diplomat.

That midnight mass had borne its immediate fruit.

The following Christmas Mr. Lapin not only accompanied his wife and daughter to midnight mass, but — would you believe it? — he actually received Holy Communion with all the old devotees.



HOUR OF ADORATION

The Adoration of the Wise Men.

I. — Adoration.

Let us represent Jesus to ourselves as our divine King, cradled in Mary's arms, and exposed for our homage and adoration in the Sacred Host.

1. Let us adore Him with the childlike and powerful faith of the Wise Men. God's star had been in the heavens, and without hesitation or delay they left all to follow it; when they came to the Child God wrapped in poor swaddling clothes, they fell on their knees in submissive, believing adoration.

The voice of Jesus Christ from the Sacred Host says to you: "This is My Body and Blood, — Myself." Let us believe implicitly in His word and offer Him the homage of a docile and submissive heart.

2. The wise men were not content merely to bow their intellects to Divine truth, but in all humility strove to rise to the heights of the Majesty of the Infant God, and to the depths of His annihilation.

Little cared they for the dust and dirt of the poor stable, little mattered to them their sparkling diadems, and their robes of silk and gold. They prostrated themselves before their divine king and the more He hid and abased His glory, the more earnestly did they strive to raise Him by their lowly self abnegation.

Lord of the Host! How shall we sufficiently humble ourselves to earth in the Presence of Thy Majesty! King of the Eucharist, shall it ever be given us to adequately manifest our respect and reverence! Would that we might measure our abasement by annihilation which is infinite!

3. Let us, with the Wise Men, acknowledge the titles and infinite perfections of Christ, whom they adored in the stable, and whom we adore in the Holy Eucharist. Let us unite ourselves to them, as they offered their symbolical presents. The Holy Fathers tell us that, in offering *gold* the Wise Men recognized Jesus Christ as their King, for gold was the tribute paid to sovereigns ; moreover it symbolized charity and love, which is man's most absolute and royal gift. Let us proclaim the Kingdom of our Eucharistic Christ, His Kingdom in heaven and on earth, over all our possessions, our hearts, our entire beings.

By offering *frankincense* the Wise Men recognized Jesus Christ as God. Frankincense symbolized sacrifice, adoration, and prayer that ends in God Himself. Let us, in union with them, proclaim that Jesus, the Beginning and End of all things, is there entire, that He is there present in His omnipotence, in His infinite wisdom and absolute perfection.

By offering myrrh the Wise Men adored in Jesus their Redeemer and Saviour, they rendered homage to His Sacred Humanity, His adorable Body and His precious Blood, that were to accomplish the salvation of the world. Let us meditate on Jesus immolated anew in the Holy Eucharist ; recalling and renewing for us His Passion and applying to us anew its fruits.

II. — Thanksgiving.

1. What gratitude did not the Wise Men owe to the God of Love, who chose them from among all others to know and adore the Saviour of Bethlehem ! There were more powerful kings, more learned astronomers, perhaps more holy men even among the pagans than they. By what inexplicable privilege of God's love were they chosen ? Oh ! With what intensity has not Jesus loved us in the Eucharist ; since He has given to us knowledge of and faith in His august mystery, rather than to many others, who though they be among the heretics and pagans may in their lives have less offended God than we.

2. The Wise Men were not only given knowledge of the true God and Saviour of the world, but they were called *to come and adore Him*. What an honor, when the Voice of Jesus Himself calls us to the Holy Tabernacle, there to fulfil the duty of the Angels in heaven !

What happiness for us to pass a few moments in intimate union with the Divine Heart ; to place within it all our pains and miseries, and in turn to receive from it abundant grace for our salvation.

3. O Jesus, Divine Sweet Saviour ! Thou didst allow the Wise Men only to adore and contemplate Thee, and they were overcome with joy. They did not have our happiness ! Oh ! is it possible to

possess heaven in our hearts, to possess Jesus, the joy of the elect... and not to die of such happiness? Since we may not die, dear Lord, may we at least live in unceasing gratitude for the unspeakable gift of Thy divine Heart.

III. — Reparation.

Among the touching scenes depicted in the evangelical accounts of the Epiphany, there are two that are sad and painful.

1. The Wise Men on entering Jerusalem turned quite naturally towards the palace of Herod, to find there and adore the King of the Jews. The petty and cruel usurper of the throne of Judea was completely unnerved : he feared the advent of an avenger of his crimes, The high priests told him that the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem, and, therefore, he sent the Wise Men there, hypocritically asking them to return and tell him the result of their search, in order that he too might go and adore the child God.

Cruel Herod. Why fear this Infant King? Does He who gives eternal kingdoms, wish to take away those of earth?

And in our times a blind, insensate, cruel hatred pursues Jesus in His sweet and peaceful Host of the Tabernacle. There, too, he is King — but what glory could be more unselfish, what victories more peaceful! He comes neither to supplant, nor to destroy. He comes for all in this sacrament of love. Why, then, should there be so much hatred towards our holy mystery? Why this fury shown towards God — as though God could fall under such strokes — and as though He had not all eternity, in which to wreak His vengeance.

2. But the coldness and indifference of the Jews, at the arrival of the Wise Men, was a still sadder spectacle.

Surely the oracle of Jacob, the promises made by God to the patriarchs, the prophecy of Daniel, as to the exact time of the advent of the Messiah; had not been forgotten. No, and the scribes, at Herod's request, read to him the prophecy of Micheas, which indicates Bethlehem as the place of His birth.

But not one bestirred himself to greet the Messiah; every one returned home, while the Wise Men alone sadly turned towards the road that led to Bethlehem.

Alas! The conduct of many Christians reminds us of the indifference of the inhabitants of Jerusalem! Every morning Jesus comes to us in the Eucharist, but we are not aroused by this act of love. He is ever present in His tabernacle, calling shepherds and kings, the poor and the rich, subjects and sovereigns, to His feet, but they remain cold and indifferent.

They know that Jesus is there and would even prove this to such as might deny it. Like the Jews of Jerusalem they know the Law and the Prophets; they direct others to Jesus Christ, but they will

not inconvenience themselves to greet and adore Him. May Jesus Christ never have to address to us His plaint.

“Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hadst thou but known the time of My visitation!”

IV. — Prayer.

Let us ask of our Lord the help of His holy grace so that we may persevere in adoring and serving Him in the Holy Eucharist. We, too, like the Wise Men, will have difficulties to overcome and obstacles to surmount.

1. The Wise Men, in order to follow the call of God asking them to adore the Christ-child, had to sacrifice their rest, to abandon the affairs of their kingdoms, to leave their families and friends and undertake a long and perilous journey across the desert. When Christ in the Eucharist calls us to adore Him or to devote ourselves to promoting His Eucharistic glory; — above all, when He bids us partake of the Bread of Angels, let us leave behind us the world and its preoccupation, its bonds and ties, and hasten joyfully and loyally to Jesus. Let nothing detain us, even though we must pass through fire and water and traverse whole continents to reach Him.

2. The Wise Men expected to find Jerusalem in gala attire on the occasion of the birth of its King, but all was sad and lifeless, instead of an enthusiastic and sympathetic crowd they met with only coldness and indifference. The insidious proposals of Herod spoke to them too, only of his hatred and fury against Jesus. The souls whom Jesus calls to adoration or to Communion often meet with indifference or contempt, from those who ought to invite and lead them to the Altar, they will meet with worldly sceptics and scoffers, who would deride their zeal and piety and reproach them with their smallest imperfections as with crimes. They may even encounter open persecution and hatred for the Holy Eucharist.

3. God Himself wished to prove the constancy and generosity of the Wise Men. After having guided them by divine signs to Jerusalem, He took from them their Star and left them alone to face the hatred of the king of Judea and the haughty coldness of the priests and scribes of the Law. We, too, shall see the light of heaven pale at times in life: Jesus in the Eucharist will try our courage by leaving us in darkness during our adoration, or by withdrawing the spiritual sweetness of our communion. Let us be firm and persevering in such painful moments, and the light from on high will return to comfort us at last. Lastly, let us always turn to Mary when seeking our Saviour. In her arms we shall find Him, as did the Wise Men, and she will ever remain the most beautiful ostensorium of Jesus, holding Him up for the adoration of the world.

Our Epiphany.

WHAT though we cannot, with the star-
led kings,
Adore the swaddled Babe of Beth-
lehem!

Behold, as sweet a Benediction brings
A new Epiphany denied to them.
The Mary Mystical 'tis ours to see
Still from his crib the little Jesus take,
And show him to us on her altar-knee,
And sing to him to bless us for her sake
Shall we the while be kneeling giftless there?
In loving faith a richer gold shall
please,

A costlier incense in the humblest prayer.
Nor less the myrrh of penitence than
these :

And there between us holy Priesthood stands,
Our own Saint Joseph with the chosen
hands.





The Magi.

(See frontispiece.)

And falling down they adored Him." Let us follow the example of the Magi. They left home and country, and undertook a long perilous journey in order to find Jesus and adore Him, whereas His throne is

close to our doors, we have no danger to encounter on our way to His Presence, no fatigues, no blame to expect, unless it be indeed the blame of worldlings, who may perhaps laugh at us for "going to church," instead of accompanying them to some place of amusement. Do we hasten to these solemn receptions of our Blessed Lord with the eagerness displayed by the Kings? Difficulties met them on their arrival in Jerusalem — they could gain no information about the promised Messiah, Whom they had come so far to find. No one knew of the existence of the Babe of Bethlehem. Alas ! does not this indifference of the inhabitants of Jerusalem find its counterpart over and over again in our churches? Were a stranger of another faith to arrive in one of our towns and to casually enter a church on a day of Exposition, what would he find? He would see lights, flowers, the monstrance with its Divine Occupant. He would see some few holy souls adoring their Lord from the depths of their hearts, testifying to their faithful worship by the reverence of their posture, and then, looking farther, he would see others, the majority, testifying to their indolence, by the negligence of their manners as they lounge upon their chair or bench instead of kneeling upon their knees, gazing curiously at the decorations of the altar, rather than at

the lowly King Who is there waiting to receive their adoration, or else staring at those around them, with a smile here, a nod of recognition there, and so forth. — Well indeed might that stranger ask: "Can those people believe that which they profess to believe, namely, that the monstrance to which such slight attention is paid, contains the Body of the living God?,"

"And opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts," here again we may imitate the Kings in a two-fold manner. Firstly, by offering the treasures of our hearts, the *gold* of charity, the *frankincense* of prayer, and the *myrrh* of mortification. Secondly, by bringing gifts of gold or silver, precious stones or fine linen with which to embellish the sanctuary which now takes the place of the Crib. We may place our offering in Mary's hands by means of her representative — the priest, the guardian of the Eucharistic Babe — and we may be certain that Jesus will accept them and will smile upon us as He smiled upon the Kings when they poured out their treasures at His feet.

The Kings did not tarry long at Bethlehem. We hear of this their one apparition and then that they returned to their own distant lands, to carry with them the glorious tidings, of the birth of the Messiah, and prepare the hearts of their countrymen to receive His word. We may be sure that they must have longed to remain in that sweet presence to feast their eyes on the lovely Babe and to listen to the holy converse of Mary and Joseph; but it could not be, duty called them back to their homes and they obeyed the call.

Like the Kings we cannot remain in constant adoration before the Eucharistic Throne. We have our daily work or our occupations, which must be fulfilled for to neglect these manifest duties for the sake of a prolonged visit to the Blessed Sacrament, would be, to indulge in a worship of self, rather than of Jesus Christ. It may sometimes happen, alas! that a second Herod — a relation possessing a certain authority in our home — whose mind is possessed by heresy and who is jealous of our love for the Church, and of the time robbed as he considers from himself by her beautiful ceremonies, may force us to regain our dwelling by "another way," in order to avoid unseemly dispute. He cannot however, prevent us from doing as

did the Magi, from carrying the love of Jesus in our hearts, the grace of Jesus, His spirit, His love and His charity, therewith to sweeten the very atmosphere of our home ! Hard and bitter hearts, hearts closed by prejudice against the beauties of the Catholic faith, may be thus sometimes gradually and almost imperceptibly softened, where argument and controversy would only serve to irritate and yet further estrange. The Kings no doubt acted with prudence as well as with zeal when carrying the blessed tidings to their brethren. We must imitate them in this, and when our conversation would be inopportune, we must show Jesus forth in our lives, dropping a word here and there, only where opportunity occurs in order to dispel an illusion, or correct an error, and this gently and with the utmost tact and charity, until we find that the time has come when we may safely speak. Then when we find our lips may be unsealed let us imitate them in their holy boldness, taking advantage to lead the souls around us, to a greater knowledge of Jesus and His Divine law, and to prepare the ground so that when the priestly authority, shall come in, to complete and bless our work, he may find that the precious grain which we have sown, is ripe for an abundant harvest.

As there is no way in which we can more certainly prove our love of the Blessed Sacrament than by bringing souls to the Feet of Jesus and by spreading broadcast His knowledge and love, let us make a resolution to increase our own science in order that we may have more to impart to others. Instead of spending our leisure hours over literature which is, at best, but an idle amusement, let us strive to acquire the science of Jesus — of the Blessed Sacrament especially : without being theologians, the more we know, the better we are fitted to teach, and what study could be so beautiful as the study of Jesus ?

Divine Master of all wisdom ! It is at Thy Feet we will endeavour to acquire this science of all sciences ! Nowhere dost Thou teach in so touching and so persuasive a manner as from the recesses of the Sacred Host. Grant that as we gaze upon Thee we may learn to know Thee, and that knowing Thee we may love Thee more ardently and serve Thee more devotedly, until we come to see Thy face in that land where our knowledge shall be perfected for evermore !



Baby's Visit.

Of birthdays, he has had but two,
 Our fair-haired boy with eyes of blue;
 Who came so earnestly to say,
 "I wish I could like sister pay
 A visit—go dear Lord to see.
 O mother, let them, please, take me!"
 The girlies plead: "Yes, let him go,
 We'll take good care of him,"—and so,
 The happy trio tripped away
 To Jesus' house, where night and day,
 He lists the praise or plaint that's told
 By saint or sinner, young or old.
 They bend on reverent knee before
 The holy Tabernacle door;
 The little brother in between,
 A sister at each side, I ween.
 A loving, simple word of prayer,
 And then in tones quite loud and clear,
 Upon the solemn silence rose
 "O Salutaris" to the close.
 The little man sang out each word,
 As he at home the hymn had heard.
 A sister whispered in his ear:
 "Be still! You must not sing in here!"
 He answered, full of wondering:
 "Why?—this is the very place to sing!"
 Ah! surely angels must rejoice,
 To hear a brother angel's voice,
 And hover near, their shining wings
 Caressing softly while he sings.
 May He who once said: Let them come;
 Of such is my loved Father's home!"
 One day receive him joyfully
 Where song goes on eternally!

M. L. JONES



— AND THE —

Two Little Musicians.



(Continued.)



WHEN night had come, when their poor artist's day was done, alas! without having really begun; when slowly the city's darkness was lighted up, they stopped playing and stood a long time before the brilliant shop windows and gazed with longing eyes at the Christmas trees and the child Jesus sleeping in His golden crib.

But no one saw them!

Ah you can never fully realize, you fortune's favored ones, you the glad possessors of happy homes, how many longing, eager looks are raised to you those long, cold, dark winter days; how many little unknown and un-noticed hands crave your sympathy and help, especially at eventide,—that home-hour when all gather round the fireside, that hour when the homeless find the cold more piercing and the hungry clamour more loudly for bread, and mute despair and cruel suffering pave the way for Satan's harvest.

III

Crouched in a corner of the cold porch, closer they cling together in a vain attempt to keep warm. Tito lets his pretty golden head fall heavily upon Guiseppe's shoulder.

The darkness grows less dense; a bitter north wind whistles mournfully round the old church and sways the leafless branches of the tall maples into weird shadows, uncanny forms. The snow falls in big soft flakes which the wind hurls

and tosses in rough sport right to the spot where the little musicians crouch.

Tito shivers, closes his eyes and his soon fast asleep lulled by the blissful pictures of his tired imagination. He sees dimly, as in another world, the beautiful blue sky of his native land, a tiny little village nestling in a Tuscan valley, loved Madonnas in their stone niches; Grandma with her never-ending hymns and big black rosary, which she never tires of



repeating; his first experience in Florence, where noble dames treated him kindly and praised and admired his wonderful musical ability; where the nights were so calm and heavenly that he slept with comfort neath the stars, or on the steps of some white marble palace bathed in moonlight...

IV

They sleep and their slumber seems very peaceful. Meanwhile the snow still falls, and silently and quietly the wind piles it up around them. A dazzling brightness appears, a burst of light and warmth that seems to turn the snow into

flowers and crowns with its glorious aureole the beautiful child in its midst.

Guiseppe trembles and Tito instinctively understanding whispers: "Brother, it's the child Jesus passing."

Jesus heard the whisper and stooping left a kiss upon his brow.

"O, beautiful Child Jesus! O, sweet Child Jesus," he pleads, "stay with us. We are so cold, so hungry, and so afraid. Stay with us and we will sing you sweet hymns, the hymns Grandma taught us long years ago in our happy Tuscan home."

With infinite patience, the Child Jesus tried to make them understand that on this Christmas night He had to go and visit all the babes in their cots and that He had not a minute to spare because the night was so short and the world so big. "But come with Me," He concluded, "and while I stoop to kiss each little babe, you will sing your joyous carols."

V

They followed in the Child Jesus' footsteps, wrapped in the warm light. No longer cold, or hungry or afraid but in an ecstasy of delight, those little musicians accompany the sweet Child Jesus over valleys and plains, cities and hamlets as if borne by invisible wings.

They traverse narrow alleys and wide streets, visit sumptuous dwellings and poor hovels enter into cozy nurseries, where the cheery blaze of the Yule log lights up faces fair as roses, resting on dainty lace and snow-white linen, into poor and barren nurseries, a prey to the winds and elements where, on the bare boards, sleep poor, miserable, little babes.—And everywhere as the Child Jesus bent over the cribs, the harp and viol vibrated under the touch of the two little musicians with a hitherto unknown melody of sweet dreams, tender lullabys, loving hymns. And the sleeping babes in their rosy dream of the Christmas Bambino heard and marveled at its unearthly sweetness.

They walked on and on and upwards until the way grew very steep and the harp began to press heavily on Guiseppe's shoulder and Tito's little aching hands could no longer hold the bow. When morning dawned they halted before the golden door of a palace a hundred times more beautiful than any they had seen in their travels that night. The door seemed to open of itself and they saw radiant white-robed, white-winged figures passing to and fro and heard distant music that thrilled their soul with its marvellous rhythm.

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The dazzled children sank on their knees, momentarily relaxing their hold on their treasured instruments which fell shattered with a plaintive, gentle sound like that of a departing soul.

*
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*

The next morning all the daily papers of the city of X related the following fact in various ways:

“ This morning, very early, two poor little children were



found frozen to death in the Cathedral porch. They were identified as two little street musicians who had been plying their trade in our city the last few days. The drifted snow had almost entirely covered the little lads with its white shroud before they were discovered.”

But what the dailies did not say, what they could not say, what they were not aware of was that at that self-same hour two lovely little white-souled musicians entered Paradise with the Child Jesus to spend the happiest Christmas of their lives.



REQUESTS & PRAYERS

Very Reverend Henri Leblond, S.S.S.

Late Superior of the Congregation of the M.H.S.

(Continued.)

WHEN his Superiors ordered him to take a complete rest and go to a warmer climate the sacrifice he had to make in leaving his dear community and submitting to the forced inaction was far more painful than his acute bodily suffering.

"You cannot imagine," he writes, "what one feels in being hors de combat and separated from their own; if obedience did not restrain me I would have dispensed with doctors and medicines long ago."

Profiting by a slight improvement he asked and obtained permission to return to his former post. Resolutely and unflinchingly, like a wounded eagle he resumed his flight keeping ever before his eyes his favorite motto: *allons jusqu'au bout!... In finem.*

When he was called to Rome, in 1905, as Counsellor to the Very Rev. Father General we hoped the climate would benefit his shattered health. And, in reality, it did, for a short time; but his untiring zeal and unselfish devotedness soon told on his already feeble strength and made this last year of his life one of constant suffering wherein he was destined to complete his soul's sanctification by patient and humble acceptance of that cross so galling to sensitive souls—bodily impotence.

"My health renders my position difficult and humiliating. Speaking frankly I do not think there is any hope of my permanent recovery. Still I try to do the best I can every day and calmly wait the good God's pleasure."

Writing to one of his fellow-priests he says : " I count greatly on your fervent prayers to help me to live up to my chosen motto : Until the end, which is in truth the Eucharistic watchword eminently suited to our sublime vocation." Alas ! that end was nearer than we thought. In fact, it was only eight days before his death that our lamented deceased penned the words we have just quoted.

* * *

" I want to die combatting " he had once said to one of his colleagues.—And so he did. Like the intrepid soldier he was he died of what had constituted his life : love for the Blessed Sacrament. He had just finished preaching a retreat to a community of nuns when he was stricken with the fatal blow that so quickly felled this indomitable champion of the Eucharistic Christ. One of his fellow-priests sends us the following account of his last illness :

" Two days before the annual retreat of the community he fainted in the chapel and was carried to his room. The next day feeling a little better he desired to follow the exercises of the retreat saying ' it will be my last.' Thursday night the 25th he had a severe hemorrhage. Unfortunately he was alone at the time as he was not considered sick enough to require attendance. He got up and rapped at the priest's door whose room faced his and begged him to come and ask me to go and give him absolution.

I rushed to his assistance and found him bathed in his own blood. He received Extreme Unction with indescribable sentiments of piety and humility : ' I only regret one thing ' he murmured, and that his not to have worked enough for the Institute.'

" Thanks to the skill and devotion of the Doctors called in consultation he rallied somewhat and said to me : " 'It's a pity ! I was so well prepared. What do we do here but dim our soul's purity more and more.

" As I have already told you when I asked him to make the sacrifice of his life he unhesitatingly answered : '*Lætatus sum in his...* When the crisis was past he made me promise not to hide his condition from him and to tell him when his death was near. The next day, Friday

seeing how rapidly he was sinking I discharged that painful duty. He received me with the same sweet smile and the same words as the first time and then asked me to assemble the community round his bed. When all were present he said :

' I long to tell you the good news I have just received. I am going home to Our dear Lord ! I ask pardon for all the bad example I have given you. I am so hasty, I may have grieved some among you, but, nevertheless believe me I love you all very dearly. I declare that I wish to die a submissive child of the Holy Church ; I profess my filial affection and obedience to the Very Rev. Father General who I am sorry not to see (he was then in Austria). I avow my love for the Congregation which has been only too good to me, unworthy subject, whom without any merit of mine it has guarded and sheltered in its sheepfold. Pray for me that the Lord in His infinite mercy may receive my soul.'

" Then he asked us to sing the *Ecce quam bonum* and embraced us all. He renewed his vows at the communion he made on Saturday the 27th the last day of the retreat.

Finally Saturday night while I watched by his bedside he asked me to recite the Penitential Psalms and afterwards to read selections from Père Eymard. Every little while I could hear him murmuring ' how beautiful.'

Sunday the 28th an ordination service was held which lasted until twelve o'clock. How the dying priest longed to greet the new members of his earthly home before he died. His agony began at eleven o'clock. He was perfectly conscious until the end. The community surrounded his bed and wept and prayed. He followed the prayers. At half-past-twelve the newly ordained priests entered his room. He embraced them affectionately and though he could not speak his sweet smile said volumes. After a few moments his usual forethought asserted itself and he sent us all away to dinner. As soon as possible we returned and continued the prayers. About two o'clock he calmly expired."

Ecce quomodo moritur justus. Et erit in pace locus ejus !

Pie Jesu, dona ei requiem !