

THE SENTINEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

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Thy Sacrament.

When the golden gleam of morning
Lightly dwells on hill and stream,
And when heaven's bright adorning
To the earth transcendent seems ;
Then my heart's first glad adoring,
And my waking thoughts are sent
To the One, Who never sleeping,
Watches in the Sacrament.

When the sun has reached its zenith,
Shining on the mart of life;
On a busy world of turmoil,
Joy and sorrow, care and strife.
Still my thoughts are straying upward
And my weary heart is rent
With the longing to be near Thee,
Jesus, in Thy Sacrament.

When the twilight shadows deepen,
And the toiler homeward turns ;
Still my heart with hope unceasing,
Watches where the red light burns.
At the altar step I'm kneeling,
All my soul's deep forces spent,
Trustful of the might and power
Saviour, in Thy Sacrament.

Claire M. Carberry



Jesus blessing the Children.

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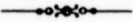
"My Mother and my Brethren."

Behold in the Blessed Sacrament the Holy Child, who was subject at Nazareth to Mary and Joseph. The Tabernacle is now His Nazareth. And who are His father and mother? In answer, He seems to stretch forth His hands towards us, saying: "Behold My mother and My brethren. For whosoever, shall do the will of My Father that is in Heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother."

What an example He gives us in this new and abiding Nazareth of doing the will of His Father that is in Heaven. For here He is subject to us, whom He calls His mother and His brethren. He calls us so, alas, beyond our deserts; for are we ever wholly willing to learn of Him and to be His disciples? It was towards His disciples that He first stretched out His hand and cried: "Behold My mother and My brethren." He is subject to us, He says, because we are His disciples; but is it not rather that we may become His disciples; that we may learn of Him in this His perfect meekness and humility of Heart?

This sacramental Nazareth is the Hidden Life indeed; the life of poverty, of weakness, of humiliation, of service, nay, of servitude. "How little is the Lord," says St. Bernard, "and greatly to be loved."

We call Him Lord and Master, and we do well, for so He is. Yet He says to us: "I will not now—now that I have given you My Body to be the food of your souls—I will not now call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his master doth." He calls us more than friends; He says: "Behold My mother and My brethren." And is it not true? By the power of the Holy Ghost He is, as it were, born again upon the altars of our Mother the Church, whose members we are.



GREGORIAN MASSES

Since the days of St. Gregory the Great the devotion he inaugurated for the release of a soul from purgatory has been widely practised. This is the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass thirty times in succession. St. Gregory in his Book of Dialogues tells us how during the peaceful days which he spent in retirement within the monastery walls of St. Andreas on the Coelian Hill, in Rome, one of the monks named Justus, whom he greatly loved, became ill; and although the sick man was attended with great care by his own brother, a physician named Copiosus, he died after a little. Then Gregory, on the very day of the monk's death, ordained that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass should be celebrated for the repose of the departed soul, on each day of the next succeeding thirty days. On the thirtieth day Copiosus, the physician had a dream in which his brother, appearing to him in great joy and splendor, told him that he had that day entered into the great glory of Paradise. When Copiosus, ignorant of the order which Gregory had given in his monastery regarding the celebration of the daily Mass for thirty days, came to the latter and related the vision, Gregory gave thanks to God, for he attributed the coincidence by which Justus was released from pain to the efficacy of the Divine sacrifice.

The fact soon became widely known, and when subsequently the holy influence of Gregory was spread abroad through his elevation to the Supreme Pontificate, many priests were eager to imitate his devotions, and pilgrims from France and Spain who came to Rome to visit the tomb of the Apostles were in the habit of going to the monastery of St. Andreas on the Coelian Hill, that they might celebrate the holy mysteries at the altar where Justus had obtained his release from purgatory, in the hope that they might receive a like assurance for departed friends.

Leo XIII, confirmed the practise of this devotion in behalf of the faithful departed and encouraged the same

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as based upon a reasonable view of the mercy of God, Who thus honors the memory of His faithful servant Gregory, by according particular graces to the souls recommended through his intercession.

A LITTLE EUCHARISTIC FLOWER OF AFRICAN GROWTH.

Madeleine Ketaka is a little lassie of six or seven years, full of fun and frolic. Her dancing black eyes, her tight lips and general air of determination tell you at a glance that there are no still waters here. In school she is not always a source of consolation to Sister Ambrose, and her little neighbors often testify by their tears to her pranks. In spite of these sallies of temper, however, Ketaka struggled hard to prepare herself for first Communion, and since making her first Communion she strives with renewed energy to conquer herself. Quite recently one of her quips occasioned the following dialogue between herself and the Sister:

Ketaka, were you to Communion this morning?"

"Yes, Mother."

"And whom did you receive in Holy Communion?"

"Jesus."

"And do you think, Ketaka, that the Child Jesus likes to see you cutting up so, pinching and slapping your little companions?"

After a moment's reflection Ketaka said thoughtfully: "Mother, I forgot. Give me my vei (the little girls here like the women put on a veil in going to Communion) and I will put it beside me so as not to forget, and then I won't pain the Child Jesus any more."

Since then in school Ketaka always has her veil on the table in front of her. And the truth is her neighbors seldom complain of her now, Ketaka has become a little apostle too. Not long since she brought her papa to the missionary to have him make his first Communion also.

The Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist

(From Wiseman.)

The objection raised by our Lord's hearers is, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" If the words were meant figuratively, our Lord, according to custom, would meet the objection by explaining his figurative meaning. Instead of this He stands to his words, again and again repeats the obnoxious expressions, and requires his hearers to believe them. He had made himself clearly understood and insists on the literal meaning. Are not we right, then, in adopting that meaning? If He allowed many to go away and give up following Him rather than place a figurative meaning on His words, is it credible He really meant them figuratively? Our Lord's conduct was a model of perfect simplicity and frankness: He has to teach a doctrine, and He expresses it in the most obvious and literal terms. The doctrine is disbelieved as absurd; objections are raised, but He goes on repeating it in the very terms which gave offence, and insists on their acceptance without reserve. This shows that His purpose is not to form a party and gather a multitude of adherents. He is the divine teacher and all must believe Him, whatever His doctrines and however grating to the feelings. And so clear is this that multitudes even of Protestants believe and profess in the literal meaning of this teaching, and therefore in the real presence of Christ in the Holy Communion.

Some have endeavored to parry the force of this reasoning by referring to the sixty-fourth verse of this chapter: "The flesh profiteth nothing; the words which I have spoken to you are spirit and life." Here our Saviour declares His meaning to be spiritual, but does that mean figurative? When in Scripture flesh and spirit are named as opposed to each other, it means the carnal man and the regenerate man, the carnal spirit and that of divine grace. However, when such great Protestant authors as Kuinoel, Horne, Bloomfield, and Schleusner agree with the Catholic interpretation of this verse, it is unnecessary for us to enlarge upon it.

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It is, therefore, evident from the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel that our Divine Redeemer promised some institution in His Church whereby men would be completely united to Him, being truly made partakers of His adorable body and blood, and so applying to their souls the merits of His blessed passion. But the passages which treat of the actual institution of this heavenly rite are far more important. Let us now direct our attention to them. Open St. Matthew's Gospel at the twenty-sixth chapter and twenty-sixth verse: "And while they were at supper Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake, and gave to His disciples, and said: Take ye and eat, THIS IS MY BODY. And taking the chalice, He gave thanks, and gave to them, saying: Drink ye all of this, for THIS IS MY BLOOD of the new testament, which shall be shed for many, for the remission of sins." You are aware that the same circumstances are related and very nearly the same words used by two other evangelists, and also by St. Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians. The words to be considered are common to them all.

It must be owned that it is not easy to make an argument based on these words. For what is there to argue about? Could anything add strength or clearness to these expressions?—"This is my body—this is my blood"? Catholics simply believe that it *was* Christ's body, it *was* Christ's blood. It would seem enough to simply recite the passage, and rest the case. Suppose there were no question of apparent impossibility, suppose the words related to some other matter, any one who accepted Christ as his teacher would simply say: "He has declared this doctrine in the simplest terms, and I receive it on His word."

In answer to this plain reasoning it is said that the words, "This is my body," may be rendered "This represents my body," because in certain other passages some form of the verb *to be* undeniably does mean *represent*, as where our Saviour says: "I am the door," "I am the vine." True, in these passages the verb *to be* does mean to represent. But there are some thousands of other passages in Scripture where the verb *to be* does

not mean to represent; why not interpret the text in question by the analogy of these very many passages rather than of the very few others? Let us have some good reason for drawing an inference from a small number of analogies rather than from a vast multitude. By such a process as this one can place any meaning he pleases on any given passage. It ill becomes us, who seek a plain way to a plain truth in the plain word of God, to cumber ourselves with rules of interpretation calculated to confuse the meaning of Scripture rather than to unveil it. Let us not be turned aside from the strict and literal meaning of God's word by the Jew's objection, "How can this thing be done"?

This leads us to ask whether or not we are led into such an ocean of absurdities as some affirm, in case we do take our Divine Master at his literal word. And are we to call every incomprehensible truth of God an absurdity? Why not say, How can water be changed into wine? How can a few loaves feed five thousand? How can the waving of a rod cleave the Red Sea asunder? How can Jesus put life into a corpse four days dead? And, especially, how can that helpless little babe in the manger be the Supreme Being, the Creator and Lord of the universe?

The doctrine of Transubstantiation is like that of the Trinity, or the Incarnation; it is not a question of abstract reasoning, or human possibilities, but of pure evidence. If the God of all truth has revealed it, let us gladly believe it. If it is plainly taught in Holy Scripture, then let us frankly accept it and not tax our imagination with its seeming contradictions. Jesus Christ can destroy any substance, as He has created every one of them. He can cause the appearance of a substance to remain after the reality has been annihilated. He can place His own complete and personal self under any appearance whatever. He is amply able to do what to us is impossible. Has He in the case of the Eucharist actually done it? — this is the only question.

(to be continued.)

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THE HILLS OF EGYPT.

The lights had gone out one by one in the cottages on Bethlehem's hills. The cold wind was blowing over the ridge, but it was not half so chilling as the fear that hung over the souls of Mary and Joseph. Out into the darkness they steal hurriedly, silently, fugitives from their native land, exiles from the city of their tribe. The holy couple on the first chill christmas eve had timidly asked for shelter, for a roof under which their child could be born. But the doors had been closed in their faces and they were welcomed by the dumb animals in the cave. Now from even this poor lodging the cruelty of those He loves is forcing Him out into exile in Egypt.

On through the night they hasten. Mary draws her child closer to her bosom. For the wind which sweeps down the valley is biting cold. The child stirs and moves in her arms, not perhaps from discomfort, but He recollects that up that valley David fought Goliath and gained his earliest honors. And now one greater than David is hurrying from His enemy into foreign land.

When the day is breaking in the eastern sky, before them higher up in the hill country through which they are passing they can see glinting in the morning light the roofs, towers and turrets of Hebron redolent with ten thousand memories of the old Dispensation. Here they rest a while. For after their rapid night journey, and with fear still heavy on their hearts they are tired and weak and need repose and refreshment.

Brief, however will be their tarrying in Hebron. For though tired and footsore, anxious in mind and weary in body they push on still through the hill country over rough roads to Bersabee, the border-town of the desert and the last halting place before plunging into the wilderness. By the wells they can linger with a feeling of greater safety though they are not yet out of the danger of pursuit.

Looking back when they have trudged over the road for many a weary mile, their hearts will rejoice to see the fringe of the hills of Palestine growing more indistinct, and they will thus feel safer from pursuit. Through these sandy plains God led the chosen people and went before them in a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. Through all the years, as they wandered over these wild stretches of country without guide in the midst of enemies, God fed His chosen people with the manna which daily at the dawn was on the ground outside their tents. But now when His only begotten Son is driven forth in the arms of His Mother, there is no pillar of fire to lead them during the night, no cloud of smoke to guide them during the day and hang over the true Holy of Holies and protect Him from the sun's burning heat. No bread from heaven is rained down daily for His nourishment, who later on will say on the lakeshore: "Your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead... He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life." This difference, implying our Blessed Saviour's choice of suffering for Himself and His closest friends, will only make Mary's and Joseph's heart grow warmer in their love for the helpless Child. These and other wonders which God wrought in other days among His people will not be absent from their thoughts.

But the wind is blowing cold over the sandy billows, so Mary wraps her child in His little blanket and lays Him to rest. Does she think of that dark Good Friday when she and Magdalene with loving hands will wrap the winding sheet about Him and lay Him in the tomb? And now the eyes close, the features relax and the Babe of Bethlehem sleeps. Yet all the while, even from eternity He has been watchful. Even now He is ruling countless worlds, guiding the planets with the touch of His power, watching the destinies of men and directing them by His providence with more than a mother's love. The same Child is hidden on our altars and at times we are tempted to think Him unmindful of us and our needs. How ungrateful of us to doubt Him! There is no least detail, no slightest circumstance of our lives that is not a matter

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of loving concern to our hidden Master. Mary did not watch and guard her sleeping Child with half the affection and tenderness with which that Child from the Tabernacle guards and protects us. "O ye of little faith, why do you doubt?"

ATTENTION AT MASS.

No one but a saint can be attentive during Mass without either a prayer book or a rosary. The prayer book is preferable for the young, because they are easily distracted and it holds the attention better. Of course the indulgence gained by reciting the rosary is greater, and those who can perform this devotion properly should do so.

A good plan is to recite the rosary and then turn to the prayer book. At any rate, no Catholic should be present at the Divine Sacrifice, without some means of holding the attention on the great Mystery.

Neglecting Mass is but one step from inattention at Mass. Our young men especially need this warning, for there are too many who are satisfied with mere physical presence, in fulfilling the obligation of hearing Mass on Sunday.

ENDS OF THE MASS

Adore till the Gospel,
Give thanks till the bell,
Till Communion ask pardon,
Then all your wants tell.

SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

THE ROYALTY OF JESUS.

ADORATION.

Our Lord Jesus Christ is King and Supreme Ruler of mankind. He Himself tells us: "All power is given me in heaven and on earth" and again, by the voice of His Prophet "I am appointed King by Him over Sion His holy mountain." He has all the qualities of a King: nobility of descent, being Son of God and firstborn of mankind, wealth and magnificence, power and glory. Moreover He has conquered His right to be our King by freeing us from the tyranny of Satan, and founding a new social order on the basis of justice and charity.

Jesus is King in Heaven, where He sits enthroned at the right hand of the Father. On earth His throne is the lowly tabernacle where He reigns in meekness and love, and whence He rules the kingdom of souls. Honor your King in the Blessed Sacrament with a service befitting His Majesty, a royal service of soul and body. Adore Him the King of kings, reduced to the state of prisoner through His love for us.

THANKSGIVING.

Jesus Christ is King; we are His subjects. His kingdom is in us, in our souls, whence it extends to our outward life.

Our Saviour established on earth a universal kingdom, guided by faith, cemented by love, abounding in spiritual and temporal blessings. In spite of the world-wide rejection of His Royalty by proud and impious nations, Jesus still reigns over a faithful few spread throughout the world and they reap the many benefits of His kingdom.

From His tabernacle throne He ceases not to shower on them with royal munificence a profusion of choice graces and blessing, allowing them to draw nigh unto Him and to clothe themselves with His dignity by partaking of His Sacred Body.

Let us thank Jesus for His kingship in the world; for having delivered us from the usurper Satan and from the slavery of our own passions. Thank Him for His Eucharistic reign over the hearts of men from the hidden depths of the tabernacle.

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REPARATION.

Our Divine King, in giving men His law knew what was best adapted to their needs. Under His laws the order of humanity would be as beautiful as that of the material creation.

But at the same time our King ordained that all infringement of His law would be punished with direst catastrophies.

We often ask ourselves, in horror and amazement, the reason of the awful calamity now overwhelming Europe and the world. The answer is here: men have thrust aside their King, they have rejected His law and His Church. "The nation and the king that will not serve Thee shall perish" said the Almighty to His Royal Son. That it should be so follows necessarily from the order of nature. When men disobey the divine laws of human life they lose control of the enormous destructive forces of the perverted human will, and their most skilful makeshifts cannot avert the calamitous consequences, as this awful war so conclusively proves. Let us implore the mercy of our King, forgiving and kind even in His wrath. Ask pardon for those wretched nations now paying so bitterly the price of their apostasy from Christ the King. Implore forgiveness for those who have outraged Him in what He hold dearest: His priests, His religious, His churches and schools. Repair for all the profanities committed during this war against Jesus in the Sacrament of His love.

PRAYER.

Thy Kingdom come! Jesus has a kingdom on earth, the Catholic Church whose visible head here below is the Pope, Vicar of Jesus Christ. Let us pray for the spread and triumph of that kingdom, for its victory over its many enemies; let us pray especially for the Viceroy of our King, the Pope emprisoned by his rebellious subjects who will not have him or Christ rule over them. Let us have a special intention in our prayers for the rapid extension of the Eucharistic reign of Jesus so gloriously inaugurated by the beloved Pius X.

Let us repeat frequently, in our visits to our Prisoner King of the tabernacle, these beautiful words of the Venerable Father Eymard "Thy Eucharistic Kingdom come! Reign alone and forever over us by the empire of thy love, by the triumph of thy virtues over our defects, by the dominion of grace and the spread of Eucharistic vocations!"

D. F. S. s. s. s.

The "Bishop of the Blessed Sacrament."

(*Bishop Maes of Covington.*)

II — HOLY COMMUNION.

Always an advocate of frequent Communion, the decree of Pius X on Daily Communion met with the immediate and complete response of Bishop Maes. By pastoral, sermon, instruction, and conference; in church and in school; in confessional and in private interviews, the Bishop never lost an opportunity for forwarding the prescriptions of the immortal '*Sacra Tridentina Synodus*'. He patiently met the objections against the Communion of children, and just as patiently reasoned with those who, educated under the "*Old regime*," still persisted in adhering to the erroneous principle of reverence through fear.

"Were we to consider only the holiness of God present in the Holy Eucharist, and the weakness and waywardness of man who receives Holy Communion, we would certainly be tempted to fall down at Jesus' feet like St. Peter, saying, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord?' But when we consider why Jesus Christ instituted the Holy Eucharist, when we remember that He came for the benefit of sinners and not for the just, when we recall His positive command to eat and drink, and His threat 'unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood you shall have no life in you,' we may be astonished at the stupendous miracle, dumbfounded at God's mercy and humility, just as the Apostles were, but like them, we must be true to the Master and say, 'Lord, to whom shall we go but to Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life'... His arguments for daily Holy Communion were compelling; his advice to the people: 'Do not spare your priests; go to confession; keep them in the confessional. Go to holy Communion until their arms drop through weariness.' Such and similar encouragement awoke a stirring response in the strong-hearted Catholic people.... The

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keynote of his address at the opening of the Fourth Eucharistic Congress of America convened at Pittsburg, was of the zeal that would bring home to the laity "the godly gifts of grace which Christ has placed within the Sacrament of His love," that is, frequent Communion!

Returning to America from Rome, at a reception tendered him within his Diocese, the Bishop spoke of his interview with the Saintly Pontiff, Pius X, and told how they sat "elbow to elbow as I told him of our work in America. 'Bless them all for me; tell them to be true to God and to His Church. Tell your young people to go to Holy Communion as often as they can, even daily,' such was the Pope's message to you all." Then closing his remarks with words quite natural to his lips, the Bishop said: "Let us all look to Jesus for all that is good. The oftener you come into contact with Jesus Christ, the truer and better you will become. Holy Communion will make you noble, true to God and to yourself."

FAVOR.— My little daughter had sores on her arm. I employed doctors and put medicine on it for four months but it seemed to do her no good. I placed Rev. Father Eymard's picture on it and in a few days it began to get better.

Promised to have this cure published and become one of your subscribers and solicitors for one year. Mrs. O. G.

FAVOR.— Through a Novena to the Venerable Père Eymard I obtained a great favor namely the restoration to health of a very dear friend, who had been annointed for death. And since I promised publication in the Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament, if my request was granted, I ask you to please publish what I have just related, hoping that it will encourage others who are deeply afflicted to have recourse to this venerable priest of God, who labored so zealously while on earth to promote faith to Blessed Sacrament.

Miss, E. F.

The "Mystery of Love"

The angel of the morning
At God's holy altar stands,
With the sacred chalice lifted
In his consecrated hands;
While he breathes the mystic message
That shall summon from above
The meek and lowly Founder
Of this "mystery of love."

And at His servant's bidding
The submissive Savior comes,
Not in a flash of glory
To which all the world succumbs,
But, garmented in sweetness,
And all silent and unseen,
Within the sacred species
He conceals His royal mien.

O meekness unexampled!
To descend from Heaven's height—
From the throne of the Creator
'Neath its canopy of light—
And, divested of all grandeur,
To obey His priest's commands,
And become earth's humblest atom
In those pure but human hands;

And by those chasted hands led captive,
To become the sinner's Guest,
And enthrone His hidden glories
In our cold, responseless breast;
Thus to feed His thankless starvelings
With the manna from above,
And enchain our souls forever
In the sweetness of His love;
Or to languish on the altar
In the silence and the gloom,
Just for love of us imprisoned
In His tabernacle-tomb;
Whence He listens — on, sweet Jesus! —
From a dark, deserted throne,
For the falling of our footsteps
And the coming of His own.

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O love beyond conception!
Keep us ever close to Thee;
May Thy eucharistic presence
Our delight in this world be;
And when earthly light is fading
From our weary, death-dimmed eyes,
May they open to Thy beauty
In the courts of Paradise!

Jennie M. Buhlinger.

On Missing One Communion

Many people are too apt to allow some paltry reason to prevent them from going to Sunday Mass, confession, or even Holy Communion, because they do not realize the infinite value of every Mass and Sacrament worthily received, and do not remember that it was necessary that a God Man should die upon the cross and shed the last drop of His precious blood to obtain these inestimable favors for them. What would you think of anyone who would willingly forfeit the winning of millions of money rather than go out in bad weather, or fight against a headache or slight indisposition, or give up some passing pleasure? You would think such a person insane, and yet, what is all the wealth of the world compared to the value of a single Mass or Communion?

The great Dominican orator and educator, Père Lacordaire, while director of the great boy school which he had founded, had been obliged to go and spend several days at Paris on important business. Though this was far from being completed, he was preparing to return to his pupils, when his friends and advisers eagerly urged him to remain a little longer and not jeopardize what seemed to them such important matters by his too hasty departure.

"Surely you might stay a few days more!" they exclaimed indignantly, "there are plenty of other Fathers at the school to look after your boys."

"No, it is impossible," he answered firmly. "The day after tomorrow is one of Our Lady's principal feasts, and if I was not there to hear the boy's confessions some of them might not care to go to anyone else, and they would therefore lose their Communion on that day. No one can realize," he added gravely, "what may be the everlasting results of one Communion more or less in the life of a soul."

And rather than thus endanger the salvation of one single little boy, the great preacher insisted on displeasing his friends, risking the failure of serious matters over which he had labored much, and undertaking a long

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and tedious journey at a time when he was greatly fatigued and harassed by many anxious cares.

Yet we are so careless about missing opportunities of going to Holy Communion! Ought not the example of this great and good priest be a lesson to us? Let us remember his words, "No one can realize what may be the everlasting results of one Communion more or less in the life of a soul."

A Convert's First Impressions.

"Go to Ireland (and a more Catholic nation does not exist on the face of the earth), and there you see how simple and naturally the people practice religion. There is an easy, unconventional style about the whole thing which is truly edifying. Not one morning, but seven mornings in the week whether in crowded cities or quiet villages, the church bells summon the faithful to Mass and Holy Communion — not after an ample breakfast of ham and eggs (according to the principle of that typical Presbyterian, Dr. Guthrie — 'porridge first and then prayers'), but with an unbroken fast, at 4 or 5 or 6 a. m. when Protestants are snoring in their beds. Cheerfully the people respond, and Scotch folk would be astounded if they beheld the numbers who morning after morning, without any obligation, but purely out of devotion, begin the day with Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. At midday the Angelus bell peals forth through the street and hills and valleys. In the afternoon there is a constant stream of visitors to the Blessed Sacrament, some remaining for long periods of time, so sweet they find it to be in the presence of their Saviour.

"At the corner of almost every street a little shrine is fixed, from which some holy face looks down upon you as you pass; on the country roads you suddenly find yourself kneeling beside a wayside Crucifix on a shrine of Our Blessed Lady; in the fields and on the hillsides you hear the pious workers singing their sweet and simple hymns to Mary, and even the little children

run up and take your hand and beg a holy picture or a rosary in a way that is not to be resisted.

"These are but samples to show how natural and simple and unaffected Catholics are in practicing their religion. I am not copying this from a guidebook, but writing what I know and have seen myself. They do not put on long faces and a special black suit and look paternally solemn on one day out of seven. They live in constant remembrance of their religion; and by ever recurring fast and festival, by rosaries, scapulars, crucifixes, medals and the Agnus Dei, it is kept before their minds and eyes."

If the best of Catholics to the manner born were to be thrust into the darkness and barrenness of Protestantism or unbelief for a brief period they would love their religion more than they do, be more faithful in practising it and more zealous for its propagation.

A PRISONER OF LOVE

We lament the destruction which has taken place at Louvain and Rheims, in both places historic churches have been destroyed; works of art swept away which can never be restored. They were beautiful gifts from the head and brain of man, splendid, incomparable in their artistic finish, yet we have ever amongst us, even in our most humble chapels a gift from God which no earthly treasure can equal. Too often do we pass it by heedlessly. Surely the dread of war should not be necessary in order to bring us more frequently to visit the Prince of Peace in the Sacrament of His love. Behind the little ruby light the sinner has always a friend, the greatest and truest Friend of all. When some great sorrow, loss or calamity comes we approach, ask and receive, and then so quickly forget. When all goes well with us we can spare not a moment's visit. The sadness, the loneliness of it all. We worry ourselves so much after the small things of this fleeting world, we have no time, nor thought for the forsaken Sacred Heart that waits so lovingly, so patiently on our altar to assist us in all our trials from year to year.

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Guard of Honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament

(Extracts from a sermon on the Divine Infant and the Blessed Eucharist, delivered by the Reverend Joseph A. Côté, S.S.S. at the January Meeting.)

What strikes us most when we meditate on God's divine utterances is that they are always brief, simple and perfectly comprehensible; yet, each time there is much said in these very few and plain words.

So is it with the works of God. In little the good God gives us much; with small things He works wonders. He does still more; He unites small things with the great ones, thus changing the simple, unimportant and lowly into the wonderful, the heavenly, the divine.

We see this plainly as we kneel before the crib of the Infant-God. "A child is born to us." Behold the simple words in which the Church heralds the temporal birth of the eternal Son of God. And what do we contemplate in or about the crib? A feeble infant cradled in the manger of an ox, resting on a bundle of straw, wrapped in swaddling-clothes and unable to express himself except by sighs and tears. Around the manger, we see a poor artisan, a young maiden of fifteen and a few lowly shepherds. Yet, no less than 4000 years were necessary to prepare the world for the birth of that little child; a magnificent display of promises, figures and prophecies had announced the event and, to-day, the heavens are in amazement at their realization, although, before the world, the birth of this little child seems to be a fact hardly noticeable.

In connection with the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist, which is the Incarnation extended to every people and soul, as well as perpetuated throughout the ages, we see also that quite simple means and ordinary

things are used to work out the greatest of all wonders; a mouthful of bread, a few drops of wine which are changed by four very simple words into the Body and Blood of Christ Himself.

* * *

Great wonders have, indeed, taken place on Christmas-Day! God, having once loved us immensely and raised us poor, infirm beings to life supernatural; having mercifully condescended to grant us forgiveness after we had so miserably fallen away, wishes now, to give Himself without measure.

This He realized in the Incarnation by becoming one of us, that is by lowering Himself as far as to take an inferior nature in order to testify His love and devotedness. And as there is no stronger bond of friendship than those which should unite the members of the same family, Jesus, at Bethlehem, will be our very parent; and in this the Incarnation reaches the highest degree of love.

Yes, dear Guards, Jesus is the real parent of all men, and we may say without the least hesitation as well as without any exaggeration that our relationship with the Infant-God is, by far, more genuine, more necessary than the ties uniting together mother and child, as they are of a superior order. They are not founded on flesh and blood; — under this connection very few could pride themselves of being the relatives of Jesus, — but this relationship has its root and origin in the prerogative of Man-God. Jesus is really man and thus shares our common nature; moreover, He is truly God and, therefore, more intimately connected with everyone of us than our father or mother, since God is our Creator, our preserver, a father and a mother to every human being. Saint Paul acknowledges that most profound mystery of dilection when he calls Jesus: "the first born amongst many brethren."

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"You envy," says Saint John Chrysostom, "the woman with the issue of blood who touched the Saviour's

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garments, Mary Magdalen who kissed His sacred feet, the shepherds who brought offerings to the Infant-God, Mary and Joseph who carried Jesus about and pressed Him on their breast; but, come to the altar and you will receive the same privileges. You will see Jesus veiled under the Eucharistic species, you will receive a kiss from His divine lips at Holy Communion, and your very breast will contain and carry your God just as truly as did the womb of Mary."

Still more, the conditions in which we find Jesus in the Holy Eucharist are by far superior to those under which He showed Himself to His contemporaries.

In the tabernacle the presence, of Jesus is unending. It commenced when Saint Peter celebrated the first mass, after the Ascension, continues night and day, and will not be brought to an end before the last priest has said the last mass at the threshold of eternity.

The limit of space is also wiped out by means of the Holy Eucharist and there are, to-day, an incalculable number of Bethlehems where Jesus is born daily to the Eucharistic life; where we may come, at any time, to lay down the burden of life at His Divine feet; where all, rich and poor, saints and sinners may pour out their heart and soul into the Heart and soul of the truest Friend; then, rise from the sweetest and most encouraging heart-to-heart colloquy interiorly renewed and strengthened, ready for strife, ready for virtue, ready to do anything for the sake and the love of Christ.

Lastly, there is the limit of union which is also cleared by the Holy Eucharist. We cannot in the present life be made exactly one with our friends. Such is not the case with Our Lord received in Holy Communion. We eat His sacred Flesh, we drink His sacred Blood; our body comes in contact with His human body, our soul is united to His very soul and, when the Eucharistic species have been consumed in our human frame, His divinity remains with us; so much so that we can exclaim with Saint Paul: "I live, not I, Jesus lives in me," moves in me, acts through me.

HONORING THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Make visits, bodily visits to the Blessed Sacrament.
Make also spiritual visits.

On passing a church, bow the head saying devoutly:
"O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine, all praise
and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine!"

Receive Holy Communion daily, or very frequently.

When praying turn to the nearest Catholic church.

Make frequent spiritual Communions: "Amen! Come,
Lord Jesus!"

Offer flowers or ornaments for the altar.

Go to Benediction as often as you can.

Read Eucharistic literature.

Keep a Eucharistic picture in your room along with
your picture of the Sacred Heart.

Distribute Eucharistic literature, pictures, etc.

Help and encourage First Communicants.

Memorize or sing hymns in honor of the Blessed
Sacrament.

Attend the Forty Hours Devotion.

Make the holy hour.

At the Elevation during Mass, look toward the altar,
saying: "My Lord and my God!"

When looking at the Sacred Host, say: "My Lord and
my God!"

When genuflecting before the Blessed Sacrament, say
"Praised and blessed for ever be Jesus in the Blessed
Sacrament!"

Give alms in honor of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

Make an act of mortification in honor of Our Eucha-
ristic Lord.

Do an act of kindness in honor of Jesus Sacramental.

Say a Pater and Ave in His honor.

Thank Our Eucharistic Jesus for deigning to dwell
among us.

Keep the thought of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament
ever before you and beg Him to help you in all your
duties.

Incite others to know and to love Jesus Eucharistic.

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A Royal Model

A beautiful and edifying example of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was given by the late King, Alphonse XII. of Spain in the year 1881. This young king who afterwards died in the twenty-ninth year of his age was one day out driving in his carriage accompanied by the queen. It happened that on the way they chanced to meet a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament to a sick person. In Catholic countries this is done with much greater pomp and circumstance than in these lands, where a powerful Protestant ascendancy and the hostile influence of a Protestant Government have compelled the Church to lay aside for a time something of the public and exterior splendour of its majestic ritual. Abroad the Blessed Sacrament is carried publicly through the streets, accompanied by white-robed acolytes bearing lighted torches, and censers, breathing the sweet perfume of smoking incense, and followed by a goodly train of pious persons, who esteem it their highest privilege thus to honor the sacramental presence of the Lord of Hosts. The advent of the Blessed Sacrament is heralded by tinkling bells, and the faithful throw themselves upon their knees as the procession passes by.

The young king, seeing the procession approaching, stopped his carriage and got out. The people were delighted and surprised. Place was made for him at once beside the priest, and with head uncovered and reverential mien Alphonse XII of Spain accompanied the God of Armies to the lowly home where death was about to claim its victim.

Great was the astonishment of the poor family at seeing so illustrious a personage enter under their humble roof, and greater still the edification with which they saw him assist on bended knees at the entire function.

Let the example of this illustrious monarch animate you to greater reverence towards our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist. Show this reverence by your modest and attentive demeanour in the chapel, by genuflecting in a proper manner, by being careful, to raise your hat whenever you pass by a church.

THE YOUNG PATROL.

Why should the hostile taube appear at the very moment I was passing near that trench... The bugle sounded the retreat: hurried as I was, much against my will, I had to take shelter in the first dugout I could see. A private about twenty years age, an Israelite judging by his large limpid jet black eyes, was lying there cleaning his rifle.

Without further introduction, we entered into conversation and I learned the following details about him.

Son of a Jewish working-man, and a free-thinker as well, Raymond, as my new found companion was called, knew his parents only through brutal treatment and greed for money. Never a word of affection had they ever bestowed on him, never had they given him the slightest inkling of religious or moral truths; he had grown up alone, unloved, untaught, uncared for, devoid of sentiment of any kind.

One day, it was a great feast-day for his little comrades; looking so happy in their spotless new suits, with dainty armlets of white and gold they marched into the church. Raymond watched them and when a little later he heard such beautiful music issue from the church, his unconquerable longing to see what was going on inside drove away all fear, and for the first time in his checkered life he crossed the mysterious threshold. Amazed and charmed with the beauty of Catholic worship, he ensconced himself in a corner and remained hidden there for a long time, wondering why he also, like those other little lads of his own age, had not his feasts and his joys. But when finally he returned home fresh trials awaited him. His parents had imbibed too freely that night — as every other; and threatened the frightened child with terrible things, if he ever dared go back to either priest or church and strictly forbade him to choose any religion — if he wanted one — before he had attained his majority.

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To satisfy the monetary greed of his alcoholic father and frivolous mother Raymond tried his hand at various trades: mechanist, usher, messenger, aviator, but in the drunkard's sight none were remunerative enough and so every time he came home new scenes of violence greeted him. At length, his patience thoroughly exhausted, he ran away and joined the Colonial Infantry.

The war brought him his first joys. At last he was going to do something worth while. Fearless, strong, well built, and distinguished-looking he freely proffered for the most perilous posts.

Wounded in the very first engagement he would not give up: "I'll fight, there is nothing like it to heal wounds" — and his were quickly healed.

After the retreat, followed by the victory of Marne, we halted on the heights of Aisne. The days of marching that preceded the fixing of trench lines Raymond was stationed at one of the worst outposts, close to the enemy, behind a hay-stack. Three days and three night he remained there, forgotten, but taking it as a matter of course and glad to suffer for his country, and, moreover making profitable use of every spare moment. In a ruined village he had picked up a Catholic prayer-book, behind his hay-stack he read and re-read it, learned by heart what he understood and already dawned in him, the thought of a better life to prepare for, of a Sovereign God to serve and worship.... Finally his absence was noticed, he was recalled, given rest and then sent elsewhere as Sentry.

A few days afterwards bombs set fire to a neighboring barn: fifty soldiers were buried in the ruins and flames. A Captain-Major called for volunteers to help in the rescue. Raymond was one of the first to respond and acted like a hero, so long as a living victim remained in the furnace he fearlessly entered again and again and brought all to safety.

The Captain grasped his hand saying:

Raymond, you have done glorious work; if men do not reward you God will.

... "God will!... What! a Captain and a Major at that believes in God, and in a God who can reward me?"

And Raymond thoughts began to work under the influence of grace; the lessons of the little book grew clearer, the first prayer went up from his youthful heart:

— "My God, if you exist, show yourself to me!"

Henceforth he was even more anxious than ever to sacrifice himself. Every day he submitted some new scheme to his superior officers, and whether his company was under orders or not, he had to be on the alert. Something seemed to tell him that by sacrificing self he would win a grace of light.

Prone on the ground he crept stealthily along to the German lines to reconnoitre, hurl grenades, or shoot sentries at close range.

It was just at this time I made his acquaintance through the hostile taube that forced me to seek shelter in his dugout...

After a few explanations he very soon made up his mind.

— But, give me as soon as possible, this Baptism and this white Host. I don't want to die before receiving them. . . . And teach me how to pray also.

We decided to baptize him three days afterwards on the 21 of November, feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, so that the ceremony might be more solemn and take place in one of the near by churches.

During those three days of waiting, Raymond had a big scruple which he confided to me:

— I am afraid I have not acted just right those three days. I accepted all commands, did what I was obliged to, but never even asked to do anything of myself, so afraid was I to be killed before becoming a Christian. But I promise you, Father, I'll make up for it once you have baptized me.

The ceremony was very impressive. The young lad in his uniform spattered with mud, riddled with bullets, answered in French the grand liturgical prayers. At his side, stood his Sponsor, the Captain Major, whose simple word had ignited the first spark of faith in his soul. After baptism where he had taken the name of Mary, I gave him Holy Communion. He arose radiant and proud, and clasping my hand warmly said:

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Now I am strong! Now I promise you to act as a Christian till death.

As we went out his battalion Captain congratulated him and then laughingly remarked: I hope you are not going to profit by the occasion to ask me for special favors.

— I'll take you at your word Captain and right away too; I ask you to send me on Patrol every night.

Ever afterwards I brought him Holy Communion to the trenches nearly every day. It was beautiful and consoling to witness his eagerness for It. Together we made a short preparation, a short thanksgiving, and in thanking me he always added.

I feel stronger than before.

The following week his commanding officer remarked to me: Raymond has been simply indefatigable and invaluable those last days. I am going to recommend him for the medal of honor: he has deserved it more than twenty times.

The medal! it was his dearest human dream. Then, one night from his look out he saw the Sentry surprised by a German patrol, lose nerve, turn and flee towards the trenches. The branch was too narrow, Raymond jumped on the parapet ran towards the aggressors, with a blow dispatched the one who had already taken possession, killed the other two with his bayonet and single-handed defended himself against the enemy's fusilade until help arrived.

The next day his captain sent for him.

Raymond you have won the medal. Still I cannot send in my report without compromising the poor weak sentry who fled, and who will be severely dealt with. Then Captain, do not send in any report. I'll get the medal some other time.

Nearly every night he set out on patrol, and soon was known only as the young Patrol. During the day he carefully drew up his plans; his favorite post was that of advanced Sentry at thirty yards from the German line. There near his pinnacle destroyed and rebuilt many a time, he had dug and concealed in the ground itself a

hole from which he fired in security. How he smiled when he returned saying:

Great doings! The shots all tell. I've emptied my cartridge-box, give me some more?

His soldiers duties did not make him forget his others. In his little prayer-book he had read, among the duties of a Christian: Remember that every day you should help some soul to know and love and serve God." This advice he took literally; every day he tried to bring back some soul to God and generally began by the furthest away — for instance a free-thinker — who he knew to be an artist and whom he converted by explaining, in his own way Christian art. Many a jest and sarcasm were levied at his zeal, his only reply was: I am not any more afraid of raillery than of bullets, I am a Christian and as such I shall do my duty. The first souls he longed to see embrace the faith were his parents. He wrote them of his conversion, his happiness, his great desire that they also might enter the Church; but those heartless parents took no more notice of this letter than of any of the others.

One day he accosted me almost timidly:

Father you told me to be humble and I am afraid I am very proud; just think what I would like now: to become a priest to help make our Lord known to so many who ignore His existence. Would it be possible? Dare I entertain the thought?

And greater and greater grew his hunger for the Eucharist.

— It is our Lord who gives me strength.

— You will give me our Lord, he used to say to me every time he saw me.

One night I met him in the trench just as he was going out to throw his grenades.

Quick Father! our Lord.

Right there, as he stood erect in the mud and water? I gave him the divine Master, his heart's desire and he departed radiant.

I carry Him with me. I am at peace! I know no fear! But that night his companions were not all as fearless. Under the terrific fire of the German mitrailleuses terror

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invaded the ranks and they began to retreat. Rushing to the rear Raymond with uplifted grenade shouted: The first who runs away will get this square in a vital spot.

Thanks to his courage order was restored and good work accomplished. The young Patrol seemed invulnerable, only his kepi and doublet showed signs of the fray, for himself, he was always cheerful and smiling.

Through constant patrolling he knew perfectly, in every detail, this fortress the enemy had little by little dug on the famous "Col des Abeilles." Then one day we heard the order had been given to take it by violence the following day.

We shall all remain there Raymond told me, and we shall not take it, it's impregnable. But you may depend on me to do my full duty; only give me our Lord.

The action was terrific but useless. Twelve hundred men remained there. Under cover of night, I sought and found, my hero, Raymond, lying in a shroud of mud, his head fractured by a bomb. He seemed to be in the very act of hurling a grenade, his open lips still smiled, his whole countenance appeared to voice his joy to die for his country — with Jesus in his heart.

It was the 28th of December, the time when to the glad Christmas Anthems the Church adds a minor cadence as she commemorates the massacre of the Holy Innocents.

Helped by one of his friends I carried back the lifeless body of the young Patrol. The Germans did not fire on us likely through respect for the bravery of the youth who for three months had been their most formidable foe.

At the base of the trenches, in the cemetery already dotted with little white-wooden crosses we laid him to rest; we covered the litter whereon he lay smiling with chrysanthemums and yew. His Sponsor fastened around his neck a silver chain with medal of the Blessed Virgin attached, which engraved as souvenir of his baptism had only arrived the day of his death. Then I again took up the small ritual of the 21st of November at the chapter not less beautiful of Christian burials: "As by true Faith Thou hast united him to the body of the faithful, so by

Thy mercy mayst Thou now unite him to the choirs of Angels."

No singing answered the prayers — only the roar of the canon. But amid those sad mementoes, in sight of this ruined church, under a penetrating rain, at the foot of the impregnable fortress of Col des Abeilles, the smile of the young Patrol, despite all, still tells of victory's certitude.

"Blessed are they who wash their garments in the Blood of the Lamb." "He that eateth my Flesh hath eternal life and I will raise him up at the last day."

A Military Chaplain.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

O little uncrowned King! that men
Should threaten Thee with harm,
Thy kingdom but dear Mary's heart,
Thy throne, her arm!

And didst Thou feel the thrill of fear
That made her press Thee still more near?
And did the tremor of her heart
Its anguish unto Thine impart?
I see thee fleeing through the night,
The shadows leaping into light
To guide Thee o'er the desert sand
To strangers in an alien land.