

An ordination in the Catacombes.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

Vol. XV. No. 12 - Montreal. - December, 1912.

OUR KING

(Written for the Sentinel)

Lo! a star in the East is shining
O'er a stable bleak and bare;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Echoes through the midnight air.

An angel bears the joyous message
To the shepherds on their way;
Rejoice! I bring thee happy tidings:
Christ the Lord is born to-day.

Once again a star is shining.
'Tis the Sanctuary Lamp's red glow;
Telling of a Sacred Presence;
Of a love no one can know.

Once again each shores re-echoes
Peans of homage, praise, and love:
Like sweet incense floating upwards,
To the Heavenly Throne above.

CARMEL.



Thoughts for the month of December

ADVENT thoughts will be all about us during the month of December, thoughts of the Christ-child, thoughts of the Incarnate Word, thoughts of God-made-man. The angels of the Nativity will be scattering them broadcast ; the organs and the choirs will be sending them pealing down the aisles and out into the busy world ; the priest will be whispering them to himself as he says his Breviary, and proclaiming them aloud as he offers the Holy Sacrifice. Thoughts of Christmas and the coming of Christ will be everywhere, in the streets, in the stores, in the homes and in the churches. The influence of Christianity is still too strong for those who would drive the Infant Jesus from the world ; even they who hate Him are better for His coming, and in spite of sin and wickedness, Bethlehem's cave still kindles the hearts of men with kindness and with happiness.

And yet the world has somewhat paganized the general celebration of Christmas. It has tried to throw a veil over its supernatural aspect, and to make it a time of mere good-fellowship ; and outside of the Church, it must be confessed, its efforts have not been without some success. The world is not making ready for the coming of Christ, and as far as it is concerned the holy night

will come and go altogether unheeded. It must not be so with those who love the Blessed Sacrament. They, if any, must ponder over the Advent thoughts and fill their souls with the Christmas spirit ; they must rejoice and be glad, knowing that the Saviour will soon be here to loose the sins of His people, and to establish them in peace. The world is in distress, but the Eternal Word is coming to save it from its iniquity. He will show it how to walk so as to avoid " the lake of restless, endless pain," and to arrive at last at the many mansions in the home of the Father.

Christ is coming ! The King of Heaven is soon to be born of the Virgin ! The day of redemption is breaking ! Truth is dawning on the world, and righteousness is descending from on high ! The Word is about to be made flesh ! The Maker of the world is being clad in human frame, and the Lord of all is coming unto His own ! No wonder joy and gladness are spreading through the land. " Unto us a child is born, and He shall be called the Mighty God."

This, therefore, should be the form that our adoration should most often take, as we kneel before the altar during December. Christmas tidings are tidings of great joy ; they tell of the day that the prophets and the patriarchs longed to see. The heavenly choirs are rejoicing, peace is filling the soul of men of good will, and from end to end of the earth there is untold gladness. The Church seems to forget that the birth of Christ took place centuries and centuries ago, her joy is as vivid as if it were all taking place anew. Those who love the Blessed Sacrament should follow her example, and be comforted, as they make the crooked places straight, and the rough places plain. " Let us rejoice," says Saint Leo. " It would be unlawful to be sad to-day, for to-day is Life's birthday : the birthday of that Life which, for us dying creatures, taketh away the sting of death, and bringeth the bright promise of the eternal gladness hereafter. Rejoice, O thou that art holy, thou drawest near to thy crown ! Rejoice, O thou that art sinful, Thy Saviour offereth thee pardon ! Rejoice also, O thou Gentile, God calleth thee to life."



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The Eucharistic Congress at Vienna

The Blessing of Bad Weather.

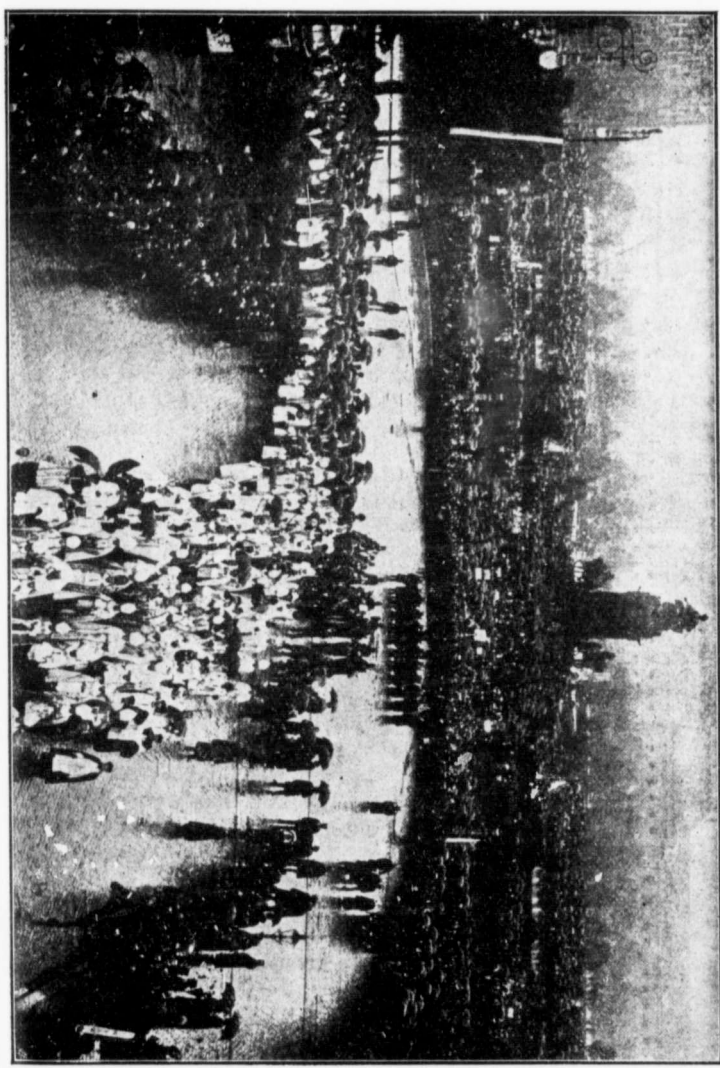
During the entire week of the Eucharistic Congress there has been a persistent and steady downpour of rain, the sort of bad weather which is described as "pitiless" when there is any great out-of-door display of power and pomp, civil or military, on the part of the government of some great nation. The procession, however, which closed yesterday the Eucharistic Congress, had quite another aim and end. Its object was not simply a national demonstration to be seen of men. It was an act of homage made by man to the Most High. It was a manifestation of love toward that Divine Presence which lives on earth in the Catholic Church and in the Catholic Church only. Those who assembled yesterday were not the "fair weather friends" of our religion, and to my mind there could not have been on the sunniest day a spectacle as sublime as the sight which met one's eyes in Vienna yesterday under the canopy of storm-clouds. Hundreds of thousands of Catholics belonging to every class of society, rich and poor, in this greatest of all Catholic countries lined the streets, filled the open windows and balconies, stood upon the house-tops, or took part in the great procession one hundred and fifty thousand strong, under a pouring rain which drenched them all to the skin.

From a wordly standpoint the rain did indeed seem "pitiless" but from a superhuman point of view its effect was grand beyond the power of words to describe. The procession itself was splendid. In a coach (which Maria Theresa had used for her coronation) drawn by eight magnificent black horses, Our Lord went by; and everywhere the multitude knelt in the mire and the rain as the chariot passed. They had been waiting there patiently for hours, many of them fasting.

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The BISHOP'S VISIT TO THE CHURCH.

Next came another historic coach, drawn by eight white horses, in which was seated the most venerable and beloved of all the sovereigns of Europe, the Emperor Francis Joseph, accompanied by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the "Thronfolger." They followed Our Lord as did the humblest Austrian subject in order to show their love for Him and their devotion to the Holy Catholic Church, and on this day of wind and rain it was no light matter for the Emperor, a man over eighty years of age, to expose himself to fatigue and cold. I repeat what I know to be true when I say that the Emperor's physician waited on him to ask that the procession should not take place, but be countermanded on account of the rain. He said: "Your Majesty should remember that in such weather there is great risk of taking a very severe cold." The Emperor answered: "And if I do have a severe cold it will be in a good cause. The procession is going to take place!"

So it was literally at the risk of his life that this great Catholic sovereign followed on Sunday the Blessed Sacrament, and although any popular demonstration had been forbidden by the Emperor himself, a great shout arose as he drove by that came from the hearts of the people. It was a wonderful sound to hear: an expression of personal affection and of gratitude as *Catholics* to a great Catholic ruler.

On account of wind and rain the public Mass was not celebrated, as was arranged, on the summit of the great entrance-gate of the Hofburg, but the whole procession through the streets took place just as it had been organized by Prince Edward Liechtenstein with masterly administrative power, and as it had been planned by the Archduke (the heir to the throne), Franz Ferdinand, whose devotion to the Church is a splendid example for every Austrian Catholic, and whose idea it was to employ the coaches and horses for the most important part of the procession, and for the high dignitaries of Church and State, thus adding to the splendor of the spectacle and also making this wonderful procession of the Blessed Sacrament independent of possible bad weather.

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You will no doubt before this letter reaches you have been given news of the details of the doings of the whole Congress and of the procession itself. I only wish to give my own description from the standpoint of the weather alone, and I am drawn to do so from the account of a conversation repeated to me by an Austrian princess. It is as follows ;

" The Bishop of Namur held a vigil to pray for good weather for Sunday, Sept. 15, and all the members of the different societies connected with the Congress were asked to pray also for the same object. My sister spoke of this to a distinguished and well beloved Capuchin priest, her confessor, who replied ; "And I, day and night, for six months, have been praying that it may rain on that day." But how is it possible ? she exclaimed. 'You, a Catholic priest, are praying for bad weather on this the greatest day of the Eucharistic Congress ?' 'Precisely,' he answered, ' because it is so great a day. In sunshine, you will see everybody running to gape at any kind of show. People will throng the streets only to see a circus pass by. To see this great procession of Our Lord passing through the streets of Vienna, His enemies on a sunny day would come in crowds ; and also those who are careless about religion and who wish to look at the wonderful display of carriages and uniforms. For the latter it is the lust of the eye and the pride of life that draws them ; as to the former, they would come to scoff and jeer, as they did two thousand years ago. But on a day of rain and storm, a day when one may risk life or health, and certainly loses comfort, you will find only the multitude which is willing to suffer for the love of God.'"

And that is what I saw yesterday ; the most sublime sight of my life. Yes, we all were more or less drenched by rain and chilled by wind, but all of us were "willing to suffer for the love of God" — from the beloved Emperor down to the humblest of his vassals, and to the strangers within his gates.

M. L. S.
in "America"





What the Christ-Child Saw



He would not have suffered any pain had I been there." How often that thought has come to us as we knelt before the Christmas crib or listened to the old, sweet story St. Luke has told! The sight of the helpless little God-babe lying in the manger moves our hearts to sympathy. The thought of the wondrous love that brought Him down from Heaven and the cold reception He received fills us with generous pity. How different it would have been had we been there! And yet I am not sure. Do you think he would have let us bear Him to better shelter, even if we had been there? After all, He did not mind the poverty and the cold so very much. In fact, He rather liked them. He chose so to be born; He willed it so. When he came to earth, He chose to come as a helpless Babe. Infinite wealth He bartered for a bed of straw. He wedded the beatific vision to a life of pain. So the pain and cold were sweet to Him that night in Bethlehem. He was pleased by every twitch of pain and every shiver of cold along His little limbs. If there were any tears upon His cheeks, they did not come from the pain or cold. Whatever sadness dimmed the joy of the Saviour's coming was caused by something else.

He had left the bosom of His Father and wrapped His Godhead round with the weaknesses of flesh, because

He wanted to gain the hearts of men. That was what He yearned for, the love of these hearts of ours. Yet when He came, no welcome greeted Him. There was no room in the public inn. No private home could be burdened with His presence. A cattle-pen was good enough to house



Him, whose hands balanced the world and whose Heart hungered for the love of those who spurned Him. What though the night was chill and the wind cut through the folds of His swathing-bands! Who cared, save the two poor wayfarers from Nazareth? Merriment reigned in the little town; loved ones long absent were home

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again ; strangers of note must be entertained, and the sound of harp and laughter and song floated down to the Babe in the manger. But the love He pined for not one heart gave. This indifference saddened His loving heart. He came in love, "to save His people from their sins," and no one seemed to care.

Yet His heart was not altogether sad that first great Christmas night. True, men's coldness then foreshadowed their lack of love during all the years of His life. But He could see beyond the hill of Calvary. He knew that in the years to come many hearts would warm to Him the more because of the bitter disappointment that was His when first He came. This thought was balm to Him — it made Him happy. One by one He saw the Christmas-days to come. He searched the hearts of His followers down to the end of time. He dwelt upon the love that would well up in each at the sight of the Christmas crib. He counted the multitudes who would throng around the tabernacle on each succeeding Christmas morn, eager to receive Him into hearts that were warm with love. His great heart went out across the centuries and blessed every human heart that would ever harbor a loving thought of Him.

This is worth a little pondering before the dawn of the coming Christmas morn. I was there, in the mind of the Christ-Child, that night in Bethlehem. When He looked across the span of years to the day so near at hand, He saw this heart of mine. And what He saw either eased or added to His pain. He saw one of two things : a cozy crib made ready for Him, or a heart in which there was no room. He saw love or sin. Which did He see ? Was it sin ? Ah, then my presence made Him sad. Was it love ? If so, I was a source of solace to Him. Which did He see ? That depends entirely on me. I can say now what the coming Christmas will find in my heart. Will it be sin ? How can I look upon the little Babe in the manger and see the hands outstretched in silent pleading, and not be moved to sorrow ? No ! It will not be sin. It will be love ; the only thing of mine that He has ever hungered for, not a far-away, fancied affection, but

the love of this throbbing, warm-blooded heart of mine. I may have wasted it hitherto on foolish trifles; nay for years I may have squandered it in vile indulgence. It matters not. That is the love He wants. I shall wash it clean with sorrow, and when His heart beats warm against my own on Christmas morning, I shall tell Him it is His for evermore.

Love is all He asks. The more the better, but at least the love that drives out sin. The more the better! And why should I not be generous to Him? When I lift my eyes from the little crib to the cross above the altar, what a tale I read of spendthrift loving! Three and thirty years between the outcast birth, and the death of shame, and every moment filled with loving thoughts of me! Ah, heart of mine! Think of those long years of love, and when you offer Him your love on Christmas morning whisper to Him: "Dear Heart, sweet Heart of Christ, burning with love for me, fan into flame this smouldering love. Make me love you with a giving love, a tender love, a love that will sympathize with You in sorrow, be thankful for Your blessings, cling to You in danger. Give me a craving for Your love. Make me yearn for Your coming in Holy Communion, and long for the day when the veil will be withdrawn."

If we can tell Him that, we need not regret that we were not there to comfort Him on that first great Christmas night. We were there. He thought of us, and His heart knows how glad He was, because of what He saw.

JAMES R. O'NEILL, S.J.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS

Montreal: Mrs V. Camprec.

Danville P. Q.: Mrs. Bella Connoley.

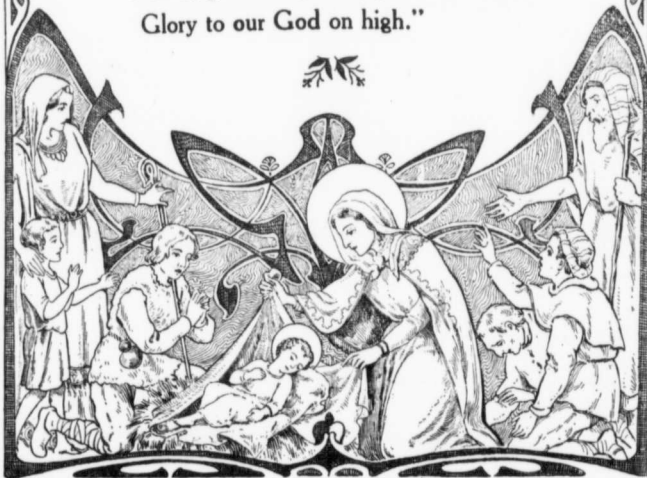


A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Written for the Sentinel

The little stars like diamonds sparkle,
And crystal flakes fall soft and light ;
The Christmas chimes are ringing loudly,
To welcome Christ on this dear night.

The bells recall the angel voices.
Sounding from the midnight sky :
"Peace, good will, and joy from Heaven,
Glory to our God on high."



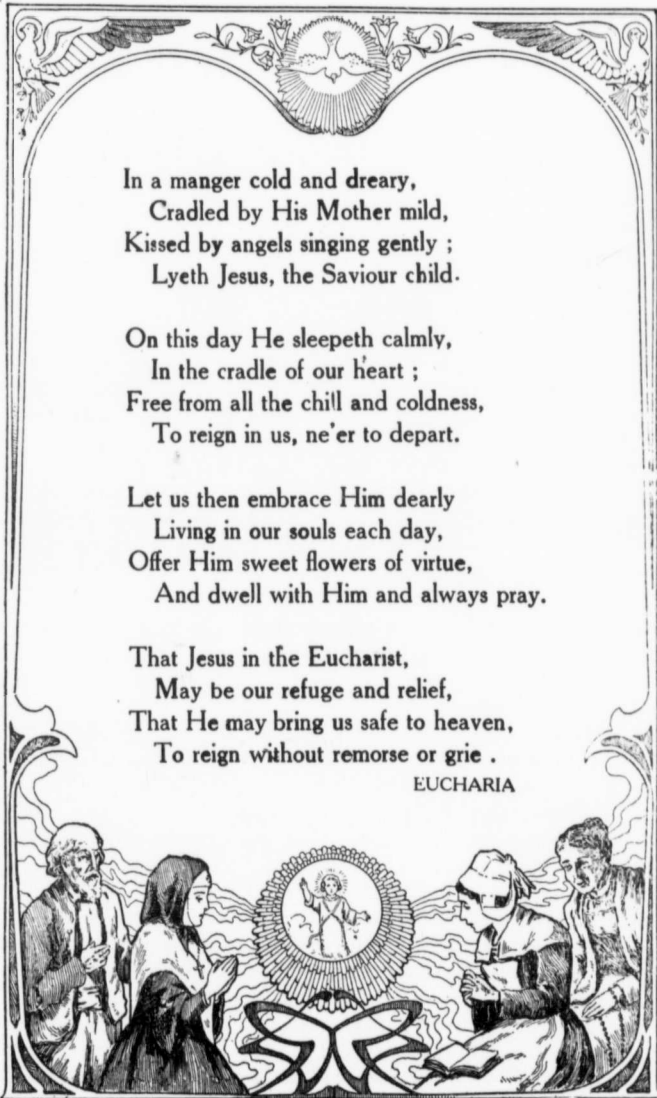
In a manger cold and dreary,
 Cradled by His Mother mild,
 Kissed by angels singing gently ;
 Lyeth Jesus, the Saviour child.

On this day He sleepeth calmly,
 In the cradle of our heart ;
 Free from all the chill and coldness,
 To reign in us, ne'er to depart.

Let us then embrace Him dearly
 Living in our souls each day,
 Offer Him sweet flowers of virtue,
 And dwell with Him and always pray.

That Jesus in the Eucharist,
 May be our refuge and relief,
 That He may bring us safe to heaven,
 To reign without remorse or grie .

EUCHARIA



The Heart of the Infant-God.

Adoration.

"This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." In these words did the angel announce to the shepherds on the mountain the great news of the birth of the Son of God become man.

Come, let us go to Bethlehem, to the House of Bread, the eucharistic Tabernacle. Let us by faith raise the linens of the Sacred Species that cover the Infant God. Let us enter into His Heart, whose palpitations cause His breast to heave and send to His gracious countenance the brilliant hues of His life-blood, as Mary lays Him in the crib.

It is the Heart of a victim, for it is the Heart of Him who, St. Paul says: "Emptied Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross — *Exinanivit semetipsum, formam servi accipiens, et habitu inventus ut homo.*" The weakness of life just begun, its feebleness, dependence, poverty, silence, or its inarticulate wailing, its uncertain infantine gestures—all betoken life in its greatest impotence, existence emerging from the confines of nothingness: *Exinanivit semetipsum!*

But it is at the same time the Heart of a perfect man, of the most perfect of all men, of the Head of humanity from all time; for this Heart is, even under Its appearance of feebleness and in Its bonds of impotence, in full possession of intellectual and moral life, of supernatural and divine life in all their plenitude of intensity and interior action. The Beatific Vision fills It with light, love, holiness, power, and joy; and if It compresses in unfathomable depths the actual joy of Its infinite gifts, It preserves the incontestable possession of them, It employs and utilizes their dominion. As It is, by virtue of the exquisite communications of the Divinity, the Head of all mankind, It rules and sanctifies them, and offers to God in their name the homage of a religion absolutely perfect and worthy of Him. Priest from the moment of the Incarnation, and the only Priest for eternity, It exercises Its sublime and necessary function for the Father's glory and the profit of the World: "*Ad filium autem: Dilexisti justitiam et odisti iniquitatem: propterea*

unxit te Deus, Deus tuus, oleo exultationis præ participibus tuis—But to the Son: Thou hast loved justice, and hated iniquity: therefore, God, Thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows."

But still more, it is the Heart of the only Son of God! Although formed of the substance of a woman and nourished with her milk, the Father recognizes in this Infant the Son who lives in Him from all eternity. He ceases not to say to Him in the annihilations of the Crib, as He said to Him in the splendor of His glory: "*Filius meus es tu, ego hodie genui te!*—Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten, thee!" I am, I shall ever be His Father, He will always be My Son: "*Ego ero illi in Patrem, et ipse erit mihi in Filium*—I will be to Him a Father, and He shall be to me a Son."

Let us adore all these states of the Heart of the Infant God. Every one of them is true, immense, infinite. Their harmonious whole makes of this Sacred Heart the adorable masterpiece of the wisdom, the power, and the love of God for us.

Thanksgiving.

Because It is personally united to the Eternal Word, of whom It is the true Heart, which union sanctifies It with the most perfect holiness, which is that of glory: because It is on that account the abode of predilection of the Most Holy Trinity, it cannot be but that the Heart of the Infant-God should be beatified in Its substance, clothed with definitive glory, filled with all the joys of the Vision, both for Itself and for all the members of which It is the supernatural Motor and the Furnace of life. But while for Himself miraculously suspending the sentiment of all these joys, in order to give Himself up wholly to suffering; thinking of us and knowing that we could not possibly live without joy nor persevere in our aim at eternal happiness without some foretaste of it, He wills that His Heart should be a source of delight pouring into ours an abundant and inexhaustible stream: "*Haurietis aquas in gaudio de fontibus Salvatoris*—You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains."

The angel announced it to the shepherds as the great joy come down from heaven: "*Evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum*—I bring you good tidings of great joy." Great joy from His glance which rests upon them with recognition and satisfaction, from His mouth which smiles upon them, from His arms which twine

around their neck, from His lips which tenderly kiss them, from His Heart which beats against theirs when He reposes on their bosom. Such are the effusions of joy that inundate Mary and Joseph. He is so truly the image and the sweetness of God that whoever beholds Him, whether in His Crib or in the Temple, as did Anna the prophetess, and the High-Priest Simeon, feels his soul cheered and dilated; he is ravished, he exults with joy: "*Benignitas apparuit Salvatoris nostri Dei*—When the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour appeared."

Ah! it is because He is the personal Love of God, incarnated by pure love, in order to perform the work of love. Love presses Him and gushes from His Heart under every form. "For God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son—*Sic Deus dilexit mundum ut Filium suum unigenitum daret.*" And this will of the Father's love hurries away His own, which yields itself up to it without reserve. Now, "The Father sent not His Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by Him—*Non enim misit Deus Filium suum ut judicet mundum, sed ut mundus salvus fiat per ipsum.*" Let us, then, give thanks to God for the unspeakable gift of this Child who is our Saviour, who lies before us with all the graces of salvation, and who gives Himself to us for our everlasting gain: "*Gratias Deo super inenarrabili dono ejus!*—Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

Reparation.

The wintry blast of this December night, which chills His members in spite of the swaddling-bands in which His Mother so carefully wraps Him, and the warm breath of the ox and the ass, more compassionate than the inhabitants of Bethlehem; the poverty of this abandoned stable to which the indifference of His fellow-citizens has relegated Him; the exile in a hostile country to which He will soon have to submit; the tears that fall from His innocent eyes at sight of the painful visions that rise up in the distance; the horrible massacre of the children of Bethlehem and its neighborhood, which filled their mothers with inconsolable sorrow—all this proclaims her Child the victim announced to Mary by the angel "to save the world from its sins."

Although He had to wait thirty-three years before being immolated, before His sacrifice was exteriorly consummated, yet from His very birth the Infant-God was slain and sacrificed in His Heart. The decree of Divine Justice was that the salvation of guilty

man, powerless to redeem himself, should be at the price of the death of an innocent man. When the will of God rejected all other sacrifices, the Word offered Himself, and He planted in the midst of His Heart this decree more penetrating than all the swords of immolation: "*Et legem tuam in medio cordis mei*—And Thy law is in the midst of My Heart!" He desires only this will of His Father, and it is to accomplish it that He has become incarnate: "*Ecce venio ut faciam tuam voluntatem*—Behold, I come that I should do Thy will!" However terrible and bloody it may be, Jesus already accomplishes it by giving Himself up to it without a word of contradiction. "I will not restrain my lips: O Lord, Thou knowest it!"

But in this fearful will to which, lying powerless in His Crib, He submits, there are all the unrecognized rights of God, of His goodness, His holiness, and His justice. There are, consequently, all the wrath, all the vengeance of God. There are all the sins, all the baseness of man, all the torments, the ignominy, the abandonment of the Passion. There are all the sorrows of His well-beloved Mother and lastly, for the damned the utter uselessness of His immense sufferings. Thus does this Child begin to experience in His Heart even in the Crib, the frightful agony under the crushing weight of which He sweat blood in the Garden.

Yes, from this moment although repressing the outward manifestation of it, "He began to grow sorrowful and to be sad—*Capit pavere et lædere, contristare et mæstus esse*!" The grotto of Bethlehem is as inhospitable to Him as that of Gethsemani; the Crib in which He is lying in His helplessness as hard as the wood of the Cross or the nails that fastened Him to it. From the first moment of His life on earth, He felt in His heart only sorrow and opprobrium: "*Improperium exspectavit Cor meum et miseriam!*—My Heart hath expected reproach and misery!"

It is particularly hard to see a child suffer. Its innocence and infantine charms call for joy and happiness without a care. Shall we not, then, pity the Infant-God who, later on, in the Sacrament, in which He continues His Passion as He anticipated it at Bethlehem, showed to Blessed Margaret Mary "His Heart surrounded by a crown of thorns, a gaping wound in the centre, and surmounted by a Cross. He revealed to her that, from the first moment of His Incarnation, all His torments had been present before Him, and it was from that moment that the Cross had been, as it were, planted in His Heart. He told that He accepted at that moment

all the sorrows, all the humiliations that He was to suffer in His mortal life, and even the outrages to which His love for man would expose Him in the Blessed Sacrament till the end of the world."

Petition.

It seems, indeed, that two graces, above all, are to be asked from the Heart of the Infant-God, because they flow directly from His state of infancy. They are the precious grain that He produces from the straw on which He lies: first, personal sanctification, the grace, the spirit, the virtues of spiritual infancy; and secondly, the apostolate, zealous and devoted love for the salvation of little children.

In imitation of Eternal Wisdom, become silent and docile in the Babe of Bethlehem, of Almighty Power and Sovereignty become submissive and dependent, of Supreme Majesty voluntarily abased in extreme humility and the poorest of little ones, the grace of spiritual infancy is found in simplicity, humility, docility, dependence, obedience, holy abandonment of mind, heart, and will. These were the virtues that filled the Heart of the Infant-God. Where is He more "meek and humble of heart" than in the Crib or in His exile in Egypt? in the arms of His Mother? or in the labors in which St. Joseph introduced Him? These virtues and this spirit are so important that for those who do not clothe themselves with them in order to become like little children, it is impossible to enter the kingdom of heaven. The Infant-God is the ideal child. Let us, then, keep His Heart constantly before our eyes, and supplicate Him to render ours like unto His.

Let us carry away from the contemplation of this Child of love the apostolic grace of devotedness and zeal for the salvation of little ones. He is full of love for them, since He embraces their state in order to render Himself supernaturally, divinely, lovable to all. He consecrates their weakness and innocence by His own poverty, their dangers by those He Himself runs, their sufferings by His tears. It is in this state of infancy, become entirely like unto them, that He begins to attract them, that He wishes them to be allowed to come unto Him. Far from preventing them, their elders should help them to do so, should lead them to Him.

Satan and the world, whose murderous hatred willed the death of Jesus, and who, in the person of Herod and his cruel ministers, procured the destruction of the children of Bethlehem, still conti-

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nue the bloody persecution of these innocent souls, and, above all by godless schools. These children, adopted by God in Baptism, baptised in the Blood of Jesus, sanctified by the presence of the Holy Spirit, pupils of the Church, and heirs of heaven, are taught by a godless education to ignore their Saviour. It teaches them to disown Christ, to despise the Church, and to have no care for their eternity. Godless education commits the great crime, the irremissible crime of "scandalizing the little ones." It does this by destroying the first germs of faith which they inherit from the crib, or even forestalling their reception by the apostasy into which the enemies of salvation entice the miserable parents. Woe to the world for all these scandals, but, above all, for scandalizing the little ones! "*Qui scandalizaverit unum de pusillis istis, expedit ei ut suspendatur mola assinaria in collo ejus et demergatur in profundum maris!*" — He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea!"

For the love of the adorable Eldest Brother of all little children, let us make in His Heart the resolution of devoting ourselves to their salvation. Let us do this, first, by furthering the Eucharistic education of even the tiniest, that is, by forming them from earliest infancy to love towards the Blessed Sacrament, by speaking to them of It, by taking them before the Tabernacle, by teaching them to show It great respect, and above all, to pray to It with great confidence. Later on, let us do all in our power, both in the family circle and in catechetical instructions, to contribute to a good preparation for First Communion. Let us spread the practice of frequent, even daily Communion for all children after their First Communion. Lastly, let us devote ourselves to the propagation of Christian schools making pecuniary sacrifices for their foundation and support.

On Christmas day, 1685, Our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary. He showed her the pupils of the Visitation and her own young novices, grouped around her like little lambs, and as once to St. Peter, He said to her: "Feed My Lambs!" — The Sacred Heart repeats to each of us: "Lovest thou Me? — Feed my lambs!"

To please the Heart of the Infant-God, let us love and serve His little ones!

Our Premium

Our Premium for 1913 is a living poem, a silent prayer, a work of art well calculated to uplift and lead heavenwards.

The little curly-headed John the Baptist points to the Child Jesus and says : " Behold the Lamb of God," the Lamb of Bethlehem become Host, the Lamb who gives us His Flesh to eat. Do not all the little Communicants, new Precursors of the Eucharistic Lamb, also point Him out to their elders and draw them to Him by their example as the little Baptist did his mother, St. Elizabeth?

St. Joseph in his own gentle way preaches Jesus. He speaks of him to St. Elizabeth ; he invites Mary to give us her Child : Give them this day their daily bread ; he shows us the lily emblem of his purity and tells us : Jesus' delight is to be with the pure of heart.

Mary the Virgin Mother tells us of the ineffable mystery of God became a little Babe, and how in a few short years He will be immolated for our salvation and become Sacred Host through infinite love, in order to abide with us, and help us attain our true home with Him in heaven.

The Holy Family surrounded with Angels reminds us of that beautiful devotion, so old and so helpful, and suggests, that our own homes may be peopled with angels, big and small, if Jesus reign therein by Communion.

Even the Child Jesus teaches His lesson ; " Come to Me and I will give you all happiness " ; with one hand He points to His Heart and seems to say : Behold this Heart which has so loved man, and with the other lifted towards heaven He whispers : Some day you shall reign there with me.

Behold the Lamb so meek,
The true Bread of Angels
Descended from heaven for us.
O come let us adore Him !



Our Premium

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MARY'S BROTHER

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SISTER Frances passed through the ward and into the tiny room opening off it, where for almost a year Mary had lived in the invalid's chair destined to be her home for life. The girl looked up from a letter she was reading and smiled joyously.

"Oh, Sister, she cried, "my brother is coming to this country. He is on the ocean now. He'll be here, here in this room, a week from to day. Think, Sister, I haven't seen him for five years, and he is all I have in the world."

Then suddenly her thin, timid little face clouded. A thought had occurred to her which cast a damper over her joy.

"But," she went on presently, "but what will he say when he knows that I am a Catholic? He will be furiously angry. I'm afraid to tell him—I *can't* tell him. Oh, Sister, what shall I do?"

"But, Mary, doesn't he know? It is at least a year and a half since you were received into the Church."

"I have never had courage to say a word about it to George. He is even more prejudiced against everything Catholic than I was when I came here, and you remember, Sister, how silly I was. I would never have applied for work in a Catholic hospital had I not been cold and half naked and almost starving. As for George, do you know I feel certain that he *would* have starved had he been in my place, rather than have asked help in a "Popish institution," as he would call this."

Mary said no more for a few minutes. Every trace of gladness had died in her heart, every trace of smiles from her face. The kind old nun watched her pityingly, vainly trying to find something encouraging to say. She was thinking of her own brother, out of the Church during many years, for whom her life of privations was a per-

petual holocaust. It was Mary who broke the silence at last by saying, low and tremulously :

“ I'm afraid he'll have nothing more to do with me.”

“ On the contrary, if you are patient and gentle, you may be the means of bringing him into the Church, and you will then be closer to each other than ever before.”

The girl shook her head.

“ You don't know him, Sister. Not that he is disagreeable or ill-tempered about other things ; he's the very opposite of all that ; he's as gay and bright and attractive as I am stupid and insignificant ; but we were taught as children that Catholicism is all that is narrow and all that is wicked, and the idea took deep root in his mind.”

“ Pray for him, Mary ; pray unceasingly. This you can easily do.”

“ I do pray for him, Sister, always to the Blessed Sacrament. It was the sweetness, the peace, the indescribable something about your chapel which I had found nowhere else in the world, that first made me long to be a Catholic ; and ever since I was baptized I have loved the Blessed Sacrament—oh, so much ! All the visits I made to the chapel when I could walk about, and every Holy Communion since my first has been offered for his conversion. And, besides, on that night nearly a year ago, when the fire broke out and I awoke to find my room full of smoke, and remembered that Father Schultz was away, remembered, too, that Sister Eulalie was ill and that I was taking her place as sacristan,—oh, Sister, I was terrified ! I felt that I could not let the flames touch our Lord, helpless in the tabernacle, but I was afraid, so much afraid. Then I thought of George,—and I made my way through the smoke to the chapel. It wasn't very hard except that I could not get my breath ; and when at last the wall fell, and I was pinned under it, but with help so near that I knew that *It* was safe—why, I was almost glad of the pain, because I could offer it for George. And because of him I've never been sorry that the hurt crippled me, except that it made me a care here, where every one is busy.”



"Nonsense, Mary, you are one of our own children!" the nun scolded kindly.

The girl said no more for a few minutes, and Sister Frances busied herself about the room. After a time Mary began again, softly and lovingly :

"To think that I am going to see him ! What joy ! If only he will forgive me !"

"Don't worry, little one. God can do all things."

"I know, Sister, but I can't help being afraid. Pray, will you, that he won't turn from me, that he won't even feel badly about it. His letter is full of love ; he is counting the days until he will reach here, he says. It will be so hard to tell him, so hard to hurt him. He *hates* Catholicism ; and it's strange, for he loves everything else."

"I'll unite with you in praying to the Blessed Sacrament," Sister Frances said ; and she went her way with a heavy sigh. She felt sorry for the poor girl whose devotion to her brother every one in the house knew.

During the next few days Mary was sometimes radiantly happy, more often fearful ; and as the appointed time drew nearer and nearer her uneasiness grew prodigiously, until all the joy was crowded out of her heart.

George came at last, a tall, stalwart man, five years her senior, with a smiling face and a frequent hearty laugh. Sister Frances it was who led him through the long corridors to Mary's room, wondering as he chatted easily and jocosely how his sister could have so dreaded his displeasure. He was pleasant, she decided, but not one likely to take anything much to heart. She did not know that laughter-loving natures, easy of access on slight acquaintance, sometimes hide limitless depths of tenderness and strength, and as often a strain of adamant hardness.

A cry of loving welcome burst from Mary's lips when he appeared in her doorway, a cry which voiced the pent-up longing and weary homesickness of five hard years ; and in a moment the brother and sister were locked in each other's arms. Wiping her eyes, Sister Frances hurried away and left them alone together. But as often happens when two people devoted to each other have been long separated, after their first emotion passed

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both felt shy and ill at ease. Mary asked one formal question after another about their old neighbors in Manchester, and her brother answered them laconically until, reminded of a characteristic story about an absent-minded man who had always been a source of amusement to them, he told it inimitably ; they laughed together ; and the ice was effectually broken. After this they chatted cosily for half an hour, and Mary forgot her trouble until there came a long pause, during which George glanced curiously about the spotless little room with a crucifix hanging over the bed and a statue of our Lady on a bracket. When he spoke again it was with a certain constraint of voice and manner, which sent a chill to her heart.

" Do you like being here ? I can't imagine how you chanced to get into a place such as this."

" I—I had no position for a long time," Mary faltered.

" I had walked the streets for days and weeks in search of one. I was hungry, almost starving, and in desperation I asked here for work. They didn't need another girl, but they took me in and made a place for me. It was very kind of them, they have always been kind, and especially so since I was hurt the night of the fire. You remember, I told you that a wall struck me as it fell."

" Yes. I know. Poor little girl ! " he exclaimed.

He opened his mouth to say something, and closed it again, his sister watching him fearfully, for his face was serious and paler than was its wont. She knew that the dreaded moment was at hand, and shrank back into her invalid's chair, breathing a prayer for strength. Still George was silent until Mary could stand it no longer.

" Catholics are not at all as we used to imagine them," she ventured to say.

George made no answer, and again there was a long, uncomfortable pause. Then, at last, he looked up, and with a very evident desire to change the subject, said :

" You never told me, Mary, just how it happened that you were injured in the fire."

Her face became a shade paler.

" I—oh, George, I've been afraid to tell you ! " she blurted out. " I know that you will be angry. Promise me that you won't."

" Why, Mary, what do you mean ? "

“ It—it happened a year ago, but I never dared to tell you the particulars. You see, the chapel caught fire in the night. I was filling the sacristan's place at the time, the chaplain was away and so I—I saved the Blessed Sacrament. I was hurt just as I reached the open air, but *It—It* was safe ! And I did it for you, George ! ”

George was quite as pale as she by this time, and was trembling from head to feet. When Mary found courage to glance at him she cried agonizingly :

“ Oh, brother, don't feel that way about it ! You do not understand. It is all so sweet, so beautiful ! ”

“ You mean that you are a Catholic ? ” he gasped in answer.

She nodded. He next asked a question which to her seemed strange and irrelevant :

“ This happened a year ago, you say ; can you tell me the exact date ? ”

“ Yes. How could I forget ? The fire broke out at two o'clock in the morning of the feast of Corpus Christi, which fell on the twenty-eighth of May last year. ”

George leaned forward and clasped his sister's hand in his.

“ Listen, Mary ! ” he said solemnly. “ About eight o'clock in the morning of that same day—there is six hour's difference in time between here and Manchester, so just at the moment that you were doing this—I was caught in a terrific storm on my way to the factory. I stepped inside a Catholic church to wait until its fury had spent itself. A priest was standing at the altar-rail talking to a band of children dressed in white. What he said went straight to my heart, burned itself into my mind ; and that evening I went to see him. *I had to ;* and I—I've been a Catholic for eight months, Mary, But I could not bear to tell you. ”

Mary took his now smiling face between her little hands and kissed it tenderly.

“ Oh, George, how glad I am ! And I helped a little, didn't I ? ”

“ You did it all, Mary, you and the good God. But to think how I have dreaded telling you ! ” And the room rang with his hearty boyish laughter.

Sisters Frances, chancing to pass the open door, thought that, after all, the brother and sister were having a gay, cosy, matter-of-fact visit together, and she was immensely relieved.

"He isn't as prejudiced as the poor child imagined," she said to herself.

FLORENCE GILMORE.

## ➤ Holy Viaticum ◀

(Concluded)

### *Means of obtaining Holy Viaticum.*

*Frequent and fervent reception of Holy Communion.*



most efficacious means of meriting from the Lord the inappreciable benefit of Holy Viaticum is to receive Holy Communion during our lifetime, as often as we can and with the greatest fervor.

Is it not after all easily understood that we do little to induce the Lord to come and visit us in our sickness, when, being in good health, we are not solicitous of receiving Him or careless in preparing for His reception? And again, is it not easily seen that we do not incline the Lord to come and strengthen us in our last agony with the Eucharistic Bread, if in our lifetime we show little inclination to take that spiritual food?

On the other hand, it is not difficult to persuade ourselves that by frequent and devout partaking of the Sacred Banquet we show that we esteem the Eucharistic food and thereby dispose our loving Lord to feed our soul on it once more, at its last passage from this life to eternity.

*Zeal for the administration of Holy Viaticum.*

Another means to obtain the grace of being comforted by Holy Viaticum before departing this life, is to be zealous

lous in procuring for others this benefit ; the great confidence we can put in this zeal is founded on the promise of our divine Saviour who says : " Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy. " Indeed, those who are in danger of death badly require mercy, and we can do nothing more useful to them, than to cause them to be strengthened by the last Sacraments.

Animated with this zeal, Blessed John d'Avila succeeded in implanting it in the hearts of his disciples, and the Lord once showed by miracles how much He was pleased with that solicitude : Father Centenares, one of the disciples of the Servant of God, was called up one night, to carry Holy Viaticum to a sick person. At first, he hesitated a moment on account of the bad weather and not knowing exactly the way. But soon he overcame the temptation, generously went for the Blessed Sacrament and set off. When, oh wonder ! two young men of celestial appearance approached him, placed themselves by him and accompanied him on his way, with lighted tapers. They likewise attended him on his way back and when the Blessed Sacrament had been replaced in the tabernacle, they forthwith disappeared. Father Centenares being most anxious to know what this appearance meant, wrote for this purpose to Blessed d'Avila, his master, and told him what had happened. Then, a second marvel was witnessed : The letter thus addressed to the Servant of God had not yet been sent, when the answer to it arrived. It was a letter wherein Blessed d'Avila said to his disciple : My dear Brother, be not surprised at what happened to you during the night. Those two young men were Angels sent by God, to encourage you and reward your zeal. Thank God and continue to love and serve Him.

Let this double miracle encourage you also. It happens that neglectful Christians do not think of sending for a priest, in behalf of their sick, or they imprudently delay sending for him. Oh, try then with prudent zeal to obtain leave to send for the priest or, what is still better, offer yourself to go for him, performing thus the office of Guardian Angel.

**Respect towards the Holy Eucharist when carried to the sick.**

A deep respect towards the Holy Eucharist when carried to the sick is yet another means of securing for ourselves the blessing of being visited by Jesus at the approach of death.

Therefore let us consider what should be done for the reception of Jesus conveyed to sick persons either by way of Viaticum or by way of ordinary Communion.

First, let the room which the Lord is going to enter be neat and clean. Observe though, that in urgent and unexpected cases, you should not feel uneasy, if things are not as you wish them to be. In such a case, do the best you can ; remove at least whatever is in the way, and Jesus will be satisfied. Animals should be removed from the room the Lord is about to enter.

You should also erect a little altar. For that purpose you can take an ordinary table, or some other suitable piece of furniture. Cover it with a white cloth, and place on it a crucifix and two lighted candles. The candles should if possible be blessed. Place on it also a glass containing water for the washing of the priest's fingers and a glass containing holy water, as well as a little branch of blessed palm, because the priest, on his entrance into the room of the sick person, sprinkles holy water about the place. Have, furthermore, a little white cloth to place under the chin of the sick person when Holy Communion is given.

If Extreme Unction is also to be administered, put in addition to those preparations, six little pieces of cotton wool or wadding, separately on a plate : They are to be used by the priest to wipe the anointed places : Besides this, a bigger piece of cotton wool or wadding, or some crumbs, or a basin of water and a towel for the purification of the hands of the priest should be ready.

Christians should be very careful to keep a crucifix, two blessed candles and a little branch of blessed palm, in order to have these things always at hand. And as some persons are very poor and others somewhat neglectful, kindly assist them by supplying whatever is required to receive JESUS in a becoming manner.

When the priest enters a dwelling with the Blessed Sacrament, he should be met by some one holding a lighted candle to walk before him into the place where the sick person is. And all those who are in the house, having interrupted their occupations, should gather together, kneel and devoutly adore the Lord in His most Blessed Sacrament.

If the priest expresses the wish to be alone, all should retire for a time. Afterwards they should return and, kneeling, fervently pray for the sick person.

When the ceremonies being over, the priest still carries the Blessed Sacrament for other sick people, he should be accompanied with a lighted candle, to the door.

Regarding the sick persons, you should leave them alone, without speaking to them for some moments, so as to give them the opportunity of thanking JESUS present within them. The pious practice of making together with the sick the ordinary acts before and after Holy Communion is greatly to be recommended.

It has pleased the Lord to inspire us with a great reverence towards Holy Viaticum by a prodigy related in the life of St Raymond Nonnat. This Saint was at the point of death, and they delayed in bringing him Holy Viaticum ; all on a sudden, in the sight of all present, a beautiful and most imposing procession entered the Saint's room. This procession was composed of unknown men, clad with garments and holding lighted torches in their hands. Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself followed, carrying the holy Ciborium, and having approached His faithful servant, administered unto him Holy Viaticum with His own hands. Afterwards the whole procession retired in the same order and all disappeared.

From that brilliant procession that escorted our divine Lord we may infer that Jesus is pleased with the proofs of reverence which we lavish on Him when brought to the sick.

It will not be uninteresting if we say a word here about sudden deaths. A sudden death is sometimes a chatise-

ment of God but not always. It happens that saintly personages are suddenly carried away by death.

Behold how the holy Gospel elucidates this matter : One day, JESUS passing by, saw a man who was blind from his birth, and His disciples said : Rabbi, who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind ? JESUS answered : Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents ; but that the work of God should be manifest in him.

Let us profit by this admonition, and hearing of sudden deaths, carefully abstain from all uncharitable thoughts or judgments, attributing all events whatsoever to the fathomless dispositions of God, and submitting ourselves wholly to His adorable Will. Besides, let the thought of sudden death induce us to keep ourselves always ready to die suddenly, and let us consider each moment as being the last and always communicate by way of Viaticum ; resting assured that, if it be the will of God that we should die suddenly, this dear Lord will not fail to assist us by quite special graces in that terrible hour.

Does our dear Saviour not call "Blessed" those servants whom, when He cometh, He shall find watching ? Certainly the Venerable Servant of God John Nepomucene Neumann of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer and bishop of Philadelphia was one of those watching to whom death is the gate to eternal life. One day having gone out and transacted his episcopal business, he was returning to his residence when the Divine Master came. He was seized with apoplexy in the public street, was taken into the hall of a neighbouring house and there gave up his beautiful soul into the hands of our Blessed Lord. The Master came and His servant was watching ; he was ready, he was on the look-out for the Lord's coming, his death therefore was blessed.

It is to be observed that those who are about to incur danger of death, should communicate by way of Viaticum. For instance, undertaking a long voyage, or submitting to a dangerous operation, so as not to enter unprovided into eternity,



Since the reception of Holy Viaticum is a most signal benefit, let us do the best we can to move the Lord to grant it to us. Let us ask for this blessing and in order to make our prayers the more efficacious, let us often and most fervently receive the Body of the Lord during our lifetime, let us show zeal for the administration of Holy Viaticum and respect towards the Holy Eucharist when carried to the sick. Could we do too much to obtain, for the hour of death, the unspeakable benefit of being visited and comforted by JESUS Himself and guided by Him to a blessed Eternity ?

## The Priest.

(See frontispiece)

' A thought to treasure in thy inmost heart,—  
 Another Christ, anointed priest, thou art,  
 In rank above all men, so near divine,  
 Archangels claim a lower rank than thine !  
 In power, greater than the king who sways  
 Earth's mightiest realm, for thee e'en God obeys.  
 A Christ in rank and power, ah 'tis meet,  
 That thou the fair resemblance shouldst complete.  
 Be thine his patient pity and zeal,  
 Thine the wounds of aching hearts to heal.  
 Be thine to follow whither lost sheep roam  
 And bring them kindly on thy shoulders home.  
 Be thine thy Master's cross with love to bear  
 And thine in endless life his crown to wear."

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