



The Virgin and the Child.

*Bellini*

The Sentinel  
of the  
Blessed Sacrament

Vol. XV.

MAY 1912

No. 5.

OUR LADY  
OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT

Permelia T. Schweitzer.

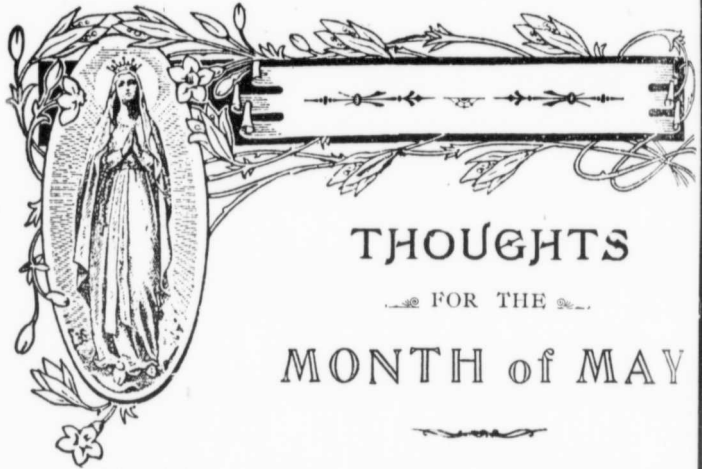


Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament  
How beautiful it seems  
To add to Thy many titles  
This one of great esteem.

Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament  
Lovely Queen of May,  
Take us 'neath Thy mantle  
Teach us how to pray.

Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament  
Mother of us all,  
Keep us near to Jesus,  
Lest, perhaps, we fall,

Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament  
Rose of Mystic Love,  
May we one day sing Thy praises  
At Thy throne in heaven above.



HE who finds wisdom, finds God; and he who finds Mary, finds Jesus Christ. For it is part of our Christian heritage and not the least of our Blessed Lady's privileges that the thought of her leads almost inevitably to Him. His name does not necessarily suggest His Mother's; for He is not only her Son, but the Son of God as well. He is the promised One, the Saviour of mankind. Mary, however, is preëminently and above all Christ's Mother; she is exalted because of her relation to Him; her privileges are His gift, and have for their purpose to make her worthy of Him; her title to our respect and love is founded on the great things that have been done for her by Him.

Is it not a significant fact that in Holy Scripture Mary is never disassociated from Jesus? From the first promise of redemption in Genesis to the descent of the Holy Ghost in the Acts of the Apostles she is presented to us, together with her Son. If she is present at Nazareth, it is beside His manger; if she stands on Calvary, it is at the foot of His cross. Mary is at the marriage in Cana, but Jesus also is invited. And so it is throughout the Sacred Scriptures. Her immaculate conception

and her virginal maternity, her share in the Passion and her assumption into heaven are all for Him. Her office and her name are always linked with His.

What the Holy Ghost has done for the inspired writers, Catholic instinct, rooted in faith and developed by religious training, has done for Catholic hearts. Unconsciously but unfailingly we associate the divine Mother with the divine Son. In our holiest thoughts and most fervent aspirations we place Jesus and Mary side by side. Their holy names were the first we lisped in childhood; their holy names, so at least we hope, will seal our lips in death; and it is our humble prayer that the first words we shall utter when this mortality has put on immortality, will be the same holy names of Jesus and Mary.

If there is any place and any time when we should follow this instinct, it is before the Tabernacle during the month of May. How can we think of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament without thinking of Mary? The adorable Body and Blood of Christ on our altars are not a new Body and a new Blood; they are the same Body and Blood that are pulsing with life at the right hand of the Father, the same Body and Blood that our Blessed Lord had when He walked with the children of men — and these He received from the Blessed Virgin. His pure Body is from her virginal body, His Precious Blood is from her stainless blood, and the sensitive throbbing of His Sacred Heart was once timed by her immaculate heart, every beat of which was an act of love.

During the month of May, if we would worship the Blessed Sacrament with a worship that will please our Blessed Lord and give unspeakable joy to His beloved Mother, we should remember that if we have the Blessed Sacrament at all, it is because the Blessed Virgin was pure enough to give birth to Him who is the Sacrament all holy, the God of purity.

---

Remain always in the Sacred Heart, and choose our Blessed Lady as thy guide. The shortest way to the Heart of Jesus is through the Heart of Mary.—*Calixtus*.





ECCE MATER TUA—

HOC EST CORPUS MEUM



IN the "Life of Felix Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans," there is mention of an English governess, Harriet Shillito, who was converted to the Catholic Faith, and who has for more than twenty years been a Poor Clare in England, if she is still living. Her name occurs to me now before the altar, not on account of the Bishop's words to her: "Why are you not a Catholic? Are you quite sure you are in the truth, your religion having so many separate sects? Can you strike the *Tu es Petrus* out of the Gospel?" Not for those words of the Bishop, but for those other words of Harriet Shillito herself: "The Catholic Church possesses the Eucharist, the most complete and perfect gift of God to man; the Catholic Church produces virginity, the most complete and perfect gift of man to God. I think perfect truth must be where there is perfect love." These words join together, with a slight variation, two ideas which I have long been accustomed to link with certain words of a great and good man whose death, in August, 1890, called forth a wider and more fervent expression of affectionate admiration than has marked the departure of any man of our time, or perhaps of any time. Yes, the truly Christian heart needs no other notes of the true Church of Christ than the Holy Eucharist and the Blessed Virgin. *Ecce Mater tua. Hoc est corpus meum.* But with these grand war-cries and watch-words of the faith let us join *Tu es Petrus.*



## The Mother and the Son

---



*(See frontispiece)*

LET us think for a little while of devotion to our Blessed Lady. Who can doubt that there is a close and invariable connection between devotion to our dear Mother and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament? The force of terms would be enough to prove it. The lives of the Saints and the teaching of spiritual books are both full of it. But we do not need them for proofs; for the experience of every one of us proves it decisively, to ourselves at least. We have felt and known that in proportion as we loved our Blessed Lady, our devotion to the Blessed Sacrament grew more tender and more reverent, and the more we were with the Blessed Sacrament, even without seeming to think of Mary, the more an intense devotion to her took possession of the very depths of our heart. This is a phenomenon which is universal throughout the life of the Church, and which needs no further commentary than the remembrance that one is the Mother, and One the Son. What we are concerned to show chiefly now is the especial connection between devotion to the Mother of God, and the mysteries of the Sacred Infancy. Let us begin before our Lord was born, and sit for a while by the four first fountains of devotion to the blissful Mother.

What is it that makes the Espousals of our Lady so sweet and so fertile a source of contemplation? That mystery is as it were a woody mountain lighted up with the gold of the yet unrisen sun. It is a manifold prophecy of things to come. It is the preparation of that mysterious shield of secrecy behind which God would place the great mystery of the Incarnation. The double beauty of the Mother and the Maid is shining there beforehand. Moreover it contains within itself, all the cir-

circumstances considered, the exercises of an heroic virtue such as well befits the Sinless and Elect Daughter of God. Obedience, faith, self-renunciation, humility, and virginity, all these graces were practised there as the world had never seen them before. But this mystery of a twofold purity, at once a type of the virginity and yet fecundity of the Blessed Trinity, and of the Union of the Two Natures in the One Person of our Lord, — what would it be but for the light which the coming mysteries of the Sacred Infancy already cast upon it?

So too the Presentation of our Blessed Lady is a mystery full of beauty, yet a beauty which hardly can be called its own. It is a lovely sight in truth to see; there is the miraculous Maiden of three years old, mounting the temple steps with the gravity and dignity of age, and offering herself to the House of God with the full use of the most comprehensive and majestic intellect which the world had ever known, even at that early age. Yet what is it but one step in an oblation which began in Anna's womb, rose in its heroic degrees of life-long self-sacrifice, attained its highest height on Calvary, and stayed there on that same mystical Calvary fifteen years after He had come down from it and was gone to His Father's glory? It is as one of the marvellous beginnings of the marvellous Mother that we gaze with so much devotion on Mary's Presentation.

Let us mount higher still. Earth never broke forth with so gay and glad a fountain as when the Babe Mary, the infant who was the joy of the whole world, the flower of God's visible creation, and the perfection of the invisible and hitherto queenless angels of His court, came like the richest fruit, ready-ripe and golden, of the world's most memorable September. There is hardly a feast in the year so gay and bright as this of her Nativity, right in the heart of the happy harvest, as though she were, as indeed she was, earth's heavenliest growth, and whose cradle was to rock to the measures of the whole world's vintage songs; for she had come who was the true harvest-home of that homeless world. Yet it was the mystery of the maternity which made her Nativity

a joy so great. It also must lean forward and catch its light from out the mysteries of the Sacred Infancy.

Higher still now, up to yonder primal fountain, around which at this moment (1) the Church of God is drawing her lines and raising her circumvallations, as it were, about the purest fountain of the waters of Zion. Here is the living water of divinest miracle, divinest redemption, divinest grace, divinest love, our Mother's Immaculate Conception. See how the whole Church is gathering round in crowds to gaze into the deep liquid bosom of the waters, and see the wonders of heaven and the operations of God faithfully and awfully imaged there. Countless souls are feeding highest sanctity upon its unworldly freshness. There are the doctors of the Church slaking their thirst for truth at its animating streams; and the blind multitudes drink and look up, and behold! their eyes are opened, and Jesus shows more beautiful and Mary shines more brightly: and the poor and the comfortless and all the careworn, high or low, mitred, crowned, or bare-headed, are there, and they throw the waters up into the air for joy, and as they fall they make countless rainbows all over the horizon of the storm-tost Church. And troops of Virgins keep glad watch over its waters day and night with special prayer and song. And the Chief Shepherd is there, kneeling on the fountain's marge, and at his sign from all the orders of the Church rises up in stern magnificence the old Veni, Creator, the prelude of the most glorious definition of the Catholic faith, one which the torment of cruel heresy has not wrung from the reluctant reverence of the Church, but which is the irresistible and spontaneous outburst of doctrine and devotion, too hot to be long pent within her mighty heart. The wisdom of the schools and the instinct of the multitude have vied with each other, and who shall say which was conqueror in this holy strife. O happy they whom God has kept, like Simeon

---

(1) Written while the Vicar of Christ was gathering to the Holy City the Catholic episcopate to celebrate this most auspicious event of his grand pontificate.

of old, to this glad day, when Peter has bid his shepherds pitch their tents and feed their flocks so high up the holy mountain, and by this well of purest waters! Yet it is the joy of Bethlehem which is beating in them. It is not only or chiefly the sinlessness of God's fair creature, but of God's dear Mother, which we are greeting with such triumphant acclamation. It is at the well-head of the Incarnation that we are worshipping. These



waters of gladness, we look to drawing them one day out of another well, when they have changed their color and had their price put on them; for they are the blessed elements of the Precious Blood.

But let us rest another moment at the Immaculate Conception, and from the height of that early mystery see what a vista is open before us. I said those waters

would one day be Precious Blood. I might have said, They will one day be the Body and Blood of Christ upon the Altars of the Church. I called that mystery the well-head on earth whence first sprung to light the eternal decrees of God's redeeming love. Watch the current of grace, which way it flows. Down from the mountain of the Immaculate Conception for nine long months it wends its way through wonders unimaginable and graces incomparable. Once more it issues to the light when the outward eyes of men could gaze their fill upon the beauty of God's Infant Mother. Past the steps of the temple on the day of the Presentation, and around the holy two in the Espousals, and to the house at Nazareth, it has flowed for fifteen years. Let us look at the fountain once more. It is a fount of blood in Mary's Immaculate Heart, and lo! it ebbs away unseen, and see! it is another fount of Blood in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and round it gather all the mysteries of the Sacred Infancy, of the Boyhood in Nazareth, of the Three Years' Ministry, and of the Salutory Passion. What a vista, those Three and Thirty Years! Look at the fountain again! It was scattered; it was in the dust of Olivet, on the stones of Sion's streets, on the lashes of the scourge, on the cast-off crown of thorns, on the soaked vestments on Calvary, on Mary's hands and the darkly-stained tree of the cross; angels have gathered it together, adored it, worshipped it as God, as they were bound to do; and now behold! another fountain! It is in the Sacred Heart of Jesus Risen. He bears it secretly about the earth for forty days. It ascends with Him to heaven. There at this hour it is worshipped in its divine beauty, on a higher mountain far than the Immaculate Conception, at the Right Hand of the Father. It has risen higher than its level. Onward still it majestically lapses through centuries of grace, whose rivers seem to widen and to grow more exuberant in every age: and at last all round about it, dear reader, stand the graces, the preparations of graces, the fruits of graces which have to do with you and me, and our turning all to God; and the vista that began with the Immaculate Conception closes with the Blessed Sacrament.

If it be true, as St. Thomas teaches, that all the grace we receive before we are participators in this queen of Sacraments, we receive only in proportion as we implicitly desire to receive the Holy Communion, (1) and if it be true that the Blessed Sacrament is both the augmentation and the perfection of the spiritual life within us, and that the Passion of our Lord is the fountain, origin, and principle of the Blessed Sacrament, then is it true that for each one of us that marvellous avenue of graces, which began in the Immaculate Conception, runs without a fault or break straight to the Blessed Sacrament. The one mystery answers to the other; the one illuminates the other; the one completes and consummates the other. The Blood that is in the Chalice is from the living Heart of Jesus. It was shed in the Passion before it was shed in the Chalice. It had lived long in His Sacred Heart before He shed it; and He took it at the first, with His spotless Flesh, from the Immaculate Heart of Mary; and that it was sinless and stainless there was from the Immaculate Conception. And so at one end of the avenue is Mary's sinless flesh, prepared for her as for the Mother of God, and at the other end the sinful flesh of man made immortal and incorruptible by the Flesh of Jesus, Mary's Son, and the sinful soul of man bathed to a glorious purity in the Blood of Jesus, Mary's Son, through the mystery of His sweet Sacrament of love; and the light that lies ahead, the light we are all approaching, and have not yet attained, the glow and splendor of our heavenly home, it is by the same sweet Sacrament that we shall attain it, and make it ours at last. So at every mass, and in each communion we look up to the Immaculate Conception. The light of that far-reaching mystery is in our faces on the altar-step. It beams direct upon us, and so full is it of the same light as the Blessed Sacrament that we seem almost to hear our Mother's voice from that distant fountain, (1) "Eat, O friends,

(1) De Euch. q. lxxix, art. I. ad prim.

(1) Cant. v. I.

and drink, and be inebriated, my dearly beloved!"

*(To be continued.)*

Faber.



## Jesus' First Tabernacle

*Written for the Sentinel.*

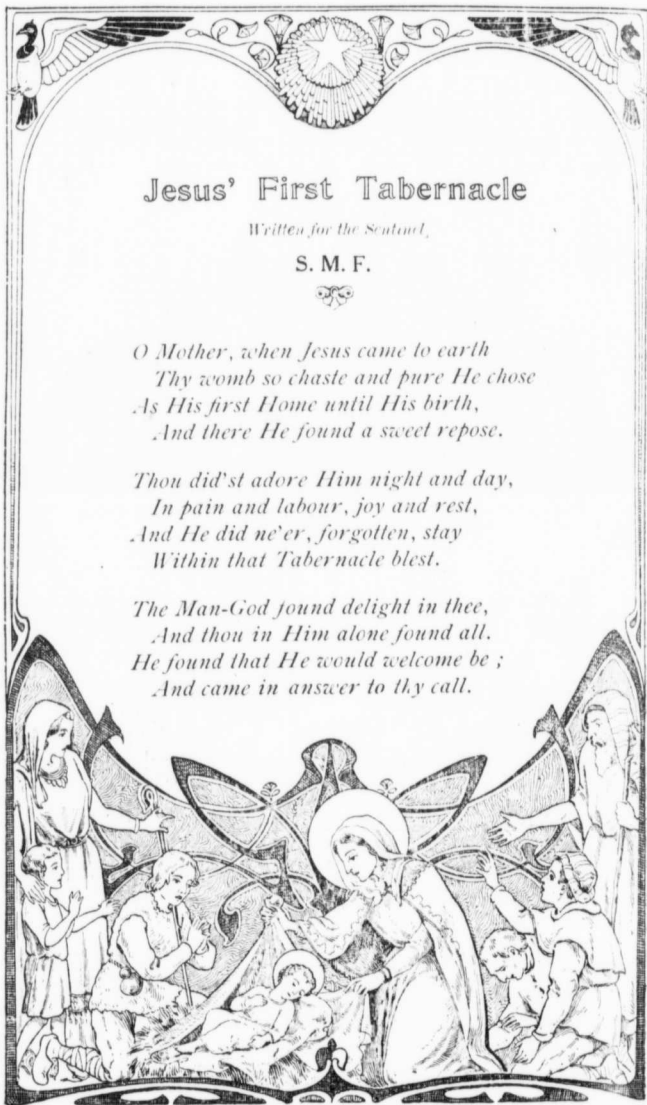
S. M. F.



*O Mother, when Jesus came to earth  
Thy womb so chaste and pure He chose  
As His first Home until His birth,  
And there He found a sweet repose.*

*Thou did'st adore Him night and day,  
In pain and labour, joy and rest,  
And He did ne'er, forgotten, stay  
Within that Tabernacle blest.*

*The Man-God found delight in thee,  
And thou in Him alone found all.  
He found that He would welcome be ;  
And came in answer to thy call.*



*But in our midst not so His stay  
For oft we leave Him sad and lone,  
He waits and watches day by day,  
Yet not one thought of ours could own.*

*And thus we grieve Him - tho' His Heart  
For love of sinful man doth yearn :  
And though He pleade, - we take no part  
With thee, His great Love to return.*

*But Mother, who does our weakness heed  
Ask for our wants - as thou didst of yore  
When Cana's guests the wine did need,  
And thou didst pray and grant them more.*

*They had no wine, we have no Love  
Then ask, and He will surely hear  
And we shall prize Him all above  
And thus He will to us be dear.*

*And then before His loving shrine  
For all our past neglect atone  
And keep our hearts with help of thine,  
A Home secure for Him alone.*

Holy Angels' Convent, Trevandrum.



OUR LADY  
—OF THE—  
MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT



“It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste: and why this, but that it gives us Jesus as our Food, and Mary as our Nursing Mother?”

Thus Newman spoke in England, *Dos Mariæ*. And on the other side of the Channel, in France, *Regnum Mariæ*, Père Eymard was then exclaiming: “We are the body-guard of the Adorable Person of Our Lord living in the Eucharist. We belong to the Son, but to the Mother also; we adore the Son, we revere the Mother; and to persevere in the grace of our Call and do full share in it, we must honor the Blessed Virgin, before all, as Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament.”

A thought-meeting this was of two saintly men of genius to praise and pray the Great Beloved of God. A great title they gave to Mary. Never to be forgotten and always to be loved by her children, yea, till the last evening of time, it shall go down the ages as one of the brightest jewels of Mary’s crown.

Already has Pius X., the Pope of the Eucharist, granted Indulgences to Venerable Peter Eymard’s invocation: “Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, pray for us.” Already has the wish been solemnly expressed that “Holy Church will allow us to associate Mary with the Sacramental Christ, by publicly praising *Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament* in a liturgical Office, which will take its place in the regular cycle of Marian feasts” (1). We

---

(1) This request was uttered at the Montreal Eucharistic Congress by the Very Rev. A. Letellier, S.S.S.



may look forward to the day when all Catholics, nay, all Christians, will recognize her under that title.

As Eve gave us the fruit of death, Mary gave us the Fruit of Life:

*"The woman gave and I did eat."*

*Whereof gave she?*

*"'Twas of the garden fruitage sweet,*

*A portion fair to see.*

*She plucked and ate, and I did eat,*

*And lost alike are we.*

*God saith:*

*'Ye die the death.'*"

But with Father Tabb we may continue the parallelism, and see in the new Eve her who gave us the blessed fruit of her womb, the Eucharistic Jesus:

*"The woman gave, and I did eat."*

*Whereof gave she?*

*"'Twas of her womb a Burden sweet,*

*But sad, also, to see.*

*She took and ate, and I did eat,*

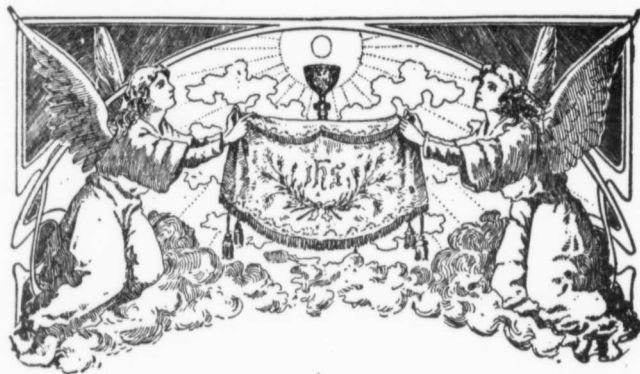
*And saved alike are we.*

*God saith:*

*'So dieth death.'*"

There is no doubt that we may and must blend our devotion to the Blessed Sacrament with our devotion to our dear Mother. Had we not the teaching of the Church and the Lives of the Saints to allow us such association, the very force of time would be enough to tell us that it is meet and right, for she is a Mother and He is the Son; she is our Nursing Mother and He is our Food. "The flesh of Jesus," says Saint Augustine, "is the flesh of Mary, and our Saviour gives us the flesh of Mary as the food of our salvation." It is with the flesh given Him by Mary that Jesus saved us, and it is with the same flesh that He continues to feed and save the world.

*Rev. J. M. Lelen.*



## HOUR of ADORATION

Mary Mother of Jesus and our Mother.  
To Jesus by Mary.

---

FROM all eternity Jesus loved His virginal Mother with an infinite tenderness, an unspeakable ardour. When He was born of her, humanly speaking, this love lost none of its intensity or greatness; and now that Mother and Son are united in the same glory, while the Angels and the Saints salute their Queen, Jesus expresses anew to His Father, His gratitude for the gift of Mary vouchsafed to His Sacred Humanity.

Let us in our turn, during this month consecrated to our Blessed Lady, and after the example of Jesus and the heavenly Court, acclaim her as our Queen and Mother, and learn from her, how to love Jesus, her Son, in the Holy Eucharist; how to console Him for the many who wound His loving Heart so deeply; how to be loyal and faithful to Him always and everywhere but especially in the Sacrament of His abiding.

## I.—ADORATION.

All Mary's greatness is in Jesus! Strictly speaking Mary is all for Jesus, her very life and being bear reference to Him; as the root is to the tree and the tree to the fruit, so according to God's design is Mary to Jesus, in all her states of nature and of grace. This relation had its beginning in eternal predestination, its accomplishment in time, and so fully that the birth of Mary bears on that of Jesus, her life on His life. Having resolved to become Man, Jesus looked with complacency on Mary, the Lily of Israel, and chose her for His Mother, and made of her this Ark of incorruptible Wood, that is to say, Immaculate, clothed with the purest gold of the most ardent charity; this Temple built without stone or mortar, prepared by the Holy Ghost Himself; this Throne of Ivory whereon should rest the mystical Salomon, Jesus our King, Wisdom Itself. Mary is dowered with all beauty, greatness and magnificence because Jesus is to be born of her.

O Jesus, we adore Thee, in Mary, in this Masterpiece of Thy power and love. With Thee we hail her all fair and spotless and rejoice that she found such favor in Thy sight. By Communion, we also have become, like Mary, Thy living tabernacles, and should like her be all to Thee, all for Thee: all to Thee by consecrating to Thee our thoughts, desires and affections; all for Thee, by living our lives and performing the duties thereof as perfectly as possible for Thee.

## II.—THANKSGIVING.

By the very fact that Mary is all for Jesus, she is also, all for us, because Jesus made Himself ours, gave Himself to us. Looking upon the world we have no right to say my world, but looking upon Jesus, hidden in the Host, the poorest and humblest child of humanity has a right to say: My Jesus. Yes Jesus is really ours, all ours, all for us when by Communion He enters into our soul in an union more close and intimate than any other conceivable.

When we reflect on this consoling thought we should remember that it is to Mary we owe the priceless gift. Without Mary there would have been no Incarnation, no Redemption, consequently no Eucharist. On her humble consent rested the accomplishment of these wonders. From her Immaculate Womb Jesus drew the Sacred Humanity that enabled Him to suffer, to immolate Himself, to become food. For four thousand years He had sought this virginal flesh, in vain, because all flesh had corrupted its way," then came Mary and offered her pure blood, pure enough to become the blood of God, to purify the world, and nourish it until the consummation of centuries.

What thanksgiving then, must not Jesus in the Eucharist offer His Blessed Mother. If He could give humanity this supreme gift of His love, if He could become Bread and thus continue to live among His own, the children of humanity, it is to her He owes it. Unite our thanksgiving with that of Jesus and every time we have the happiness of receiving Him in Communion, let our grateful thanks also extend to His Immaculate Mother to whom we owe the Eucharist.

### III.—REPARATION.

But at what a cost has Mary thus given Jesus to us. At the price of her tears, the seven-fold martyrdom of her Maternal Heart. If it is true that the Eucharist cost the passion and death of Jesus, it is equally true that it cost the tears and anguish of His Mother. With reason then can Mary say: "Come my well-beloved, eat the Bread, drink the Wine, I have prepared for you." And when refreshed by this flesh of the Son of God, and of the Son of Mary, we possess and taste all good, let us not forget the "lamentations of our Mother." Remember that Mary standing at the foot of the Cross on Calvary, was, at the same time as Jesus, priest and victim; priest to offer Jesus to the justice of His Father as ransom of a guilty world, and so ardently desiring the salvation of humanity, that she herself would have immolated her Son had not the executioners done so; victim for she



suffered the agonies of death a hundred times over as she watched Him dying on the Cross.

Every day this same Sacrifice of Calvary is renewed upon our Altars and so often, alas! we assist thereat cold, insensible, indifferent, full of distractions. O, petition Mary, who here again, invisible priest offers her divine Son to be the Host of our salvation, the Victim of propitiation, to ignite in our souls a spark of her love, to give us salutary tears so that we may present them as our share of the sacrifice offered for us.

#### IV.—PETITION.

What great power must not Mary have over the Heart of Jesus. Realizing this the Church salutes her by many beautiful consoling titles, proper to excite our confidence: Mary, Virgin most Powerful, Help of Christians, Refuge of sinners, Consolation of the afflicted, Gate of Heaven, Star of the Sea, Hope of the Hopeless, All-powerful Advocate. All those titles and many others also are justly hers, but there is one that embraces them all: Mary, Mother of Jesus. We should often give our Blessed Lady this title so pleasing to her and so meet to recall the prerogative dearest to her heart. When we say Mary, Mother of Jesus, we unite in the same love and the same prayer the Mother and Son; when we petition Jesus in Mary's name we force Him to listen to us.

O Mary, Mother of Jesus, in those days of impiety when the interests of thy Divine Son are so little respected, so almost completely and universally ignored, when senseless Rulers are doing their best to banish Him from the home, society and souls, oh, we implore thee by thy powerful intercession, by thy title of Mother of Jesus, do violence, to His Heart, living and loving in the Sacred Host, and compel Him to triumph through His Sacrament and to reign forever.

*Practice:* Pray incessantly to Mary for the extension of the Eucharistic reign of Jesus in the universal world.

*Ejaculation;* The Mother of Jesus is my Mother.





## Moments before the Tabernacle

IT is the name of Jesus, and not of Mary that brings these words: "Jesus our food, and Mary our nursing Mother" before our minds as we kneel before the Tabernacle; yet He will let us think first of His nursing Mother. She was such for Him in reality.

He on a little milk is fed.

Who gives the birds their daily bread.

Did the great neophyte, who was to die a Cardinal, mean by calling Mary not only, our Mother but our nursing Mother, to claim for her again not the half only but the whole of the benediction pronounced on her of old by the poor woman in the crowd: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that Thou hast sucked!" St. Clement of Alexandria says that the mother who does not nourish her infant at her breast is but half a mother. All the love and tenderness of the best and truest mothers must yield to the higher and truer love that yearns towards us all from the Immaculate Heart of Mary, our nursing Mother. The relations we hold to the Blessed Virgin are not those of the grown-up son

or daughter to the venerated parent on whom they lavish marks of respect and affection, the arrears of gratitude accumulated during the long years during which they were first the wholly unconscious, and then the only half-conscious objects of a mother's selfsacrificing love. We are not so far independent. We have not outgrown the wants of childhood. We are helpless children always, like new-born babes needing always to be nursed and tended, needing always the Blessed Virgin for our nursing Mother.

What is told of many of God's Saints is not true of canonized saints alone; there are even mortal creatures like ourselves whose presence is a sort of vicarious presence of God — whose voice, whose look, whose smile, whose very neighborhood, nay the mere thought of them, the remembrance that such beings exist, tends to purify, refine, and elevate the soul, and to make what is vile and ignoble impossible, even in secret thought. And if this is true of some of God's poor creatures still on their probation, how much more is it true of the glorious company of heavenly citizens — of St. Agnes, St. Aloysius, and so many others of the special patrons of purity! And what are all these to their Mother and their Queen, the Virgin of Virgins, Mary Immaculate? But if the Sun of Justice thus communicates His Divine influence to His creatures, and most of all to her who is "fair as the moon" — if her borrowed light, the moonlight of her smile, puts to flight unholy thoughts and all the demons of darkness, how transcendently must all this hold good of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ Himself, the incarnate God of purity. Nay, all this would have been true if God had never become incarnate. But He has drawn near to us, very near, nearer than He was to the favored disciples in the Garden when He withdrew from them a stone's throw. And even this was not enough for the incomprehensible yearning of our Saviour's love: He comes nearer still, and, not content with abiding in the tabernacle of our altars, He makes our very hearts His tabernacle.

Rev. M. RUSSELL, S.J.

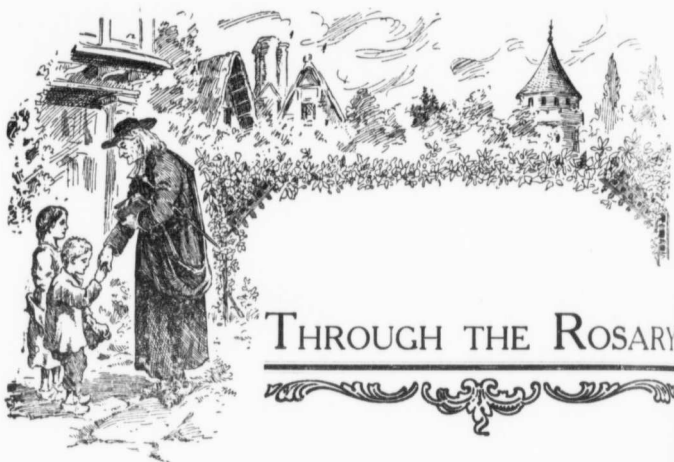


## A Miracle of the month of Mary

---

STILL fresh in men's minds is the account of the dreadful sacrileges against the Most Holy Sacrament committed in Rome by four unhappy youths, who were undoubtedly hired by the Free Masons for the purpose. Two of the Roman churches—the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore and the Church of the Madonna dei Monti, were the scene of the crimes. Good Christians in all parts of the world were horror-struck, and expiatory services were held everywhere. God alone knows all the prayers that ascended to heaven for the obdurate hearts that could have so wounded the tender, loving Heart of Jesus! Even from the bowels of the earth the cry for pardon was heard, for Mass was celebrated in the catacombs of St. Calixtus, and many religious societies took part in an expiatory procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the subterranean galleries. And behold the answer to the prayers and tears of the Faithful — three of the delinquents sincerely repenting of their great crime and consequent scandal, humbled themselves in holy confession, and made a retreat in a Roman monastery; the fourth, who had been brought up in the Waldensian heresy, presented himself at the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration (Santa Maria Ripartrice), and requested to be received into the Church. This last was accompanied by his mother and three sisters, all of whom asked and received conditional Baptism, from the hands of Monsignor Zonghi. They were all placed under instruction, and have since been admitted to their First Communion. And now "there is joy in heaven." The power of God is made manifest to the world, and these poor souls are snatched from the very jaws of Satan!

E. McAULIFFE.



## THROUGH THE ROSARY

PERHAPS it was the sorrow for the young mother laid to rest that day in a corner of the big city cemetery, perhaps the shrill notes of the neighbor talking to Miss Espey in the kitchen below that left the twins so wide awake at ten o'clock at night. At any rate, the blue eyes and the gray eyes were gazing unblinkingly at the patch of light that came from the top of the curtained window and fell across the bare boards of the room, and at a certain sentence that reached their ears through the cracks and crevices of the floor their sense of hearing became extraordinarily acute — so acute, indeed, that even Miss Espey's cautious speech was understood.

"But you'll never hand the children over to the authorities!" Mrs. Moran, the neighbor, had cried. "Why, the creatures will go into the workhouse!"

"I suppose so," Miss Espey had assented. "But what can I do?" and at that speech both Dorothy and Agnes had strained their ears to catch the conversation going on below.

"Surely the poor lady, Mrs. Austen, had some relations," Mrs. Moran remarked.

"I never heard that she had," Miss Espey replied, "and 'tis nigh four years since she came to me. Nor did she ever write or get any letters."

"Dear, dear!" Mrs. Moran drew in her breath.

"But I gathered that her husband's people disapproved of his marriage. Why, I don't know, for a better or a truer lady never breathed. She had a sum of ready money with her when she came to Lichgate, and, later on, she got plenty of pupils to take music lessons; I believe it was through going out in all weathers that she got her death."

"Was Mrs. Austen's husband long dead when she came here?" Mrs. Moran inquired.

"Three years or so. He was killed at the time of the South African war."

"Is there any money left at all?"

"No, none. The few things will, maybe, pay the trifles owing. You see, Mrs. Austen's illness was long. I wish I was independent enough to keep the two above, but I'm not. So, to the workhouse I suppose they must go. There are not many rich Catholics in the city, or I am sure Father O'Leary would try to get something towards the keep and education of the orphans."

"The poor priest!" Mrs. Moran ejaculated. "Sure he doesn't get his own food properly, with the calls that are on him. There's the church only just built, and a common dwelling-house for a school! All the same, I don't like the notion of the workhouse. You know, the officials are all Protestants, and Protestants they'll make them two children. You take my word for that."

"Well, what can I do?" Miss Espey's tone grew a trifle short. "And Father O'Leary will keep an eye on them."

"He'll do his best, I make no doubt," the Irishwoman answered. "No fear of that, but with Protestants round them day and night the creatures won't have a chance of keeping their faith."

"They are big girls now, eight years of age. They can say their Rosary. They will be all right," Miss Espey remarked, "And there's nowhere else but the workhouse for them that I can see."

"I suppose not," Mrs. Moran allowed. "We must go and see them often — that is, if the officials will let us," she added doubtfully.

"Oh, they must."

"I don't know. It's a pity there are no relations or friends."

"Yes," Miss Espey assented meditatively. "I once saw an old newspaper among Mrs. Austen's music. It was addressed on the margin of the paper to Captain Austen, Elmwood, Tedcaster. I sometimes wondered if Captain Austen belonged to that place."

"I wouldn't doubt it," Mrs. Moran assented. "Well, well, I don't like the notion of the workhouse, but I suppose there's nothing else for it."

"Nothing," Miss Espey responded. "You know well enough that I can barely keep myself, and times won't get any better for me; between rheumatism and asthma I can't work as I once could."

Mrs. Moran sighed, mentioned two or three physical ills of her own, so that her companion might not imagine she had a monopoly in the way of suffering, and finally departed.

The twins, named after the young Roman martyrs of long ago, lay still and mute till the creaking of the stairs under Miss Espey's feet and the noisy closing of a door told that she had retired to her own room. Then blue-eyed Agnes gave a sob.

Oh, oh!" she murmured; "must we go to that place, the workhouse? Oh, mamma, mamma!"

"Hu-sh, hush," Dorothy, the taller and stronger, both physically and mentally, of the two, whispered. "We won't go there. No!"

Through the long hours of the night the orphans talked and planned, and in the gray dawning of the morning

they hastily dressed. One idea was firmly fixed in Dorothy's mind. They should not go to the workhouse, when they were likely to be transformed into Protestants.

"We'll run away," she had whispered to the timid Agnes; "far, far away. We have some money. You have four shillings, and I have five that the doctor gave me and two that Father O'Leary gave me. That's seven shillings I have. Eleven shillings are a good deal of money, Agnes. We will go away and, perhaps, find work. I can work, you know." Dorothy held out a pair of thin hands which had already been hardened by toiling at small household tasks.

"But where will we go?" Agnes asked, and Dorothy shook her head.

"Far away," she answered vaguely. Then, severely, "You don't want to be a Protestant and never to say a 'Hail Mary'?" So much had the girl learned from listening to various conversations between their landlady and Mrs. Moran.

"No, no," Agnes answered, and Dorothy went on with the preparations for removing. It was pathetic to see how the child gathered such entirely incongruous things — a battered doll, a woolly lamb, their mother's prayer book, and, with other portable odds and ends, she took the small gold locket her mother had always worn round her neck. This she fastened round her own slender throat.

"It is gold," she informed Agnes, "and valuable. I had better cover it up."

They crept noiselessly down the stairs and made a meal of bread and milk. Dorothy was far-seeing enough to add a few slices of bread and butter to the parcels they had already gathered, and then they drew the bolt of the front door and passed into the quiet street.

"We'll go to the railway station and take tickets," Dorothy decided, but did not give any answer to Agnes' inquiry regarding their destination. The big railway



station which they at length entered was not very crowded. A train was drawn up along the platform and Dorothy's eyes caught the name Normanton on the board that hung along a line of carriages. To Normanton they should go. The fare, it so chanced, was not excessive.

"It can't be very far away," Dorothy reasoned, and at the end of twenty-five minutes the girls found themselves in a country town. Dorothy turned her face towards the open country.

"Mamma used to say that the country people were kinder than the people in cities," she said.

When the suburbs of the town were well behind, Dorothy judged that they should seek for work, and, according, she advanced, followed slowly by Agnes, to a cottage door. A woman was weeding a small flower bed. She knelt back on her heels and laughed heartily at Dorothy's demand for work.

"Work! What on earth could you do?" she cried. "Oh, you dear, foolish child! And I haven't any work save what I'm fit to perform. There, there, don't turn away! Come inside, the pair of you, and I'll get you a cup of tea. My husband works at the farm on the hill and I am alone."

Dorothy would have refused the offered kindness but for the persuasive tug Agnes gave her skirt. They entered the cottage and were regaled with tea and bread and butter by its kindly mistress. Her questionings were met, however, with cautious replies, and the two fared forth again in quest of the work that was difficult to find.

Their experience during the course of the day was bitter. Sometimes the doors of the houses they called at were simply closed in their faces; oftener they were turned away with angry words, till, as evening drew on, Dorothy's brave heart failed and she suddenly began to sob. It was her sister's turn to be comforter.

"Don't cry," Agnes pleaded as they trudged wearily on. "Oh, look, Dorothy; isn't that a Catholic church?"

They had turned a bend of the road, and Agnes pointed to a church, whose little tower was topped by a cross that flashed in the light of the down-going sun.

"We'll go in and say the Rosary," Agnes said. "Mamma said we were always to do so. Come in, Dorothy, and we can rest a little."



The twins proceeded up the graveled path that led to the little Catholic church that had been built by a Catholic landowner for the benefit of a few Irish laborers and their families. A sanctuary lamp was burning before the tabernacle, and, drawing near the altar, Dorothy

and Agnes began to count their beads. The pew they had entered was fairly comfortable, and gradually the murmur of their voices grew fainter, till their Rosaries dropped to the ground. The tired twins were sound asleep.

Almost an hour later the priest attached to the church came in, accompanied by a friend.

"Yes," Father Audley said, as he passed up the aisle "of the church, the Earl has conferred a benefit on the people in building. — Good gracious! look at these two children! Poor mites, they are sound asleep."

"Do they belong to your flock?" the priest's companion asked.

"No. Hadn't we better wake them, Mr. Austen?"

"I should say so. The little one will certainly come to the ground if you don't."

It was some minutes before the children were thoroughly awake. Agnes' face lengthened and her lips began to quiver at the priest's first question; but Dorothy answered readily.

"We came from Lichgate because we were to be put in the workhouse and made Protestants."

Mr. Austen laughed.

"How?" he inquired. Dorothy shook her head.

"I don't know; but Mrs. Moran said we should. Mamma — is dead."

Two big tears ran down Dorothy's cheeks and Agnes broke into loud sobs.

"Come, come," the priest said. "This won't do. We'll take them to the house," he said in an undertone to his friend.

"We were tired, and came to say the Rosary," Dorothy explained, "and," suddenly, "we have lost our Rosaries. Oh, they are on the ground!"

"Yes," the priest assented. "Now, come to my house and we will have tea. What are your names?"

"Agnes and Dorothy," Dorothy said, "and Austen."

"Austen!" both gentlemen exclaimed.

"Yes." Dorothy looked frightened. "Mamma was Mrs. Austen."

"Can it possibly be the children — my cousin's children?"

"Let us go slowly," Father Audley cautioned; "and let us have tea first. And the priest's housekeeper was much surprised when her master ordered a substantial meal for the two strangers. When tea was over Dorothy told as much of her history as she knew.

"Papa was a soldier and was killed far away," she narrated, "and mamma had not much money. She gave lessons to girls, and then she was ill and died; and Miss Espey said we should have to go to the workhouse, and we ran away."

"What was your mother's name?" Mr. Austen questioned.

"Editha. Look, her prayer book is in the bundle," Dorothy answered, and Agnes found the book.

"Yes," the questioner glanced to the priest, and passed him the book. "There is the name, Editha Austen, and in her own handwriting. The whole affair is marvelous, Father Audley. I was the only one that knew of poor Jack's secret marriage to Editha Wilton — the only one of his relations, I mean. Jack's grandfather was a most tyrannical old gentleman, and Jack, very foolishly, kept his marriage a secret. I had gone on that journey of mine to Central Asia and to years of imprisonment in Tibet before the outbreak of war in South Africa. I only learned of poor Jack's death when I reached England last year. The old gentleman had died a month or so after Jack, and the lawyers hailed me as next of kin. I told them of Jack's marriage, and they and I

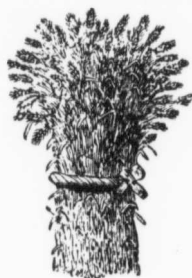
have since been trying to find Mrs. Austen. Lately, we have been rather hopeless of trailing her, and now, it would seem, we have found her children."

"It looks like it," the priest assented.

"And their names, too — Agnes and Dorothy. Mrs. Austen chose the names. I hope the lawyers will be satisfied."

The legal gentlemen were in due course left in a satisfactory state of mind, and the twins succeeded to their great-grandfather's property; and Mr. Austen — who, with a spinster sister, is saddled with the guardianship of his youthful relations — often tells how he found them — saying, or trying to say, the Rosary.

MAGDALEN ROCK.



Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, (*poem*) — Thoughts for the Month of May. — Ecce Mater tua — Hoc est Corpus Meum. — The Mother and the Son. — Jesus' First Tabernacle, (*poem*) — Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament. — Hour of Adoration: Mary Mother of Jesus and our Mother — Moments before the Tabernacle. — A miracle of the month of Mary. — Through the Rosary.

Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal