

Mary Magdalen at the tomb.



The Sentinel
of the
Blessed Sacrament

Vol. XV.

APRIL 1912

No. 4.

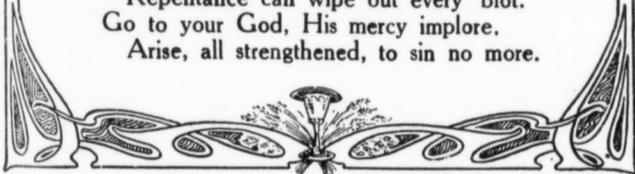
CHRISTIAN SOUL.

Permelia T. Schweitzer.

Oh, Christian soul, why art thou sad?
Image of God, rejoice and be glad!
For thou, indeed, hast been given much,
All beautified by the Creator's touch.

Oh, Christian soul for whom Jesus died,
Canst thou forget Him in earthly pride?
Remember, life is not thine own,
And for all sins thou must atone.

If thou hast fallen, and who has not?
Repentance can wipe out every blot.
Go to your God, His mercy implore.
Arise, all strengthened, to sin no more.





....AT EASTERTIDE....



OUR Risen Lord smiles in the glorious sunburst of Easter morning and speaks to us through the Spring's dear voice and we look up in thankfulness to listen and rejoice. A thousand echoes wake the grove all glad and strong and full of praise. Let us listen well, for 'tis our dear Saviour's voice that speaks in love and tenderness—the soft, sweet "Pax vobis"—despite the remembrance that must come to Him of the persistent ill-treatment He gets from the best of us, in our very best moods.

What strange complications we are! We wished to be loyal, and in the fever-heat of our resolutions on Ash-Wednesday we meant all that we promised; but our courage flagged, and here we find ourselves on Easter morn with a very meagre offering of self-conquest. It might be consoling to apply the adage: "Who dares greatly, does greatly," but we feel that Our Dear Lord's searching eye may bring to the surface more weakness and flimsiness of effort than we care to admit even to Him.

Lent—symbolizing life's pilgrimage, seemed long to our restless, undisciplined natures: yesterday's trials discouraged us for to-day's effort, and we were often morally paralyzed. What was lacking? Surely not God's

love, for "He loved us and delivered Himself up for us." What, then, was lacking? What spirit of valor which might have overcome the evil in our nature and helped us to keep up the warfare that would have made our Easter victorious? God gave us life, health, grace, friends and that which is more blessed than all, the golden hope of a blissful Hereafter and His own Sacred Body to strengthen us in the strenuous upward endeavor. And what has been the outcome of His gifts? The account is for us or against us.

It may not be spiritually bracing to sit and look down the dark lane, for wrecks are strewn all along it, but the sight will bring humility of heart and that is surely a point gained. Let us look intently. — Good intentions and noble resolves lie bleeding and torn as far back as the eye can reach, hard words lie where soft, gentle ones would have been better; deliberate resistance to God's gracious inspirations looms up with a series of consequent faults that leave us keenly remorseful. Here and there, a fragrant flower lifts its head and rears its pearly leaf to gladden the aspect. It may be a warm, earnest prayer under the stress of a temptation; it may be a kind word that brought comfort to an aching heart; a loving visit to Jesus in the Tabernacle; a privation that left us peaceful and strong; a fervent Communion that brought with it a longing for all that is pure and ennobling in life. Would to God that we could count more flowers and fewer ruins! There is so much to be done yet, that we must hasten on. Life, all through, is a school, and most of us study on hard benches till the final dismissal comes, learning but to forget. But as the sun goes down on the Lenten days and the Easter glories arise, let us strive again. Nature clothes herself in glad garments rising purified after her season of wintry waiting and so should the soul of man draw close to God and seek to put on whiter garments in this season of gladness and victory.

God pours His graces upon our souls as copiously as He pours His crystal rains upon the April fields, and surely it is His loving desire that we accept them. There should be no "cold, gray mornings" in our lives for the

Risen Christ is awaiting us to call us by name in the Sacramental touch of the daily Communion. Every day should the watching angel be able to say of us as of the Risen Saviour: "He is not here; He is arisen". He is risen to other heights of loyalty to God's cause, despite the obstacles that cross our path especially when planning and preparing for our Daily Bread. Every day has its own temptation, without and within, therefore, the need of the Daily Antidote. If, like our Great Model, when He was tempted, we are only wise enough to put the temptation behind us, we shall be able to go on our way rejoicing. There are real heroes of the Eucharistic table around us every day, but we do not call them heroes. They are fighting the enemy "Self" and it is a mighty combat.

The man or woman who governs a hasty temper, subdues a proud spirit, masters a stubborn will, stifles a sensual inclination, deserves a laurel-wreath more than he who dies on the battlefield, for it is hard, very hard to wage a daily warfare with self and sin. He who with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of imagination in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive — these are strong men, the spiritual heroes. Peace possesses the soul that has eaten the "Bread of the Strong" and, only because it has eaten It, is it strong to do and bear all things for Christ's dear sake. It is submissive in God's hands; it is strong to wait as well as to work, for with every appointed task given by the hand of God, comes also the blessing of patience. Peace is one of the sweetest gifts of the Risen Saviour to the faithful little group. "Pax vobis" was His daily greeting to them as He favoured them with the presence of His glorified Body.

The "Pax vobis" will be ours too if we come close enough to catch the soft tones and that must be by frequent communion. Peace will come in our daily preparation through three Sources: Our Prayers, our Works, our Sufferings. We must get the Easter spirit into *our prayers* — those prayers which, let it be said with down-cast eyes, are so often cold, hurried, negligent. How little fervor we get into them! How unlike Magdalen's loving out-

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burst: "Rabboni!" Yet, we can make them so by a little earnest, persistent effort, and surely we owe that to the God who stands before us with the glorified wounds which reveal the love that Good Friday's horrors could not kill.

Our works: We work perhaps hard throughout the day, our lives are lives of labour; Yet, mayhap, for lack of pure intention we loose much, if not all, of the precious fruits that might be gained of merit here and of reward in heaven. 'Twere sad to toil through life yet reach the gates of death with empty hands. And why should we? If, "Laborare est orare" — "To labor is to pray" why not make our day's toil a long, sweet act of love and desire in view of to-morrow's Communion?

Our sufferings: The atoning power of our sorrows is immense — why not use it? In God's intention they are meant to sanctify and cleanse the soul. From within the narrow limits of the Tabernacle, Jesus looks around for souls that are willing to help. He invites us to help those souls who are losing their hold upon Him; others who are bartering their soul's eternal happiness for a transient, sinful gratification; and others again who know not where to find the truth. We can answer the invitation by praying and working but best of all by suffering in union with Jesus and for His intentions. Our daily trials, even the smallest, offered in the state of grace to God, and done for God are equivalent to so much prayer, and share the characteristics of a sacrificial act, for their power is impenetratory, sacrificial and eucharistic.

The joy that follows sorrow is sweet indeed. Who realized this more than Jesus' dear Mother and Mary Magdalen in the early hours of Easter morning? How earnestly should we labour on till final rest! The way will not be dark or troublous if lighted by the Divine Presence each day; the way will not be long if He bears us company along the road, and our heart shall not faint or shrink if He is near to cheer and comfort us. Then shall all earthly sorrows vanish like the lowering clouds of Good Friday and our faces reflect the sunlight of His gladness and the beauty of His face as we fall at His feet with our glad cry "Rabboni!"

Under the Sanctuary Lamp

THE HILL OF THE SACRIFICE



O thought can compass, no mind conceive the "Charity of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge." On that holy hill His Heart is aglow with a fire which has burned from all eternity. Men can with scientific precision, reach out to the planets and measure their distance; the plummet can search the depths of the sea and find its deep places,

but our feeble imaginings can never rise to the heights nor delve into the depths of the Sacred Heart in the Tabernacle of the New Law. We know indeed what human love is. Mothers' hearts are warm with it, as they stand over the cradle of their first born and look with glances of love into the eyes of their children. It blushes on the cheeks and glints in the eyes of the bride and groom when they kneel before God's altar to pledge their troth till death and beyond. In the heart of a self-sacrificing sister love for an erring brother is strengthened beyond the power of any tension of ingratitude to break. We are all familiar with the story of the strong love which knit and welded together the hearts of Damon and Pythias; and the tender affection of David and Jonathan we learned at our mother's knees in childhood days when we read the story of their attachment.

Now all the love of mother for child which has ever burned in human breasts, all the self-forgetting affection of devoted sisters which has ever served brave hearts for noble deeds and true, all the devotedness that has ever

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throbbled and thrilled in created souls ; all the ecstasies of angelic spirits, all the melting heats of the fire in Mary's bosom ; all these human, angelic, and almost divine



loves which have glowed in human souls and glinted on human faces, all these loves multiplied seventy times seven and crushed unto the breaking into one great heart

are but a single threadlike ray of the tender, melting love which burns in the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord as He is daily Victim and Priest on the mountain of the altar, the Hill of Sacrifice. Like the incoming tide of a mighty river, no barrier can stop it, no obstacle impede its progress and its rising. Like a wide, deep ocean whose waters never reach the shore; a fathomless sea whose farthest depths are never sounded; like a desert whose sandy reaches are ever receding, whose horizon is ever retreating, it is a world which cannot be measured, the edges of which cannot be scanned under even the clearest sky.

“And the light shall always burn and never go out on the altar.” The first altar was in the bosom of His Father. Cycles before the angelic world swifter than lightning flashed from the Father’s love and power, sparkling with new created life more brilliant than the first-born rays on the mountain-top, that love for us burnt fiercely in the only begotten Son in the Father’s bosom. “Yea, I have loved with an everlasting love,” we are told in Holy Writ.

The love of the Sacred Heart is no barren sentiment, no sterile affection; its type is the mother’s love which prompts the feeding of her child with the milk of her breast.

When Moses had led the people out from the slavery of Egypt across the Red Sea, and they were in the desert without food, “all the congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness.” “And the Lord spoke to Moses saying: I have heard the murmuring of the children of Israel: say to them: ‘In the evening you shall eat flesh, and in the morning you shall have your fill of bread.’” At the dawn for forty years God fed His people in the desert. As they wandered over the barren sands, fought their enemies, were defeated one time and triumphed at another, as generation came and went, daily at the dawn God fed His people.

Here is the type and figure of the Master’s love for us on the mountain of the altar in the New Law. At times our enemies, like those of the Hebrews of old, are many and strong, and in fierce battle and desperate struggle do

they strive. Our weakness is often great and many a time our arms threaten to fall from our hands and our hearts are timid. Where shall we get strength in our feebleness, courage in our timidity, light in our darkness, food and drink when otherwise our souls in the combat shall perish of hunger and thirst? How beautiful the answer given us by the Psalmist in his distress: "I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains from whence help shall come to me!" Daily at the morn He is on the mountain of the altar and thence will come to our help and our strengthening. At sun-up every morning on the holy hill breaks forth the self-same outburst of melting love from His Sacred Heart, that manifested itself in the supper-chamber the night before He died. How touching the scene! Let us dwell on it for a moment.

The three years of His public life are over. No more will He tread with the loved Apostles the hills and valleys of Galilee or the white beach of the lake. No longer will they be seen along the winding road through Samaria. He has gathered His dear onse about Him for the last time.

Early in the evening they have come with Him from Bethany over the Mount of Olives and gathered for the Paschal Supper in the Cenacle.

Seated at table with His loved Apostles about Him, our Blessed Saviour recalls to mind His words: "If I be lifted up, I will draw all things unto Me," and as He makes the sign of the Cross the first Mass has begun. He can confess no sin of His own as His priests do when they bow like Him before the Father, for He is sinless. But with what sorrow He can confess our sins. Never was human heart bruised and crushed by sorrow as was the Sacred Heart that night. As He raises His tear-stained eyes to Heaven we seem to hear Him murmur: "I will go into the mountains of God." The first Gloria of the Mass is chanted by the true High Priest. How it must have pierced the heavens and reached the throne of God! And for the Gospel of His first Mass Our Blessed Lord may remind His Apostles of the scene by the lake-shore when all day long the people had followed Him and listened to His voice and looked up into His face.

So far every rite and ceremony has been a preparation for the great mystery. Now the Offertory begins. The High Priest of the New Law takes bread into His sacred hands and lifting His eyes to heaven, giving thanks, He blesses; then lifting the Chalice, He offers it to the Father and blesses the wine. Then He cannot restrain His transports and His lips chant a hymn of praise and thus we have the Preface of the first Mass of the New Law.

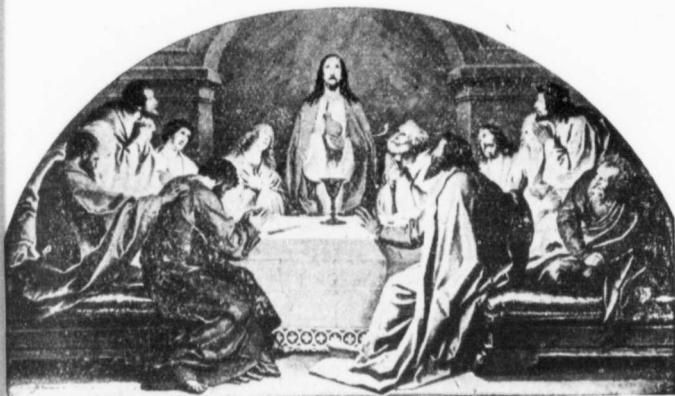
The solemn moment of Consecration has arrived. Deep was the awe and reverence brooding over the souls of Mary and the kneeling Apostles as our Lord "took bread into His sacred hands and blessing, broke and gave to them, and said: Take ye. This is my Body? And having taken the Chalice.... He said to them: "This is my Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many."

Then taking the Sacred Host in His hands, raising His eyes that are filled with tears, and making the sign of the cross and murmuring the loving words: "with desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you," He will give Himself to each with His own hands. Was there ever such a Communion as that of the Blessed Mother and the kneeling Apostles?

But how can we picture Mary at the Holy Mass? The first communion day of His Mother is the First-Mass day of her Son. Thirty-three years ago at Nazareth she had given Him flesh and blood. Now that Son gives back that Body and Blood to His Mother. She will need all the strength and courage that comes from It to stand alone during all the coming days of loneliness and solitude when He is gone and when the Infant church will need her. Mary is immeasurably fuller of grace now than she was at Nazareth. The Blessed fruit of her womb, Jesus, is with her in a more marvelous manner, and as she has been growing in grace all these years her love is inexpressibly greater. How cold our hearts in Holy Communion! How timid our love! Let us draw near Mary and she will aid us to be grateful for so great a gift, thankful for so rich a blessing. We shall learn to say with her as we come from the altar: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

REV. J. H. O'ROURKE, S. J.

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The Last Supper ⁽¹⁾



Mrs Herman Bosch.

"Mother, I wish you'd tell me about the Last Supper to-night. I've been thinking about it, and you know Holy Thursday comes this week."

"It is a very beautiful story, and you've asked for it at the very best time. Do you know, Toddles, it makes the years of our lives very interesting and encouraging if we go along from day to day in the mood of the Church's calendar?"

"You mean," said Toddles slowly, "to celebrate everything that happens?"

"In our own quiet way, yes."

"Oh!" cried Toddles, clapping her hands. "Now I know why you always say 'Sunday is Happy Day. It is always a feast, never a fast, because on Sunday the

⁽¹⁾ From *Bible Stories Told to "Toddles"*: Longmans, Green & Co., New-York. Price, 80 cents net.

Church always rejoices." You see, mother, I find out secrets."

"I didn't know it was a secret, sweetheart. But you understand what I mean. We've had Palm Sunday, and we are in Holy Week. Which day follows Holy Thursday, Toddles?"

"Why, Good Friday," surprised at so easy a question.

"Good Friday. The day Jesus died on the Cross; the day even His Heavenly Father left Him alone in sorrow and pain; the day the disciples fled in terror, thinking His life, His Teachings had ended in failure."

"St. John didn't run away, mother."

"No; perhaps only because he stayed with the Blessed Mother, St. John had the courage to remain by the Cross. I think she took him by the hand, Toddles, and guided him to Calvary. He loved Jesus best, and Jesus loved him best; so, naturally, St. John was particularly dear to the Blessed Mother. I love every one who loves you, Toddles. Well, the night before Good Friday, the night before His Passion, Jesus gave His Apostles His Gift of Gifts, promised long before by the Sea of Tiberius. It was the feast of the Jewish Passover. The feast was, and still is, kept by the Jews in memory of the time God commanded them to sprinkle their doors with the blood of a lamb, that the Angel of Death might spare them when he destroyed the Egyptians. Now, you know the lamb sacrificed for the Passover was the sign of the True Lamb of God, Jesus, with whose Blood we are washed and saved from everlasting death. On Holy Thursday evening, for the first time, our dear Lord offered His Heavenly Father the real Paschal Lamb, Himself.

"The disciples, knowing the feast of the Passover must be kept, came to Jesus and asked Him where He would celebrate the Pasch with them. They did not know this Passover would be different from others. They did not realize that the time for the True Lamb of God to be sacrificed was at hand. Jesus instructed them to go into the city to a certain house, and there to make the usual preparations for the keeping of the Passover. In the evening He took His twelve Apostles to the upper room

He had chosen and, finding everything ready, He sat down with them at table.

"We must remember that Our Lord saw the souls of the Twelve. He knew every thought in their minds, every desire of their hearts. He knew Judas would betray Him, Peter deny Him, all except St. John run away from His Crucifixion. But His love was not checked. The Bible tells us, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." That means He loved to the last and most perfect degree. Jesus puts no limit to His generosity, Toddles. He gives us all He is!"

Mother paused. Toddles' chubby arms went more tightly around mother's neck. Mother's love, day and night, good days and naughty days, always the same! Too much to be measured or explained, and yet, mother often said, "All the mothers in the whole wide world together don't love as much as Jesus loves the most ungrateful of His creatures." Toddles' heart swelled at the thought. Surely, it was more love than could be put into words, when all the mothers on earth could not come near it!

"Love was the cause of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament," mother went on. "And, Toddles, love and humility are the best dispositions with which souls can welcome Jesus. Before Jesus gave the Apostles His Body and Blood in Holy Communion, He taught them a very touching lesson of humility.

"People wore sandals in those days, instead of shoes and stockings, and whenever they tramped over the roads their feet were covered with dust. Our Lord and His Apostles had come from the country into the city. They were both weary and travel-stained. Before the Last Supper, Jesus, the God of All, like the humblest of servants, washed the Apostles' weary, dusty feet. He knelt before them, one by one: St. John, who loved Him so tenderly; Judas, who betrayed Him—nobody was left out. St. Peter, seeing Jesus coming to him with the basin and towel, cried out with a sort of horror, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." He felt his unworthiness, his sinfulness, in presence of the Most Holy God. But

Jesus told St. Peter that, unless He washed the feet of the Apostle, he could have no part with the Saviour. So St. Peter, filled with a desire to have part with Jesus, submitted.

"When all had been washed, Jesus sat down with them again. He had taught them a very precious lesson, and one, Toddles, not a bit easy to learn. They called Him Master and Lord, and so He was. But He told them they were not greater than He, and He had washed their feet to show them how much they should be willing to do, and how far they must go in their service of one another. If ever you feel tempted to shirk a humble duty, little one, because it is unpleasant, or what people call unsuitable to your position, remember how Jesus, who is Almighty God, washed the feet of His Apostles."

"I'll try, mother," said Toddles earnestly.

"I have given you an example," Jesus told the Apostles. It was given at a very solemn moment, Toddles, shortly before our dear Lord celebrated the First Mass, and gave His Apostles their First Holy Communion. My little girl may judge from these circumstances how precious humility is in the sight of God. Before Jesus consecrated the bread and wine at the Last Supper He did not prepare His Apostles by an astonishing miracle, like raising a dead man to life, for instance. No; He knelt down and in perfect humility performed an act of lowly charity—He washed the feet of His Apostles."

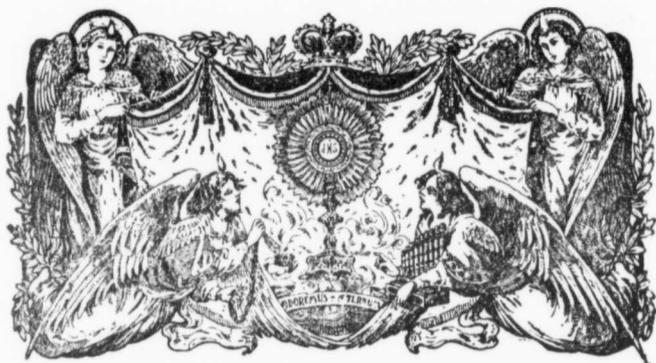
"If Jesus loved humility so much, mother," said Toddles, a troubled look upon her face, "He must hate us to be proud."

"We may be proud of just one thing, dear," mother answered softly.

"Of what, mother?" eagerly.

"Of His Cross, and that pride kills the other sort. Try it and see."

Toddles blushed vividly. Pride seemed to be a very strong, healthy enemy. Toddles had not thought before of adopting it upon the right side in order to remove it from the wrong. Mother let her think quietly for awhile. When a smile lit up the child's face, mother knew some happy resolution had been taken.



HOUR of ADORATION

The Agony on the Cross — Jesus is blasphemed.

“And they that passed by blasphemed Him, wagging their heads and saying : Vah, Thou that destroyest the temple of God, and in three days dost rebuild it, save Thine own self. If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross.” (Matt. xxvii, 39-40.)

REPARATION

Jesus is extended on the Cross, shedding, drop by drop, His life blood for the world's salvation. And what are men doing during those long hours of death agony? Are they in adoration before their Saviour and Redeemer? No, the majority are insulting Him, loading Him with gross injuries.

1. *The Sanhedrites.* — In the first rank we may place the High Priests, the Scribes, and the Ancients of the people, that is, a large part of the Sanhedrim, come to insult and defame their Victim even to His last sigh. These are the High Priests who have conducted everything in this bloody tragedy, who have decreed the death of Jesus in their secret meetings. They have given thirty pieces of silver to the traitor, Judas, for delivering his Master into their hands. As soon as Jesus was captured in Gethsemani, He was at once conducted to the house of the High Priest Annas. This wily old man, who ap-

peared but for an instant on the scene, was the soul of the conspiracy. His son-in-law, Caiaphas, High Priest for that year, had been charged to conduct the affair to a happy issue. It was he who had gathered together the nocturnal assembly, but he had summoned only those members of the Supreme Council of whom he was sure, and he had suborned false witnesses. He questioned Jesus upon His teaching and His disciples, vainly endeavoring to take Him by surprise. Lastly, by a well-prepared stage-trick, he forced Him to declare Himself the Son of God. Jesus was condemned to death and the Council of next morning gave legality to the first decree.

No longer having the power to execute criminals, the High Priests went together to the palace of Pilate, the Governor, followed by all whom they met. From the judges they had constituted themselves the accusers of Jesus. They circumvented Pilate, they made him tremble, they raised up before him Cæsar's spectre, and at last, they forced from him the fatal sentence. The iniquitous Roman judge delivered to them to be crucified Him Whom he had seven times publicly proclaimed innocent.

Now that Jesus is on the Cross, the Sanhedrites gather before Him for the horrible satisfaction of casting a last insult into the face of their Victim. Their disdain for Him prevented their addressing Him directly. It was among themselves, says the Gospel, yet so that Jesus should hear, that they derided the Wonder-worker, the pretended Messiah, the Son of God, His goodness to mankind, His faith in His Father.

"*He saved others,*" they say, "*and He cannot save Himself.*" Thus they evoke the memory of His whole beneficent life in their efforts to cast dishonor on it. Not being able to deny the miracles of the Galilean, they tried at least to show that they had been mere delusions, or the works of the evil one.

"*If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the Cross, and we will believe in Him.*" That is, if He be the Messiah who is to rule Israel, let Him come down at once from the Cross to which He is fastened. On this condition we promise to believe in Him, to acknowledge Him for the Messiah, the Son of God.

What irony ! What hypocrisy ! What a lying promise ! Very recently they refused to believe in the resurrection of Lazarus, although he had been dead four days. Jesus will arise in three days, but they will not believe. How, then, could they believe if Jesus did actually come down from the Cross, a miracle which would surely have been inferior to that of His resurrection ? No, they would not believe because they did not wish to believe ; and, still more, they desired at any cost, that no one should believe in the Messianic royalty of Jesus.

They added this new blasphemy : "*He trusted in God. Let Him now deliver Him if He will have Him, for He said : I am the Son of God.*" Their rage is ever on the increase. They now dare to attack the love of Jesus for His Father, and by a blasphemy even defy the Almighty ! To inflict this new outrage on Jesus, they went so far as to misinterpret a passage of the Holy Scripture regarded by all as Messianic.

Like love, hatred tends to expansion. Not content with insulting Him themselves, they run through the crowd, sowing hatred and outrages as in the prætorium, and stirring the people up to mock the Crucified.

2. *The passers-by.* — The passers-by, pausing before Jesus on the Cross, wagged their head in contempt, and cried : "*Vah ! Thou who destroyest the Temple of God and buildest it up in three days save Thyself !*" Do we not hear in these words an echo of the accusation launched against Jesus the preceding night by the false witnesses ? Perhaps might be here recognized the voices of those who, suborned by the Sanhedrim, had accused Him before Caiaphas. It was a defiance of His power. "If Thou art so powerful as to destroy the gigantic structure of the Temple and to build it up in three days, it cannot be difficult for Thee to deliver Thyself." It was precisely this calumny that the priests had endeavored to render popular.

"*If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross !*" The Son of God, or the Messiah, should have power to perform all sorts of wonders. Since He aimed at that title, let Him then accomplish the prodigy of coming down from the Cross. These insults, which rise to the height of the Cross, are too well conceived to originate

with the rabble. The multitude only repeats them : it does not invent them. They breathe of the venomous soul of the Sanhedrites animating the people to hatred for the Christ.

3. *The Roman Soldiers.*—Nothing can arrest the flood of injuries. After gaining the people, it invaded the soldiery. They, too, now formed a party. They had put in place the derisory title, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," they had heard a hundred times since morning and they are still listening to the Jews mocking at the royalty of this Man. It was now for them to turn the Galilean into derision. So, refreshing themselves with the vinegar and wine, with hands still covered with the Blood of the Divine Victim, they ironically offered some to Him, exclaiming : "*If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself !*"

4. *The Thieves.*—Even His companions, crucified at His side, seized by the contagion of hatred and outrage, loaded Him with insult.

Jesus, the Saviour of the world, is railed at by all and in every way. They deride in Him the Prophet who had declared that He would destroy the temple and rebuild it in three days ; they deride in Him the Son of God, the Thaumaturgus. They jeer at His sanctity, His confidence in God. They make game of the Messiah and the King of Israel in Him. They make choice of the most ignominious, the most dishonorable insults.

What a cruel pang for the Heart of Jesus, already so deeply afflicted ! Oh, how keenly He feels the ingratitude of those men whom He has laden with the benefits of His love !

Alas ! the Passion of Jesus is perpetuated without truce, without mercy. Now, as then, is realized this prophecy of the Psalmist : "All who have seen Me have derided Me. They have spoken with their lips and have wagged their head." Jesus living in our midst in the Sacred Host is still a butt for all kinds of outrages from His enemies....

ADORATION

The Jews by their blasphemies tried to disparage as much as possible the sovereign dignity of Jesus, His titles

of Son of God, of Christ, of King of Israel. It is for His faithful disciples to restore His glory to this Divine Saviour and to proclaim aloud what the Jews were unwilling to acknowledge.

"*He has saved others,*" the Sanhedrites exclaimed ironically, "*He can not save Himself.*" "*He saved others,*" that is true. He freed them from all kinds of sickness, infirmities, and sufferings. The Jews themselves were forced to render homage to the numberless miraculous cures effected by Jesus. He had delivered numbers from the yoke of the evil one by pardoning their sins. "*He can not save Himself,*" that is false. Unconsciously, O ye Jews, you proclaim at the foot of the Cross an old prophecy at the moment of its accomplishment. It was your own hands which, in killing Jesus, destroyed the Temple, the most sacred among all the temples of God, the adorable Body of the Saviour of the world. Separated from His soul, you behold that Body sinking, drooping. But doubt not that in three days, whether you wish it or not, Jesus shall have rebuilt the august Temple of His Humanity and, without seeing corruption, His Body will resuscitate glorious and immortal.

O Jesus, I believe in Thy divine power ! Thou didst, indeed, save others, and Thou art able to save Thyself. Thou didst willingly and for love of us destroy that sacred Temple, but on the day of Thy resurrection Thou didst Thyself rebuild it forever and ever.

"*If He be the King of Israel,*" they added, "*let Him now come down from the Cross !*" After denying His power they deny His royalty ?

Yes, Jesus is truly the King of Israel. A celebrated prophecy foretold that Christ, the Liberator, should sit upon the throne of David, and take possession of His kingdom : "*His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace. He shall sit upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it and strengthen it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth and forever.*" According to this prophecy, the Messiah, consequently Jesus Christ, had to take possession of the throne of David, which had been overthrown for more than five centuries by the sword of Nabuchodonosor. He

was to hold it forever, rendering it immovable by equity and justice.

Thy empire, O Divine Crucified, had to be *universal*, according to the prophecy: "The extent of His empire shall have no limit." It will reach even to the confines of the world, embracing not only the Jews and the neighboring nations, but all the nations of the earth.

Thy empire shall be one of *peace*: "There shall be no end of peace." It shall be established without war, and it shall not enlarge itself by violent conquests.

Thy empire must be found on *judgment* and *justice*. "To establish it and strengthen it with judgment and with justice." It shall be without pride, without avarice, without jealousy, aiming only at the good of those that submit to it.

Thy empire must be *eternal*. "From henceforth and forever." It shall depend neither upon the vicissitudes of time, nor of death, nor of the changes in the world.

I adore Thee, O Divine Crucified, and confess that Thou art the true King of Israel. Thou wilt come down from the Cross only to mount the Throne of David. Grant that I may one day adore Thee on the Throne of Thy glory with the angels and all the blessed!

Lastly, the third blasphemy that the Jews poured into the ears of Jesus was this: "*He trusted in God. Let Him now deliver Him if He will have Him, for He said: I am the Son of God.*"

No, God the Father will not deliver Him, because He loves Him and wills what His Divine Son wills. The Father and the Son have but one desire, and that is to save the world, and the salvation of the world has to be effected by the Cross and by the death of the Son of God made Man.

The attitude of the Executed One in itself proves that not in vain is He called the Son of God. To all those insults the August Victim opposes only His divine silence. And when Jesus speaks it is but to encourage, to bless, or to relieve Himself by confiding His agony and His soul to His Father. His divine *noblesse* deserts Him not for one instant....

REV. PERE CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

Peace be to You !

(See frontispiece)



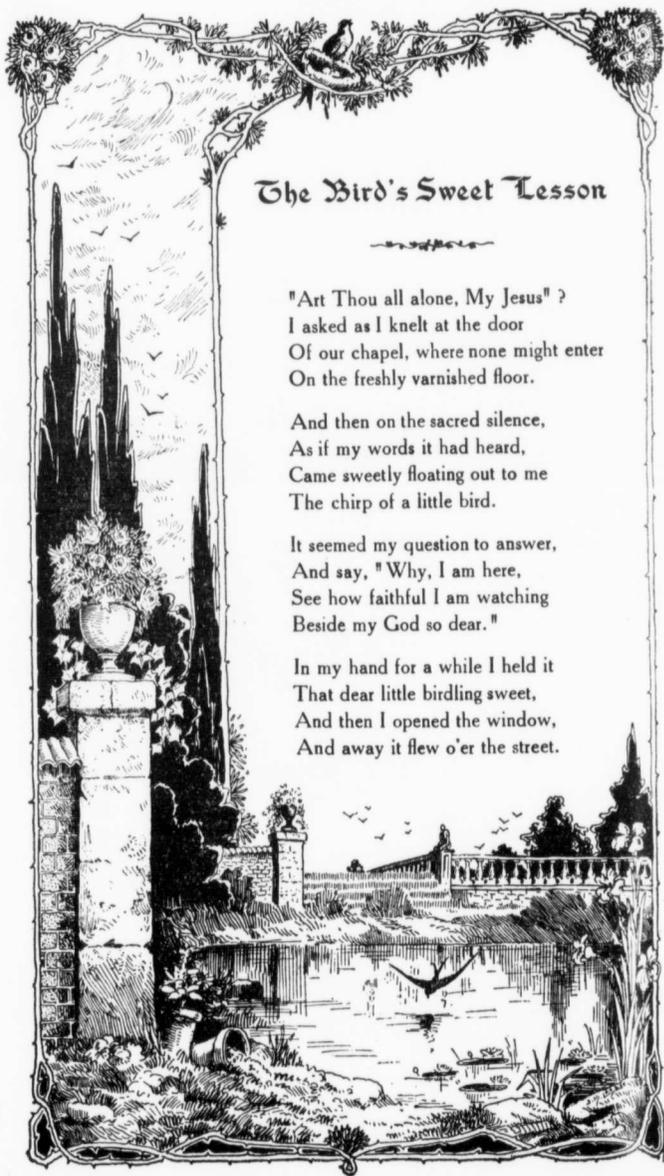
HE Easter music pouring out in joyous harmony from chimes in steeples, from organs and choirs awake no answering melody in some hearts. The unrivalled fragrance of the lily and her sister blossoms which deck our altars and sanctuaries on this glorious festival, charm the senses, but the happiness of which music and flowers are a symbol, are not experienced. The peace of Magdalen and the others leaped with joy at the Angel's message : " He is risen " ; and the Disciples were " glad when they saw the Lord ". Gladness, Joy, Peace, these were the effects of our Saviour's glorious victory over the tomb.

Eastertide is only given to the souls that have " risen with Christ."

Everything about us bids the soul to rejoice. Earth is about to clothe herself anew with her garment of beauty.

*Once more to life and love
The buds and leaves of Spring —
Come forth to hear above
The bids, like angels sing.*

You know the old tradition that the sun dances in the heavens on Easter morning. Shall Nature rejoice, and we, stamped with the image and likeness of God, refuse our share of the gladness and glory ? Let us hope that none shall refuse to accept the peace our Blessed Lord offers in exchange for a contrite loving heart. Let such as are burdened with sin take courage — come at once to the tribunal of Penance, become one of the friends of the risen Christ and share with fellow-Catholics the joys of Easter.



The Bird's Sweet Lesson

"Art Thou all alone, My Jesus" ?
I asked as I knelt at the door
Of our chapel, where none might enter
On the freshly varnished floor.

And then on the sacred silence,
As if my words it had heard,
Came sweetly floating out to me
The chirp of a little bird.

It seemed my question to answer,
And say, "Why, I am here,
See how faithful I am watching
Beside my God so dear."

In my hand for a while I held it
That dear little birdling sweet,
And then I opened the window,
And away it flew o'er the street.



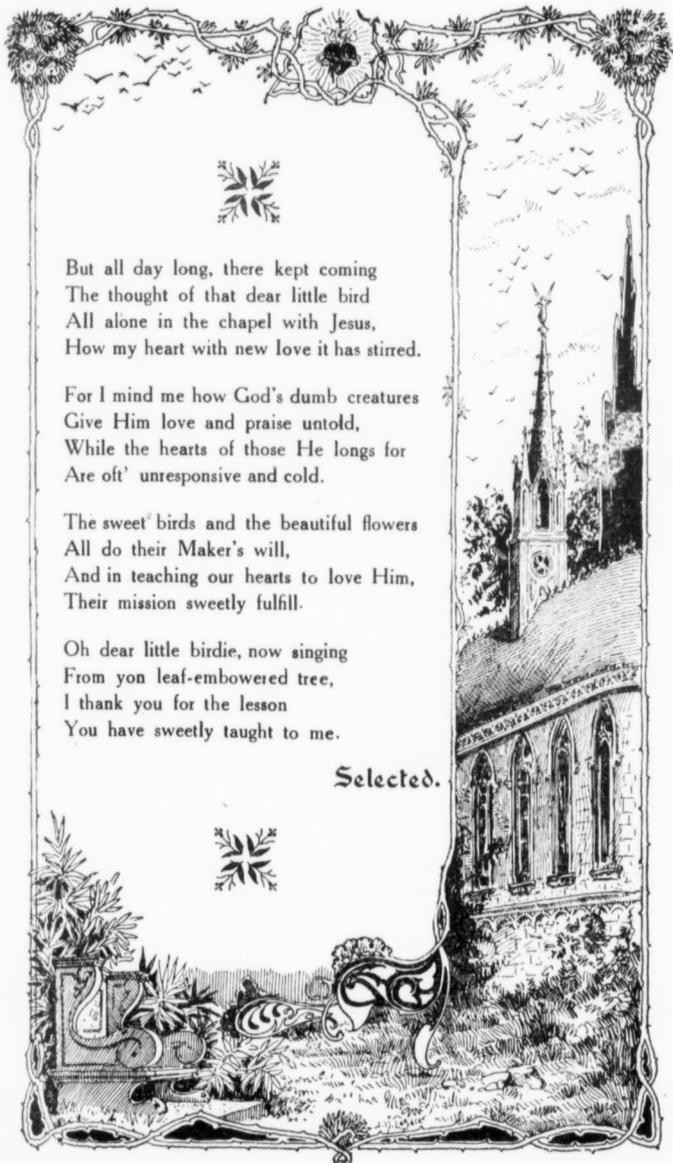
But all day long, there kept coming
The thought of that dear little bird
All alone in the chapel with Jesus,
How my heart with new love it has stirred.

For I mind me how God's dumb creatures
Give Him love and praise untold,
While the hearts of those He longs for
Are oft' unresponsive and cold.

The sweet birds and the beautiful flowers
All do their Maker's will,
And in teaching our hearts to love Him,
Their mission sweetly fulfill.

Oh dear little birdie, now singing
From yon leaf-embowered tree,
I thank you for the lesson
You have sweetly taught to me.

Selected.



The Disciples of Emmaus

AND

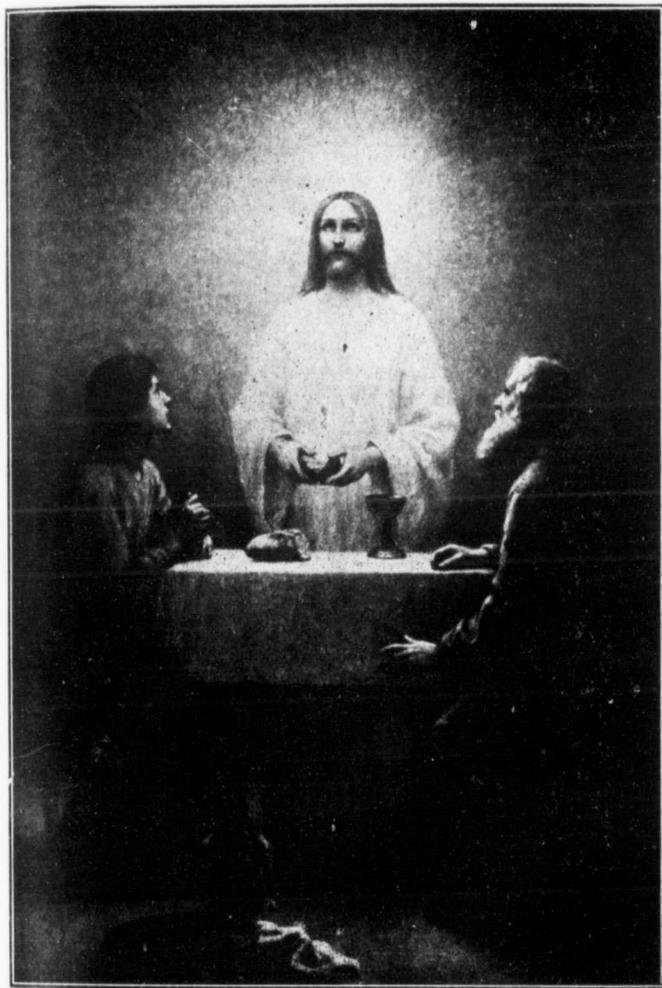
Holy Communion

Before Communion.



CONTEMPLATE these two disciples, who, although doubtfully gathered together in the Name of the Lord, afterwards had Him standing in their midst, for the desire of God to converse with them was the allurements which brought Him. They went on talking of His Passion, and so they drew into their conversation the softest music which the harps of heaven could strike. But how badly disposed He finds them for receiving His favours, so distant were they from Him ! But the Lord in pity approaches them, seeking those who wished to fly from Him. He beheld them cold in faith, broken down in their hopes, tepid in their charity ; but He commences to warm their hearts with words of life, fanning their want of confidence into a flame, and instilling into them a new life.

Reflect, my soul ! To-day you meet that same Lord on the road of your darkened life. If then He was as a pilgrim, here He is in a miraculous manner ; if there He was disguised in His robes, here under the Accidents of bread ; if then on the travel, here leisurely seated. How spiritless do you proceed in the path of virtue ! how tepid in the service of God ! Approach, then, to this Lord by prayer, that with the strokes of His inspirations He may kindle in your breast the fire of devotion. Speak of God the day you are with Him. A mouth that is to welcome Jesus is not to be occupied with aught else, or to speak words which are not godly. The soul that is to receive the Divine Word should come with virgin palate to taste the bread and wine which engender virgins.



The Disciples of Emmaus.

They had arrived close to the fortress of Emmaus, the end of their flight, and the Lord made as though He would go further, when He desired most to remain. He wished that their desires should constrain Him, and their pleadings oblige Him, though He Himself had voluntarily drawn near to them, for He desires to be implored in the progress of virtue, just as a mother compels her infant to walk by leaving it alone, that it may lose all fear. On seeing Him so human, when He was most Divine, they asked Him to remain with them, not inviting Him, as the world does, merely for compliment's sake, but with importunity. He answers them that He has far to go, for in retiring from a soul He goes far indeed, the distance being great from sin to God.

Arise quickly, my soul ! for the Divine Spouse passes to others more fortunate, because more fervent ; it is necessary to implore Him, for it is most important to detain Him. If these disciples, who knew Him not, thus esteemed Him, you who by faith know Who He is endeavour to receive Him tenderly. They judged Him to be a stranger ; you know Him to belong to you. Beseech Him to enter, not only with you, under your roof, but within your very bosom ; invite Him, for in the end it will be all at His cost, as He provides the food, you the desire ; and thus you will obtain eternal life.

After Communion.

The Lord quickly condescended, for His delight is to be with the children of men ; they sit at the table with Christ in their midst, their joy equalling the favour. They place bread in His Hands, and rightly, for it was always found in them. Christ raised His eyes to Heaven, that it might be leavened bread and Divine ; and on His breaking it, their eyes were opened, and they recognised Him as their Master, but in that instant He vanished from their sight, for in this life He is as a dart of lightning ; and in the next He is the eternal Sun, being both light and consolation. He left them with honey on their lips, and that miraculous Bread as a substitute in His absence, leaving them envious at not having possessed the joy of knowing Him before, wishing that they had

enjoyed and adored His glorified wounds, and caressed those Divine Feet. Oh, what embraces would they have given Him had they but known Him !

Remark that this same Lord you have really and truly on the table of the Altar, where He breaks and divides the Bread of Heaven. Delay not to recognise your happiness, for when you bethink yourself it may be too late, and you will remain mourning that you did not obtain Him before. Come near to the Lord, for He will not go from you as He did from the disciples, because His love has imprisoned Him ; enjoy His Divine and corporal Presence, adore those pierced Feet, kiss those glorious, beauteous wounds, for He is expecting you, and for you He is waiting. Time and opportunity He gives you, that you may contemplate Him, love Him and receive Him.

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The two disciples remained, divided between painful and joyful feelings, between the happiness of having seen their Master and their grief at losing Him so soon. Hardly seen when gone, they weighed well and justly the favour He had conferred on them, repeating the lessons which He had taught them ; their hearts had burned with love when He left them, and now they are all tongue in gratitude at His return. They went back to reiterate with accurate words what He had told them, weighing in their minds both His penetrating power and His actions, and, above all, the celestial sweetness of His countenance. For many days would they speak of nothing else, and even on that same road would they trace their Master's footprints, following those of His holy law. They returned to the place where the Apostles were, to give them news of their happiness, and to renew their enjoyment.

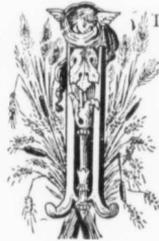
Learn, soul, how to return thanks to your Divine Master on the day in which you sit at His Table ; open your lips to sound His praises, as well as your eyes to know Him ; see whether it was not owing to your tepidity that you knew Him not before : speak of nothing else for many days, your tongue ever and ever returning to the savour of your joy and the delight of your palate.



A PROMISE

(Written for the Sentinel)

Anna T. SADLIER.



It was the First Friday exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and the altar shone resplendent. The fragrance of flowers filled the church recalling involuntarily to many of those present spring mornings or summer noontides, beautiful gardens or May festivals, where our Blessed Lady's statue had been embowered in roses, heliotropes, mignonette. And with it was mingled the odor of the incense reminding those who knelt, of vast Cathedrals, or dim monastic cloisters, where its aromatic breath was forever united with the smoke of prayer and sacrifice.

The radiance of many tapers and the glow of jewel-like colored lamps concentrated everything, — as was fitting upon the Altar, — where high above all these material things, shone the Presence. The worshippers were many and various, the parish priest accompanied by an acolyte or two, who in cassock and surplice knelt upon a Prie-Dieu, voicing the petitions of all his parishioners. Nuns of more than one Order, Friars of the Christian schools, embodiments of the spirit of prayer, and the lay people of various sorts, rich and poor, busy and idle, the fashionably clad and the shabby or threadbare, but all bringing their sins and their sorrows, their joys

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and their successes, their multitudinous cares and the bustle and strife and worry, to the feet of the Master. And all were for the nonce clothed in some spiritual garment, that had nothing to do with their outer raiment, some fair and white, some richly sown with gems, or dull and meagre, seamed and frayed.

Those who knelt saw presently a touching sight. It was a blind woman whose clothing might have been squalid and even ragged, but for its neatness and the evidence of careful mending. By the aid of a very little child, she made her way to the altar rail, where tapers, the offerings of the faithful, were blazing on stands, and feeling with a hand that was deft and sure of touch, though wrinkled with age, she chose from the box a taper of the largest size, and having placed it securely in position proceeded to light it. Those who did not know her, trembled lest some accident should occur, but those who had seen her before felt quite reassured. The hand was sure and steady and the glowing faith and ardor of the soul gave spiritual sight to the eyes long closed to the things of earth. Her story brief and touching was well known to almost every member of that congregation and may be resumed somewhat as follows :

The woman who was deprived of her sight, when comparatively young, by an accident, had been left a widow and had to support her three little ones as best she could, by the weaving of straw baskets and broad country hats, an art which she had learned in her native village, somewhere in the Province of Quebec, and to which she added the sale of a certain kind of little cakes which were very much appreciated by her customers. She had always been devout and bringing up her children in the love and fear of God, she enjoyed since her husband's death, a comparative calm and peace, for her marriage had been an unhappy one and she had borne many trials with a truly Christian faith and resignation.

One night she had gone to bed very tired and slept unusually sound. Near her was her youngest child, three years old, and they occupied a little room on the ground floor, while above, up a narrow and crooked pair of stairs, slept the other two children, who were respectively five

and seven. It must have been after midnight when she was awakened by an overpowering sense of suffocation. Sitting up in her bed her bewildered faculties did not at once inform her that the house was filled with smoke. She sprang from her bed and moved towards the door of the room, unable because of her infirmity to perceive that darting flames had already taken possession of the stairway. She groped her way, thither, only to be beaten back by the actual contact with the fire, the extent and volume of which she could only surmise from the roaring and crackling. Managing to reach the door she succeeded in awaking a neighbor into whose charge she gave her youngest and still sleeping child. Then leaving the others to sound an alarm, and in spite of all their remonstrances she turned back into the burning house, and throwing a woolen shawl over her head began to mount the blazing stairs which threatened at any moment to give way under her. Commending herself to God she pressed on despite the flames that roared about her and the smoke that menaced her with asphyxiation.

She fought her way, in fact, with an energy that bordered on desperation, for was there not at stake the lives of her children, for whom she would cheerfully at that moment have laid down her own. As she went it occurred to her as in a flash of inspiration that because of the Nocturnal Adoration, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in a church not far away. She cried out then aloud and with all the passion of her mother's heart to the God of the Tabernacle, to enable her to reach and save her little ones. In a voice that was audible even to some of the crowd that had gathered on the street, she promised that if her request were granted, she would make an hour before the Altar on every day that the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and despite her poverty burn there a taper in thanksgiving and acknowledgment. Then on she went in an enterprise that would have been almost hopelessly difficult, even to those who were in possession of all their faculties. Pathetically she struggled in her blindness and helplessness with the elements, that on a sudden began, as it were, to make way for her. The flames blown aside by a current of air that swept in from an open

window, offered a free passage, and the blinding smoke cleared from her path, she was enabled to reach the two who slept in the heavy sleep of childhood, unconscious of their peril, and hitherto untouched by the fire. With a cry of joy, she seized the youngest of the two sleepers and making her way to a window, succeeded in attracting the attention of the firemen who had just arrived upon the scene.

The child was taken from her arms, but when they would have seized her to carry her likewise to safety, she freed herself from them by a swift movement and rushing back into the room which the smoke and flames had now invaded, she succeeded in dragging by a last superhuman effort the third and last child to the window. Scarcely had she been relieved of this burden, she disappeared from the view of the eager watchers below, and sank fainting to the floor. A brave heart and a pair of willing arms were, however, close at hand, and the mother still unconscious was borne down the ladder and soon resting securely in a neighbor's house. Meanwhile the crowd comprehending the situation, had been cheering and applauding, strong men wept and women wound up to a pitch of nervous excitement fainted or went into hysterics.

Indescribable was the effect, when about an hour later, while the firemen were still struggling to get the flames under control, and the crowd were still eagerly pressing round in search of other sensations, when suddenly there appeared at the door of the neighboring house, the blind woman herself, pale and so weak that she could scarcely stand erect. But it had been impossible to dissuade her from appearing to tell herself the story of how she saved the children. Every voice was hushed, every heart beat high to the thrill of heroism in that simple narrative, but for those of the faith, in especial, a touch of awe was added when the blind woman declared that it was the Blessed Sacrament that had enabled her to do what she had done. To that Divine Presence upon the Altar, in the Church at no great distance, she attributed her success in the apparently hopeless task of saving the children. Also raising her weak voice to the highest, and with an accent of faith and fervor, to which the pathos of her

sightless eyes lent impressiveness, she publicly announced the promise she had made, and her determination to adhere thereto from that time onwards, till the end of her life.

Nor did it seem as if the Divine favors stopped with the saving of those precious lives, for the greater portion of the household goods were preserved, and a wealthy gentleman who chanced to be amongst the curious multitude, was so touched by the recital, and by the words and appearance of that humble heroine, that he gave her, rent free, for her life, a small cottage in the neighborhood, whither she was able to transport without delay, her small effects and the precious flock that she had risked her life to keep unbroken. So, little wonder that the worshippers in that parish church, should feel for many years, a real and tangible emotion when they saw the blind woman, with one or the other of those she had rescued coming to make her offering at the Altar and thereby to keep and fulfil her promise.



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Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal