



The Institution of the Eucharist.



A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.

If the Blessed Sacrament were better known, earth would be bright and Heaven nearer.
E. FABER.

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No. 9

OUR LADY'S JOYS AND SORROWS,

*When Spring-tide touches all the earth
To budding leaves and flowers,
All nature seems to celebrate,
O Queen, thy joyous hours.*

*And when the golden harvest comes,
And fruits bend low the trees,
Then Nature sings, O Mother dear,
Thy glorious mysteries.*

*But when the fruits and flowers are gone,
And Autumn's chill winds blow,
The heart of Nature sings, O Queen,
Of thy surpassing woe.*



THOUGHTS ON THE EUGHARIST

THE MYSTERY OF SORROW

(See frontispiece)



OUR dear Master's life was a story of continual sorrow ; so was His sweet Mother's and the Church reminds us of it by devoting this golden September month to the thought of the seven swords that pierced her soul. The great hearts that see into the things spiritual ; those deep, thoughtful willing hearts whom Jesus clasps close in Holy Communion each day most naturally think of Him as The " Man of Sorrows ". Sorrowful He came into the world ; in sorrow He grew to manhood ; in sorrow He watched, on the " First Communion Day ", the falling away of one of the Chosen Twelve ; in sorrow He heard of the denial of that seemingly strong friend of His, St Peter ; in sorrow He was betrayed, mocked, scourged, crucified. In sorrow, to day, He gazes from the Tabernacle into the hearts of men and see there what He hates most, sin. In sorrow, too, He witnesses their refusal to listen to His divine call. Was there ever sorrow like to His ? Being His it was His Mother's, and being His and His Mother's, should it not be His children's too ?

Suffering is one of the greatest mysteries. It exists everywhere. No living creature can defy its power. Man's life is attacked by it. Disease preys upon his body ; agony in all its forms seizes upon his mind ; while bereavement and treachery, calumny and detraction grapple with his affections.

Is the spiritual side free from sorrow? Think of all the temptations, doubts and fears that paralyze the soul and we must admit that "man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward."

All this sounds very gloomy, and were there no brighter side to the picture our lot would be hard indeed. Were there no Real Presence to soothe the ache, no "Living Bread" to strengthen poor human nature, no "Good Shepherd" to call us by our name, many a struggling soul would be tempted to deaden its soul-hunger for God by grasping at the joys and distractions of earth.

Let us thank God, and thank Him sincerely that there is a silver lining to the cloud of sorrow, and let us be honest and grateful enough to look for the lining and not keep our eyes riveted on the thick black mass. If the lining is not in sight let us wait a while patiently, quietly, hopefully and it will surely come for it is there. Let us, the friends of the "Sentinel" (are not all Sentinels, watchers?) consider together some of the advantages of suffering that we may be better prepared to profit by the trials that must sooner or later come to those who follow the narrow path.

Ist. Suffering purifies us from the stains of sin; just as dross and metal exist together in ore, so in the soul of fallen man good and evil are blended. Even when we are in earnest about our salvation, what a life-long task it is to separate the evil that is in us from the good. When gold is refined it is cast into the furnace, and, as the metal melts, the dross is separated from it. In like manner the Christian is tried in the furnace of affliction. Our loving Father knows exactly what trials are necessary to purify each soul.

In His mercy he chooses the fittest means, and not a pang is allowed to pierce us without His permission. Unless we bring those pangs back to the altar-foot and leave them with our Eucharistic Comforter we are apt to refuse the chalice and rebel against our Creator. Jesus Christ instituted His Sacrament that He might be our



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companion in the pilgrimage of this life. He is in the midst of us ; He guides us in our course, at times so perilous. Are we not as fortunate as those who looked into His sympathetic face as " He went along doing good?"

2nd. Suffering strengthens the soul. Certain crosses call forth heroic acts of virtue and sanctify us in a short time. Jesus in the Sacrament of love is our model in bearing those trials. He makes no exterior use of His senses, and remains in the most absolute silence. We have but to think over the profanations which the enemies of religion have made of His sacred body, the blasphemies uttered against His adorable name, the writings scattered everywhere to extinguish the light of faith in His real presence from the hearts of men. Surely the wrongs we bring to Him are soap-bubbles of the moment compared to one pang of His suffering Heart. And yet how we complain ! Listen to the recital of a simple slight from a friend, or, again, of a sarcastic remark coming to us from an unexpected quarter ! If we really loved God and our own soul we should be more hospitable to the little crosses we find along our path.

3rd. Sorrow has often proved to be the means God takes to bring a soul back to the path of duty. In prosperity man wanders far from God, forgetting his Creator he abuses the things of earth. Then sorrow comes. When bodily pain or some exterior trial overtakes him he begins to enter into himself, and this reflection is generally the prelude of a sincere conversion. Sometimes the trial takes the form of privation. A man desires health, wealth, or some other satisfaction, but God refuses it, knowing that it would be injurious. We often rebel when some cup is held from our lips not knowing that it is kept from us out of the purest love ; like children unaware of what is good for us, we are annoyed at those who would instruct and save us. Jesus is quietly looking out upon it all the sorrow, the contradiction, the privation, and in the silence of His love He lets us, like captive birds, flap our wings against the cage and flutter and fuss but He pities us and still loves us even when we fall exhausted at His feet and care not to look

to Him for strength to fly heavenward. One earnest act of resignation, one fervent visit to Jesus, one good communion would bring us safe into God's arms.

4th. Suffering detaches us from the things of the earth. We fix our affection on some creature ; we enshrine that creature in God's place in our heart ; it is our one treasure, and this attachment is a constant occasion of sin. Our loving Father sees the danger we are incurring and He shatters our idol ; we then see in looking ahead what a dangerous path we have been treading ; and when time has healed the wound, we thank God for having forcibly held us back. Many other advantages might be enumerated and pondered over, but the faithful soul alone realizes the value of suffering. Let us all try to prize and esteem the cross. If we think of all the graces suffering brings, we shall accept it more cheerfully and thus deprive it of part of its bitterness. Jesus is with us really and truly as in the days of old, and He will give the needful help and strength, so let this thought cheer us. Every pang is accompanied with the grace to bear it ; no pain is sent unnecessarily. In all our trials Jesus is a sure refuge for He is here to change our exile into a paradise and make us find a little of Heaven on earth. It is our own fault if we do not find it. How often when the outlook seems gloomy do we deliberately sit down and indulge in " a fit of the blues " instead of rising calmly and lovingly and hastening to the nearest Church where Jesus lies waiting to hear and to relieve the sorrow that gnaws at the heart.

" The little sharp vexations,
 And the briars that catch and fret,
 Why not take all to the Helper
 Who has never failed us yet ?
 Tell Him about the heartache,
 And tell Him the longings, too ;
 Tell Him the baffled purpose,
 When we scarce know what to do.
 Then leaving all our weakness
 With the One divinely strong,
 Forget that we bore the burden,
 And carry away the song "



Children of Alfonso XIII, King of Spain.

The Eucharistic Congress at Madrid

FROM the first it was apparent that the success of the Congress was assured, but as the days passed the spirit of the gathering became more and more widely intensified. The second general meeting was held on Tuesday, and when the Pope's telegram, in reply to the loyal message of Cardinal Aguirre was again read, there was a striking outburst of enthusiasm. The text of the Holy Father's message, which was sent through the Cardinal Secretary of State, was as follows: "The Holy Father, Pius X, has heard with the most lively pleasure of the solemn opening of the Eucharistic Congress, attended by the Infante Don Carlos, representing his Majesty, numerous prelates and delegates of the public authorities, the army, the nobility, the academies and the military orders. Touched by the noble homage of your filial sentiments, he sends with all the warmth of his

heart, to your Eminence and to all who surround you so worthily, the Apostolic Benediction. He hopes and prays that the labors of the Congress, inspired by love of the Blessed Sacrament, may turn to the spiritual profit of all who attend it, and that the present Eucharistic solemnities may redound to the glory and prosperity of the Church, and be fruitful in special divine protection for Catholic Spain."

It would, of course, be almost impossible to give any idea of the work performed at the sectional meetings ; but the earnestness and vivacity of the women's gatherings must not pass without a word of mention. They were conducted under the direction of the International Council of the Federation of Catholic Women's Leagues which was holding its second annual gathering. Last year's meeting was held at Brussels, and during the twelve months that have intervened the Federation has seen a most promising development by the affiliation of a number of new leagues. To the leagues of Germany, England, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Spain, France, Lorraine, Portugal, Switzerland and Uruguay, some seven or eight others have been added—Canada, Hungary, Poland, Luxembourg, and the Argentine, besides a Society of Catholic Women in New York, and the Catholic Women's League of Boston. Altogether the Federation represents an army of some 2,000,000 Catholic women. The second sitting of the Committee was presided by Mgr Kreuzwald, who represented the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, and by Mgr Odelin, who represented Mgr Amette, Archbishop of Paris.

The Irish section of the Congress, which was held in the hall of the Circulo de los Luises, was presided over by Dr. O'Doherty, till lately President of the Irish College at Salamanca, and now Bishop-elect to the new diocese of Mindanao in the Philippines. He was accompanied on the platform by General O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuam, a grandee of Spain, and Don Martos O'Neill. The Bishop read a paper on the Irish College, and speeches were afterwards made by Father Coleman, O. P. and Father O'Byrne, P. P.

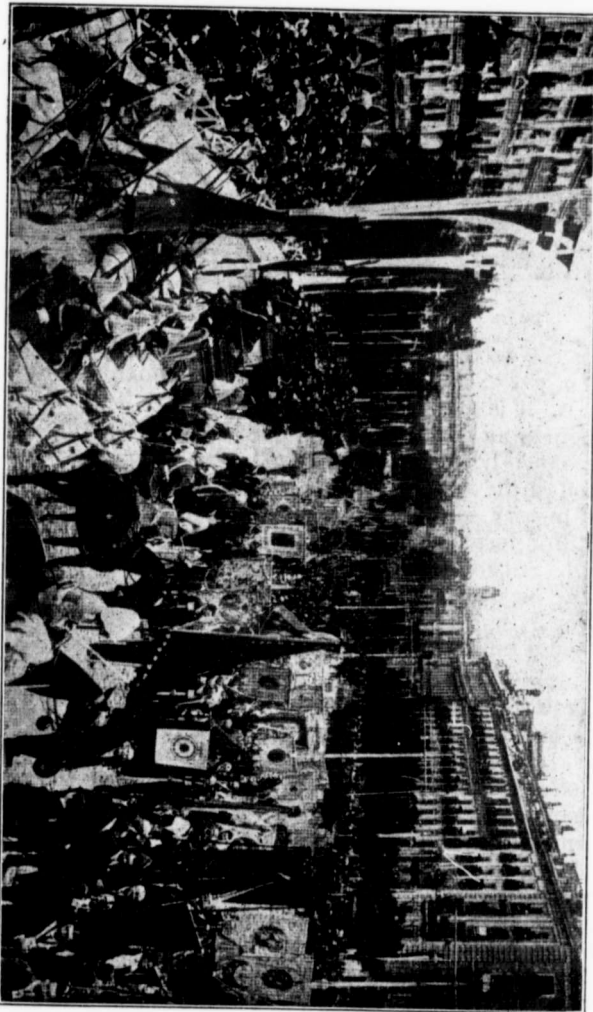
*Extract of Mgr Bruchesi's Speech
at the Congress*

THE VICAR OF CHRIST.

...“ At Rome, gentlemen, there is a man, mantled in white, despoiled of his states, poor, and living as a captive in his own house, whose power, however, raises him far above all the rulers of the world. Never word or command of king has been, or ever will be hearkened to as the word of this man. From Christ himself to the lips of this man have the words of eternal life passed. To him is confided the duty of interpreting the commandments of the Divine Master, and in following him we are assured that we are on the highway of truth, virtue and eternal happiness.

“ Once this man was known as Pius the Ninth, again as Leo the Thirteenth—to day he is Pius the Tenth. To him go out our deepest feelings of veneration, our filial respect, and our entire submission. Who will relate the great things he has accomplished in the few years that he has been called upon to preside at the helm of the Church? This Pope, so good, so patient, so sweet-mannered, has shown himself firm, aye, even resisting as the very rock—against all who, either through their writings or their laws, have attempted to encroach upon the liberties and prerogatives of the Church, of which he is the supreme guardian. At one of the most heartrending moments of its religious life, France received from him the word which was its salvation and which assures for its future days of peace and true liberty. Modernism—which is, after all, but a compact resume of the errors of centuries—was by him denounced and condemned; organizations, good in themselves and brilliant, but which were being led astray by false principles, have learned from him the road which they must follow; salutary reforms were introduced by him, wherever the need for such reforms presented itself; in parish administration, in the marriage laws, in the enactments pertaining to religious orders, in the training of the clergy, in Canon Law, has this reforming influence made itself felt. But,

THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG ALCALA STREET.



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I dare say, of all the great deeds which have thus far rendered his reign illustrious, there is none which is of greater religious portent, or will more gloriously mark his occupancy of the Papal throne, than our beloved Pontiff's enactments concerning frequent Communion and the regulation of the age at which children may receive their first Holy Communion. It is these which will bring about in the bosom of the church a speedy realization of the programme which he laid down for himself in circling the pontifical tiara with the device "To restore all things in Christ — Restaurare omnia in Christo."

HIS GREATEST WORK.

In the decree "Quam Singulari" we see his great work, par excellence—and words are inadequate to qualify it. It is one great liberty-giving act, it is an act of goodness, of truth, of love, an act of reform, and one of the most benignant acts performed by the Papacy through the ages. I am not exaggerating in saying this, and history will not fail to prove my verdict true.

"For Jesus Christ is our Master and our Sovereign Lord. Supernatural life here below, as well as the life of the blessed in heaven, consists in knowing Him, in loving Him, in becoming penetrated with His spirit, and in being united to Him.

"But Christ is not only a Master who has come from heaven to instruct us, to redeem us, and who afterwards reascended to heaven, after having given us His example and His laws. Through His power and His love, He found a means to perpetuate His existence in the midst of men who had been redeemed by His death, until the consummation of the world. Nor is He with them solely by His revelation, His Church, and His grace. He is present in substance, with His divinity, and His Humanity, with His body, which was nailed to the cross for us, and with His blood, which was poured forth for the redemption of the world. In a word, He left us the Eucharist. Ah, had He simply permitted us to adore Him, to pray to Him, to go to Him and tell Him all our troubles and ask Him for the graces we needed, it would

have been a privilege for which we would never have been able to offer Him adequate thanks. But He went further ; He made Himself our bread : " Take Ye and eat," said He ; " this is My body. He that eateth my body and drinketh My blood shall have life eternal."

It is, therefore, incumbent upon us to nourish ourselves, and to nourish ourselves often, on this Bread, since in Him is the secret of all strength, all light and all consolation. Hitherto we approached the sacred table at too infrequent intervals. Pius the Tenth has called all Christians to a realization of their duty in this respect. He understood, and as a result Christian life is becoming what it ought in reality ever to be, namely, Eucharistic life.

But little children, almost throughout the whole world as you know, were kept too long away from the heavenly bread of which their young souls had such need. The idea had become rampant throughout the world that Communion, for young children, should be a species of reward for their study in religion. The knowledge and preparation required before little children could become united to their Saviour were considerable. Pius the Tenth rectified all this, and his luminous enactment, to which I made reference above, was promulgated throughout the world. In certain lands there was immediately a first impulse of surprise and hesitation. Old customs, and habits which had taken deep root, are not done away with very easily. But the Pope had given the word ; he was obeyed. All immediately started in to work ; soon surprise gave way to admiration, and, within a short time, all were asking themselves why such a condition of affairs as had been brought about by the Pope's ruling, had not prevailed throughout the ages. Surely Providence has special times for the distribution of its gifts to humanity. We have ourselves witnessed a time blessed amongst all times, thanks be to him who has spoken to us in the name of the Master.

" I am fully aware that, in certain countries, with the present early communion in force, the catechetical instruction of children will present graver difficulties than in others, on account of the faith of the people being in

a more or less weakened state, on account of the insufficient means at hand for school instruction, or the existence of laws but little favorable to religious liberty. This presents a problem, the solution of which must necessarily rest in the hands of an enlightened episcopacy and clergy. But it would be none the less a mistake to exact of a child about to be admitted to Holy Communion a knowledge of religious things, such as one would expect to find in a fully educated adult. I but touch upon this beautiful and interesting subject in passing, for it will be submitted to particular study and research in the course of the present Eucharistic Congress.

HOW MONTREAL RECEIVED IT

I wish, however, to point out that it was on the day following the promulgation of the decree that our Congress was held at Montreal. The decree was acclaimed by 2500 priests and by 12,000 laymen, assembled within the spacious precincts of Notre-Dame. At the close of the Congress the Communion of small children began. In our cities, as well as in the country places, the spectacle was most touching. At the call of the Pope, our children came by thousands to the Holy Table, accompanied by their parents and their priests. They told all of the joy that was welling up within their little hearts. And truly they were living ciboria for the reception of the Sacred Species. They seemed to us to hunger for the Eucharistic bread, and when once they had partaken, they went back to their homes to become true Apostles of the Eucharist. Shortly before leaving Montreal, I asked several of my colleagues to aid me in the work, and I had the happiness to confirm, within the limits of the city, no less than 30,000 little communicants. It seemed to me as if we were in one vast Cenacle on which the gifts of the Holy Ghost fell in profusion.

“ In the children, gentlemen, we must recognize our strength for the future. To them, therefore, we should devote all our care, all our devotion. Our enemies are fully aware of this fact, and thus we find them bending every efforts towards robbing the little ones of their

Christian faith. Let us, therefore, place Christ in their hearts, when they are of a tender age, and He will safeguard them.

"What the Congress of Montreal proclaimed, the Congress of Madrid will in its turn proclaim, and I dare say that the most eloquent demonstration of the doctrine will be that ceremony of which we will be witnesses, when 25,000 children will receive Holy Communion in a body in the Del Retiro Park.

(From the " Montreal Tribune.")



Archbishop Bruchesi giving communion to children in the Retiro Park.

General Communion of Children

The most striking feature of Wednesday was the general Communion of the Children, which took place in the Retiro Park. It was emphatically the children's day. The cultivated beauty of the site needed little in the way

of decoration beyond the erection of the numerous altars necessary for the function. Around these were ranged some 25,000 children. It was a moving spectacle, and it was rendered all the more impressive by the silence which reigned over all. Thus there was nothing to distract the little ones from the great act in which they were taking part. But great as was the concourse of children in the Retiro Park, there were other smaller gatherings in the churches, where Masses were simultaneously said on their behalf and where the altar rails were crowded time after time by long lines of children. In the Cathedral the Archbishop of Granada delivered a thrilling address to the young communicants; there was a similar ceremony at San Millan and at Nuestra Senora de los Dolores where none of the children were over eight years of age. In the private chapel of the Countess of Alsalto the Papal Legate administered first Communion to two little girls, and afterwards communicated the Countess in her own room, where she was confined to a bed of sickness.

It may here be mentioned that there was also a general Communion of women during the Congress, organized by the women of Madrid, in order to set an example of devotion and obedience to the directions of the Holy Father.

Grand Eucharistic Procession

The Eucharistic Congress reached its climax on Thursday, June 29, Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, in a great procession which started at 3.30 from the Church of St. Jerome, in which monarchs are crowned, and crossed the capital to the palace in great pomp and splendor. Open-air altars and triumphal arches, erected in the streets, decked with precious Gobelin tapestry, bunting, and garlands, converted the city into an immense temple. It was the most gorgeous spectacle ever seen in Madrid, and it is estimated that it was witnessed by half a million spectators.

One hundred tons of flowers were strewn along the route of the procession. The whole garrison of Madrid, commanded by a Field Marshal and three Generals, took

part in the parade. Two squadrons of halberdiers escorted the Archbishop of Toledo, who carried the Sacred Host to the dais. The participants in the great ceremonial included 20,000 children, 20,000 men and women, seven Archbishops, 65 Bishops, 3,000 priests, deputation from the Ministry and the Chamber of Deputies, M. Grandes,



The Procession leaving St. Jerome's Church.

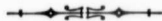
the Mayor of Madrid, the Councillors, the King-at-Arms, Knights of Golden Fleece, sailors from the transatlantic steamships, and King Alfonso and noblemen in state carriages. The procession wound up with the Municipal Guards in their violet uniforms.

From a magnificent altar, hung with Gobelin tapestry and decked with jewels, in the vast Castelar Plaza, the Pope's Legate blessed the people, while the bells of all the churches in the city pealed.

The palace was hung with tapestry. The King and Court received the Archbishop, who bore the Sacred Host, at the state entrance to the palace. The members of Nocturnal Adoration formed a cross with torches amid the immense crowd. The scene was magnificent.

As the sun set behind the Guadarrama Mountains, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The Legate then gave the Papal blessing to the kneeling Sovereign, Court Clergy and the multitude. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated.

In reply to the message which Cardinal Aguirre, the Legate, addressed to him, "with tears of joy" at the close of the Eucharistic Congress, the Holy Father charged His Eminence to express to King Alfonso his deep gratitude for the praiseworthy and splendid example he gave and for his effective contribution to the success of the Congress. And to his Majesty and all the members of the Royal family his Holiness sent the Apostolic Benediction. This favor was well deserved. We live in a day when, alas, it needs some moral courage on the part of the ruler of a nation to join personally in public devotions such as take place on the occasion of a Eucharistic Congress. The Spanish monarch is the first king who has been present at any of the Congresses. Neither he nor the other members of the Royal family disguised the satisfaction it gave them to bear witness to their sincere belief in the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, and no terms could be happier or in better taste than those in which his Majesty, both in his written speech and in that which he orally delivered, conveyed his greetings and good wishes to the Congress. The Catholics of Spain have reason to feel proud of their King and Queen.



¶ The poem "A Memory and a Hope" published in July Sentinel was written by a Sister of Notre Dame, Liverpool, but not especially for the Sentinel, as we first thought.



HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus is Crucified.

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

(Concluded.)

III — REPARATION.

"*They crucified Him.*" The Jews demanding of Pilate that Jesus should be crucified, sought to inflict upon Him a death at once most cruel and infamous. Crucifixion is the most painful death that human barbarism has ever devised. The hands and feet of the condemned are pierced, these parts which, composed of nerves, muscles, and veins, are extremely sensitive to pain. The weight of the suspended body causes that pain to last and increase without interruption until death ; then the draining of the blood, which carries fire into the veins and provokes a burning thirst ; the duration of the tortures, which end only with the life of the victim,—all conspire to render this death frightful. Add to all this what the Angelic Doctor tells us that the Body of Jesus Christ, being perfectly constituted and in full vigor, was peculiarly sensible to suffering. Jesus possessed, also, all His clearness of mind and full consciousness of His pains. He Himself presided at His own fearful death.

Again, crucifixion was the most infamous of sufferings that could be inflicted on malefactors. It was usually reserved for the greatest criminals, above all for slaves. Jesus, who came into the world to restore us to liberty, and to redeem us from the slavery of Satan, willed to lower Himself even to this last stage of human society. He would pass for a slave ! What humiliation ! To increase the opprobrium, He willed to be

crucified with two notorious robbers. The Scripture had to be fulfilled : "And with the wicked He was reputed." He was even crucified between the two : "Not only among the wicked, but as the most wicked, in the middle, as if the chief of thieves." And upon this infamous gibbet, He is exposed almost naked before the eyes of the multitude, who mock Him and look upon Him as one accursed !

Who are the executioners who have dared to subject Jesus to such cruelties ? The Jews, His compatriots, whom He had loved and loaded with benefits all His life. They crucified those hands which had been raised up to help and bless them; those hands that had so recently, even yesterday, given them the most sacred pledge of His love, the Blessed Sacrament ! They crucified those feet that were so often weary with pursuing the lost sheep and spreading the Gospel of peace. Those hands, those feet they pierced with great nails and in them dug four wells, from which gushed forth the Precious Blood in streams. Oh, the ingrates !

But why am I so indignant against the cruelty of the Jews ? Have not all sinners been Our Lord's executioners ? The Gospel mentions no name of the executioners who crucified Jesus. Is not this to give us to understand that it was we sinners, far more than those soldiers who were only mere instruments, who crucified the Saviour of the world ? Jesus saw very distinctly every one of us armed with a deicide hammer, striking the nails that pierced His hands and feet. For what share in the crucifixion of Jesus am I responsible ? Are not my hands stained with the Precious Blood ? There is no doubt of it, for every one of the mortal sins that I have had the misfortune to commit has contributed to the crucifixion of Our Saviour. Still more, as Saint Paul teaches in the name of God, every one of my sins renewed, as far as possible, the horrible scene of the crucifixion : "*Crucifying to themselves anew the Son of God.*"

Pardon, O Divine Saviour, pardon ! I humbly confess myself Thy executioner ! It is I who, by my sins, nailed Thy sacred hands and feet to the Cross ! How often have I employed in iniquity these hands that Thou didst give me to do good ! These hands that had, perhaps, the honor of consecrating Thee at Mass, of laying Thee on the lips of the Faithful ! And these feet which, perhaps, daily ascend the steps of

the altar, or bear me to the Holy Table,—have they not borne me more than once into dangerous occasions when my faith and my virtue were exposed to shipwreck? Who will number up the innumerable mortal sins which, for so many ages, have crucified Thee in souls all over the world? How many sacrilegious Communion a thousand times more cruel than the crucifixion on Golgotha! “On Calvary,” says Venerable Père Eymard, “Jesus was fastened to pure and innocent wood. In an unworthy Communion, the sinner crucifies Jesus in his sinful body, as if a living body were attached to a corpse in a state of decomposition. Upon Calvary, He was crucified by His open enemies, here by His children, who crucify Him in pretended devotion.”

And on the part of men, what indifference toward the Divine Crucified? Is He not, even in our own day, a scandal for the Jews and a folly for the Gentiles? How many Christians even, never think of thanking Him for so much love! How rarely do they think of assisting at the new mystical crucifixion daily accomplished at the moment of Consecration! I myself,—with what tepidity I celebrate or assist at the Divine Mysteries! Ah! if the Wounds of the adorable Victim do not save us, they will confound us on the terrible Day of Judgment! Shall I alone remain insensible before such pain? O nails, pierce this heart! O hammers, break this rock, draw from it sparks of the fire of divine love! Precious Blood, flowing from the Wounds of my Saviour, flow upon the wounds that sin has caused in my soul!

IV — PRAYER.

“*They Crucified Him*” The disciple is not greater than his Master. Like Jesus, he must take up his cross, and allow himself to be nailed to it by God, that he may reign with Him one day in heaven. All the saints became saints only by fastening themselves to the Cross of Jesus. Several had the happiness to give their blood to the Saviour by dying on a cross; others had the joy of contemplating and suffering in their hands and feet the wounds and sorrowful marks of the Passion. If all cannot aspire to this favor of the Divine Master, yet all are called to honor Him by making their life conformable to His, by morally dying to self, to passions, and to the world. This is the essential, the one thing

necessary. Saint Paul is a precious model for us when he tells us : “ *With Christ I am nailed to the Cross.*” God grant that I may never place my glory elsewhere than in the Cross of Jesus, “ *by Whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world !*” Ven. Père Eymard tells us, in effect, that the love of Jesus is a crucified love and a crucifying love. In this lies its divine character.

O Jesus, who, by an effect of Thy love, dost immolate Thyself daily in a mystical manner upon this altar, grant me the grace constantly to crucify myself with Thee ! I ask Thee for this favor most earnestly through the merits of Thy crucifixion. Give me, O Sacred Host of Golgotha, the grace courageously to crucify *my hands*. Nail them with Thine to the cross of sacrifice. Purify them in Thy Blood from every stain. May they labor or write only to spread the science of the Cross ! Give me, O Sacred Host of Golgotha, courageously to crucify *my feet* ! Nail them with Thine own to the Cross of sacrifice. May they henceforth walk no more in perverse ways, but may they endure the fatigue of seeking Thy wandering sheep, in order to lead them to the foot of Thy Cross !

Give me, O Sacred Host of Golgotha, courageously to crucify my senses ! Close my *eyes* to every created object. May they take pleasure henceforth only in gazing upon Thy Crucifix and the Divine Eucharist ! May I voluntarily listen henceforth to no sound of the world that would flatter my ears, and may they be attentive only to Thy divine words ! May nothing be able to delight my sense of taste, my sense of smell, after beholding Thee drenched with vinegar and breathing the infectious air of Calvary ! Give me the spirit of penance to conquer *my flesh* and reduce it to servitude with all its evil inclinations. May *my members* some day be consecrated forever to Thy service and glory !

Give me, O sacred Host of Golgotha, courageously to crucify *my mind* to all vain and worldly thoughts. No longer do I desire to know anything but Thee and Thee crucified. May this be my only glory, my most sublime philosophy, as Saint Bernard says. Give me, O Sacred Host of Golgotha, to crucify *my heart*. Place it very near Thine own and, detached from every carnal affection, may it give itself up entirely to Thy love ! Give me O Sacred Host of Golgotha, to crucify *my will*. Draw it after Thyself in the ways of sacrifice

and immolation, and grant that, holily inflamed with the folly of the Cross, it may be ready to undertake everything in order to prove its gratitude to Thee.

“ Oh ! ” says Ven. Père Eymard, “ why is not the altar a Calvary of love for me, where I may immolate myself entirely every day, every moment of the day, with the Divine Victim who incessantly immolates Himself ? ”



“ *I will joy in God my Jesus.* ” Habacuc III

BEFORE COMMUNION



WHAT a model we have in Mary's welcome !

What beautiful commingling of adoration and affection ! The folding of her Divine Child to her breast on Christmas night was the fond embrace of the Mother, but it was no less the worship and the clinging of the creature.

What annihilation of self in His Presence, what concentration on Him of all her powers, what whole-hearted jubilant praise, what joyous offers of service, what glowing gratitude welcomed Him in the Incarnation, at the Nativity, in every communion, at the hands of John during the years in Ephesus and Jerusalem !

The reception of a king, a father, a conqueror, a benefactor, a friend, a bridegroom, a child, has each its special characteristic. Christ was all these to Mary and more a thousand times. She had to give Him, as far as in her lay, the welcome

due to a God. Was she equal to this? Her mind and heart were at home in regions to which the most daring flight of the cherubim and seraphim never attained. But when she crossed her hands upon her breast after Communion, and bowed down in adoration, she felt as no other creature has ever felt, and acknowledged in depths of humility, of which we do not so much as dream, the utter insufficiency of her worship and her love.

Mary knew that He who is mighty had done great things for her. And she knew that the return to Him of all He had given fell short of what was due to Him by a deficit that was simply infinite. Around her on every side stretched a limitless ocean of perfection which no human praise could cover. For in the Incarnation and in the Eucharist, she had enough, more than enough to supply all her deficiency. She had the co-equal Son to offer to the Father as her adoration, and thanksgiving, and praise.

The same Treasure is made over to us. Like Mary, we make such return from our own store as we may. And then, conscious that we are unprofitable servants "wretched and miserable, and poor and blind," we have recourse, like her, to the Infinite God within our breast, and offer Him to Himself as a Welcome worthy of Him.

Mary most holy, I come to thee in my great need. I am preparing to receive into my heart the Holy of Holies, and, dear Mother, I am afraid. I know His eyes cannot endure iniquity. I know that in His Angels He found sin. I know that He sees and sounds to its depths my sinful soul. And still He bids me to come to Him and be united to Him in the closest union possible upon earth. How shall I stand before the Most High? How shall I, a sinner, dare to draw near to Him before whom the spotless Angels veil their faces and sing continually "Holy, Holy, Holy."

Blessed be His love and His compasson. He Himself has prepared my way to Him. He has made the conditions so easy, that I can have no excuse for keeping at a distance and declining His invitation to "sup with Him." The wedding garment of grace—this is all He strictly requires. Less He could not ask. Anything more He leaves to my love and sense of fitness. Thy Immaculate purity, thy glorious holiness was not too much by way of preparation for Him—and He is content with such poor dispositions as I can bring.

He will Himself give me the wedding garment ; and to make up for the ornaments of grace so sadly wanting, He bids me betake myself to those who can help me from their abundance. Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, Angels, Archangels, Cherubim, Seraphim—the whole heavenly host, by the Communion of Saints, is at my service. And most willing of all to help, the kindest, the most approachable, is the highest of all His holy ones. Though Mother of God and Queen of Heaven, she remembers that she is my Mother, and thinks it the simplest thing in the world to stoop from her throne in order to succor me in my need. As a mother decks her child in her own jewels that she may appear fittingly at court, so does my Mother make over to me all I ask for or desire, that I may be pleasing in the sight of the King of kings.

Give me, then, dear Mother, all thou seest me to need. I am so poor and ignorant that I do not even know what is lacking to me. Give me all thy treasures. Thou art the dispenser of the good things of God, the neck through which all virtue flows to the members from their head. Give me, then, a share, in the graces which enrich thy soul and make it so beautiful in the eyes of God ; in the faith that no trial could stagger ; in the hope that clung closer to God for every blow ; in the love that was absolutely self forgetting and ready for every sacrifice. Above all, get me the humility that more than any other grace found the favor with the Most High, that ought to come naturally to me, that more than all others I have need to ask.

And Mother, get me thy desires. My heart is cold, unstirred even by the beauty and attractiveness of thy Divine Son, even by His own desire to be with me. Show me, show me here and now the blessed Fruit of thy womb, Jesus, that I may be drawn to love Him and to make Him welcome at His coming.

Come, Lord Jesus, Come ! Come and find me prepared by Thy Mother's hands for union with Thee. Consider in me, not my own poverty, but the riches that from her heart have passed to mine.

AFTER COMMUNION

“ My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

“ For He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His Name ” (Luke, I).

“ Bless the Lord, all ye His angels, you that are mighty in strength ” (Ps. CII).

“ O magnify the Lord with me, and let us extol His name together. ” (Ps XXXIII).

“ Blessed be the Lord God this day. ’ (3 Kings V).

“ Amen. Benediction, and glory, and thanksgiving, honor, and power, and strength to our God for ever. Amen. ”

I wish, my God, I could give Thee the best of welcomes. I unite my poor feeble welcome to the welcome of Mary in the Incarnation. To her welcome on the Christmas-night when she first folded Thee to her breast. To her welcome when she found Thee after three days' loss. To her welcome each evening as she received Thee home from Thy toil. To her welcome as she held out her arms to receive Thee from the Cross. To her ecstasy of welcome when Thou camest to her at sunrise on Easter Day. To her daily welcome when she received Thee, like us, beneath the veils during the years that followed the Ascension, when her life was sustained by Thy sacramental Presence. To her welcome that was the reflex of Thine own when she was received into Thine embrace on the day of her Assumption.

Oh that, even at an immeasurable distance, I could follow her lead in the adoration, the praise, the sympathy, the reparation, the conformity of will and mind and heart which united her to Thee and were the solace and the joy of Thy Sacred Human Heart !

I, too, would shelter Thee, Lord, from the coldness of the winter night, not only by receiving Thee into my heart, but by taking to my heart Thy suffering members, by feeding, clothing, harboring them of whom Thou hast said : “ Whatsoever you do to one of My least brethren you do it unto Me. ” (Matt. XXV).

OBLATION and PETITION

Thou hast revealed Thyself to me, my God, as love. And because it is the nature of love to give, Thou givest prodigally, untiringly, of thy best. “ God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son. ” All other gifts are less than this. All others are contained in this. How hath He not also with Him given us all things ? ” What can I give Thee in

return ? I have nothing but what is Thine. But Thou wilt accept from my hand what is already Thy own.

I offer to thee, then, and return to Thee all Thy gifts of body or of soul, all that love has given, all it has withheld—life, strength, aptitudes, limitations ; my trials, my joys, my graces, my responsibilities, my desires, my capabilities of serving Thee. And since all I have is unworthy of Thy acceptance I offer Thee the virtues and merits of all the Angels and Saints. I offer Thee the heart of Mary most holy. I offer Thee Thy own most sacred Heart, an offering of infinite worth, made over to me in Holy Communion that I may present it to Thee again, a more than sufficient return for all I have received, for all I expect here and hereafter.

I offer Thee this Sacred Heart for every soul in the world to-day ; for the five hundred millions of Christians, of whom so many bear Thy Name without loving or serving Thee ; for the nine hundred millions who have never heard Thy Name, to whom the beauty of Thy life and the tenderness of Thy Heart have never been made known. O Redeemer of men, who willest not the death of any, but that all should be converted and live, save these perishing souls, each one of whom is purchased with Thy Precious Blood, each one of whom has his place in Thy Heart. O Lord of the harvest, send forth laborers into Thy harvest. Let faith spread more widely and more quickly. Prosper the foreign missions ; secure baptism for dying infants ; succor those who will die to-day, unhelped by priest or sacrament.

I offer Thy Sacred Heart for all who are groping their way to the truth. O Light that enlightenest every man that cometh into this world, help them through difficulties which Thou alone canst measure and remove. Strengthen those who are hesitating on the threshold of the Church, those whom temporal motives hold back. Oh that I might be so happy as to assist even one of those souls ! Lord, give me the opportunity and the grace. Let me do a little if I cannot do much. Make me generous with sympathy, time, whatever I can place at their service. And count every effort, every desire, an act of thanksgiving for the gift of faith bestowed so undeservedly on me.

MOTHER MARY LOYOLA.



MARY'S WOE.

Rare is the heart that in its utmost sorrow,
 Finds not another heart to share its woe.
 And presage rain-bow colours for the morrow,
 And God above is kind to hearts below.

Alone ! Who is alone ! The criminal dying,
 Tho' steeped in shameful crimes all through and through,
 Will leave some heart that trusted, spite his lying,
 Some loving heart that, spite his sins, was true.

The mother from whose sight the cold grave closes,
 Her son's fair eyes — on whose heart falls the cloud
 That strikes on him, and crushes her life's roses,
 Has still her comfort, for she has her God.

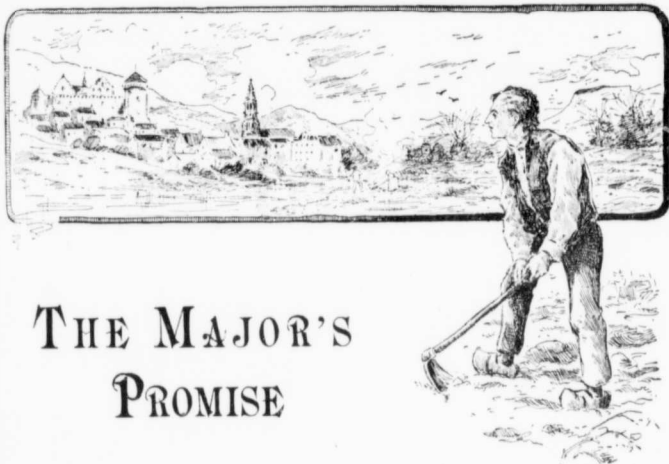
But Mary near the cross, was of all mothers
 Of all her race, in truth the most alone :
 Her grief, her woe, was not the woe of others,
 Nor like to others did she make her moan.

She stood, transfixed, heart-pierced and tearless, gazing
 Up through twilight, to the thorn crowned head,
 Whose sacred brow was scarred, whose eyes were glazing
 And saw her not, for He, her God was dead.

What sorrow like to hers, I ask ye, brothers ?
 What sorrow like to hers have our hearts known ?
 Our grief has sharers — half is born by others,
 But Mary bore her crushing woe alone.

Maurice Francis Egan.





THE MAJOR'S PROMISE



It was Decoration Day. In a beautiful cemetery, amid flowers that were heaped up on the graves of brave soldiers who had died for their country surrounded by waving banners and flags, and men in the uniform of the United States army, within view of a vast crowd of men and women, who stood in silent sympathy, a Catholic priest raised his voice and told his listeners what patriotism meant and what heroism stood for in this great land of ours. In glowing words he lauded love of country and the men who died to save it, and as the audience listened many an eye was tear-filled; and all heads were uncovered as he spoke the words of benediction and the prayers of the church for the eternal rest and glory of those who died to save their homes and fatherland.

On the outskirts of the crowd stood an army officer with uncovered head, a cane in his hand. He was a middle-aged man, and the stripes on his uniform showed he had seen service on the field. He was handsome and erect, and when the crowd dispersed and the priest came near him he raised his hand in military salute and

smiled gravely. The priest smiled also and stopped to speak to him. After a few words, the officer said :

“ I believe you are a Catholic priest ? ”

“ I am, Major,” was the reply.

“ Well, I am not a Catholic, and have no desire to be one, but I love my country, have shed my blood for her and would do it again, and I assisted at these services, conducted near my home, for the sake of the brave men who are lying under the sod.”

The priest raised his hat and extended his hand.

“ I honor you, Major, and I salute you with respect, You are too young for the Civil War. Was it in the Cuban war you served ! ”

“ Yes, sir. I was in three fights, and almost lost this leg at Santiago. It is crippled pretty badly ever since.”

“ You are very erect for a cripple.” said the priest pleasantly.

“ So I am told,” said the officer. “ But I owe my life as well as my leg, crippled though it be, to the good nursing and devoted attention of the Sisters who had charge of the hospital in Cuba.

“ I tell you, sir,” continued the Major, and his fine face lighted with enthusiasm, “ those Sisters were like the angels of God to us, as we were rushed in, bleeding, helpless, dying, from the field. The one who took charge of me never seemed to rest, never sat down, never was off duty. Day and night she was there. I have wondered since if she ever ate or slept. She pulled me through, and I’ll never forget her as long as the breath is in this body. When I was discharged and able to get about with a crutch, I was eager to get home, but before I started I went to that lady and I said to her : ‘ Sister, I am leaving the hospital and returning to the United States. I want to thank you for all your kindness to a stranger. I am an officer in the United States army and possess some influence with our Government. Now, if I can do any favor for you or for your convent I wish you would mention it right here, for I would like to serve you ! Thank you Major, she said, with a smile. I do not think you can do any favor for us. We serve the sick or wounded anywhere, everywhere, when-

ever our nursing and poor services are needed. We do not expect any reward, although it is good of you and noble to offer it to us. But, Sister, I persisted, won't you let me do something for you personally, even to please you by some little thing? Would you wish to please me?



asked the Sister earnestly. I would do anything for you, Sister, I said eagerly. Only name it. 'Then,' she said, promise me that after you get home, at some time or other, you will go into a Catholic church and stay there for a few minutes; and do this three different times.

Choose your own time ; simply pay three short visits to a Catholic Church in memory of what I have asked of you. Why, that's too easy, I said. I cannot promise you, however, that there will be any religion in it. I will simply do as you say in order to please you. That's all I ask, said the Sister, and as she extended her hand, I reverently clasped it and said good-by.

" I came home, and, being a retired officer and quite comfortable, life went on smoothly for some years, and I forgot all about my promise. One day, however, as I sat on my porch in the evening I saw a number of people passing, all in one direction. I asked where they were going. I was told the Catholics had a mission in their Church in the next block. Suddenly my promise to that good Sister came up before me, and seizing my cane and hat, I said : I'll go and redeem the first third of my promise.

" I went to the church, and I heard a splendid sermon that set me to thinking very seriously about the destiny of man. I was very much impressed, and the next night I went again, and thus fulfilled the second third of my promise. I learned a good deal about the Catholic Church and, although I have no desire to be a Catholic, I am much more enlightened about her claims than I ever expected to be."

" And that was your last visit, Major ?" inquired the priest.

" Yes, it was, for I couldn't attempt to get into the church the next night, which was the last of the mission. So, although I started to fulfil the last part of my promise to that good Sister, I did not succeed, through no fault of mine. Then Decoration Day came, the memorial day of every true soldier, and I came in here, heard you speak, Father, and find myself talking to you and telling my history."

They were walking slowly towards the cemetery gate.

" It is early still, Major." remarked the priest. "Our rectory is quite near. Come and sit on the porch and rest a while before you return home. You may have fatigued your lame member by all this standing, and you need some rest before you start homeward."

The major went willingly. He was a little tired, and was glad to sit somewhere ; besides, he liked this young priest and was nothing loath to talk to him.

On the porch, seated and comfortable, he began to speak of religion. The priest was astonished to find he had a childlike, earnest nature to deal with. Want of



information and some bigotry had given to the major the hard ideas of the Catholic Church that are so often met with, but gradually he had come to see that he was wrong in some things, and was more than half convinced that there were other matters that might be explained satisfactorily also. After an hour's conversation he arose.

"Our church is just at hand," said the priest. "Suppose you go and pay the last instalment of your promise to that good Sister. There were three visits to a Catholic church promised, were there not, Major?"

"There were three visits," said the Major, seriously, "and there is no reason why I shouldn't finish off this memorable day by the 'burning of the mortgage', so to speak."

The priest led him through a side entrance, opened a pew in front of the sanctuary and left him.

The silence of the holy place, the little ruby lamp swinging from the ceiling, the altar in its white linens, with vases of lilies on each side of the Sacred Door exhaling a fragrance that reached the major—all these things affected him strangely. He had never been so close to the Holy of Holies before.

Soon a strange peace filled his heart, the strange sense of the Divine Presence. The hour for which the nun in distant Cuba prayed had come. God's grace came forth from the Tabernacle and struck the upright heart of the soldier as the lightning struck Saul on his way to Tarsus. He believed!

An hour passed. The priest returned. The Major was still there. But he rose and followed his friend. When they were outside the sacred precincts the priest looked at the major. His fine face was full of reverent joy.

"Father," he said, "I am a Catholic. Will you instruct me? That good Sister knew what she was doing when she asked me to visit Christ in His temple."

Need it be said that the priest accepted his task joyfully? The days passed by. The major was instructed, was baptized, made his First Communion and is now a fervent convert.

Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar! —Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Catholic Standard and Times.

