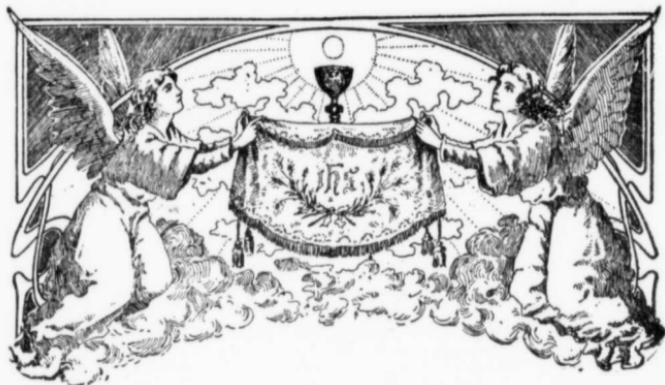




A VISIT TO NAZARETH.

E. Azambre.



## Greeting the New Year.

FATHER, we cannot see the way,  
 That leads before us through the year.  
 But till we know that, day by day,  
 Our hearts shall recognize Thee near ;  
 And so, before Thy Sacred Shrine,  
 We pray that each may well fulfil  
 The promptings of Thy grace divine  
 To do, and love, Thy Holy Will.

What dangers in our road can fall,  
 When Thee we have for Light and Guide ?  
 Thine Eye, that watcheth over all,  
 Will care for us whate'er betide ;  
 Thus, looking back, we have no fear,  
 Nor holds the future aught of dread ;  
 We brush away each trembling tear,  
 And smile, with perfect trust instead.

AMEDEUS.



TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS  
EXAMPLES.

Frequent Communion of their Children.

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(Continued.)

*1. A Mother's Story.*

I am fully convinced that all education should be based on the desire of the Eucharist and afterwards on the Eucharist Itself and this conviction is the result of personal experience. One morning during vacation I went to Mass with my four children. I cannot describe and will never forget my feelings when on returning from Holy Communion, one of them, a winsome girlie barely seven years old, threw her arms round my neck, laid her lips tenderly, lovingly on mine whispering in her guileless simplicity: 'I want to kiss the dear Lord Jesus.'

This same little girl taught her younger brothers how to make spiritual Communions; and when a few years later she made her own First Communion, the youngest was greatly affected and during all that day as long as she wore her white garments every time he saw her he ran and kissed her with a reverence that spoke volumes for his loyal belief in the Lord Jesus, her Guest. He is a daily communicant himself now; but at first when he told me he was allowed that privilege, I was anxious and troubled and afraid of many things but especially of routine consequently I watched him closely and during vacation accompanied him every morning to the Holy Table and the consolation of seeing how his fervor never

relaxed changed all my fears into peaceful trust and grateful thanksgiving. Perhaps other mothers reading this may understand just how I felt and abet me when I say that on us devolves the duty of making our children understand and desire Communion and the younger we start the lesson the better for them as well as for ourselves. As soon as they are able to walk they want to go into the church and see the Mass and ply us with a thousand questions about the ceremony, why the altar-boy rings the bell, why the people bow down, etc. Now is our time and opportunity to tell in child-lore the beautiful tender story of the Last Supper and of how Our Merciful Lord sacrificing His life for His own, gave Himself to them under the figure of bread and wine. Children can be made to understand this from their earliest years,



**Adveniat Regnum Tuum Eucharisticum!**  
their sensitive loving hearts awoken and respond so much sooner than their intellect. My eldest was not yet three years old when one morning as I was going to Mass she asked: 'Are you going to receive the tiny white Host that holds the good Jesus.'

To those wise words of a Christian mother we add: Baptism imparts to children a supernatural aptitude regarding Communion and a divine preparation for its

reception and thrice blessed are they if Jesus comes to their heart while those heavenly gifts are still intact and spotless.

*2. Answers of Children.*

“ My parents,” writes a student, “ on learning that I communicated every day asked me : ‘ Are you good enough to receive Communion so often ? And I answered, It is not because I’m good that I go to Communion every day, but because I want to become good.

Another, to whom his parents objected : ‘ What is the use of eating so often ? Replied : my soul is surely worth as much as my body, why then should I not feed it every day as I do my body.’ That lad, unwittingly spoke like the Council of Trent. Another whose Mother told him that St. Louis de Gonzague, holy as he was, only went to communion every week said : When I am as holy as he was, I will only communicate weekly ; but to become like him I must now go to Communion daily.

CONCLUSION.

Christian Parents, Christ’s Vicar, calls your children to the Holy Table. Will you be the one to frustrate or impede his design ?

When their welfare is at stake no sacrifice seems to you too great. To assure them better health, a little more learning or wealth you will double your exertions, prolong your vigils, even deprive yourself in order to increase their happiness ; but when there is question of assuring their soul’s divine, life the splendour of purity, the growth of virtues, the abundance of heavenly graces and favors you hesitate and see in the least obstacle an insurmountable barrier.

Your task is difficult, your responsibility great and I marvel not that often the anxious—what will my child be, worries you. As a general rule he will be what you make him. Be wise then and call Jesus to your assistance. He will assume the heaviest part of the burden and by close and frequent contact with that young soul become its antidote against bad habits, its strength against weakness, its safeguard and protector.

To what misery would you not expose your children and what sorrow prepare for yourself did you try to oppose their frequent participation in the Bread of Life. Such conduct would be not only imprudent but also unjust.

On the contrary rejoice at the ineffable condescension of the Heart of Jesus for mankind, and at the ardor He inspires in your children to profit thereby. Those among them who go to Communion often will not be devoured by the demon of impurity, nor become victims of indifference or human respect ; they will love God and their fellowmen and be your consolation and delight.

#### THOUGHTS TO PONDER.

It's all very well to say to souls ; Fight, combat, be valiant but that alone does not suffice. You must arm them, help them, render them strong and victorious by clothing them with the protective armour of the body and blood of Jesus Christ.

*St. Cyprien.*

Suppress frequent Communion from education and you banish morality.

*Dom Bosco.*

At eighteen or twenty continence is impossible without the Eucharist ; still less that vigor in well-doing, that candor and all those rare virtues that make of a young Christian what the earth holds most charming and most honorable.

*Mgr. de Segur.*

The quarter of an hour following Communion will do more towards forming the child's character than all the instructions of the most gifted preceptors.

*P. Tissot, S. J.*

Our Lord will never fail those who do that which His word is always urging them to do, that is, to " seek " Him.





## The Secret of God

ANNA T. SADLIER



THE New Year had just dawned, and the glory of its first sun fell upon a band of christians, gathered together to practice in secret that faith which was cruelly banned in the British Islands from the middle of the sixteenth century. It was their custom to assemble as often as possible, on Sundays and festivals, to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments, in the hidden recesses of a rocky cavern.

On that first morning of the year, the aged priest had collected his little flock as usual like those of old in the Catacombs. During Mass the old man delivered a short discours to his people. He exhorted them, at that new milestone on the road of life, to redouble their fervor, to be faithful, in spite of persecution.

“ For none may tell ” he cried, “ which one of us may be called upon to give testimony unto the shedding of his blood ; upon a single individual the lot may fall, or this entire congregation may have that glorious privilege. But it is there, my children, ” and he pointed as he spoke to the humble tabernacle, “ there behind those sacred veils that each may find courage for that supreme sacrifice.”

As he continued to speak, upon the love of the most holy Eucharist, it seemed as if he were truly inspired his eyes glowed, his whole countenance shone with a wondrous light, the tears streamed down his cheeks, his voice was tremulous with emotion. His words, few and simple, burned into the hearts of his hearers, and roused them to a pitch of enthusiasm, and as he concluded a hush fell upon the assemblage.

There was an intense solemnity in the moment since every person present knew that at any time, the axe of a violent death might fall. As the white-haired priest placed the Sacred Host in the Ostensory, exposing It to the veneration of the assistants, a cry arose, so piercing and so full of anguish, that it terrified the auditors. Presently the sound took articulate voice, echoing with weird effect through the cavern :

" My Lord and my God, Jesus truly present in the Sacrament, I was about to betray Thee. "

Every eye was turned towards a point, near the entrance to the cave. There upon the earthen floor, a man had prostrated himself. A shudder ran through the kneeling throng, the words were ominous, their dread significance too readily understood. The priest alone gave no sign of having heard, save that he turned and made a motion to the choir to proceed with the " *Tantum Ergo* "

" Bending low in adoration,  
Lo, the Sacred Host we hail, "

sang the voices. The venerable priest remained motionless, wrapped in contemplation, his face shining, his expression, revealed by the glow of the tapers that of a seraph. Suddenly there was a movement, the figure upon the floor, that had been apparently awed into silence, raised its head in an attitude of attention. Then it up rose with a swift movement, and rushed to the side of the kneeling priest. Many men likewise sprang forwards, fearing that the life of their beloved pastor might be endangered, but the latter calmly waited, his eyes still riveted upon the Host.

" Father, " cried the singular being, who was now seen to be tall and gaunt and of extraordinary emaciation,

“ Father, for God’s sake fly ; they are coming. I hear them already in the distance. On this blessed New Year’s morn I have promised to deliver you into their hands. ”

The eyes of the aged cleric were turned an instant upon the speaker, but he merely made a slight movement of dissent. The choir paused uncertainly, then continued with tremulous and faltering notes,

“ Faith for all defects supplying,  
Where the feeble senses fail. ”



In the hearts of the assistants was a rush of mingled emotions, fear, love and fervent love towards the prisoner of the tabernacle, engendered by the solemn circumstances, the imminent danger which surrounded them. The man seeing that he prevailed nothing, flung his arms over his head with a wild gesture, and fled from the mouth of the cavern. He stopped at the entrance to replace, with scrupulous care, the earth and twigs, which served as a screen and which he had thrown aside in his hurried exit. Then he began to run with a speed that could hardly have been expected from his appearance.

The dawn of that New Year's morn was crimsoning all the landscape, bare and gray, for the most part, save for an occasional drift of snow, that had lingered from the night previous. As the stranger ran, he kept his eyes fixed upon the road in advance, and his ears strained for sounds, which became every moment more audible. As the noise grew louder, the man increased his speed, until as he neared the approaching file of soldiery, he reeled and fell. The officer in command, bent over the prostrate form, which he instantly recognized, as one of the most efficient of their spies, shaking him roughly, and supplementing his inquiry by a kick, asked him where was the prey towards which he had promised to guide them. It had been, in fact, the man's intention to assist at Mass, in order to gain the most accurate information, concerning the priest, and the members of the congregation, and stealing away upon the conclusion of the ceremony, to bring the soldiery to the spot just as the worshippers were coming forth.

"Where are they, those dogs of papists?" cried the officer, adding to the question, the coarsest of expletives. But the man so addressed remained obstinately silent. His mind was rehearsing, as one does in dreams, the solemn scene at which he had so recently assisted. He saw again the venerable countenance of the aged minister of God, the reverent and devout worshippers; most of all he beheld the awful radiance of the Presence upon the altar. Involuntarily his lips moved, and he repeated over to himself, the words of the Apostle: "Though I should die with Thee I will not betray Thee."

He knew with a full, if sudden, realization that he was a sinner that his offences had been many and grievous. Nevertheless his slumbering faith had awakened, and his whole soul had been filled with remorse, by that one look of the countenance of the Redeemer. The sacred fire that had been kindled burned within his breast. Like the penitents of old, the memory of his sinful life was uppermost in his mind. With a touching humility, he forgot the heroism of his resolve, and remembered only the infinite atonement that he was called upon to make for his past unworthiness.

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The soldiers surrounding him, dragged him brutally to his feet, their hoarse voices making a hideous clamor in his ears, as they reiterated their inquiries. But despite this absolute weariness and exhaustion, a new vigor and energy had been infused into the heart of the unfortunate man, though he was well aware from past experience with these blood-hounds, that his life was not worth an instant's purchase, if he failed to reveal the hiding-place of the Catholics. By a determined effort, he turned a side from the path that led directly to the cavern, guiding the priest hunters by another. It was steep and rocky and the upward climb peculiarly, trying, in his weakened condition. But as he toiled along, he seemed to see before him the white radiance of the Presence on the altar.

He calculated as he went, the time which had elapsed, reflecting that at this moment the priest would be descending from the altar, at the next, he would be removing the traces of the recent ceremony ; in still another, the worshippers would be dispersing, then all would be safe. He therefore made every effort to turn the winding path by which he led them into as wide a detour as possible. He did not hope ultimately to deceive these bloodhounds, nor to save his own life. His dominant thought was to provide for the safety of the priest, and if possible the congregation, above all to prevent the profanation of the holy Eucharist. Rugged and painful was that upward path, his faltering steps goaded onwards by the blows and jostling of the soldiery. Ever and anon, the winter wind chilled him to the bone and cut his face, but the man's soul never faltered, and the spirit of the martyrs animated his frame. He still beheld before him on that toilsome path the white radiance of the Sacred Host.

When at last the spot was reached, bare and desolate, as a wintry blast sweeping over the waste could make it, there was a pause, then the soldiers began to question him with furious oaths and brutal goading. Suddenly, the guide drew himself to his full height, his eyes shone, his pale cheek glowed, and he cried aloud in a voice that rang over the moor land, and down the rocky steep :

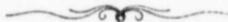
"I have deceived you," he cried exultantly, "there is no one here."

With howls of rage, they surrounded him ; their leader struck him in the face with his clenched fist, hurling at him the most opprobrious epithets.

“ Where are they, those dogs of papists ? ”

“ I do not know,” the hero cried, and there was a ring of triumph, as well as of evident sincerity in his tone. Nevertheless, the soldiery searched the spot with unavailing zeal, poking everywhere with their spears, hoping against hope that their informant might be telling an untruth. Without his help, it was imposible to detect the entrance to the cavern from which, however, the worshippers had long since withdrawn. Their whilom guide spoke no more ; their utmost endeavors could not extract so much as a word from him. At last in their fury they ran him through with a bayonet, thrust against thrust. He fell, weltering in his blood, and the miscreants departing, left him stretched upon the ground, his wide open, sightless eyes, staring upwards to that heaven, concerning which he had just given witness, even unto the shedding of his blood.

Several hours after, his remains were found by the priest, and with the assistance of one of the flock reverently buried. Through the talk of the soldiery the true story of that glorious, if tragic, death, became generally known. Therefore, when next that little band of confessors met within the rocky cavern, their pastor standing before the altar, told with streaming eyes, the pathetic story of that noble end. Turning to the altar he besought the God of the Tabernacle to receive the poor wanderer's soul into the tabernacles of eternal rest. So that lonely grave upon the hillside, continued to be an object of veneration to the persecuted Catholics of the neighborhood. Nevertheless, the heroic thoughts, the humility, the repentance, the love of the Blessed Sacrament, which, by the sight of the Host exposed, had been enkindled in the breast of a repentant sinner, remained to all time, the Secret of God.





## The Holy Reserve.

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HE priest not only consecrates the Host he will himself consume in Communion, but others destined for the faithful who will participate in the breaking of the Bread, like the Apostles who received Communion from the hand of Jesus.

Those consecrated hosts are not all consumed during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, on the day of their consecration some are preserved for the need of souls, for the sick and constitute what we call the Holy Reserve. Where then are these Sacred Hosts kept?

They require a repository worthy of them since they contain the body and the blood of a God, Jesus Himself, present under both species; a repository showing the respect we have for Jesus present in the Host and shielding Him from outrage, while allowing us to visit and adore Him.

In the first centuries of the Church in order to guard the Sacred Hosts against pagan profanation they were not kept in the Churches, but by the Christians in small receptacles made for that purpose and carefully stored away in secret repositories.

The Sacred Species at this time were only reserved as Viaticum for the sick, or those sacrificing their life for the faith: "The Bread of Angels," as St. Thomas says thus became, the Bread of the Traveller, of those beginning eternity's long journey.

The mendicant orders were the first to introduce the custom of using the "Holy Reserve" to communicate the faithful outside the time of Mass. The Sacred Species reserved were then deposited in the sacristy in the Sacramentarium, a small excavation dug in the wall, or in a pillar on the Gospel side of the altar.

Later on the Eucharistic Reserve was placed in a ciborium to which was attached a hallow gold or silver dove.

This dove symbol of innocence enclosed the God of all purity.

A venerable author of an ancient life of St. Basil, tells us, that the illustrious Pontiff after having celebrated the holy mysteries divided the Host in three parts, consumed the first with great respect, reserved the second to be deposited in his tomb, and placed the third in a golden dove which he suspended over the altar.

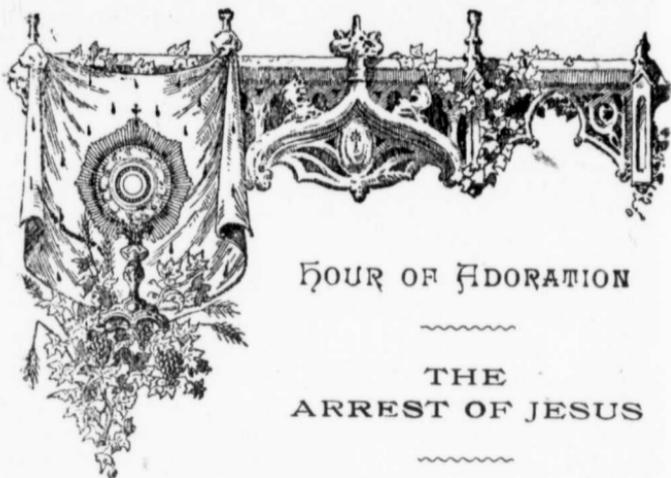
In order to give more magnificence to the ciborium containing the Eucharistic Reserve, the pyx or silver dove was covered with a gold cloth called baldaquin that enveloped in its artistically draped folds a richly ornamented dias. Shortly afterwards the whole with its draperies took the name of baldaquin, name still borne by the dias dominating the tabernacle, and which in those times was often surmounted by a cross as is the tabernacle itself to-day. In this construction the Christians saw an image of the Ark of the Covenant, or a figure of the Tabernacle of the Old Law.

The Cathedral of Grenoble possesses a beautiful ciborium of the XV century made of cut stone surmounted by a three-faced dias.

The greatest and grandest baldaquin we know of, is that of the Basilica of St. Peter, at Rome, which rests on four twisted pillars and is eleven metres in height.

The disciples of Emmaus begged of the Master who walked with them: "Stay with us!" Jesus Christ Himself said to His Apostles before leaving them and to all the faithful succeeding them: "I will not leave you orphans!" and in the Holy Reserve of the Eucharist this same Master and Savior truly abides with us. He is our God and Father and His delight is to be with the children of men.

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## HOUR OF ADORATION

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### THE ARREST OF JESUS

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#### I. — Adoration.

A considerable troop of men armed with swords and clubs, and bearing lanterns, were sent by the Grand Council of the Jew to seize Jesus. Doubtless, Judas had not entirely lost faith in his Master's power.

What will Jesus do in the presence of so many enemies? He advances majestically toward them, and calls out: "*Whom seek ye?*" "*Jesus of Nazareth,*" they answer. "*I am he,*" replied Jesus, and at that moment, they all fell backward to the ground. Never had Christ displayed so much majesty before His enemies. To overthrow them, He had need neither of swords nor clubs nor the help of Peter, nor even of that of the angels. His voice is more terrifying than all such defence. A single one of His words is sufficient to cast His enemies down. "*I am he,*" said He to them. "I am Jesus of Nazareth, I am your Messiah, I am the Son of God made Man for your salvation and that of the world."

Valiant soldiers, where now is your power? Why all this preparation for combat if, at His first word, you fall to the ground in fright?

Yes, The divine voice, O Jesus, can affect more than armies. What do I say? It is more powerful than all the armies of the earth drawn up in battle array. It can defy swords, soldiers, and able generals. When it gives an order, no created power can resist its force.

And when Jesus makes use of it to indicate His own name, it becomes terrifying to the wicked. That voice was capable of annihilating them forever. In His goodness, Jesus tempered its effect. He overthrew without destroying them.

When they arose, Jesus said to them again : "*Whom seek ye ?*" "*Jesus of Nazareth,*" was the answer as at first. Then the Master replied ; "*I have told you that I am he. If therefore you seek Me, Let these go their way.*"

Alone before His enemies, He speaks with the authority of a master to his servants ; it is an order that He gives them. What resistance could eleven men make to an armed troop which had surprised and surrounded them ? Nevertheless, St. Peter tried to make some defence, but Jesus reproved him at once. Very far from fearing their enemies, the Saviour showed them the inconsistency and the injustice of their attack : "*You are come out, as it were against a thief, with swords and clubs to a lonely place and by night. I was daily with you in the Temple—consequently, in a public place,—teaching publicly My doctrine, and you did not lay hands upon Me. But this is your hour and the power of darkness,*" that is, the powers of hell.

This was a terrible moment, it is true, for the Divine Saviour, but it soon passed. His death was His triumph and His enemies, defeat. The Sacred Text adds that all this happened that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. We must then recognize that, after all, His enemies are only blind instruments for the furtherance of Almighty God's designs in the salvation of the world.

Adore the God of all purity, of all holiness, arrested as if He were a thief. Adore Him at the last free moment of His mortal life, willingly delivering Himself for our salvation into the hands of His executioners.

"*Quotidie apud vos !* Daily I was with you !" Daily does He remain with us in the Sacrament of His Love, *docens in templo*, teaching in His temple all souls eager for truth. Adore Him there, that Divine Teacher ! He is the "Light of the world," The Jews, though unwilling to recognize Him, surround with flambeaux the Author of light. They wanted to search the recesses of the garden for Jesus. The feeble light of reason would not be sufficient to fathom the great Mystery of faith and there discover the Saviour. To find Him, it is only necessary to draw near to Him, and His light will manifest Him to us by enlightening our mind.

Adore the divine voice. If His breath alone will have power to destroy Antichrist, how could it be that His voice could not hold in check all His persecutors ? And whenever by His Church He says, "*Whom seek ye ?*" He adds : "*I am He. Behold Me !*" they tremble and fall to the ground.

Thou alone are great, O Jesus ! I cast myself at Thy feet and adore Thee.

## II. — Thanksgiving.

What an astonishing display of force against the august and gentle Victim ! His enemies expected a strong resistance on His

own part and that of His disciples. Jesus neither defends Himself nor permits Himself to be defended. He knows full well what is going to take place.

He might hide, or even take to flight. No, going out from the circle of His companions, He advances to meet His enemies. How often He had in time past escaped their snares ! Once when they wanted to hurl Him down from a high rock, He passed through their midst unseen. In this very moment, He restrained as long as He chose their hands uplifted against Him. His enemies could not have taken one step against Him had He not given them permission. They laid hands on Him only at the precise moment that it was given them to do so. Jesus said to them : *This is your hour, the hour of Satan, in which you are permitted to act.*" It was, then, not the Jews who arrested the Saviour, it was He Himself who delivered Himself voluntarily into their hands, who made Himself their prisoner.

Hardly had He given them permission when those rude soldiers full upon Him with fury.

Why did Jesus give Himself up with a joyous Heart to those ministers of Satan, who were dreaming only of His death ? Why did He who fled when they wanted to make Him king, present Himself freely to be bound and dragged to punishment ! Why ? There is no reason to explain the mystery excepting the love of His Divine Heart for souls. He wishes to purchase them at any price. This is why He offered Himself voluntarily and joyfully to the cruel sufferings that were to appease the irritated justice of His Father. If He presents Himself willingly to death, He will not abandon the Apostles to the ill-treatment of His enemies. "*If therefore you seek Me, let these go their way.*"

What tenderness, what solicitude for His own ! He forgets Himself to think of them. He wishes to be the only one exposed to the fury of His enemies. Ah, what a good Shepherd ! Instead of fleeing and leaving His sheep to the fangs of the wolf, He covers them with His own person, He saves them at the cost of His own life ! So, says St. John, the Master was faithful to His promise of allowing not one of those that His Father had given Him to perish.

The solicitude of that tender Shepherd was not confined to His Apostles. It was extended to all the Faithful. Why has He remained here below in the Eucharist ? Why does He accept all the ill-treatment He there receives, all the new humiliations ? Why did He institute Holy Communion, if not to protect us against the enemies of our salvation ? If, then, He commands our enemies, what shall we have to fear ? How often has He snatched my soul from the clutches of Satan !

I thank Thee, O Jesus, for the Apostles, for myself, and for those millions of souls who owe salvation and life to Thy solicitude !

The executioners themselves are for the Heart of Jesus the objects of tender compassion. He longed to save them also, as He longed to save Judas. To the latter He offered the kiss of peace : to the former the spectacle of His almighty power. He might have annihilated them or, at least, crushed them with reproaches. But no. He merely cast them on the ground, in order to make them reflect and to give them salutary warning. He sweetly showed them the inconsequence of their wickedness. At any cost, He desired to win them to His love.

I thank Thee, O Jesus ! I thank Thee in the name of these ungrateful creatures. Thou didst have the goodness to remain among them and offer them Thy instruction and Thy graces. The wretches ! They rejected all, and I behold them now laying their sacrilegious hands upon Thy Sacred Person.

We, too, have the happiness to possess Thee always among us : "*Quotidie apud vos*— I was with you daily !" Give me to understand the necessity of going to thank Thee every day ! My great desire is that, by Holy Communion, Thou mayest come to me as often as obedience will permit, daily is possible, in order that, in the temple of my heart, Thou mayest instruct me, mayest teach me the greatness of the benefit of Thy sufferings and how I may express to Thee all my gratitude.

### III. — Reparation.

A troop of soldiers and servants in search of Jesus ! Sent by all that there is great and sacred among the people of Israel ! Their large number, their arms, the solitary place, the midnight hour, all would lead to the belief that they are seeking treated thus by the Jewish officials ?

Jesus passed His life in doing good. Never had He tried to conceal Himself from the officers of the law, as He reminded them Himself when contrasting His frank and open manner of acting with their perfidious proceedings. The sensitive Heart of Jesus is, more than any other, alive to the malice and perfidy of His enemies who, like robbers and malefactors, take advantage of the darkness to perpetrate their crimes.

What injury to the Divine Master ! What sorrow for His Heart ! His people, and the chief men of His people reject Him as the Messiah, and treat Him as a robber ! The almighty voice of Jesus, nevertheless, works a miracle in behalf of His aggressors. They rise from the ground as wicked as before, but more ungrateful. Insensible to the miracle of His clemency, they harden their hearts in crime. This will be their ruin.

If the voice of Jesus Christ at the moment when He was going to be judged and condemned was capable of overturning His enemies, with what terror these wretches and all the damned will

hear it when He comes to judge the world ! The thunder's roar can not be compared to the piercing sounds of the frightful voice that will pronounce the terrible, the irrevocable sentence : "*Depart from Me ye cursed into everlasting fire !*" This sentence in the twinkling of an eye will precipitate them to the depths of hell, "*into everlasting fire !*"

And those unfortunate wretches laid sacrilegious hands on the Word of God made Man ! Some seized Him by the hair, others by the beard, and others by the arms and hands. The ferocious beasts fell upon Jesus like wolves upon a lamb, or like furious bees lighting on one who had meddled with them.

How infamous, cruel, atrocious, was that arbitrary arrest of Jesus ! He, Innocence itself, arrested by slaves, by the Scribes and Pharisees, men without principle or law !

How great must have been the sorrow of the Divine Heart of Jesus ! A King of France, on hearing the recital of the Passion, exclaimed : " Oh, that I had been there with my Franks ! "

Alas ! this arrest of Jesus is frequently repeated in the darkness of night by servants, souls sold to the great ones of this earth, sometimes even to the public authorities. Apparently still more feeble in the Host than in the Garden of Olives, the gentle Victim allows Himself to be approached by those miserable men to be arrested by them, without giving any sign of His power. At sight of such a spectacle, have we at least some tears to shed over Jesus so unworthily treated ?

Ah ! let our heart be afflicted every time we hear of a new arrest of Jesus. Let us offer to the Divine Master, not like Peter, the assistance of weapons, but the sentiments of tender love and sincere compassion !

Pardon, Jesus, pardon for that iniquitous arrest in the Garden of Olives ! Pardon far all the souls in purgatory who, in any way, concurred in similar sins ! Pardon for all those who in the course of ages have saddened Thy Heart in Thy Sacrament of Love !

May my hands wither rather than co-operate in such a crime !

#### IV. — Prayer.

In His love for humanity, Jesus willed to establish His abode here below : "*Quotidie apud vos !*"

In the tabernacle, as in the Garden of Gethsemani, He has near Him Apostles, disciples, and also enemies. The first are around His Sacred Person to serve and defend Him, above all, against indifference and hatred ; the second, like the robbers of the Garden of Olives, subject Him to the unworthy treatment of profanations and sacrileges. Some seek Jesus even at the Holy Table, in order to take Him and, in the depths of their heart, cast Him at the feet

of the demon. That is the hour of Satan, the hour of the powers of darkness : *Hæc est hora vestra et potestas tenebrarum.*

O Divine Saviour, who hast undergone so often during the course of the ages this injurious arrest, manifest the splendor of Thy majesty and power. Pronounce the *Ego sum* of Gethsemani, to subject Thy enemies at Thy feet, not in hatred, but in love and repentance. Advance toward them as Thou didst toward the robbers of the Jewish Sanhedrim. Advance toward them by giving them light and the grace of conversion. For that it will be sufficient for Thee to open Thy Heart, and manifest to them Its tenderness. By themselves, plunged as they are in the darkness of ignorance and passion, they are incapable of finding Thee in the hidden Mystery of Thy love.

And if, unhappily, their eyes remain closed to the light of Thy grace, their heart to the warmth of Thy love, arise, O Jesus, and from the height of Thy Eucharistic throne, dissipate all Thy enemies by the terrifying *Ego Sum* of Gethsemani !

Convert, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, convert the princes of this world, all who have charge of souls, and whose duty it is to lead the people to Thee, who art the Way, the Truth, and the Life !

May the whole human race turn to Thee, O Eucharistic Jesus, to Thee, the Saviour of the world ! May they find Thee and remain at Thy feet in sentiments of adoration and love !

RESOLUTION.—Unite with Mary at every hour of the day, with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth, and communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Ask of the Divine Saviour the grace of unshaken confidence in His power and love to protect you against all the enemies of your salvation.

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### A Visit to My King.

*The crimson star that shineth sweet,  
Before the altar gates,  
By night and day, hath led my feet  
To where my Jesus waits.  
Amid the altar's twilight dim  
I kneel here all alone ;  
My heart is my sole gift for Him—  
My Love, my King, my Own !*

Marie Regina Colgan

## WELCOME!

**W**ELCOME, all ye children of My sacramental life!  
Stilled the tumult be of earth, the struggle and  
the strife!  
Gather round My Table, all who come to eat My  
Bread,  
Children of My hidden life, to Me in substance wed.

Welcome, true believers in My sacramental truth!  
Eagle-like, the heights attain, in Me renew your  
youth!  
Daily bread to you I give.—By Holy Ghost conceived,  
Child, in every heart I live, that hath My Flesh  
received.

Welcome, fervent lovers of My sacramental love,  
Who adore in Spirit and Truth, the Lord, all things  
above!  
Heav'n inspired, My Vicar, to the faithful opens  
wide,  
Pearly gates that quickly close.—O, come, with Me  
abide!



*God of peace, My armies gather round the  
sacred Host,  
Strength receiving from the Father, Son, and Holy  
Ghost.  
Men, and maidens, children, mothers, soldier,  
priest, and nun,  
All compose the ranks unbroken, of the Holy One.  
Metz has spoken to the nations, from the glad  
Moselle,  
Sounding vict'ry Eucharistic, whose vibrations  
swell,  
Like the mighty tides of ocean, bearing love to all,  
Great and little, near and distant, as they rise  
and fall.*

*Welcome, Angels of My presence, summon ye My  
hosts!  
Sound your trumpets, rouse the peoples, from your  
trusted posts!  
From four corners of the Altar, Angels, ring the  
strain—  
God is in our Tabernacles, o'er hearts come to  
reign!*

*Welcome, children of the Fold, the Shepherd calls  
you home!  
Come from North, South, East, and West, no more  
abroad to roam,*



*Through the white Hosts' pearly gates, now bidden, enter in,  
To the Holy City, sanctified, redeemed from sin.*

*Welcome to the great white Way of Eucharistic love,  
Starry path of light reflected in the heav'ns above.  
Watch-night on the earth I keep, keep in celestial spheres.  
Heights and depths of love are Mine, Mine the eternal years.*

*Welcome, wisemen that have seen, the star of truth to-day,  
And have found to Bethlehem, the sacramental way!  
Wise adorers of the Lord, faith, hope and love ye bring,  
Gifts acceptable to God, to Jesus Christ, your King.*

*Welcome, wheat of the elect, communicants, that stand,—  
Little ones—prepared to do, in a', the Lord's command!  
God's eternal year be yours, of love forever new,  
Ageless adoration—you in Me and I in you.*

*Welcome, sentinels of love, whose daily life is spent,  
Knowing, loving, serving Me, in Blessed Sacrament!  
Guard the Truth in mind and heart, with perfect charity—  
Blessed be love's sentinels for all eternity!*

*Welcome, readers, writers, lovers, of the Sentinel,  
Zelators, promoters of My work, ye have done well!  
Multiply your efforts, and redouble all your zeal,  
Truth is here to mark its lovers, with the Lord's white seal!*

#### RESPONSE.

*Lord, upon the hills the setting Sun now ruddy glows—  
Love upon the mountain tops, itself doth well disclose!  
Lord, the sun behind the clouds, now gently sinks to rest—  
Sacred Host, in peace repose, in love within my breast!*

HONORA McDONOUGH.





## The Gospel of the Eucharist

*Hidden Life—Incarnation*

*Et Verbum Caro factum est*—And the Word was made flesh



URING the course of this year we intend to consider with our readers, Jesus veiled in His own great mystery of love. Jesus in the different states of this Sacramental life. To a soul that loves Jesus and that realizes the immense love Jesus has for it, nothing is sweeter than to unite itself to Him in this sacrament of love. Jesus knew this and the soul sway-

ed by His divine attractions knows it also, and from this knowledge springs its desire for the Holy Table, its insatiable hunger increasing the more, the oftner it eats of this mysterious Bread giving a foretaste of heavenly delight.

Thanks be to God the Holy Table is more frequented to-day than ever. Many partake daily of this food so full of unction and sweetness, inflaming their hearts, ennobling their lives, and allowing us the proud right to boast that this our century is a Eucharistic Century.

This enthusiasm, this zeal is most commendable and desirable, yet we are forced to admit there is still something lacking—and this is—that Jesus is not known, that for the greater number of Christians His Eucharistic life is but an obscure mystery. And so in humble loving reverence we are going to lift this veil, to study this emin-

ent and transcendent mystery. In order to do this properly we will first consider according to the Gospel the Saviour's mortal life, then by a course of logical as well as theological reasoning apply this to His Eucharistic life. From this study will, we are sure, flow abundant light and grace till ravished and astonished we question : the Angels in heaven, Mary on earth, Joseph at Nazareth, were they any more favored than we are.

The Eucharist embraces the different states of the natural life of Christ ; hidden or public, suffering or glorious, all find therein their continuation and completion. Let us begin by considering the hidden life.

In the Incarnation we behold the first state of this hidden life ; a state baffling mortal description or conception, defined as the mystery of the Son of God made man.

What point of resemblance is there in the Eucharist and the Incarnation ? What affinities exist between these two mysteries. Many and admirable and often enumerated by theologians and without speaking of communion called the extension of the Incarnation we will proceed at once to the angust mystery of our altars. The Incarnation for a fallen race seemed to carry the divine condescension to the lowest depth, but the Blessed Sacrament continues to carry it lower still, its littleness is more wonderful ; its ignominies more mysterious ; its humiliations more manifold and continual. It is, as we shall see hereafter, an exact parallel of the Incarnation, adding to each branch of that mystery some additional feature of loving abasement and inexplicable condescension.

Incarnation and Transubstantiation are they not one and the same thing under different names. Referring to this St. Augustine exclaims : " O sublime priestly dignity in whose hands Jesus Christ becomes Incarnate anew each day !" When we have studied these two mysteries in their principle, their existence and their end we will more clearly discover this analogy.

First their principle : Christ became incarnate by the operation of the Holy Ghost, the consent of the Virgin. In like manner we see the action of the Holy Gost at the Consecration. The priest may well say with the humble Virgin : How shall this be done ? Adding instantly : Come, Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier and bless this sacrifice

prepared to the glory of Thy holy name. It was at the consent of the Virgin that the mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished ; it is at another human voice, the virginal word of the priest that this second Incarnation is daily renewed.

What striking resemblance also between the manner of existence of the Son of God in the Incarnation and His manner of existence in the Eucharist. Always the hidden God ! At Nazareth in Mary's womb He assumed our mortal nature ; on the altar, he stoops to take, not the human form He has never discarded, but the form and appearance of bread which serves as a veil to cover His humanity itself. In the Incarnation the humanity of Jesus is deprived of His personality ; in the Eucharist the Sacred Species abandon their substance itself which is changed into the body of Jesus Christ. The divinity had also taken possession of the humanity in the most intimate and perfect manner, uniting itself to all the parts of the body and the blood of Jesus Christ, as well as to all the powers of His soul.

Likewise in the Sacrament Jesus Christ unites Himself to all parts of the Host; after as before the division of the Sacred Species He is whole and entire in the entire Host and in each fraction thereof. When the parts have been separated the Son of God has not been divided, He is whole and entire under the species of bread, whole and entire under the appearance of consecrated wine.

In the Incarnation only the humanity of the Son of God could suffer ; in the Sacrament the humanity participates in the impassibility of the divinity. Jesus Christ no longer suffers because He is present as a glorified Spirit. Happily He can no longer suffer ! Happily, I repeat, for has He not suffered enough already. Consequently though the Sacred Host can be trampled on and a terrible crime committed still the guilty transgressor cannot penetrate into the sacramental sanctuary and outrage Jesus blessed Self, but only his honor.

From the foregoing we see, it is in reality the Incarnation continued the Son of God perpetuates in the Blessed Eucharist and its life He lives. Where shall we find continuity more marvellous than that Real Presence of our dear Lord which is to be with us all days even unto

the end of the world; or where multiplicity more astonishing than in the number of masses daily all the world over, and the countless multitudes of communicants, and of Host reposing in our tabernacles.

Finally their aim is identical : If the creation is a first manifestation of the love of God, the Incarnation whereby the Lord enclosed Himself in a Virgin's womb and became what we are in order to satisfy His loving desire to make us what He is, is a second and still greater proof; but the Eucharist, being as it is, the highest manifestation, the most precious legacy of the power and might and love of an omnipotent God is the most wonderful proof of all. According to Faber : " It is the greatest work of God, and the sabbath of all His works; for therein the Creator's love and power and wisdom find their rest.

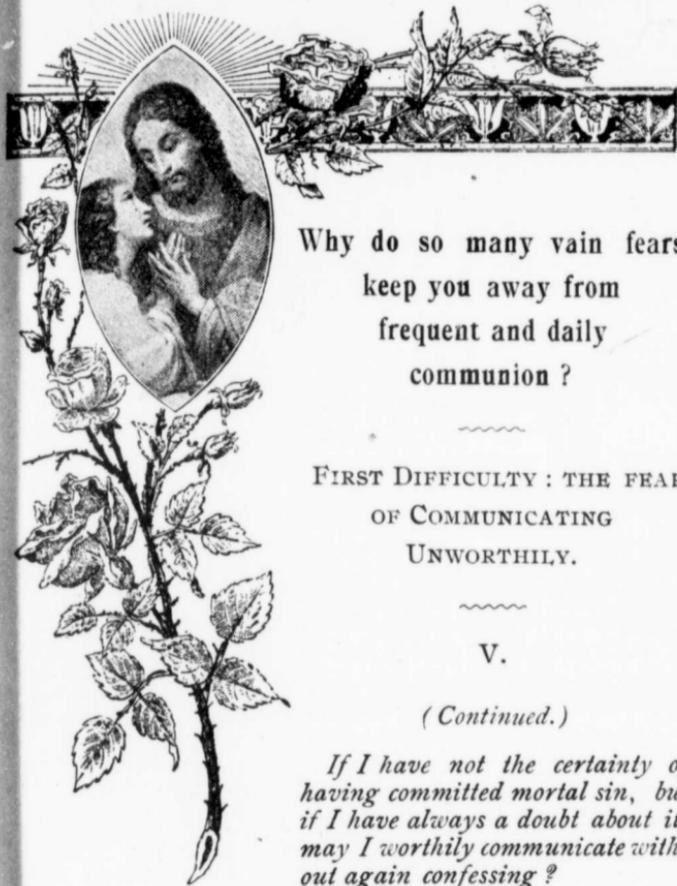
The Incarnation took place once only and in one spot ; Transubstantiation takes place every day, and at all hours of each day, and in thousands of places at once, and will not cease to take place until the end of time. Consequently the Eucharist is the Incarnation in permanence, the Incarnation vast as the universe, infinite as love, lasting as centuries. In a word the Incarnation was a very great manifestation of divine love, the Eucharist is its triumph and consummation.\*

The Word was made flesh, and then He became Host ; therein is a gradation bringing to light all the depths of the mystery : The Word passed from the Incarnation to the Eucharist what is begun by one is completed by the other.

In conclusion we repeat : The Incarnation and the Eucharist are the same mystery, and unless I am much mistaken that is what the church wishes to remind us of when before leaving the altar, after the consecration she tells us to say : *Et Verbum caro factum est*—And the Word was made flesh. He has come and we have seen Him full of grace and truth as in the day of His Incarnation.

And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

*(to be continued.)*



Why do so many vain fears  
keep you away from  
frequent and daily  
communion ?

FIRST DIFFICULTY : THE FEAR  
OF COMMUNICATING  
UNWORTHILY.

V.

(Continued.)

*If I have not the certainty of  
having committed mortal sin, but  
if I have always a doubt about it,  
may I worthily communicate with-  
out again confessing ?*

I know, soul so good, but so timorous, that the fear of being in the state of mortal sin often makes you omit Communion. I repeat you will have communicated worthily even if you do so with the doubt. In the first place, because to souls like you, fearing God, having a delicate conscience, and who habitually are in the state of never wishing to commit a grave sin, St. Alphonsus teaches that the *doubt alone* of having mortally sinned, is a certain sign that they have not sinned, and he applies to

them these words of Our Lord to St. Teresa : " No one loses Me " ( by mortal sin ) " *without knowing it for certain.* "

In the second place, because the Council of Trent has not interdicted the Holy Communion, rarely, frequently, or daily, to those that *doubt*, but only to those that are *certain*, that are conscious of having committed a mortal sin. This is also the teaching of St. Alphonsus : " If the person is in *doubt* as to having sinned mortally or not, he may lawfully approach the Holy Table without confessing, let the doubt be negative or positive, that is, whether there is or is not a serious reason for the doubt. More surely to receive the fruit of the Sacrament, it suffices to make the act of contrition ; for the prescription of the Apostle : " *Probet autem seipsum homo*—Let a man prove himself, " by which we understand that confession is commanded, binds only, so the Council of Trent tells us, those that are *conscious*, that is to say, *certain* of a mortal sin committed and not yet confessed. " No one, " declares the Council, " if he is conscious of mortal sin, ought to approach the Eucharist. " " The precept of the Apostle, then, is imposed only on him who has consciousness, that is, who is *certain* of his sin. "

You ask whether, at least in this case, it would not be *better* to confess before communicating.

I answer : It is evidently *better*, if you are not scrupulous, and if you can conveniently find your confessor. But if you cannot easily approach the tribunal of penance, and there is question of communicating with the doubt of being in the state of mortal sin or of deferring the Holy Communion, then the *better* for you is to communicate with such a doubt rather than remain for even a single day without receiving the Blessed Sacrament.

Lastly, Christian soul, if your confessor, judging you scrupulous, has commanded you always to communicate even when *you doubt* or fear being in a state of mortal sin, not only do you do *better* to communicate in spite of this doubt, but in this case, you would be obliged to do so. And if, on account of your doubt, you omitted Holy Communion, you would displease your sweet Saviour, as St. Alphonsus teaches : " Many theologians say that a scrupulous person, who has received from his confessor an

order to act freely and to rise above his scruples, not only *may* do so, but he is *obliged* to do so ; otherwise, he sins as much on account of the injury he does himself by rendering himself incapable of advancing in the ways of God, as on account of the risk to his health, his mind, and even his soul, by relaxing his efforts and falling into vices," that is, by abandoning himself in despair to a guilty life.

Do you understand this, Christian soul? Although you should commit but one venial sin in disobeying your confessor, who commands you to communicate every day what ever be the doubt that agitates your soul, why should you commit that light fault by omitting Communion? Come, then, courage! and "every time that your spiritual Father grants you Communion, beware of allowing yourself to be vanquished by the demon, by omitting it on account of your fears and scruples. And know that there is no disobedience more pernicious than that of omitting Communion, because it is disobedience that proceeds from a want of humility, since you think yourself wiser in that point than your director."

Obey, then, Christian soul, obey, and say with the great St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi: "*I would rather die than lose a Communion granted me by obedience.*"

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### New Year's Stockings in France.

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IN France the children do not hang up their stockings on Christmas, but on the New Year's Eve. These are not filled by Santa Claus, but by the Christ-Child. He comes with a whole convoy of angels to help him carry the gifts which He brings to make the little ones happy. The latter do not enter the parlor, where the stockings are hung, until each one has knelt before the father of the family and received his blessing.





A wish for your  
New Year.

*MAY its light  
Be the sunlight of God's love ;  
Its night,  
His sheltering wings above ;  
Its storms  
Reveal the wonders of His grace ;  
Its calms  
Reflect the beauty of His face ;  
Its winds  
Breathe whispers of His care ;  
Its showers  
Bring blessings rich and rare ;  
May its cares  
Bind closer to His Heart ;  
Its joys  
Of heavenly joys a part !*

## Child Apostles.

*St. Francis de Sales—St. Jane Frances de Chantal.*



As soon as St. Francis de Sales could speak, his pious mother taught him the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and then the words of the Sign of the Cross. Afterward, co-operating with the Abbé Deage, the first preceptor of St. Francis, she taught him the *Pater Noster*, the *Ave Maria*, and the Apostles' *Creed*. The child loved to repeat these beautiful prayers and, eager for instruction in the things of God, he begged to be taught something else.

He began the Catechism, and great was his joy at receiving these new lessons. He listened with rapt attention to those that instructed him, at times asking questions about the mysteries which filled them with admiration. As soon as his own lesson was over, he used to go, bell in hand, to gather the children of the neighborhood. Then, ranging them around him, he repeated the answers of the catechism, a few phrases at a time, and made his little audience say them after him, until every one knew them perfectly.

Sometimes, Francis' zeal rose higher, and he was seen to attack the Calvinists without a shadow of human respect. He quoted the words of the Catechism with wonderful appropriateness in his endeavors to convince them of their errors. To prevent these, sometimes indiscret attacks, it was found necessary at times to shut him up in his room when some of these secretaries visited the château.

The amusements of children of his age had small attraction for him. His whole diversion was in erecting little chapels in the house, and there reciting on his knees several times in the day all the prayers that he had been taught. If, in obedience to his parents, he lent himself to the games of the children whom they had selected as companions for him, as soon as they were over, he would conduct them to his little chapels to recite some prayers, or he would take them to the parish church, and range them around the baptismal font. Then he would address them :

—“ My friends,” he would say. “ behold the one spot in all the world that ought to be the dearest to us, because here it was that we were made the children of God. Let us chant all together the *Gloria Patri*.”

The little band would then entone the hymn of thanksgiving, after which they would approach, each in his turn, and on his knees respectfully kiss the font. Again, Francis would organize them in procession around the font while chanting the Apostles' *Creed*. From the font they would proceed to the altar of the Most Blessed Sacrament, before which each would make the double genuflection thus to testify adoration for Our Lord Jesus Christ present in the tabernacle.

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Not less than St. Francis de Sales was St. Jane Frances de Chantal eager for instruction in the mysteries of our holy Faith.

On a certain day, one of the great lords of the kingdom was visiting her father, President Fremiot, and they were conversing together on some affair of State. From politics, they glided into religion, and both grew warm on some grave controversial questions. This great lord had lately become a Huguenot, that is, a Protestant. He was saying that nothing in his pretended religion pleased him so much as the negation of the Real Presence. Little Jane Frances was then only about four or five years old. Hearing the visitor's words, she broke away from her nurse, who was amusing her in a corner of the room, and running up to him, she exclaimed:

"My Lord, we *must* believe that Jesus Christ is in the Blessed Sacrament, because He Himself has said it. If you do not believe what He says, you make Him out a liar."

The gentleman, extremely impressed by the words of the child, reasoned with her long. Her answers were such as to surprise all who heard them. At last, the Huguenot offered her some sugar-plums. The dear little child not only would not touch them, but, taking them in her apron, she ran laughingly to the fire and threw them all into it, saying:

"See, my Lord, how all heretics will burn in the fire of hell, because they do not believe what Our Lord has said."

Then she ran back to him, and said: "If you had given the lie to the King, my papa would have you hung." And pointing to a large picture of SS. Peter and Paul, she added:

"You give so many lies to Our Lord that those two Presidents up there will have you hung."