

The Beheading of St John the Baptist.



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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REST

(for the Sentinel)

Storm-tossed soul dost thou seek rest ?

Come lay thy cares on Jesus' breast.

He still loves thee - hark the call.

Obey its summons, lest thou fall.

Delay not long - His loving Heart,

Deigns to thine its grace impart.

Linger by His lance - pierced side,

Ever in His love abide.

Then sweet rest is thine for aye,

Even unto Judgment Day.

Permelia T. Schweitzer

THOUGHTS ON THE EUGHARIST

*"A certain man made a great supper and invited many."
St Luke XIV, 16*



WE all know the story of the Gospel recital which St Luke puts so vividly before us, and we do not tire of the pathetic figure of that "certain man" as he despatched his servant with the love-message to his select friends. The lesson he learned from them was a painful one. His deep, life-long friendship and desire to please them were thrown in the balance and outweighed by things which might so easily have been done outside of the hour set apart for the great Supper. One desired to see the broad acres he had purchased; another had his five pair of oxen to buy and the third had a bride to please.

Was the great-hearted master justified in getting angry when the servant returned with the paltry excuses? Let those who have at different seasons issued invitations to a great banquet answer the question. What about the R. S. V. P. on the corner of the card?

And what about the dissection of all excuses framed and sent in? Human nature insists upon receiving a return value for the affection and pains-taking preparation for any invitation. A good intention clothes itself with power; therefore, we feel that the "certain man" had a right to resent the discourtesy. St Luke goes on with the recital: "The master said to his servant, 'Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the feeble, the blind and the lame.' These all came and yet there was room for more. The generous-hearted master then issued his third invitation: 'Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in that my house may be filled. This "certain man" was, as we see, neither weakminded nor weak-hearted and we are glad that the outburst of his injured

affection reads so much like the things we are apt to say under the stress of painful circumstances : " But I say to you that none of those who were invited shall taste of my supper " .

He who possesses truthfulness, integrity and goodness united with strength of purpose, carries with him a power which is irresistible. He is strong to do good, strong to resist evil and strong to bear up under difficulty. There is not a living soul who does not admire the stand which the " certain man " adopted and most naturally do we say :

" He did right ! Who could stand such an insult ? And yet — how is it that we are so obtuse when the application of the parable is brought before us ? Let us be honest with ourselves, we shall have to be so some day, why not let it be to-day ?

The Certain Man.

Who is this " certain man " whom our Divine Lord pictured to the false devotees who surrounded Him ? We all agree that this man is the figure of our Blessed Saviour Himself who places His treasures at the disposal of His friends, that is, our souls, and wishes His creatures to nourish themselves at His heavenly banquet, replenished with all sweetness and delight. There is a " nuptial dinner " mentioned in St Matthew VIII, signifying the call to the faith after which there is much work to be done and much to suffer in the practice of Christian life.

The Supper signifies the entrance into paradise after which there is perfect peace and rest and nothing to disturb the mind nor tire the body. We may also see the Eucharistic table and the most precious food, that is the Body and Blood of Christ. When the hour for supper has come the work or business of the day is done, the meal is taken in peace, the time is passed in pleasant conversation and then each retires to rest, during which the tired body recovers new strength, the mind gains new vigor and when the morning sun burst in upon us we feel refreshed and able to resume the work before us.

Does not the same happen to us when we partake of the Eucharistic Table ? When a Christian approaches the

Holy Table with the proper dispositions, he forgets entirely the cares of the world ; he converses confidentially with his God, he enjoys peace of mind during which he recovers new strength to battle against his spiritual enemies and to carry even heavier crosses and like a new man he tries to climb the high mount of perfection.

Those who refused are figures of the Catholics of our day, who too deeply immersed in the cares, pleasures and vanities of the world do not care to receive the Sacrament. The preparation would require an effort on their part, the sacrifice of some doubtful pleasure—an afternoon at a questionable theatre—an evening with a fascinating, sensual novel. The inward invitation is heard ; the still, small voice keeps whispering, " Come to Me " ! but the answer goes back ; " Another time, good Lord, I have an appointment for this evening and I cannot break my word with friends ; it will be impossible to rise for an early Mass when one is up so late at night, so pray hold me excused " .

And we wonder after language such as that, that there are beautiful souls wilting under our very gaze, souls that had the germ of all that was great and pure and noble soon going the downward slope to all that is vulgar and sensual when they might have reached the sunny heights where God's love was awaiting to clasp them and to hold them safely to His Heart forever ! God help those poor souls in the struggle, if they even have the heart to struggle, when great temptations come !

The poor received an invitation to the supper. Do we realize what " poor " means here ? It is certainly not " poverty " , but the poor in merit, those who would not for the world refuse the invitation, whose place is never vacant at the Holy Table, but what do they bring hither ?

A poor preparation and a poor effort to keep themselves in touch with God by raising their thoughts to Him during the day's toil and excitement. Their piety is poor their spirit of endurance is poor, their power to forgive is poor.

The feeble come in turn with their half-willed, shaky resolutions, their feeble " no " in the face of a temptation and their weaker decisions when there is question of God's interests.

Invitation was sent to the blind symbolizing those who refuse to see the deep, inner meaning attached to so many of our Lord's lessons and who grope on in ignorance of all that is most beautiful in the doctrine of self renunciation.

In *the lame* we see those who lean upon the one-sided construction of many Gospel truths, and cannot, or fancy they cannot, summon up sufficient energy to develop and strengthen the weak points in their spiritual life, but go limping on with their weight of shortcomings.

Invitations are issued to all these, and our merciful Saviour receives them all. By the virtue of the heavenly Bread under which He hides His divinity they grow in grace, in strength and eventually make progress in the practice of virtue. Timid souls should ponder well upon this lesson and draw comfort and consolation therefrom.

Since the day of the first sin long ago, human nature has been afflicted with innumerable evils, the chief of which are pride, independence, forgetfulness of God, weakness in opposing passion, degradation and death. But, is there any of these evils which the Blessed Eucharist does not remedy? It destroys pride, that spiritual blindness, by subjecting reason to faith. It combats forgetfulness of God, for it is the memorial of all that love has done for us. It remedies our passions by the abundance of grace of which it is the source. Our ignorance gives way under the clearest lights of faith; our degraded nature is buoyed up by the grace that comes with the Sacramental presence, and if we are responsive to the invitation we know that our loving Saviour will take our infirmities on Himself. Has He not said it plainly enough? "Come to Me all ye that labor and are heavy burdened and I will refresh ye" (St John VI, 52).

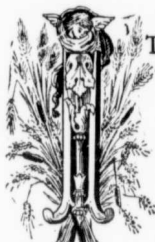
Dearest Jesus, I take Thee at Thy word, and in spite of my unworthiness I come to Thee from the highways of sensuality, the hedge-hiding of cowardice and spiritual sloth; I come to Thee feeble and blind and lame, because Thou hast asked me to come, and because I need Thee so much. I am weary of the daily struggle with sin and temptation. I am blind, oh! so blind to the myriad of defects that keeps me limping along the way,

but Thou wilt open my eyes and send me away enlightened, strengthened and refreshed, I believe it, and I love Thee all the more for the sweet, kind way Thou hast of drawing my heart to higher things.

Bless us all, dear Lord, as we come to Thee and as we go, not from Thee, but with Thee to do our little task. We have but one desire, that of pleasing Thee to-day in preparation for the invitation to the Banquet to-morrow.



Eucharistic Training of Children



It would be an error to consider little children incapable of acquiring a knowledge of, and a devotion for, the Blessed Sacrament until they possess enough mental development for making their first Confession. Anyone who reflects attentively upon the kind of process that a child has to go through for making Confessions will see that these suppose a fairly full measure of reason. It is hardly possible to prepare a child for the Sacrament unless this stage of mental growth has been reached. Not so in the case of the Holy Eucharist. The now abandoned discipline of the Early Church, according to which Holy Communion was given to senseless infants, fresh from the baptismal font plainly proves the distinction here made. For it shows that use of reason is not, *in the nature of things* needed at all. A very small child, unless decidedly "wanting", is—as experience constantly shows—capable of grasping the substance of Eucharistic teaching. And it will be the earnest aim of every conscientious Catholic mother to "prepare the way of the Lord" into the souls of her offspring by familiarising the child's mind with the Church, the altar and the tabernacle with its Divine Occupant. Let the earliest impressions of one who is, first of all, the child of God, and secondly, the child of its mother, be Eucharistic ones.

The task of training might well seem difficult, nay impossible, if the parent had only the natural faculties of her little child to aid her. But this is not so. It would be a mistake to argue that because Jack and Mollie are too backward for taking in other teaching of a secular



kind, therefore it must be hopeless to attempt to convey to them any understanding of a mystery so sublime as the Blessed Sacrament. That is to count without one's host. The cases are very different. The Sacrament of Baptism plants in the infant soul the gift, or "habit"

of Faith, besides clothing it in a heavenly garment of holiness and innocence. We may describe this gift as a special faculty, or— if you will—*faculty* for assimilating Divine truths which pass human comprehension. This faculty does indeed require the stimulus of instruction to rouse it into due activity, and, moreover—miracles apart— needs a certain dawn of intelligence. Yet, given these, the results of teaching will far exceed those obtainable by equal efforts in such secular matters as spelling, reading, and the like.

Thus, one hears of half-witted young people who cannot acquire secular knowledge, and yet have a good and sufficient perception of religious truths. Again, the difference one may often notice, in point of religious perception between non-Catholic and Catholic children may be ascribed either to their not having received, poor mites, the grace of Baptism, or to their parents neglecting to avail themselves of the Divine faculty which Baptism has given to their souls.

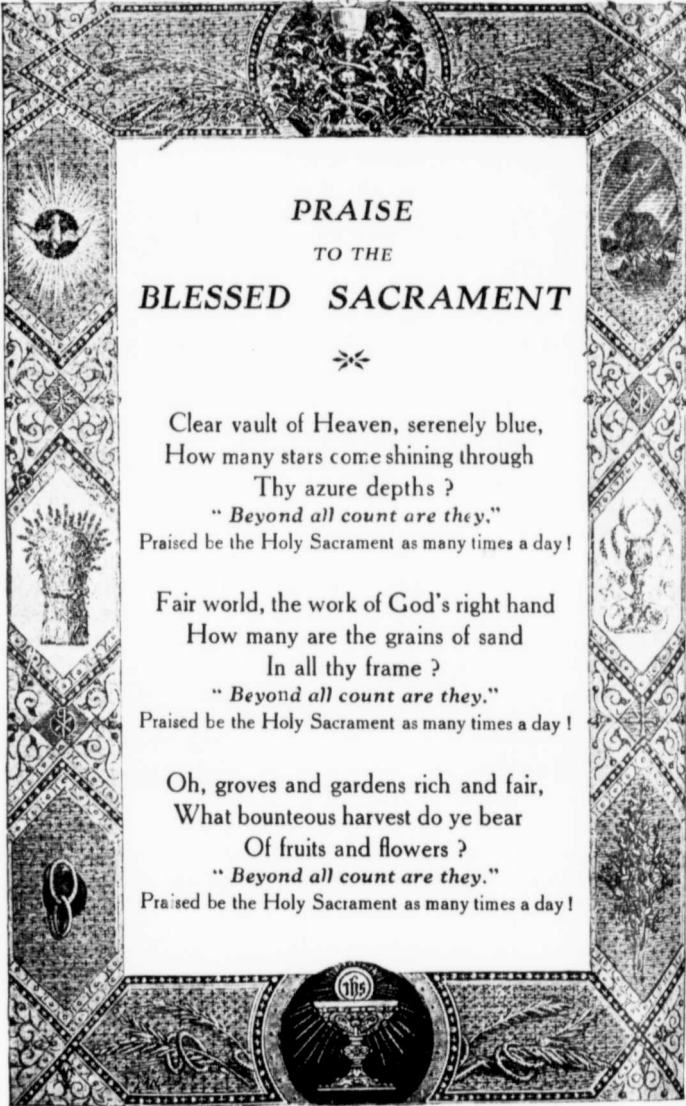
But why such early Eucharistic training? Because the sooner a child gains an elementary knowledge of the Holy Eucharist the sooner it will be ready to make its First Communion. And it would hardly be possible to exaggerate the importance of nipping the passions of childhood in the bud, or even entirely forestalling them by the earliest possible application of this "Divine Remedy," for human concupiscences. It is not any particular age that is required—at least for ordinary private Communion. The public solemnity is another matter. All that is needed—as St Thomas teaches—is that a child have "a certain knowledge" of the Blessed Sacrament "so as to be able to conceive devotion towards It." There is another incalculable advantage in a very early First Communion. For as soon as the first one is made, the child is qualified for carrying out what the Church declares to be the "desire of Jesus Christ and of the Church," viz., frequent and if possible daily reception of that "Daily Bread" which we daily pray to be given us. That "Daily Bread" is the natural complement of the child's Baptism. At the font it received the Divine life of grace; in the Eucharist it will receive

the Christ-appointed nourishment for sustaining that life, and keeping sin at a distance. "I am the Bread of Life," our Lord said, referring to the Sacrament of His Flesh and Blood.

What are the means by which an early knowledge of the Real Presence in the Eucharist may be conveyed to the undeveloped minds of the little ones? They may be summed up in one word—Love. First of all, the mother's own love for the Blessed Sacrament, vivified by Its frequent reception. Then, the freemasonry of love subsisting between the mother and her child, which gives to her such an advantage in communicating ideas, and to her child a special receptiveness. Last of all, but by no means least, the *loving* character of the truth she endeavors to impart. The mite that begins to understand who Jesus is, how He came "all the way from Heaven" as a little child because He loved us and desired to be loved, how He died upon a cross that we might become good and get to Heaven—a child so far enlightened can easily be led one step further. It can be told how Jesus, on returning to Heaven, loved us too much to forget all about us. So He arranged in such manner as to remain always with us, that He even wished to enter into our very souls and bodies, so as to embrace us, hiding beneath the appearance of a little bread, as if behind a curtain. That in Holy Communion He feeds our souls and makes them strong for fighting against all naughtiness. That one day the curtain will be drawn aside, and we shall see His kind and loving face, and live with Him happy for ever. Apart from the child's faculty of faith, already mentioned, this lesson is easy for a child simply because it is from start to finish a long and lovely tale of Divine love. And a child is keenly alive to impressions of love long before its intelligence develops in other directions.

F. M. DE ZULUETA. S. J





PRAISE
TO THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT



Clear vault of Heaven, serenely blue,
How many stars come shining through
Thy azure depths ?

" Beyond all count are they."

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !

Fair world, the work of God's right hand
How many are the grains of sand
In all thy frame ?

" Beyond all count are they."

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !

Oh, groves and gardens rich and fair,
What bounteous harvest do ye bear
Of fruits and flowers ?

" Beyond all count are they."

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !

PRAISE
TO THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT



Great ocean, boundless, uncontrolled,
How many do thy waters hold
Of briny drops ?
" *Beyond all count are they.*"
Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !

High sun, of all things centre bright,
How many are the rays of light
That from thee dart ?
" *Beyond all count are they.*"
Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !

Eternity. O vast sublime !
How many moments of our time
Are in thy length ?
" *Beyond all count are they.*"
Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !





Needs and Supply



END me 50,000 men," wrote McClellan at the beginning of the war of '61. "To conquer my enemies demands so great a force." This was the only sure way of defending himself. He measured his wants by the strength of his needs. He wanted not enough to save his army from defeat ; not enough to make a draw ; but he wanted enough to drive his enemies either into submission or into the gulf.

May we not learn wisdom from the children of this world? The wants of our soul are measured by the strength of its needs. But how are we to find the soul's needs? Imitate McClellan ; study your enemies. Are your enemies unknown to you? The world is your enemy ; the devil is your enemy, your self is your worst enemy. From these learn your wants.

Where will you find a better type of a cunning and crafty foe than our common enemy—the devil? Not cunning only, but relentless ; and pitiless to a degree which no human being, be he as abandoned as Nero or as bitter as Henry VIII, could ever attain. There is no distinction of persons with the devil ; he does not care whether it is the chastened flesh of a saint or the pampered flesh of a libertine which he attacks ; and in every stage of his manifold temptations there is one and the same expression of resolute, undying hatred of God's image—man.

Put his assaults to flight this morning and to him the defeat is nothing more than a thorn in his side to goad him on to fresh assaults in the evening, for then there will be more of God's grace to steal away.

And to aid this enemy comes the world. The world is your enemy because it seeks to make you choose it as your lasting city. The city that is to come is far away in the distance. "Eat, drink, and be merry," whispers the world. But that there is a judgment and a just Judge, that there is an eternity and a hell—these the world hides from you. The world's history is but a record of the conquest of the world that is seen, over the world that is of Faith. The young man turning away from Christ, Judas valuing heaven at thirty pieces of silver, and Pilate preferring the friendship of the princes of earth to the friendship of the Prince of Heaven, are but a few of the countless hosts who in every generation fall victim to this world of sense.

Deadly as are these enemies without the walls, they are but as a dewdrop on a lion's mane compared to the enemy lurking within the walls—your own self-love. "Destruction is thine own, O Israel!" cried the prophet. And the soul that allows these enemies within the fortress is an eternal proof of these ancient words. Think you Sampson's enemies could have destroyed him had he kept in his own heart the secret of his strength? Remember the cry of Judas. Not "I have been hoodwinked by the devil," nor "I have been betrayed by false friends," but, "I have sinned against innocent blood!" Judas killed his own soul as truly as he killed his own body. But Judas is not a solitary case. Could you hear the only harmonious wail of the other souls in hell, it would be: "It's our self-love that made devils of us all."

These are your enemies. Measure your needs accordingly. Like McClellan, you need not enough to retreat in safety, not enough to make a draw, for you cannot make terms with the devil. Unconditional surrender is what you want. Who will aid you to get this victory? You cannot look to the world, for the world is your nemy. You cannot look to yourself, for you are your

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worst enemy. Where, then, are you to go? Where did the saints and martyrs get their strength to keep their souls unspotted in a sinful world? Where did Joan of Arc get the power to lead the armies of France and come forth as victorious in virtue as in battle? Where did Blessed Thomas More find peace and consolation when all the world joined hands against him? Where did the martyrs of the Commune find hope during the dark days of 1870? Where? Nowhere but in the Eucharist. Here lies the secret of their triumph over the world the flesh, and the devil.

But you know all this. You know that all the triumphs of the Church are centered around the Eucharist. Yet, why do you not go more frequently to Holy Communion. It is because you do not realize the need. You have forgotten that you have enemies. And my proof of this ignorance of your foes is taken from the very excuses you give when urged to communicate daily.

Urge daily Communion, and you retort: "No, I'll not go to Communion daily, because I am afraid I shall not keep it up." Your knowledge of your weakness is laudable, but it is a clear proof you do not realize the need of daily Communion. Who is not afraid he will not persevere in good doing? Did not St Paul fear lest he would become a castaway? But did he stop chastising his flesh on that account? Certainly not. On the contrary, his fears goaded him on to greater deeds for Christ.

But this is not all. Look beneath the surface of your excuse. You need no x-ray to find what lies hidden there. First, you promise yourself a "to-morrow." Who can truly say he has a "to-morrow"? This much the angels could not promise you. Then you imply that all this work of perseverance depends on you alone. You will not give God a share. You forget Christ's words: "Without Me you can do nothing."

Again, you are guilty of a strange inconsistency. You do not use the same shrewd sense in dealing with God that you use in dealing with men. You say, "Make hay while the sun shines." Have you any thought to give over money-making because a rain cloud is in the sky? On the contrary, at the sight of this portent of a storm

you bend to more heartily. Is it too much to ask you to use this shrewdness in your seeking for what is more lasting than dollars—God's grace ?

Why this strange inconsistency ? You realize the need of dollars ; you do not realize the need of God's grace.

And yet these are not the only proofs of your ignorance of your daily needs. There is another more startling proof still. Some of you openly say, " I do not feel the need of daily Communion." Now, you either know your need or you do not know it. Let us say you do not know your need. May not that need still exist ? Was not the man who went down to Jericho ignorant of his enemies ? Did his ignorance weaken their power ? Rather did not his ignorance strengthen them ? For they took him by surprise and left him for dead on the roadside.

But you may insist that my answer does not touch your objection to frequent Communion, because your reasons for staying away are not based on ignorance of your needs. You will tell me that you know well the strength of the world, the flesh, and the devil ; and you will say that on less frequent Communion you have been able to persevere thus far ; not without failures, 'tis true, but still without mortal sin. More than this ; you will point to the saints who practised heroic virtue on less frequent Communion. You may bring forward the example of St Aloysius spending three days in preparation and three days in thanksgiving for each Communion. You will cite the examples of other saints not less illustrious for their innocence of life— a Stanislaus or a Berchmans.

These seem strong arguments, to be sure, and I shall not attempt to deny what history and your own experience plainly state as facts. But there is a sophism lurking here which has deceived souls more subtle than yours.

Granted that some saints went to Holy Communion but once a week. Their example applies to you if you are a Berchmans or a Stanislaus. But you know you are neither. You know some saints are more to be admired than imitated. Berchman's fasts, whole days, you admire but do you imitate ? Aloysius scourges his innocent

flesh with leaded whips; you admire, but do you imitate? Why not? The answer is evident. You are neither a Berchmans nor an Aloysius.

Again, that Aloysius and Berchmans went to weekly Communion is due not so much to their lack of desire as to the influence of the times. In those days priests and people looked with disapproval on what they thought as too free intimacy with Christ. Daily Communion would hardly have been tolerated.

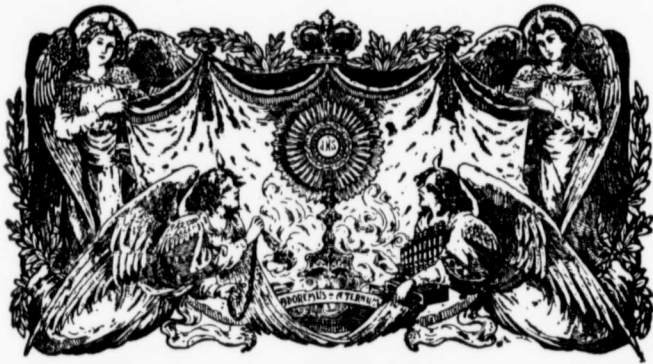
But bring Aloysius and Berchmans and Stanislaus down to our own day, and let them read Our Holy Father's Decree on daily Communion. Every morning would find them at the altar-rail. And they would not say they did not feel the need, either.

These are not words of rhetoric, dear reader. For that same history that tells you of an age of infrequent Communion also tells you of an age when every Christian received the Bread of the strong daily. Turn back the pages of your history to the time when Agnes and Lucy and Catharine sealed their faith with their virgin blood; the age when Laurence from his bed on the hot gridiron mocked the men who tried to steal his soul from God. This is the age of daily Communion. And why? These saints judged their needs from the strength of their enemies. It was the same world, the same flesh, the same devil that attacks you to day. Only then the enemies were open; to-day they are masked in a corrupt press, Godless schools, and cool indifference to everything eternal or of God.

In such days as these can you show less love for heaven and your own salvation?

H. A. L., S. J.





HOUR of ADORATION

JESUS IS CRUCIFIED

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Erat autem hora tertia et crucifixerunt eum. . .
And it was the third hour, and they crucified Him.

(Mark XV, 25.)

I — ADORATION.

“*They crucified Him . . .*” Jesus has reached Calvary. While the executioners make their grim preparations for the crucifixion, some high-born Jewish women drew near to the illustrious Victim and presented Him a cup of spiced wine, intended to dull His senses and diminish the sensation of pain. Jesus moistened His lips with it, and then returned the cup without drinking. He tasted it in condescension to the kind-hearted women who had prepared it, but He refused to drink it, as He desired to retain till His last sight His consciousness and free-will.

Jesus notes every step of those preparations. Who could express the vehement love that fills the Saviour’s Heart for us at that moment? More than ever does He long to save the human race, and to offer Himself in expiation for all the crimes of earth: “My Father,” He cries to God, “My Father, I know that the sacrifices, the oblations, the holocausts of the Old Law are no longer pleasing to Thee, are no

longer sweet odor before Thee. Then, behold Me, the universal Victim, ready to accomplish Thy holy will in all things !” And so He prays. It is His Introit to the grand Sacrifice of the Cross.

The Cross is sunk deep in the ground, the hammer and the nails are lying near, the ladders are ready, the cords are stretched, the executioners hasten to begin their work.

The Evangelists have given us no details of the Crucifixion itself, but, thanks to archeology, we are so fortunate as to be able to supply this break and picture to ourselves the distressing scene of the Saviour's Passion. The soldiers brutally seize Jesus, knock off His chains, and violently tear off His garments, leaving almost nude “Him who clothes the heavens with stars and the earth with flowers.” A single strip of linen is left around His loins. They attach Him to the cords that have been thrown over the arms of the Cross, and hoist Him to its summit. They extend His arms and bind them to the transverse horizontal. Then, taking nails and hammer, they fasten His hands and feet to the wood of the Cross. Without a sign of resistance, the sweet Lamb yields to the execution of the unjust sentence. They wish to bind His arms, and He extends them ; to pierce His hands, and He opens them ; to nail His feet, and He presents them. They wish to replace the crown of thorns, and He offers His wounded head. He is ready from the height of His Cross to endure everything for our salvation. He has abandoned Himself to the mercy of the wicked that they may do to Him whatever they will. Not a murmur, not a cry of indignation ! If the divine seal is anywhere in the Gospel, it is most truly here !

The prophecy of over a thousand years ago is to-day accomplished : “ They have pierced My hands and My feet, they have numbered all my bones.” “ On that day there shall be great weeping in Jerusalem . . . And they shall say to Him : ‘What are these wounds in the midst of Thy hands? And He shall say : ‘With these I was wounded in the house of them that loved Me,”

More than once Jesus Himself had announced His cruel death : “ As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be *lifted up*, that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting.” Again, He said to the Pharisees : “When ye shall have

lifted up the Son of Man ye will then know who I am." Some days previously, after His triumphal entrance into Jerusalem, He foretold that Satan, the tyrannical ruler of the human race, would soon be deprived of his empire, and He added : " *When I shall have been lifted up* from the earth, I shall draw all things to Myself." The Evangelist thus explains the Master's thought : "Now, He said this signifying by what death He should die." Some days before He had said to His Apostles, and in express terms, that He was going to be delivered to the Gentiles to be buffeted, scourged and *crucified*.

Nor was He deceived. It was no ordinary man who at this moment mounted the gibbet of the Cross. No, it was a God, for it is only God who can determine in advance, even to the smallest details, the kind and the circumstances of His death. Fall on your knees at the feet of the Divine Crucified and recognize in Him your God, your Creator, your Saviour, the Master of the world, the Source of divine life.

Thou art, O Divine Crucified, the Sovereign Priest, who dost immolate Thyself as a Victim to the greater glory of God. Thy hands are elevated as those of the priest when they are offering the Sacrifice. Thou dost pray aloud for the guilty human race. Thou dost at this moment solemnly inaugurate Thy intercession between God, irritated by our sins, and guilty man, who has to expect from Divine justice only eternal chastisement. Universal and Divine Pontiff, I adore Thee offering Thy bloody Sacrifice to the glory of the infinite Majesty and for the salvation of the world.

O Calvary ! illustrious mountain, adorable mountain, last scene of the Saviour's Passion, where art thou ? Alas ! in a country of miscreants, lost to the followers of Christ and rarely visited by pilgrims. Happy they who can join the religious caravans which faith yearly carries under the beautiful Orient skies ! Depart, devout traveler, cross the seas chanting hymns and canticles, look with respect on unfortunate Jerusalem, traverse its desolate streets in the footsteps of the Divine Condemned One. Pass beyond its walls, ascend the holy mountain, prostrate, kiss the spot on which the Cross was planted, weep, pour out your heart, and then return to tell us of the emotions that have broken it. You will edify our piety but you will not excite our jealousy, for a mountain

not less illustrious, not less fertile, not less divine than Calvary, is erected in our midst. Look beyond the precincts where you are gathered, just and sinners. The floor rises gently, the choir leads us to the steps of the sanctuary, the sanctuary to the platform of the altar, says the Abbé Monsabré. The altar is, in truth, a Calvary where Jesus, the High Priest of the new alliance, offers, immolates Himself,—in an unbloody manner indeed, but real nevertheless,—in sacrifice to the glory of His Divine Father. It is the same Divine Lamb that is extended both on the Cross and upon the altar ; it is one and the same Host, one and the same Sacrificer. And this Holy Sacrifice is offered not only once, or in one single place, but daily, at every instant of the day, and upon all points of the globe. It is the word of Consacration that brings down the Victim on this new Calvary. True, it is not nails that imprison Him in the Eucharist, but His love, His love alone that retains Him night and day upon the Eucharistic Calvary.

II — THANKSGIVING

“ *They crucified Him. . . .*” Saint John Chrysostom asks why Jesus willed to be crucified on the Calvary, outside of Jerusalem. “The Lord,” he says, “willed to suffer neither in a retired place nor in the Jewish Temple, for fear that it might be thought that He was immolated only for that people. He willed to be exposed to the gaze of all. Behold why He was crucified outside the city walls, for all would then know that He was the universal Victim of propitiation for all men. He calls as witnesses of His Sacrifice both Jews and Pagans. He extends His hands to the East and to the West, as if to embrace the universe. And all occurred between noon and three o'clock, in full day, that nothing might be hidden from the humanity that he came to regenerate.”

I thank Thee, O Divine Saviour, for thus giving us a new assurance of the call of Thy Sacred Heart to the grace of Faith and divine life !

Again, Jesus willed to undergo His execution without any relief. Some devout women of Jerusalem had brought Him a bitter draught which would have lessened His last pains by stupefying His senses. Jesus only touched the cup with His lips, for, by tasting it, He willed to give some satisfaction to

the charitable souls who had presented it to Him. By tasting the bitter potion he wished, also, to mortify His taste and His tongue, in order to expiate Adam's sensuality and the gluttony of his offspring. Perhaps, as a pious author thinks,—for what is not the efficacy of His least actions and whither does His grace not extend?—perhaps He willed to merit for the Holy Church the spirit of sobriety and mortification in eating, and for the sick the strength to surmount their disgust for bitter and repulsive remedies so frequently ordered them.

But though Jesus tasted that inebriating draught, He willed not to drink it. The Prince of martyrs of love would not lose the least suffering that awaited Him. Supreme Pontiff, He is about to mount the steps of the altar to offer His Sacrifice for the salvation of the world. He had need of all His clearness of mind, all His liberty, to accomplish that mystery of love.

I thank Thee, O Jesus, for refusing all relief in Thy horrible sufferings, in order to procure for me abundant redemption !

The hour of sacrifice marked by the Father is about to strike. The executioners will have no need to use violence. The victim Himself presents His hands and feet to be nailed to the Cross. His face, although torn by the thorns,—the executioners might have seen it if their hearts had been less hardened,—His face showed at this moment some rays of the infinite joy that was stirring His Soul. With what satisfaction did He behold the earth drinking in long draughts the Blood that was to purify and redeem it !

Who will not feel his heart swelling with gratitude at so much love ! It is for me, for my salvation, that the Son of God is at this moment suspended in atrocious suffering on the gibbet of the Cross. It is to expiate the bad use I have made of my hands and feet that His sacred hands and feet are nailed on the ignominious wood. "*He was wounded for our iniquities.*" It is to expiate all the sins of touch, all the disorder of my works, all my guilty steps, that He has lovingly allowed His hands and feet to be pierced. It is to spare my members the eternal fire of hell that He devotes His own to infinite pain. It is His love that holds His arms open to embrace me, it is His love that keeps His feet nailed

to await me. Who will give me to read the crucified Body of Jesus, that divine Book, in which are seen as many letters as there are wounds, teaching and compelling love !

Jesus willingly allows Himself to be crucified by love and obedience to His Father. We should not forget in our gratitude that it is God who, having so loved the world, delivered for it His only Son. And it is principally on the Cross that He gives Him to us. Yes, while they are nailing Jesus to the gibbet, there is a Master more skilful than the executioners, who directs the hammers and superintends the bloody work. It is God Himself ! Strange labor of God, reconciling sinners at the expense of His innocent, His holy Son ! But it is a labor of love.

God the Father continues to us the gift of His Son in the Eucharist, and the well-beloved Son lovingly consents to this new immolation. The sublime rôle of Mediator, which He commenced on Calvary, He constantly continues on our altars throughout the ages. In the Eucharist, His Wounds cry with a loud voice to His Father for mercy. There it is, above all by Holy Communion, that He again becomes the charitable Physician, curing the wounds of our soul with His own bruises. In adoration, Jesus opens his wounds as sanctuaries of refuge to penitent souls, as delightful retreats to loving and contemplative souls.

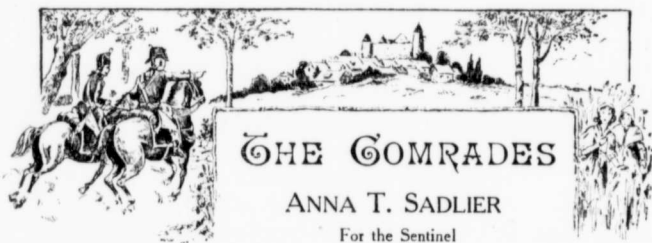
(to be continued)



NEAR TO US

O Jesus, hidden God, "more friendly than a brother" — I believe most firmly that you are present, a few feet only from where I kneel. You are behind a little wall, listening for every word of confidence and love, thanksgiving and praise. Listening when my heart is free to pour itself out to You, as the brook to the river in the days of spring. Listening more tenderly when the stream is ice-bound, when I kneel before You, troubled, wearied, anxious about many things, yet dry and hard, without a word to say. Make my heart so perfectly at ease with you, O Lord, that it may be able to turn to You even in its coldness ; to confide to You naturally all that most intimately concerns it ; to be content with this, when discontented with all else, with self most of all — that You know all men "and need not that any should give testimony of man, for you know what is in man." — Mother Mary Loyola.





THE COMRADES

ANNA T. SADLIER

For the Sentinel



His eyes were bright blue, that old soldier, his manner simple and unaffected, as a child. He had been in that great engagement of the Civil war, in the United States, and had seen the Chaplain stand up upon a high knoll, right in the firing line, to give a general Absolution to all the combatants. Oh, Yes, that was fine ; and the men, they all bent their heads ; even the Protestants bowed down with some dim understanding of what it meant. The Chaplain was a hero. There were many heroes amongst the priests and nuns, as well as amongst the fighters. And many a religious soul, too, amongst those who wore the blue or the gray, and fought for the banner with its thirteen Stars and Stripes, or that other with a solitary Star.

The old man loved to describe this fight and many others. He was a veteran now, and his fighting days were done. He kept a little shop which contained a variety of little trinkets, devotional objects, holy pictures, beads and medals which he dispensed, a part from the money, with a real satisfaction.

One day, there strolled into the place a man, no less old, but more infirm, having lost an eye and injured his left leg. The shop man looked at him intently. The newcomer's was a morose and surly countenance.

" Well," said he, at last, " what can I do for you to day ? Would you be wanting a statue of the Blessed Mother of us all, or mebbe, a prayer or Rosary beads ?"

"No, indeed," said the other, "no such rubbish for me.

"Halt, there," cried the shop-man, "Attention! Right march, and out of my shop."

The other stopped, and looked at him, though paying no attention to his command.

"Hey" he said, "you've been a soldier, then?"

"A soldier to be sure, and I don't allow any man to come here, talking with disrespect of holy things.

"What you allow don't make no difference to me, even if I am lame" growled the other, "and if I've got only one eye, I guess I see more out of it than you do with two, for I'm makin' a big mistake, if you ain't Matt Ryan, of the old, fighting Sixty-Ninth.

"I am that," responded Matt but not so heartily as he would have done, if the other man had not used that disrespectful expression regarding the contents of the shop.

"Well, I'm Timothy Foley.

"Timothy Foley." echoed Matt forgetting his displeasure in the joy of meeting once more a comrade of the forced marches, the hot skirmishing and the big battles, when the Army of the Potomac was lined up against the Army of Virginia. "Give me your hand, Timothy, and come right in here to my parlor and have a cup of tea."

It is possible that Timothy might have preferred some more stimulating refreshment, but he responded with something of heartiness to the invitation, and the two were presently seated opposite each other, in two arm-chairs. Then to hear them one would have thought that the years had rolled away, and that the battles of the campaign were being fought over again, one by one. A species of roll was called, likewise, of those who under the Green and Gold had fought the battles of the Union. Some of them were buried in Calvary, in Flatbush, or in other cemeteries, the length and breadth of the land, with only the tiny flag or handful of flowers on Decoration day, to mark the spot where slumbered heroes who had given their life for the cause. Some "dead on the field of honor" had found a resting place far off on Southern

battle fields, or on that glorious plain, where the heart of the great Republic has shown itself by putting up monuments, to friend and foe alike. Some, and they were growing fewer yearly, had lived and prospered ; others, still surviving, had gone under in the social maelstrom of modern life and were dragging out existence, too often maimed like Foley, or suffering from the effect of wounds.

But in any case, it was both amusing and pathetic to hear the two old comrades, talking in broken, disjointed sentences.

Sometimes, their laugh broke out deep and hearty so that it could be heard half a block away. Sometimes a tear glistened in Matt Ryan's clear, blue eye and even the more hardened Timothy, appeared affected at a particularly pathetic story that had come back to the cronies from the shadows of the past.

So delighted was the maimed veteran, Timothy, at having found some one with whom he could talk of those exciting scenes of the past, that he engaged a room in the vicinity, where he could see his old friend every day. In the familiarity which this close intimacy engendered, oftentimes a quarrel arose between the two, and especially, when Matt began to talk on a subject, dear to his heart, the devotion which was his daily solace. Timothy refused to listen, at first, when Matt spoke of the morning Mass at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, that place of worship which was nearest, and of the refreshment it was to one wearied with the burden of the years ; or when he feelingly discoursed upon his own frequent reception of Communion, and of the blessings he had found therein. To Timothy, all that was in the beginning, intolerable cant, preaching, psalm singing, or any other expression, which conveyed his own distaste and repugnance for the subject.

But gradually he found a charm in listening to Matt's simple but fervid word painting of the quiet and peace of " his corner, over yonder at the Church of a morning," of the priest who said the Mass, the acolytes who served and the people who attended.

It was also, Matt Ryan's invariable practice to visit the Blessed Sacrament during the course of the day. He had his particular hour, just after the closing of the shop and no matter how engrossing was the subject of conversation, nor how comfortable the arm-chair which he occupied opposite his crony, he rose with the punctuality and promptitude of one long inured to discipline, and proceeded on his way. This at first was a bone of contention, and once, Timothy, out of patience, cried :

" Why, in thunder, Matt, can't you wait till a body gets through with what he's sayin' ?

" Shame on you for an old soldier, to talk that way, retorted Matt, would that be the answer you'd be givin' to the Commanding officer if you were ordered on service?"

Timothy grumbled out an inarticulate reply, but it was noticeable that he never again remonstrated with Matt for his punctuality. Also, as the subject under discussion then was of unusual interest, he announced his intention of walking a bit of the road with his comrade, just to thrash it out in all its bearings. Together they hobbled along, engaged in eager talk, until, without noticing, Timothy found himself outside the Church.

" Why would'nt you come in ? " invited Matt, " and then we can walk home again, and have a pipe together and finish up what we were talkin' about."

Timothy hesitated, while two forces within him were struggling for the mastery. Then he finally yielded, and with head erect and the bearing of one going upon parade, he followed his old acquaintance into the Church. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and innumerable lights made a resplendence upon the altar, the more impressive that the rest of the Church was dark. The fragrance of flowers was there likewise, and there was an intense calm and stillness. Timothy, after a hasty bending of the knee from old force of habit, sat erect and glared about him with a strange discomfort. All present including Matt, whom he had so often seen bravest of the brave in combat, most strenuous in action, were praying with the fervor and simplicity of little children. Timothy remembered how he had prayed, too, when taken to the Church as a boy. A multitude of thoughts came into his

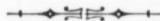
mind, in which were mingled oddly the living and the dead. He felt half afraid of the stillness and yet it was refreshing too after the noise of the city. He was half glad, half sorry, when Matt fearing to keep his comrade too long, made a move to go. He felt impelled then to kneel down and to strive to form some species of prayer.



That seemed to be the turning point in his spiritual career, for without anything being said, it became his almost invariable rule to accompany Matt in the evening from which he fell into the habit of stealing in a shame-faced way into the morning Mass. And at last, but that

was a day of rejoicing, kept by the two old fellows as a festival, Timothy had made up his mind to bend the knee to a priest, and prepared himself to receive Holy Communion. His last attendance there had been so very long ago, when his limbs uninjured had the full vigor of youth, when his sight intact was remarkable for keenness of vision. It was almost like his First Communion day, almost but not quite, since that is an occasion which stands apart, and his preparation was beyond description, so simple and earnest was it, repentance struggling with devotion. He put his whole soul into it. Tears of happiness streamed down his cheeks, when returning from the rails, he bent down in adoration; and from Matt who knelt beside him, came the audible sound of a sob.

When the comrades came out of the Church they stood still a moment, Matt grasping his old friend's hand and shaking it till it ached; while one and the other burst into a hearty, congratulatory laugh, a laugh which spoke volumes. Matt led the way back to his shop, where quite a banquet was prepared, after which he drew forth from his stock, and presented to the guest of honor two or three articles, which Timothy the unregenerate, had mocked at as rubbish.



Thanksgiving after Communion



HERE is no prayer more pleasing to God, or more profitable to the soul, than thanksgiving after Communion. It is the opinion of many learned authors that, as long as the Sacramental Species remain, the Holy Communion continues to produce an augmentation of grace, provided the soul disposes herself for it by new acts of virtue. Hence, holy souls endeavour to remain as long as possible in prayer after

Communion. The Ven. M. Avila spent two hours in prayer after Communion, even during the missions. Father Balthasar Alvarez used to say, that we ought to set as much value on the time after Communion as if we heard from the lips of Jesus Christ Himself the words which He addressed to His disciples : " But you have not me always with you." It is not a good practice to begin, as some do, to read immediately after Communion; it is better to spend at least a little time in holy affections, in speaking from the heart with Jesus Christ, who is within you, and in repeating several times some tender affection or prayer. Jesus Christ, who is within you, repeated the same prayer for three hours in the garden : " And He prayed the third time saying the self-same words."

After Communion, then, the soul should entertain herself with Jesus in affections and prayers. We should be persuaded that prayers after Communion have greater value and merit before God than those that are offered at other times, for then the soul is united to Jesus Christ and her acts derive value from His presence. Moreover, we must consider that after Communion Jesus Christ is more disposed to bestow His graces. St Teresa says : " that at that time Jesus remains in the soul as on a throne of grace saying to her : " What wilt thou that I should do to thee ? " As if He said : O christian soul, I am come for the express purpose of giving thee my graces ; ask what thou wishest, and thou shalt obtain it. O devout soul, what treasures of graces wilt thou receive if thou dost continue to entertain thyself with Jesus, at least for a quarter of an hour after Communion ! But even after thy thanksgiving, thou must, during the day of thy Communion, take care by prayer and affections to keep thyself united with Jesus whom thou hast received.



Prisoner of Love



RISONNER of Love in the Tabernacle ! We know that He is there whole and entire, that His Heart is there, loving, praying, suffering ; that every drop of His precious Blood and every fibre of His Sacred Heart are there. Oh, how He longs for love and sympathy ! Let us try to be filled with this thought, so that it may become part of our very lives and thus render our very thought, word, and deed a message of love and reparation to that loving outraged Heart. It may be only a simple aspiration of love, a simple thought of Him, a little flower laid at His feet, but whatever it is, it speaks to Him in language He understands, and which He will not forget.

Father DIGNAM, S. J.

*Then as I bow in faith before
The Altar where my Lord resides,
And in His presence ponder o'er
The treasure which from sight He hides,
I will bethink me how this Heart,
So mighty, so munificent,
Which felt the Passion's bitter smart,
And all its Blood for sinners spent,
Is centred in that Christ entire,
Who veils Himself in meekness there,
And pours to God, with strong desire,
For us Its never-ceasing prayer.*

Cultivate the habit of ejaculatory prayer. Visit the Blessed Sacrament devoutly.



Jesus Christ is present in the Blessed Sacrament and we may visit Him, and receive Him in Holy Communion. He stays in the Tabernacle day and night to be our companion, our comforter, our consoler, our model. We see those who are fond of visiting Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament unconsciously absorb, and constantly manifest the meekness and gentleness of the Sacramental Lord.

MARTYRDOM

— OF —

ST JOHN THE BAPTIST

(See frontispiece)

THE Gospel tells us : “ When Herod himself had sent and apprehended John, and bound him in prison, Herodias laid snares for him and desired to put him to death.

All her efforts were vain, for Herod feared John, knowing him to be a just and holy man and often consulted him and followed his advice.

And when a convenient day was come, Herod made a supper for his birth-day, for the Princes, and Tribunes, and chief men of Galilee.

And when the daughter of Herodias had come in, and had danced and pleased Herod, and them that were at table with him, the king said to the damsel : Ask of me what thou wilt, and I will give it thee.

And he swore to her : Whatsoever thou shalt ask I will give it thee, though it be the half of my kingdom. Who when she was gone out, said to her mother : what shall I ask ? But she said : The head of John the Baptist.

And when she was come in immediately with haste to the king, she asked, saying : I will that forthwith thou give me in a dish the head of John the Baptist.

And the king was struck sad. Yet because of his oath, and because of them that were with him at table, he would not displease her.

But sending an executioner, he commanded that his head should be brought in a dish.

And he beheaded him in the prison, and brought his head in a dish ; and gave it the damsel, and the damsel gave it to her mother.

Which his disciples hearing, came and took his body ; and laid it in a tomb.” St Mark, Chap. VI.