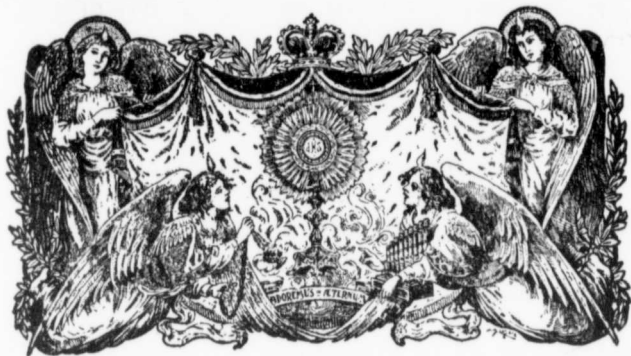




The Holy Family

By Carl Müller.



To the Sanctuary Lamp.

THOU faithful sentinel before the throne
 Of Him who made the stars, 'tis thine to mark
 "The clouds that are His covering:" happy spark!
 All tremulous to find thyself alone
 And by thy humble gleaming to atone
 The world's misusage of the hours of dark.
 The stars fade out before thee; and the lark
 At "heaven's gate singing" sees thee watching on.

Oh, that the oil of charity were mine!
 Detached from earth and poised in middle air,
 Like thee I'd live and love, and burn, and shine,
 And draw all hearts to vigilance and prayer,
 And guard with thee the place where Jesus lies
 Till shadows flee and Easter gilds the skies!



Particular Practice for the Month of March.
Atonement to Jesus misunderstood by mankind.

EVEN as our Blessed Lord was misunderstood throughout His earthly life, so is He perpetually misunderstood in His sacramental life. The love which prompted Him to invent this wonderful existence is not merely misjudged by thousands of unbelievers, heretics and lax Catholics, but even good, thoughtful men, believing Christians, will shrink away from the subject of this abasement on the part of the living God, and, whilst firmly believing the article of faith which commands them to recognize Jesus in the Sacred Species, they refused to pierce its loving depths, they refuse to draw near to their Lord in His self-appointed lowliness—they will not try to fathom the love which engendered the Blessed Sacrament. And, seeing this wilful misapprehension of Him, Jesus turns away from these souls, grieving that they will not know Him, better grieving that they will not give Him scope to pour more graces, more bounties, and more love into their hearts!

At Nazareth. Mary's Son was reckoned of small account. During the three years public ministry, the Jews were scandalized in His regard." From the court of Herod He was led forth wearing the robe of a fool. And in the Sacred Species, who shall number the insults, the gibes, the odious sacrileges to which He Has been subjected? From Calvary until now He has been continually misunderstood.

In years gone by, when persecution raged against the Church of Christ, and Christians were compelled to hide from their oppressors, the care with which they concealed

the celebration of the Holy Mysteries gave rise to the report that sorceries and witchcraft and diabolical orgies were practised under the cloak of religion.

In later times, persecution of the Blessed Sacrament took another shape, and it seemed as though the hate of all the powers of Hell was let loose against the worship of Christians, against the Sacred Host in particular. In the words of Boudon, "Our hair stands on end, and our whole body trembles with dread, when we consider the abominable profanation of this Sacrament of love committed by sorcerers, and the impieties practised by heretics towards this adorable mystery." In the life of M. Olier, founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, we find that magic was systematically practised in his class and that the profanations to which the Blessed Sacrament was subjected were horrible beyond measure. "Shortly after M. Olier entered on the duties of the parish (St. Sulpice) the baillee of the suburb being in pursuit of three persons accused of sorcery, and mistaking one house for another, found an altar dedicated to the evil spirit with these words inscribed upon it : *Gratias tibi Lucifer ; gratias tibi Beelzebub ; gratias tibi Azareel*. The altar was a kind of *travestie* of that consecrated to Catholic worship ; the candles were black, the ornaments about it were all in keeping with its infernal object, and the book of prayers, as if a mockery of the Missal, consisted of diabolical incantations."

Could misapprehension of the love of Jesus go farther than this? In our own day, the day of intellectual pride, pursuit of science and worship of the human mind, the weakness of the Blessed Sacrament is a scandal, the touching abjection of our Lord Jesus Christ reduced to the form of a piece of bread is held as folly by some, impotency by others, and a sheer imposture by a great number of persons! Such love, such a plenitude of humiliation cannot be gauged by the narrow compass of human science, and therefore it is contemned, despised and rejected, and Jesus is left to mourn in the solitude of His Tabernacle over these misguided children, who, when "He came unto His own, received Him not."

We know, from personal experience, how keenly wounded we are when those amongst whom we live mis-



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judge our motives, put a false construction upon our actions and, instead of returning the affection which we testify towards them, meet us with coldness and mistrust. What then must the Heart of Jesus, burning with love for us night and day, feel whilst He keeps lonely vigil and notes the footsteps of His misguided, erring children as they pass to and fro before His dwelling, failing to recognize Him, or else acknowledging His existence by a cynical sneer at the imbecility of poor, credulous Catholics, who worship an imprisoned God, and bow down before a piece of bread ! How longingly must He turn for consolation towards the faithful few who do know Him, whose hearts are stirred by His Presence, who recognize His Divinity, hidden though it be, who adore Him for His goodness, worship His holiness, and render Him love for love !

Alas ! even by the most faithful of His children the Blessed Sacrament is sometimes misunderstood from cowardice, from lack of energy, from want of sufficient faith. We gaze at the Tabernacle door, or at the veiled Face of our dear Lord on days of Exposition and our hearts gradually glow and soften as the rays of Divine Sunshine penetrate our coldness and vivify our lifelessness, and then Jesus speaks to us, asks something of us, a sacrifice perhaps, an act of self-renunciation — We hesitate, affect to misunderstand His wishes, we pretend to ourselves that we labour under a delusion, that we are not worthy of carrying out the inspiration which we have just received.

Or else, perchance, some spiritual help which God had given us is removed, some means by which we fancied we were learning to know Him better, we imagine that all is lost (misunderstanding again) and that our knowledge of Jesus will fade and wane now that our instructor has left us, forgetting that, if this help was God-sent it is equally God-taken, and that, if we do but have confidence, the Blessed Sacrament will not permit us to starve, but Jesus dwelling therein will Himself become our guide, drawing us the closer to Him and accustoming our eyes little by little to the Divine light of the tabernacle.

Sometimes we misunderstand Jesus wilfully by refusing to comprehend the full meaning of His whispered teachings, because of the inward conviction that so to do will

mean a complete transformation of our life, a revolution of our very being. We dread that we shall be "carried too far," in other words, we shrink from the sacrifice which we feel that God might ask of us!

Again, and, oh! how woefully, is our sweet Lord misunderstood by those who picture Him to themselves a stern, hard, exacting Master! We sometimes hear Catholics demur, out of a false notion of respect, against the supreme happiness and privilege of possessing the Blessed Sacrament under their roof. They are unworthy of so high an honour, they say (as though any mortal could be *worthy!*) The presence of the Blessed Sacrament would be a tie, would throw a gloom upon the house — they should have to forego all amusement and live semi-conventional lives! And this they urge respecting the gracious, condescending Jesus, Whose first miracle was worked at a marriage-feast, Who then, together with his mother, gave a divine sanction to innocent festivities; Who encourage the exercise of hospitality by sharing the repast of Simon, of Matthew, of Martha and Mary; Who bids us rejoice in the Lord always, Who is so little exacting in His service that, whilst He bestows lands and wealth, with all their accompanying beauties and luxuries, upon us, He is content to abide in a corner of the great mansion, asking the charity of a little flour, water and wine, wherewith to cover His divinity in the narrow prison-walls of His tabernacle. He might command that in return for His condescension some worshipper should be detached from the gay throng making merry in the adjoining rooms, in order that there should be one soul at least to keep watch with Him — but Jesus exacts no such tribute! He is content to dwell patiently in His humble Tabernacle ready to bestow a welcome on any Child of His who shall come and kneel at His feet for however brief a space, ever gracious, condescending, kind, giving full measure for the meagerest remembrance of Himself, and diffusing His love and grace far and near. And this Jesus, this generous, loving Guest is construed into a stern taskmaster, a sort of kill-joy, and a whole district is therefore deprived of a centre of grace — the sunshine of the Blessed Sacrament, the action of Divine love is checked, conversions are impeded and souls starved, all because the Blessed Sacrament is misunderstood!

EMMANUEL.



SAINT JOSEPH, THE PASSION AND THE EUCHARIST.

THAT St. Joseph knew long beforehand of the future passion of Jesus is an evident fact, based, in default of a formal text, on our knowledge of Jesus as well as on His character. Apart from any special revelations His divine Son might have made to him, Joseph was versed in the Scriptures and had read in Isaias, the twenty-third chapter, more like a history describing than a prophecy foretelling the passion of the Messiah ; he had heard Simeon's prediction in the Temple and the sword of sorrow that pierced Mary's heart wounded his own almost as keenly. And besides, nothing leads us to infer that there was any reason why Jesus should not tell His foster-father of the sad Passion and death awaiting Him : on the contrary everything seems to lead us to believe that Jesus did



disclose this truth to St. Joseph in order to sanctify him, to increase his merits and to unite him to Himself as closely as human creatures could be united. Nothing could accomplish this three-fold object so perfectly as suffering and especially such suffering as St. Joseph must have endured ever after hearing the sad recital;—such sufferings as perfect sanctity, crowns merit and consummates union with God. Moreover, in those thirty years of close relationship, could Jesus keep secret on His death, the object and aim of His life and of which His birth was in reality the first act? Was it not more likely that this subject was the principal topic of conversation between Jesus and His Parents, as later on His favorite theme with His Apostles? So love reasons and love is the supreme rule to be consulted when there is question of judging Jesus relations with Mary and Joseph.

St. Joseph thus saw in the future this lovely child, this comely youth, disfigured, broken and bruised, unrecognized and unknown even by His own; bound, scourged, ridiculed, insulted, treated as the vilest of men, yea, even as a worm of the earth, become the scorn of the multitude and bearing the weight and horror of all the iniquities and all the sins of the world: But the Passion did not end on Calvary and love disclosed its history to St. Joseph until the end, consequently this long period of its continuance here below: the Eucharist. Yes, the Eucharist forms part of the Passion, it is the summary before, the recapitulation after the work and a necessary sequence in the Divine plan. Moreover, how heavily it must have weighed with its annihilations in the Chalice offered to the agonizing Christ by Gethsemane's Angel and on the cross laid on His wounded shoulders! Jesus telling St. Joseph of His Passion and death at Jerusalem would naturally tell him also of its sublime extension and heroic perpetuity in the Eucharist.

This double mystery of the cross and of the altar was thus laid bare to St. Joseph, who suffered and sympathized with Its divine Victim according to the measure of his devotedness and his title of Father; so much so, that the sufferings of Calvary and the humiliations of the Eucharist penetrated his soul to such an extent that he could never free his thoughts from their anguish even for a moment.

Thou alone didst know, O Jesus, what sorrow this excited in his soul, what cruel and incessant martyrdom it made him suffer, proportioned to his love, which was worthy of Thine and Thy Blessed Mother's ! Thou alone, O Jesus, didst see by what protestations of fidelity, by what ardent prayers, by what anguish of heart, by what copious tears, by what words of tenderness, by what generous offering of his own life, he tried to console Thee and offer reparation for those who should put Thee to death on Calvary, or betray Thee in the Eucharist.

Alas ? my crucified King, why in face of Thy Passion and Thy Eucharist have I none of the tender compassionate love St. Joseph had for Thee ? If I truly loved Thee, could I live without thinking continually of Thee without being moved by Thy annihilations, without desiring with passionate earnestness Thy reign in souls, without being stricken with sorrow when murderers lay sacrilegious hands on Thee, when Thy Hosts are profaned, thrown on the earth trampled on, or received in guilty hearts ? Yet ! art Thou not in the Eucharist the same God, the Same Saviour as at Nazareth ? Is there not the same imperative reason for us to love Thee ; is there not the same ardent desire on Thy part to be loved ? And I do not grieve because Thou art not loved ! Then, I do not love Thee. No, I do not know what it is to love if love does not make me sorry for Thee and try to console Thee.

Dear St. Joseph, I beg of thee, give me grace, teach me how to console and love Jesus as thou didst. In the meantime, it is thy love, thy compassion, and the sufferings of thy heart I offer Him in reparation for the coldness and ingratitude of his children and in compensation for His annihilations.

In the hope of increasing love and piety towards the great St. Joseph we thought it proper to publish for March, as a complement of the above article, the beautiful engraving which may be seen at the beginning of this issue.

Owing to new postal regulations we shall henceforth offer but one of these engravings each month. But as a compensation we will strive to print only the most pious and renowned works from celebrated artists.





His Lordship Mgr. A. X. Bernard.

ON the fifteenth of February, Mgr. A. X. Bernard was consecrated Bishop of St. Hyacinth, in the midst of a brilliant assemblage of bishops, priests and laity. This happy and long looked for event caused universal joy especially in the pretty little town of St. Hyacinth, doubly favored since Our Holy Father, Pius X sanctioned and ratified the judicious nominee of its clergy and faithful.

The sterling qualities and rare talents of the new prelate ; the great zeal he has always shown for the glory of God, the notable services he has rendered to his dearly loved church during the last thirty years in which he had a voice in the administration of the diocese, all lead us to infer that the Holy Father's choice was an inspiration from heaven.

Mgr. Bernard's motto : *Thy will be done*, perfectly expresses the sentiments with which he accepted the onerous charge laid upon him, and in this humble submission is the truest assurance of an Episcopacy both fruitful and glorious.

As faithful interpreter of the sentiments of its numerous readers "The Sentinel" offers to His Lordship, Mgr A. X. Bernard, the homage of its profound veneration, affectionate respect and most cordially wishes him :

AD MULTOS FINNOS !



HIS LORDSHIP MGR. F. X. BERNARD.

BISHOP OF ST. HYACINTH.

Some special Lovers of the Blessed Sacrament.



THE annals of the Dominican Order abound with beautiful instances of the tender devotion of its members to the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar. It is recorded of its great Founder, St. Dominic, that "when a boy, serving Mass with others of his age, he preached to all beholders by the reverence of his manner and the holiness of his looks." But of his myriad followers, St. Thomas Aquinas is the one most closely identified with the Adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist. To him we owe the majestic hymns, immortal in their loveliness, melody and truth, *Verbum supernum, Pange lingua, Lauda Sion, Adoro Te*, and even the *Anima Christi*, commonly attributed to St. Ignatius Loyola. It is said that when St. Thomas presented to Pope Urban IV the first part of his *Catena Aurea*, the delighted Pontiff wished to reward him with the mitre; but the saint threw himself at his feet, and besought the Holy Father as his sole reward to extend the feast of the Blessed Sacrament over the whole of Christendom. This, Pope Urban gladly consented to do: and commended St. Thomas at once to write the Office for the feast. About the year 1269, when the same saint was teaching at Paris, the Doctors of the University referred to his decision a certain controversy which had arisen concerning the sacramental species in the Holy Eucharist. After

long and fervent prayer, St. Thomas put his own opinion on the subject into writing, and laid the document on the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. Then kneeling, he breathed this simple, touching prayer: "Lord Jesus, Who art truly present and dost work wonders in this adorable Sacrament, I implore of Thee that, if what I have written be the truth, Thou wilt enable me to teach it, but that if it contains anything contrary to the truth, Thou wilt hinder me from proceeding further in declaring it." "Then," adds the Dominican annalist: "then the other Friars, who were watching, beheld our Lord Himself descend and stand upon the manuscript; and they heard from His divine lips the words: "Thomas, thou hast written well concerning the Sacrament of My Body."

When, at last, after his long and fervent life of devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, the solemn hour of death drew near, and the Holy Viaticum was brought to him, St. Thomas raised himself to his knees, the tears raining down his cheeks at the sight of the divine Object of his affections. In a clear, distinct voice, he cried out: "I receive Thee, the price of my soul's ransom; I receive Thee, the viaticum of my soul's pilgrimage: for whom I have studied, watched and labored, preached and taught." Just before receiving the Sacred Host, it is said that he uttered his favorite ejaculation, which he had been wont to use at the Elevation of the Mass: "Thou, O Christ, art the King of glory; Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father!"



THANKS.



We offer most sincere thanks to our dear Promoters and Subscribers for their earnestness in helping us in our Eucharistic Apostolate ; their zealous response to our appeal of last month surpassed our most sanguine expectations. And as a primary result of their intelligent and devoted cooperation more than 800 new subscribers have been registered since January, while each day brings us fresh evidence of the continued success of their arduous campaign. Therein is a royal, magnificent homage offered to Jesus in the Sacred Host and the source of a good that will extend and increase ; therein is also a clear proof of the sympathy our unpretentious little magazine inspires and of the facility with which it may be disseminated.

With sentiments of the deepest gratitude, we once more thank all those who have used such strenuous efforts in the glorious crusade, efforts that have been so bountifully rewarded. We hope their example may influence those others, who, without being less kindly disposed towards "*The Sentinel*" yet refrain from taking any active part in its propagation either through carelessness or dread of failure. To such we repeat the urgent invitation already extended to our devoted readers : *Let each one try during this month to enroll a new subscriber among their friends or acquaintances.*

We shall continue to give as premium during the month of March a beautiful, large engraving representing the Institution of the Blessed Eucharist, to whosoever sends us one new subscription. More elaborate premiums will be given to those forwarding a greater number of new subscriptions. As usual ten subscriptions entitles the sender to an eleventh, free.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

And Blessed is the Fruit of thy Womb, Jesus.

I. — Adoration.

The Prophet Isaias, foretelling the great mystery to be wrought in Mary and by Mary, uses these words: "There shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse and a flower shall rise up out of his root."

Jesus is a fruit. The fruit is produced by the flower, Mary is a flower. The flower blossoms on a stem. The stem is nourished by a root, Israel is a root. The root lives in the earth, humanity is an earth nourished by the sap supplied by its root, Israel.

Jesus is a fruit of humanity; but of a humanity rendered more and more perfect by grace, in this way that the closer humanity draws to Jesus the more holy it becomes and the part that directly responds is what is most divine in its composition.

When God's spring-time had come, the flower budded and blossomed and after a short time fell, that is to say allowed the splendor of its corolla to fade away because Mary is a living flower who willingly hides in the shade far away from the praises of men, Nevertheless, she does not die, she is not annihilated. On the contrary after having sufficiently surrounded herself with light, after having imbibed the dew, after having been long enough exposed to the divine rays, after having received ample provision of heavenly grace, she bears her fruit. And the fruit of her womb is blessed!

O Jesus! how truly Thou art entitled to be blessed, first of all and above all. Blessed, that is to say, praised, loved, exalted and adored. Virgin Mother, who art blessed among women only on account of thine eminent dignity of Mother of God and its glorious and happy consequences, thou wouldst not submit to be praised and exalted alone; after having blessed thee it is meet we should bless thy Son and for this reason the church obliges her children to say: "And

blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus!" After having said: "blessed art thou among women." A practical lesson we may learn from this fact is never to separate Mary from Jesus in the manifestations of our piety and that we cannot please Jesus better than by being Mary's servant, nor please Mary more than by being Jesus' servant.

Let us strive to master the salutary science of blessing Jesus with Mary and by Mary. No one has so perfectly adored so royally worshiped, so ardently loved Jesus as Mary whose love surpassed all that the united Angels had ever shown or would ever show Jesus whose love fully included and enclosed all loves, that of creature for Creator, redeemed for Redeemer, servant for Master, disciple for Preceptor, friend for Friend, sister for Brother, spouse for Husband, mother for Son.

II. — Thanksgiving.

"And blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus!" If thou art blessed, dear Jesus, it is because Thou art the Infinite Goodness, the Sovereign Benignity, diffusing Thyself among Thy too highly honored and too dearly loved creatures.

What a source of blessing Thine Incarnation was for this earth and its exiles! How can we justly magnify and extol Thy Sacramental Presence continuing, extending, and multiplying this blessed Incarnation? The crib were Thou appearedst for the first time and the altar whereon Thou dost manifest Thyself so frequently and so universally are "like the two arms of Infinite love enfolding humanity; and the mystery of the cross is the centre where this love has placed its heart."

If there be a creature, dear Jesus, to whom Thou hast given Thyself, trusted Thyself, completely and utterly abandoned Thyself, that creature is Mary, Thy most holy Mother. How I love to contemplate Thee as a little child lying in her arms, nestling close to her heart, depending on her for all things! Joseph is in reality the head of the Holy Family, but during the first year he is passive, there is so little he can do for the helpless Babe. Later on, at Nazareth, his authority will show itself more, as in the natural order of things the Father directs the growing youth, But at Bethlehem, in the Temple of Jerusalem, at the beginning of the sojourn in Egypt the principal role belongs to Mary, the Incarnate Word is truly hers, dependent on her tender care; and with what raptures of maternal love she meets every demand and exigency of His helpless state! If, as we

do not doubt, Joseph at times holds the blessed Babe, it is the Mother who gives the Child to him and only for a short while; if the Child is offered to the respectful embraces of the Kings and Shepherds, it is again Mary who presents Him. If Jesus began His temporal life by Infancy was it not that He might belong first and entirely to Mary; and was it not in consequence of this great privilege that Mary was the most grateful as well as the most favored of creatures?



Divine Saviour, is it not just Thou shouldst bless, exalt and beatify Mary more than angels or men, since through her Thou dost possess those marvelous organs directly serving Thy sacred attributes and become the organs of a divine being: heart, face, eyes forehead, lips, hands and feet, finally all that body which will spread so much light, and from which will proceed so many graces, such wonderful miracles. Mary, it was who gave thee blood, precious blood to appease divine Justice and to redeem the world; tears, salutary and meritorious tears, causing others to flow unto eternal life.

Mary it was who also in a certain way gave Thee that compassion, this sensibility and tenderness prone to our nature and which she possessed in the most eminent degree. Finally, to her Thou dost owe all those human charms becoming like so many magnets to gain souls and restore them to God.

O Jesus, whose body was born of the Virgin Mary, I adore Thee always present and living on the altar in order to give Thyself to us as formerly to Thy Blessed Mother. I humbly bless and thank Thee with every faculty of my being for time and eternity.

III. — Reparation.

“And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus!” The principal reasons for which we should bless Thee, dear Jesus, is that Thou art our God, our Saviour and our Redeemer; that Thou hast loved us and delivered Thyself for us,—yea, even unto the death of the cross, and that on the altar Thou dost continue to immolate Thyself for the salvation of the world. Blessed be Thou, my Saviour Jesus, for having redeemed me at such a cost, for having purchased by Thy sufferings, humiliations and bloodshedding my heavenly birthright. Although Mary was not redeemed under the same title as we were, since she never contracted even the



shadow of a sin, nevertheless faith tells us that she was redeemed and that all the graces she received, her divine Maternity included, were purchased by Jesus. In the Office of the Immaculate Conception, the church says: "O God, who in view of the death of Thy Son didst preserve this Virgin from all stain of sin;" clearly proving her Immaculate Conception to be the supreme merit of the blood that Jesus shed, the apogee of the Redemption, the superhuman feat of a Saviour's love.

Yes, verily, it was Mary before all others that Jesus came to save. She who was His first love, His first thought was also to be His first and dearest conquest and in consequence He suffered incomparably more for her than for all others combined. She has not received a single grace since her Immaculate Conception, which was the first of all graces, and in Redemption's plan the most excellent, she will not receive any in the course of her wonderful existence which was not the price and the principal price of the Blood shed by Jesus. Judge then if Mary blesses Jesus for the Redemption and if we can discharge our own debt of thanksgiving more perfectly than by uniting with her in blessing our Divine Redeemer.

IV. — Prayer.

"And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus!" According to God's thought, in Scriptural language, every blessing is a promise of fecundity. God said to Abraham: "In thee shall be blessed all the families of the earth." This blessing transmitted from Patriarch to Patriarch has but one object: to give children until cometh the One called the "Desired of Nations."

The Angel said to Mary: "Blessed art Thou," meaning: Thou wilt be a Mother, adding: "among women," to signify that among other glories would be that of the children of all women becoming her children also.

What, then, should we desire, what should be the real meaning of our prayer when we bless Jesus? That the number of God's children increase and multiply, that we ardently desire the coming of Jesus Kingdom and that all we ask is to work and suffer for this twofold purpose in union with Jesus and Mary. Amen.





PROTECTION of St. JOSEPH

IT was one of those exhilarating days in early spring, when the sun's ardent rays so full of warmth scattered the mists and clouds like magic, disclosing a sky as beautifully blue as the heart of a turquoise, and aroused in slumbering nature as in human hearts a buoyancy of life tinged with sweet peace and upward longings.

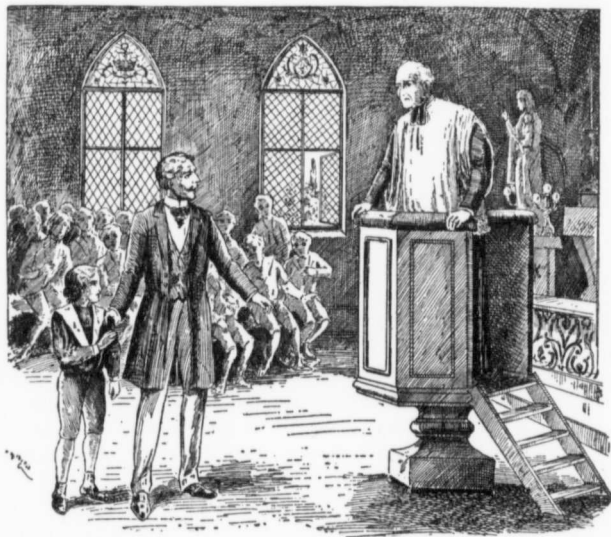
A number of relatives whose gay spirits harmonize with the perfect day are gathered together at the luxurious home of Dr. X... to welcome him back after his five months trip abroad. Among the permanent guests is a lovely, blue-eyed, baby boy, whom the Dr. sees for the first time and whom in his pride and joy he almost devours with kisses. The happy father's gladness is shared by all, who readily listen and willingly assent to his brilliant plans and lofty ambitions for the little lad's future. All except, the one most concerned, the child's mother, who in her heart gainsayed those worldly prospects and destined her boy to a nobler fate. Silently her voiceless prayer goes up: "Dear, St. Joseph, thou dost know the vow I made on thy feast, when my child was baptized: I renew it now and promise to do all in my power to consecrate him to the Lord. Thou to whom Jesus cannot refuse anything help me to be faithful to my "vow."

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Twelve years have elapsed. The baby has grown into a lovely boy in whose clear blue eye is reflected the candor and innocence of an untarnished soul, and whose angelic fervor and piety has made some of his mischievous play-

mates surname him "the cherubim." To-day, the opening of the retreat for First Communicants, we, his elders might also be tempted, in all seriousness, to call him by that name as he sits there among the other children, with that rapt exalted expression, listening so intently to every word that comes from the venerable white-haired Pastor's lips; words well adapted to inflame their pure young hearts with love and desire for the Bread of Angels.

Suddenly, to the great surprise of Pastor and children,



a well-dressed man, apparently a gentleman, rushed into the church saying in a loud angry voice: "I want my boy. His mother is a Catholic but I am not, and I am determined my son shall profess my belief."

Roughly shaking little Joseph whom he has just discovered in the first row he commands: "Come with me. Throw aside these superstitions and come at once."

The poor boy realizing his agnostic father's intention, burst into tears, threw himself at his feet and implored: "Papa, I will be docile, and industrious; I will love you even more; I will comply with all your wishes, only

let me remain here to prepare for my first communion."

The child's pleadings are fruitless. Nothing can soften that stern father's heart so true it is that the breath of incredulity transforms even the most affectionate hearts into adamant. Joseph mutely besought the kind Pastor's pity and rose and followed his father.

The following day the exercises of the retreat went on as usual ; but poor Joseph's place was vacant. He dared not openly disobey his father's command while the latter took special care not to let him elude his vigilance for a moment. Meanwhile his little companions were praying to St. Joseph for him, asking the dear Saint to protect him and give him the grace to make his first communion with them.

The day so eagerly desired by those youthful aspirants dawned at last, and was also the feast of St. Joseph. As the Pastor exhorts them a last time to give and consecrate their hearts and lives forever to the divine Jesus, who in a few minutes will come Himself to be their loving guest, his heart grows sad on seeing Joseph's vacant place and with emotion he says : My children, St. Joseph must bring back our little truant, we will say the Memorare for that intention." Clear the childish voices mount heavenwards : Remember, O glorious St. Joseph, etc.

The prayer is hardly finished when a boy dressed in a new black cloth suit, holding a candle in his hand, with a pretty white ribbon fringed with gold hanging from his left arm comes quickly up the aisle. Gladness shines on every face as the whisper goes round : " here is Joseph ! " One could easily see how he had wept and suffered, but all is forgotten now as with angelic piety and beaming countenance he takes his place among his companions and kneels to receive his Jesus for the first time. What had happened ? How had he come there ? Had St. Joseph taken him under his sceptre of lilies, or enveloped him under the same mantle that protected the child Jesus, against the fury of Herod. That is St. Joseph's secret ; but what little Joseph told us, was, that his father had been hastily summoned to the city to attend a dangerous case and he with even more haste profited by the opportunity and was lucky enough to reach the church in time.

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Fifteen spring times have come and gone since that memorable First Communion of little Joseph. Shortly afterwards his father not succeeding in gaining his family to share his belief left his home without informing any one of his intention, or leaving any clue to where he had gone. Joseph thus grew up solely under his mother's watchful care until such time as he was of age to enter college where principally through the generosity of the same Pastor who had prepared him for his first communion he was able to make a full classical course with the result that the fair-haired cherubim of school-day fame is now Father X... and was ordained ten years ago.

His mother having tasted the fulness of joy at the realization of her dearest wish was soon called upon to make a sacrifice equally as great and consent to see her son leave her for a distant part of the Master's vineyard in fulfilment of the promise he had made during his first mass : to devote his life to the conversion of Infidels in order thereby to obtain his own father's conversion. After blessing his mother and exhorting her to place her confidence in St. Joseph, the young priest set out on his hazardous mission; We will let him tell the rest of the story himself : "I was riding through an unknown portion of Tong-King when in an unfrequented part of the valley I came across a small hut. As I stood on the threshold seeking admittance a weak voice cried out crossly : "What do you want here, coxcomb ? It only needed your presence to drive me mad." Notwithstanding this ungracious welcome I entered and was surprised to see an old man, more dead than alive, scarcely able to speak, suffering the throes of a burning fever lying there on a miserable bed. Realizing his critical state I asked him, did he not want to go to confession. He shook his head murmuring no, no. My heart went out in pity to that poor wretched specimen of humanity and bending gently over him I said : sick, lonely and unhappy as you seem now, surely your life must have known brighter days ? Do you remember making your first communion ? Do you remember a loving mother who taught you how to pray ? Have you no wife, no children...

"These words, wife, children acted like an electric shock upon the dying man. He trembled, sighed and said in a

scarcely audible voice. Yes, I had a son whom I loved dearly, but who disappointed me cruelly. I wonder what has become of him — my son Joseph, whom I abandoned long years ago in Normandy?" Normandy did you say? Are you a Norman? Why, so am I, I come from... ; my name is Joseph X..."

The old man vainly tried to rise and stared at the priest like one dazed ; big tears slowly gathered in his dim eyes and ran unheeded down his haggard face as in a voice broken by sobs he said : " My son, I am your father."



" Thanks be to God and to dear St. Joseph burst spontaneously from my heart at this visible proof of his glorious intercession. " Quick," said the dying man, like Saul of old enlightened by this providential meeting, " I feel I am going to die. Hear my confession." I hastened to comply with his request. Afterwards I flew rather than walked back to my little chapel and returned with the Sacred Host which I deposed on those dear lips. His face light up, he raised his eyes to heaven then after a few moments of rapt thanksgiving he looked at me, beckoned me to come close, clasped me to his heart and shortly afterwards died pronouncing the name of Jesus."

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## The God of The Heart.



O the respect of instinct, of exterior homage, there should be joined the respect of love. The first honors the dignity of Our Lord, the latter His goodness. The first is the respect of the servant, the latter that of the son. Now, it is to the latter that Our Lord attaches the greater value. To pause at the respect of exterior honor, would be to remain at the door, because Our Lord desires above all to be honored in His goodness. It was different in the Old Law. God had written on His Temple : " Tremble on approaching My sanctuary " ;—He was obliged to make the carnal Jews tremble and to lead them by fear.

But in our day when Our Lord has become incarnate, He wishes us to serve Him by love, and He writes on His Tabernacle : " Come to Me, and I will refresh you. Come, I am meek and humble of Heart."

During His mortal life, Our Lord acquired His title of *Good*. The disciples and even His enemies called Him *Magister bone*, Good Master.

It is in our day, it is in the Eucharist that Our Lord wishes to enjoy His title of Good Master. Far from changing, He has increased His familiarity with us. He wishes us to reflect on His tenderness, to enlarge our heart, to find our happiness in beholding Him who has drawn us to His feet.

This is the meaning of His sacramental veil. We are more powerfully attracted to the great than to the good. If Our Lord should show us His glory we would rest in it without going to His Heart. We should be Jews ; but Our Lord wants us to be children. And so He wants

exterior respect only as a first act, a preliminary act, which will lead us to His Heart, upon which He will make us rest in peace.

If we saw Him in His grandeur, we should tremble, we should fall to the ground, we should never make an act of love. Ah ! we are not yet in heaven ! There are books that speak only of the majesty of God. That is all very well in passing ; but to pause on God's greatness, to make our whole prayer on it, is not desirable, for it fatigues. But before our *good* Lord we can pray one hour, two hours, without straining the mind. If distractions come, we ask pardon, and this as often as they present themselves. We do not become weary, for we know that we shall always obtain the pardon we ask. But in the former case, after some distractions, we quit prayer quite discouraged.

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The consideration of the goodness of Our Lord honors Him. It puts it into operation, for His goodness can flow only upon what is lower than itself. In making myself very low and very little I am inundated by His graces, by His sweet effusions. We then place ourselves with the poor, the lowly, whom Our Lord so much loves. We say to Him : "Thou art so good ! Ah, behold one upon whom to shed Thy goodness !"

It is then that we speak. Otherwise we do as is customary before kings ; we tremble and remain silent not knowing what to say. But the Eucharist by Its sweetness renders the tongue like that of little children, and we know all children are eloquent. The goodness of the Eucharist makes our prayers more sweet and easy. We are prone to pride ourselves on our graces, and to regard ourselves as proprietors of them. Our Lord does not like that ; He bestows them upon us that we may make them fructify to His glory. He allows us then to be assailed by distractions in order to humble us. We want to pray without distractions, and we cannot. "I will give up prayer," says some one, "for I am only laying up sins by it."

No, no, that is false ! Confide in the goodness of Our Lord, and your faults will no longer frighten you. Mercy will pardon you. It is personified before you.

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The worship of love ought to make us go with great confidence into the presence of Our Lord. Let us personalize His love. Let us say to Him: "Lord, behold me, whom Thou hast loved so much, to whom Thou dost hold out Thy arms!"—This thought will expand the heart. Say to yourself that Our Lord loves you personally. We cannot be insensible to such a thought.

This thought is, besides, the secret of real recollection. There is nothing forced about it. To be recollected in Our Lord, to act in that spirit, to fulfil all the obligations of our state, cast yourself on the goodness of Our Lord.

Your heart will beat in His, and that is recollection. At the same time the mind will be free and independent. You can bend it to whatever you will. The heart directs and governs the head; It transmits to it its influence.

Thus it is that the presence of God is bound up with everything. If the mind were always under the impression of His greatness and majesty, it would become absorbed or fatigued, and lose the sight of God or its own duties. But recollection of heart is real. God has given us a mind that is more or less limited, that is quickly exhausted. But the heart has a much wider range, a far higher power. It can always increase in love, and the loving presence of God permeates everything. It encourages us to action. Under its influence we know well that God is good and merciful, we live in His bounty. It is thus that the servant, lately engaged, flies at a sign from his master. The latter owes him no gratitude for it, because he is acting in view of his wages.

But filial obedience has a perfume that nothing can tire out. It is affectionate and free from vanity. That is what Our Lord demands of us. He is willing that a tiny stream of it should flow out to parents, but the great river He wants for Himself. Let us, then give him our whole heart.

On entering His presence, let us offer Him the homage of instinctive and profound respect for His majesty; but after that let us hasten to cast ourselves into the arms of His goodness, and abide in it. "*Manete in dilectione mea* — Abide in My love!"

PÈRE EYMARD.



CHILDREN'S HOUR

What to say  
TO THE  
Prisoner of Love.

THERE was once a mother, whose one ewe-lamb, a winsome, blue-eyed, fair-haired girlie of ten summers, a picture fair as artist ever drew, lay in her snow-white cot awaiting that mother's never failing chat in the gloaming followed by her good night-kiss and a little drop of holy water just to keep the bogie man away :

Since the child's first Communion, just a month ago, her mother often noticed how Marguerite, as her little one was called, tightly held her beads in her chubby hands or pressed them closely to her heart, said to her on one of these occasions : " My child, you seem to have grown very found of your beads,"

" Ah, Mamma dear ! if you only knew why. Formerly I used to say only the Blessed Virgin's beads, but since my first Communion I fall asleep and wake up saying those of my Jesus." " Tell me dearie," said the slightly puzzled mother, " tell mamma what you mean and how you say what you call those beads of my Jesus."

Instantly Marguerite closed her eyes, joined her hands and as bead after bead slipped through her fingers repeated on each : " My Jesus is all mine and I am all His..." " My Jesus is all mine and I am all His..." And on the Our Father : " My heavenly Mother teach me how to love Him."

" That's all, mamma dear, they are short but I love to say them again and again."

The mother's eyes overflowed with happy tears and she folded the child in a loving embrace close to her heart, whose every beat echoed a *Deo gratias* to that Jesus who had Himself inspired her Marguerite what to say and who so well understood all the child meant when she said " the beads of My Jesus."

## The Altar Boy.

**W**HO has not heard of little John  
The lovely orphan boy.  
A brighter smile ne'er greeted one  
Save from his face so coy.

An old log cabin was his home ;  
A feeble "granny" there  
His pretty flaxen curls would comb  
In early morning air.

"My child, this morning 'tis too cold,  
Too strong the gale to-day.  
His reverence can not, will not scold.  
If from Mass you stay away."

"'Twas bitter cold," the boy replied,  
"When Jesus came at first ;  
Poor shepherds then knelt by his side ;  
His sight will quench my thirst."

So away he sped in the blinding storm  
And soon was seen no more ;  
His little heart beat quick and warm  
And a cheerful face he wore.

When God appeared that stormy morn  
In the priest's annointed hand  
A farewell sigh to his ears was borne  
As from a distant land.

"My God, I'm here"—'twas all he heard.  
He thought he knew the voice ;  
He listened—not a whisper stirred.  
The soul had met its Choice.

On bended knees the altar boy  
Before the door was found.  
His soul—in heaven doth enjoy  
God's mysteries profound.

## The Happiness of a Religious Vocation.

In the world there are still many people whose faith is staunch and sincere, but who too often reason and act in direct opposition to its tenets. This is particularly true regarding the way religious vocations are treated in Christian families. Parents are firmly convinced that the happiness of heaven is preferable for their children to all earthly goods; they would be inconsolable were one of their little infants to die unbaptised, or one of the older children be



Papa, I will be a priest one day.

suddenly snatched away without receiving the last sacraments. Yet, if this same child, son or daughter, manifests a desire to assure more fully his or her eternal salvation by embracing the religious state, how often they murmur and grieve and try to turn the chosen one from his or her vocation by raising obstacles or even formally opposing the noble design.

Poor deluded parents! What causes this resistance so little in conformity with your faith and the natural inclination of your heart? Is it not unfortunate prejudice? Is it not the baneful influence of wordly surroundings, impercep-

tibility but surely undermining your appreciation of the things of God and causing you to be guided by its egotistical and selfish code. You think you love your children while you act as their persecutor. Ah! if, instead of being influenced by those false worldly maxims, you entered into yourself and listened to the voice of your Christian paternity, which is always the echo of the voice of God, how quickly your ideas and conduct would change! Then the attraction your child feels for the religious life, far from causing you sadness, would fill you with joy and make you very careful not only not to try and oppose or even lessen this attraction; but, moreover, induce you to use every means in your power to help divine Providence in furthering this vocation as well as to offer Him continual thanksgiving for it.

A religious vocation! Do you indeed realize its sublimity? It is divine mercy entering a home; it is a source of blessing for the parents, a pledge of salvation and prosperity, even temporal, for the members of the family; it is God's visit to His friends, His chosen ones, and God enters nowhere without leaving traces of His passage behind Him. A religious vocation is moreover, an honor, a glory, an inappreciable distinction not only for the one who chooses the better part but also for all his relations, And here the world's reasoning is as unjust as rash in as much as it sets greater value upon the professional than the religious state, judging only from outward appearances and considering only such things as elevated positions, fortune, comfort. Consequently, the poor Franciscan in his coarse brown robe, the humble Christian Brother, surrounded by little children, does not excite its envy; nevertheless, in the eyes of faith no vocation is more sublime or beautiful.

When a father gives his daughter in marriage to a man of high rank, he apparently benefits his own social standing in the eyes of his fellowmen. Apply the same fact to a religious vocation, which is a heavenly alliance contracted between Jesus Christ, the King of heaven and earth, and your child. You give your child to Jesus and Jesus gives Himself to your child and becomes his portion for eternity. Could any honor be greater than this or more eagerly sought by a true Christian?

We must therefore have the greatest respect for the religious state and think that earthly crowns are despicable when compared with the treasures of religious poverty.





## Gleanings.

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**Eucharistic Gem.** — Through the Eucharist, we adhere intimately to the Cross; through it we drink the Precious Blood, dipping, as it were, our tongue in the very wounds of our Redeemer and are inebriated with Its love.

**Honor the Priest of God.** — Catholics make a grievous mistake when they belittle the work of the priest. Personally a priest may not impress one favorably, but it should always be borne in mind that he is on the side of virtue, of justice, of truth; that he is always advancing the cause of Christ, defending His interests, tending His flock, announcing His Gospel, and administering His sacraments. The priest should always be honored, remembering the dignity of his vocation.

**A Touching Incident.** — It is related by the Cardinal of Rheims that one day a group of working men were busily engaged in repairing the pavement in a street of the city when a priest approached. One of the men happened to be a friend of the priest; leaving his companions he advanced to greet the good Father; but the latter whispered: "I cannot stop; I am carrying the Blessed Sacrament." The poor laborer turned away, and began to think of the pity of it—that our Lord had to be hidden in Rheims, and could receive no public honor from the faithful. That evening he spoke of the matter to his associates; and a resolution was carried that henceforth working men should accompany the Sacred Host as often as it is carried to a sick person. What is more, the resolution has been acted upon; the Blessed Eucharist is now escorted through the streets of Rheims by a working men's guard of honor.

**O'Connell and the Mass.** — The importance which Daniel O'Connell attached to the discharge of religious duties is revealed by a letter which has just been discovered, and which Mr. Maurice Murphy of Castle-Island, has sent for publication to the "*Kerry*



*People.*" The letter is dated January 15th, 1836. It has been found by Miss Leahy amongst papers left by her father, who was an inn-keeper at Abbeyfeale. O'Connell wrote to Mr. Leahy intimating that he would be at his house about 2 o'clock on the following Sunday, and asked that four horses should be ready for him by that hour. He added: "Take care the driver hears Mass. I will not arrive until after the last Mass, and will not allow any man to drive me who lost Mass." This language was not used from any affectation of piety. O'Connell was deeply sensible of the necessary of living up to religious tenets, and by his acts set an example of the utmost reverence for the precepts and observances of the Church. Difficulties, however great, never prevented him from fulfilling the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation.

**Well Caught.** — A soldier, having ended his term of service, returned to his mother's home. Sunday came round.

"You are coming to Mass with me?" says the pious mother.

"Oh! look here, mother. I have travelled, I have seen the world; I have learnt much that is not dreamt of by him who never leaves his village; so you understand that I know too much to allow of my going to pray like good old women!"

"Ah! my son, so you no longer feel the need of God, now you have seen Paris and the rest of the world?"

"But, mother. I reason to myself and say: Nothing will happen to me but what should happen; therefore it is superfluous to be asking and worrying God."

The good mother went off alone to Mass. On returning home she prepared nothing for dinner.

The trooper came in punctually to find the table bare and no fire crackling in the chimney.

"Hullo! Mother! are we dining in town to-day?"

"No!"

"But you have prepared nothing for me!"

"Well, you see my boy, your reasonings have quite enlightened me. I just said as you did: "What is the use of worrying? If my son should make a grand dinner he will; if he has to do without it, he will have to do so; look how quickly I have learnt my lesson."

The son understood the one taught him, and returning to the teachings of good common sense, answered:

"Mother, go and cook your stew; next Sunday we two will go to Mass together."