



Hail, King of the Jews!

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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Thy Sentinel

The weary day now sinks to rest,
The crouching shadows yield their quest,
And yet before Thy stars are bright,
Lord, lead us to Thy quiet Light.

Thy lamps which shine — yea, shines for me,
The stuated saints' white sacristy,
These never gleam o'er land and sea,
Where great winds strive in majesty.

Its tender light and rosy flame,
Have marked the sinner's guilt and shame,
The child who whispereth of Him,
The saint who sees the cherubim!

Thy Sentinel! How small our place —
Ere yet we end our fretful race,
Ere yet we sleep a little space,
O Lord, Thy gifts,, Thy light, Thy grace.

C. Decker.

*Feast of St. Joseph*March 19th

"Go to Joseph," said Pharaoh of old: "he will open to you the barns of Egypt."

"Go to Joseph," says the Church to the faithful, in these times of great spiritual famine; "he will lead you to Jesus and throw open to you the door of the tabernacle to share Its treasures."

Saint Joseph, the plain artisan, was chosen to be the spouse of the Blessed Virgin, and the Foster-Father of the Incarnate Son of God—no king or emperor, rich or prominent man, nor great philosopher was selected for this dignity. Is not this a sign that God regards things quite differently from the point of view of the world? Also that often He loves the humble and insignificant which the world despises, that in a lowly condition we can serve Him well, please Him, and be especially beloved and preferred by Him? One glance at Saint Joseph impresses this truth upon us: a poor but God-fearing man is of more account before Almighty God, than one who is wealthy and powerful, yet wicked withal. This should inspire all those who live in abasement and poverty, with feelings of gladness, patience, and content; it ought to incite them to lead a good life, one pleasing to God.

What Saint Theresa Says of Saint Joseph

"Although the intercession of Saint Joseph is effective in all necessities, yet God has endowed him with special privileges. The first is that of attaining the virtue of chastity through his intercession, and of being able to overcome the perils arising from the lust of the flesh. The second is to obtain strength and assistance through him to arise from sin and to regain the Divine friendship. The third is through him to gain Mary's help and a great devotion to her. The fourth is the grace of a happy death. The fifth is that at the devout utterance of his name the demons tremble. The sixth that through him we receive bodily health and strength for new enterprises.

"God grants these marks of grace to all those who invoke Him through Saint Joseph. All the children of Holy Church should venerate him and they will experience all this in themselves if only they invoke him earnestly. I would exhort all to serve this glorious Saint, because I know from experience that he obtains much from God. I have never known anyone who really venerated and served him with special zeal who did not make rapid strides in virtue, for he bestows extraordinary assistance upon those souls who have recourse to him.

"For a number of years I have asked him a favor on his feast day, and my request has always been granted. If I might, I would gladly enumerate all the graces which this glorious Saint has obtained for me and for others."

The Sacrament of Love.

We should consider the excessive tenderness of the love of Jesus in the institution of the Holy Eucharist, first by reason of the gift itself, in which under the sacramental species He bestows on us His soul, and His Divinity, with all its untold treasures: and in such a manner, too, that in giving us this morsel, He gives us all that He has that is precious in the treasures of His divinity. And perhaps we do not even take the trouble of thanking Him for so great a gift, nor feel ourselves constrained to love Him in return for such boundless love? Any trifling token of love that we receive from a fellow-creature touches our hearts, and moves us to love him in return; and can it be that a God Who gives His whole Self in the excess of His love, cannot succeed in winning our hearts, and move us to love Him in return? We should blush at the thought of our meanness in the scanty return we have hitherto made for the prodigal liberality of Our God.

Perhaps we shall be moved more deeply if we think of the wonderful tenderness of Jesus' love as shown in the manner in which He gives us Himself, coming down from the bosom of His Eternal Father to clothe Himself with the sacramental species, in order to enter into our breasts, and become one with us after the fashion of food, thus linking, as it were, together, His own most holy body

with our sinful flesh, His own divine Spirit with our souls, His divinity with our humanity. There is no one thing that is more closely united with us than our food, which, once assimilated to the system, cannot possibly be separated. We should ask ourselves how far do we on our side further this so close a union, invented by the love which Jesus bears us? How far do we endeavor to keep lovingly united to Him in thought and affection? It is, alas! to be feared that even during the short space of time that He actually tarries in our breasts, we are perhaps far away from Him in both thought and affection!

It is most important for us to consider what was the end and intent Jesus proposed to Himself in the sacramental union. It was no other than that He might sanctify our bodies with His most pure flesh, sanctify our souls with His soul and divinity, to such a degree that we should be animated with His Spirit and live a life more divine than human, according to the saying of the Apostle *I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me.*—The alchemist of old pretended to be able to give any base metal the beauty and valuable qualities of gold by means of a certain extract obtained from gold by dint of fire and labor. So also Jesus unites Himself with us under the sacramental species containing the quintessence of all that is divine, in order to change us into divine beings. But what effect can these inventions of divine love work in us, if while Jesus is intimately present to us, we know not how to keep ourselves present to Him by means of the powers of our souls? If we wish to reap abundant fruit from this blessed union, we must, when we receive Jesus into our breast, keep our hearts aloof from all created things, and withdraw our souls into their own solitude to entertain there our God alone: thus will be verified in us those words of Isaias, *Only in Thee is God*—Only Jesus in our memory; only Jesus in our understanding; Jesus alone in our will. Let us consider what great lustre the mystery of the Holy Eucharist receives from the circumstances of the particular time when it was instituted by our divine Redeemer. Knowing that the hour had arrived for Him to leave His disciples, He determined on making good the privation of His natural and visible presence by His

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sacramental presence, and thus to give the finishing stroke to the work of our salvation. As He had come down on earth to put on our mortal flesh without leaving His Father, so now He wished to return to His Father without leaving His disciples, He thus gave proof of how strongly He was bound by the ties of love to His disciples, since He could not make up His mind to part from them even in death. *My delights to be with the children of men.*—But if Jesus cannot for an instant be at a distance from His ungrateful creatures, how is it possible for us to be so little anxious to betake ourselves to His loving presence in the Blessed Sacrament, where He awaits our coming and offers Himself to us, to be our guide, our physician, our consolation and our strength! *Come to me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you.*—

There is a further and still greater refinement of love in the circumstance of the particular time of the institution, on which the Apostle dwells: *The same night on which He was betrayed.*—Thus contrasting an excess of treachery with an excess of love, and causing the light of His goodness to shine forth all the more brilliantly amid the darkness of human malice: *The light shineth in darkness.*—Is it not enough to make one shudder to see men plotting against the life of Jesus in order to drive Him far from them, whilst He, on that memorable night, is contriving by such wondrous means to remain with them on earth? To see Him spreading a banquet of Heavenly delights for His disciples on that very night when He was about to be betrayed by one, denied by another, and abandoned by all of them into the hands of His enemies? We should learn from these instances of such surpassing love, to return good for evil and to love them who hate us.

All this is still more remarkable when we consider that when Jesus instituted this most holy Sacrament He foresaw that the only return He would receive for this excess of love in our regard would be an excess in the opposite direction of the most disgraceful treatment at the hands of men. He foresaw how His Sacred Body would be trampled under foot by unbelievers, and insulted in the most shameful way; and, what is still worse, how amongst the faithful themselves, who profess to

believe in His real presence in the consecrated Host, He would be left in utter abandonment on the altar, wearied and grieved by a thousand irreverences, and would even be received sacrilegiously into many a heart stained by hideous crimes. And yet in the midst of all this darkness, our good Jesus did not withdraw the bright light of this His excessive love and undaunted patience: *He shall entertain and feed and give drink to the unthankful; and moreover He shall hear bitter words.*—Now if Jesus has chosen to submit in the Blessed Sacrament to so many and so great insults, and all for our sake He certainly wishes us for His greater glory to bear willingly and cheerfully with what is distasteful to us. We should endeavor, as far as it lies in our power, to make Him some little compensation for the coarse ingratitude He meets with at the hands of the greater part of mankind by oft-repeated visits and acts of adoration, which will cost us only a few steps and a few moments, humbling our souls in His presence and bending our knees to honor Him and offer Him our tribute of adoration by interior and exterior acts of worship.

The final object Jesus has in view in abiding with us in the Blessed Sacrament is to perpetuate in our behalf all the advantages which His visible presence on earth brought with it; to instruct and enlighten our minds, to heal our ailings, to encourage and strengthen us in the attainment of virtue. His first office then is to instruct and enlighten us from the tabernacle, as from His professor's chair. *He will not cause thy teacher to flee away from thee any more.*—And, pray what wholesome truth is there that we need which Jesus does not teach us as He sends forth from the Sacred Host bright rays of light to enlighten our minds and silently speaks to our hearts? St. Thomas Aquinas learned more by devoutly remaining in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament than by reading the most learned books. *They that approach to His feet shall receive of His doctrine.*

Oh how fortunate we are to be able at any hour to hearken to the teaching of so great a master! But to what extent do we frequent this school? How anxious are we to learn His heavenly doctrine? We must remember, too, that if we wish to be taught by the Lord

our mere bodily presence is not enough unless we draw near in spirit also, placing ourselves, like Madgalene, at His feet, to listen to His words and His teachings. *Come ye to Him and be enlightened.*

Secondly, as a physician, Christ remains on our altars to heal us, as of old Moses raised the brazen serpent in mid-air to heal the Israelites of the venomous bites of the serpents. *Whosoever being struck shall look on it, shall live.*—During the time that Our Divine Redeemer held intercourse with men on earth, He continually worked miraculous cures on behalf of the bodily health of those who appealed to Him. Even more wondrous and oft-repeated favors does Jesus still confer, veiled under the Sacramental species, on those souls who have devout recourse to Him.

If we are discouraged sometimes by our failures in spiritual things, we should study the lives of those who run for help to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and are healed of their wounds. If we cannot succeed in recovering from our spiritual ailments, it is because we are careless in going to Jesus Who alone is able to make us sound.

Thirdly, Jesus remains on our altars to encourage and urge us on to acquire the virtues we need by the examples He brings to our minds of the virtues He himself practised during his mortal life. The Blessed Sacrament, therefore, is a remembrance of all Jesus has done and undergone for us, and it is on this account called by St. Augustine, a sacrament of memories. Moreover, because this mysterious love-token is full of life and animation, it imparts courage and vigor to follow in Jesus' footsteps. Still more does it strengthen and encourage us by reason of the example it puts before our eyes of the virtues which Jesus actually shows therein; as for instance of obedience in coming down from heaven at the bidding of the priest; of humility and patience by remaining so close a prisoner under the sacred species. We should place ourselves in the presence of Jesus and turn over diligently in our minds the virtues of which this Sacrament is a memorial and imagine we hear the Eternal Father speaking to us and saying, as He did to Moses from the tabernacle: *Look and follow the pattern.*—

Chapel in Salt Mine

The City of Wieliczka, Polish Austria, has been appropriately termed a city of salt, for there are the most wonderful salt mines in the world. So long ago as 1024 the mines were first worked, and for the last 860 years salt has been excavated, until at the present day the mines cover a vast area, in which are to be found underground streets and squares, with restaurants, ballrooms, chapels and a railway station, and over thirty miles of train lines, with trains.

The artificial illumination for this underground city is supplied by electric light, and when the rooms are illuminated the result is dazzling in its brilliancy. Turning out of one of the main passages, however, the gaiety and splendor are left behind, and in its place quietude and prayer reign supreme; for here is situated what might be justly termed the most remarkable place of worship in the world. The room, which is known as St. Antony's Chapel, is a marvelous and lasting testimony to the patient work and ingenuity of a miner.

In 1698 this unknown miner, unaided and persevering, commenced his self-imposed task of hewing out the chapel, every part of which is made from the solid salt.

Several times each year the priest of the district holds services in this underground chapel, and one service in particular is annually celebrated on July 3d with considerable pomp and earnest devotion. The priests, attired in full robes, descend the mines in state, and are accompanied by hundreds of pious people, who journey for miles from all parts of the country in order to take part in the service. A crowd of sightseers, too, attracted by ceremonies so unique in their surroundings, come especially on this day to view the mines and reverently listen.

The Queen's chapel, the second important one, also possesses a magnificent altar, which has been carved with expert skill in solid salt. On the side of the chapel, too, has been carved, with almost incredible art, a view of Bethlehem.

It is rather a curious testimony to the strong religious feeling of the people of olden times to find in the present day the majority of the rooms and corridors are still named after the saints and martyrs who have figured in the history of religion; and even to-day the religious fervor of centuries ago still seems to retain an influence over the inhabitants of this unique city of salt.

HEARKEN, O DAUGHTER.

His glory and power are hidden; He waits in silence for the appointed hour to manifest His love. He comes in the fulness of Himself for our happiness, for our salvation. He does not complain of the indifference, coldness, disdain, even the disgust, with which He is too often received. He comes, asking nothing in return, and He gives Himself always with the same tenderness and abnegation as often as we desire Him. Do you not often experience the consolation?

At this moment, with a more intimate expression of love, Jesus says again, *Audi Filia*, Harken, O Daughter, and remember My teaching in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar; it is for you that my heart remains ever there. There, for eighteen centuries, I keep silence amidst the most horrible and continued outrages. For your sake My heart abides there, full of sadness in seeing Myself abandoned by those souls which I have enriched with such special graces. For you also I obey, never ceasing to humiliate Myself, to abase Myself, in order to draw you unto Myself. For your sake I send forth from the Tabernacle, as it were from another Calvary, a secret joy in the midst of grief; and this joy, so sweet as to be an actual foretaste of heaven, I bring to your heart, although I too often receive nothing in return but sadness, bitterness, coldness, indifference, and even absolute resistance to the pressing appeal of my love.

It is true, O my God, that Thou comest to me in Communion to love and to bless me. Grant that I may ever prefer Thy glory to all that hitherto occupied my mind; that in hearing this sweet word: Harken, O Daughter, I may keep silence in my soul that I may hear Thy voice, that I may become obedient to Thy will.

An Unfailing Source of Help

Ask your own experience where have you found the greatest comfort in the hard trials of life that have been your portion during your days here. Is it not in the Church? When you felt yourself unable to undertake anything great or grand or noble for Jesus Christ, where did you go to get strength? Again to Jesus in the Tabernacle. When doubts as to the prudence of any definite course of action made you unable to decide satisfactorily, where did you feel drawn for light? To the Light of the World in the Blessed Sacrament.

"My delight is to be with the children of men." In the little tiny church on the lonely hillside, as well as in the grand cathedrals of our cities, Jesus loves to dwell. He is willing to accept a home in any habitation, provided men will there give Him their hearts' affection and companionship.

"With desire have I desired to eat this Pasch with you." Jesus gave this great miracle of love that He might steal into our hearts. If we were to see Jesus with the eyes of our body, as we do with the eyes of faith, how few of us would dare to approach to receive Holy Communion. Therefore has He hid His glory under the appearance of a little tiny bread, to remove all possible fear from us, and to make sure, that we receive Him.

The Holy Father, the Pope, uses the words of Jesus, "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," as putting an obligation on children, when they come to the use of reason, to receive regularly and fervently our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

It must not be lost sight of that whether for children or for adults, fervent communion is as much encouraged as frequent Communion. In fact, each Communion should be in itself a preparation for the one to follow. Just as in the natural body the amount of nutriment taken from food depends almost entirely on the power of assimilation, so in the case of the Blessed Eucharist, the quantity of grace received from each Communion

will depend upon the capacity of each individual to receive. The more our soul is expanded with the love of Jesus Christ, and the stronger our Faith, the greater will be the amount of grace received. There is not one of us whose fond hope, no matter what our lives may be, is not that we may receive our Divine Lord in the Holy Viaticum. And when assured that a Communion is our last, we sum up all the fervor in our power, so as to propitiate by a real Holy Communion Him Who will pass from our hearts to the Throne of Judgment. Who can tell what Communion may be our last. Therefore, we ought to prepare for each one with all the fervor in our power, as though it were to be the last of our lives.

To visit our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, to receive Him fervently and frequently, means to be always united with Him. No matter where our bodies may be; no matter in what our hands are engaged; no matter how occupied our mind may find itself; unconsciously and instinctively, we ought to fly often to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and hold with Him those little, short, loving whispers that bring such light and help to fervent souls.



“They have no Wine.”

Just now, these words of Our Blessed Lady to Jesus at the marriage of Cana have a peculiar application. The God-fearing legislators of Arizona, bent on banishing the wandering Demon of Drunkenness from that State have enacted stringent prohibition laws: They have done their work so well that Arizona will be as dry as one of its deserts. But this is not the only result of the laws which went into effect with the new year, or we would not be mentioning it here. What concerns us is the fact that these laws are calculated to wither the very souls of Catholic citizens, for they are so framed as to deprive them of Holy Mass. They cover the case of using wine at the Holy Sacrifice. No wine can be taken into Arizona. Priests ordering altar wine are informed by

their dealers that the railroads refuse such freight when destined for Arizona.

The Catholics of Arizona are not idle. Though State Courts have not upheld their claim that these prohibition laws are unconstitutional, they are not discouraged, but have brought the matter before the United States Supreme Court. Chief Justice White is a Catholic and should be instrumental in bringing about a favorable decision.

There is no doubt but that these laws will be declared unconstitutional, interfering as they do with liberty of worship. But, think of what the delay means, the wine will soon give up in many places, and the Sacrifice of the Mass will cease to be offered up. It is an incalculable loss to mankind to be deprived of a single Mass. In the Mass Christ renews the Incarnation, the Nativity and His life on earth—His labors and intercession, His passion and death, giving His Father more praise, thanksgiving and reparation, and obtaining more glory for Church Triumphant, more assistance for Church Suffering, and more graces for Church Militant, than do all creatures together. But, when the Holy Sacrifice is not offered up, these graces are not applied nor these favors bestowed. And, when we think that there are places in Arizona where Mass may not be said for weeks, and perhaps longer, we are bewildered in our attempts to estimate the loss.

But, our duty is clear. By our prayers we must obtain a favorable decision of the United States Supreme Court for the Catholics of Arizona. Our prayers will certainly be heard if we address them to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, for under that title, Mary is honored as all taken up with the interests of her Divine Son in His Sacramental state. As of old at Cana, she will utter those potent words: "They have no wine" and all will go well.

A.J.V., s.s.s.



First Friday in the Trenches

On the battlefields in Europe death and devastation are working out their unholy purpose; but amid it all the life of grace flourishes. It was Friday, October 2, the feast of the Holy Angel the trenches of the French army were many soldiers-priests, and at one point of action a number of them desired to receive Holy Communion in honour of the Angels and to celebrate the devotion of the first Friday. The battle was raging, and there was no question of the soldiers-priests leaving the firing line, even for the sake of their immortal souls. But the military chaplain attached to the regiment heard of their wish, and, taking his life in his hands, he set out for the thick of the fighting carrying with him the Most Blessed Sacrament. All around him the bullets shrieked and whistled, and at times the firing was so heavy that the priest had to crawl along the ground on his knees. But the heavenly guardians strove with the angels of death and prevailed, and the priest with his Burden at last reached the trenches. In the stronghold of Death he gave the Bread of Life to his brother priests and then departed, while the soldiers of Christ again took up arms. It is still possible to be a Catholic and a priest, as well as a brave man and a patriot!

"I can never say Mass again"

"The other day a wounded soldier was brought into the hospital, and it was found necessary to amputate his right thumb. It was impossible to administer an anesthetic, yet the wounded man bore the operation without uttering a groan. When all was over and the surgeon was about to pass on to the next case the soldier burst into sobs.

"What," said the surgeon kindly, 'you did not even wince under the knife, and now, when it is all over, you are crying?'

"That is not the reason," replied the patient. 'I am a priest, and the amputation means that I can never say Mass again.'"

The Stretcher-Bearer saying Mass.

A doctor in the French Army Medical Corps has told the following moving little story of M. Sainte-Marie, the special correspondent of the *Matin*.

"We came one night to the little village of Vassincourt. Hardly had our wagons been put up and our camp pitched before we threw ourselves upon our 'grub' (popote), for everybody was dying of hunger.

"As soon as we had finished eating the orderly came and told me that a man wanted to speak to me. It was one of our stretcher-bearers, a brave lad, who had always previously kept in the background.

" 'Monsieur le Médecin-en-chef,' he said to me, 'tomorrow is Sunday. I ask permission to go to Mass at the church here.'

"You are, then—?" I said.

"Curate in my own village," was the reply.

"Granted."

"Many thanks, M. le Médecin-en-Chef."

As soon as he had gone, it was suggested that all the mess should go in a body to the Mass of the stretcher-bearer, and this proposition was carried by acclamation. The other two ambulance corps were advised, and they, too, jumped at the idea.

Sunday morning came. As I was the senior officer, the place of honour was given me facing the altar. My brother officers sat on each side of me and behind us were the nurses and stretcher-bearers who came because we had come.

The officiating soldier-priest entered, and what struck me at first were the red trousers below the chasuble and the alb. But we were in the presence of the enemy, and it was not the time for taking off your uniform.

"I had not been to a Mass that I know of since my First Communion, except occasionally at marriages and funerals, but these did not count. And at the commencement I was very uneasy, for I could not remember when to rise, when to sit down, when to bow. But our

soldier-priest made a sign to me with his hands what to do, and the others all followed my example.

Then suddenly our soldier-priest began to speak to us. He told us that there were only soldiers in the church; that many might have stayed comfortably at home, considering their age. And then he suggested that there were many among us who neglected a little the good God and His Church, but who were at the same time serving Him by our work. After that he started talking about our families, about our womenfolk at home consumed with anxiety about us, and about our little ones, whom, perhaps we should never see again; about the example which those of our corps had left us who had died in doing their duty.

Then I began to feel something damp running down to the end of my nose. I looked to my right, and there I saw our dispenser—you know, the old pill roller, who believes in nothing, not even medicine, making the most horrible grimaces in order to hide his emotion; while on my left the other *Medecin-en-Chef* was busy scrubbing his moustache with his handkerchief as hard as he could.

I drew out my handkerchief, and this seemed to act as a signal. Soon other handkerchiefs were fluttering all over the little church. Then someone sobbed noisily; it was Sidi, an old soldier from Africa, who in civil life is the keeper of a stall in some part of Montmartre.

And then, just at that moment as if to enable us to hide our snufflings, the whole building began to vibrate, and we heard music of a kind which certainly did not come from the organ. It was cannon on all sides of us. We ran to the doors and the last thing I saw was our soldier-priest giving us a hasty blessing, and then running to the sacristy to put off his sacerdotal vestments and become a soldier once more.

This was the last Mass for some of those who were at Vassincourt on that beautiful autumn Sunday of 1914.

Mercy, Eucharistic Christ! through Thy Precious Blood,
Which, on each altar, flows a saving flood.
Mercy! and may the world, though steeped in sin,
A glance of fatherly compassion win.

SUBJECT of ADORATION

The Divine Worker.

I.—ADORATION.

Before He began to preach, Jesus began to work, and He continued working until His thirteenth year.

As soon as His strength allowed it He took up work in the humble carpenter shop of Saint Joseph and in the different work yards where His father's trade obliged Him to go.

Rising at day-break they left home together carrying under their arms their simple dinner as laborers do today as often as the distance of their work hindered them from returning for the noon-day meal.

Seated side by side on some log or rude stool they partook together of their frugal repast.

Jesus toiled conscientiously the whole day long, never wasting His time in idle talk with His fellow workmen. He did not shrink from heavy tasks, on the contrary, He eagerly took them on Himself to lighten thereby the work of his aging father. The noble sweat of toil covered His brow, and His young hands more than once bled on contact with the rough wood. Jesus wore without shame the common clothes of laborers, and in the quiet evening it was Mary's happy task to mend the effects of the wear and tear of the day.

Thus He grew up, working at Joseph's side and when His foster-father breathed his last, Jesus toiled alone to win the daily bread of His Mother, and His own. We may be sure His wages were never very high, and if ever work was lacking He was soon to feel the pinching of hunger and the wretchedness of want.

He had to suffer the coarse remarks of low fellow-workers more skilled in the trade than He who wished to show the clumsiness of an apprentice, and often He had to undergo the sharp rebukes and angry words of ill-tempered foremen. And He who toiled so humbly was the Architect of the Universe, the sublime Worker Who built the vast worlds of space ! Is it really possible ?

O ! how little we consider the lessons Jesus gave us in His life as a carpenter at Nazareth. Lessons of humble and uncomplaining work, of work patient and submissive.

Let us adore our divine Pattern and henceforth perform our daily duties without murmur or ill-will.

II.—THANKSGIVING.

And in the Blessed Sacrament does Jesus no longer do any work? Does He not continue to give you there an example of work as forcible as the one exhibited during His mortal life at Nazareth? Yes, indeed, Jesus still works in the Holy Eucharist. From His Tabernacle He rules the world and the nations given Him for His inheritance, guiding them gently or strongly as their destiny requires it using unsparingly the iron rod to bring them back to the abandoned path of duty, and meting out to them prosperity or adversity according to their obedience or disobedience to the just and holy laws of His Divine Wisdom. From His Tabernacle with supreme might He maintains in harmonious accord the many laws of the universe. This world of ours which He chose as His dwelling place, and all the creatures on it, are the object of His most watchful concern. But with a more special solicitude He cares for that intelligent creature that He fashioned with His own hands, redeemed with His own blood and destined to share in His glory and everlasting bliss.

So greatly does He love that privileged creature that, in His mortal life, He could not separate Himself from it, preferring all the humiliations of His Eucharistic life rather than abandon it. If Jesus shows motherly tenderness and solicitude for man's body, think how much greater must be His divine concern for man's soul.

With repeated insistence He tells us "With an everlasting love have I loved thee, therefore I have had mercy on thee." "Even if a mother could forget her child, yet I will never forget you."

His last word on earth breathes His anxious yearning after souls for which He lived and died: "I thirst."

As a burning thirst His longing for the salvation of souls still tortures Him in His Eucharistic life. Not for a moment will He cease working towards that end. For human souls He prays and intercedes to His Father, and offers them all grace sufficient for the final victory crowned by an eternal reward.

III.—REPARATION.

Work is disagreeable to us all, we do not like it. We seek to avoid it, we flee from it until necessity imposes it upon our unwilling shoulders.

There is nothing strange or astonishing in this, since work is a punishment, a chastisement that naturally wearies us.

Work is the punishment of sin. Jesus, taking upon Himself the sins of mankind, assumed thereby the penalty of hard labor in all its severity. This burden weighed Him down all the days of His mortal career; even in His Eucharistic life He has not cast it off.

Sinners, as we all are, we must bear the penalty of sin, of our own sins. We must share in the universal punishment of sin. We must suffer in our own body the fatigue of hard work according to the amount of unlawful pleasure in which we have indulged; paying in this way the debt of justice due to God, Whose rights we despised by our sins.

As sin disturbs the order of the world and revolts against the law of God, so the necessity of hard labor brings man back to allegiance and obedience. He sees at once that he is not the lord of the world since he is doomed to work or die of hunger.

The same holds true when applied to the soul. Here too work is the condition of life or death. Weakened by hard labor the flesh is unable to rebel against the spirit, and its ever alert servants, the passions, lose their vigor and their power of enticing to evil, while the will remains undisputed master of the soul, keeping it submissive to God's Will. Let us therefore work, not so much in order to make money to pay for worldly pleasures and amusements, but to gain that true wealth which buys the bliss of an eternal life.

IV.—PRAYER.

O Jesus, Thou who hast graciously disclosed to us the necessity and the importance of work for this our present life and for our future happiness by Thy own life-long example, enlighten our minds that we may properly appreciate the golden value of work.

From Thee we learn to use with sacred care the few short years of our stay upon earth to win heavenly joys, and not to act like those poor fools whose only aim in life is the speedy accumulation of fleeting riches. Grant us that our work may pay in some slight measure our debt of justice to Thee, so that towards the evening of our day, having finished the work allotted to us, we may enter into an unending life of bliss.

D. N. P. s.s.s.



Impressions of a non-Catholic at Mass.

If these impressions are to be of any interest, the mental attitude in which for the first time I entered a Catholic church during an hour of worship, must be told.

It was neither from an impulse of religion or out of curiosity as to the nature of this service, the very name of which suggests so much mystery to the uninitiated, but rather to make a long trip more agreeable for a friend with whom I was spending my vacation that I went to Mass. I entered the church intent upon being a polite respectful but entirely disinterested non-participant, waiting in that particular place because it was more convenient than strolling the streets outside until my friend should emerge...

It would be hard for any lifelong Catholic to understand how entirely meaningless this service was to me. I knew, of course, that it was a form of Christian worship, but of the Sacred Host, its consecration and consumption, I was utterly ignorant.

If, however, I had merely to record that, even without understanding it, I was aesthetically pleased by the Mass, I should not write this confession. I feel sure that no one could enter a Catholic church, even one as totally indifferent as I was, without appreciating in some measure the beauty of the ceremonial. But there was something more than that. As I have already said, I was not entirely unacquainted with churches, and was more or less familiar with their manner of worship; but here was something radically different from anything I had previously witnessed. The very initial act of genuflection before the altar, as they entered, seemed to put these people at once into a defined and different attitude. The quite unaffected way in which, as they drifted in one after another, they slipped to their knees and prayed, was the next impression. I was accustomed to selfconsciousness about my overt act of devotion.

About it all there seemed to me—and I was observing as impartially as I could—an earnestness that I could not but contrast with the apathy which I had seen in other

congregations, as they sank upon their plush-covered benches and allowed themselves to partake of the vicarious worship doled out to them by their paid religious specialists.

An active service. I think that is the word I wanted. The common expression is "going to Mass"; yet it was borne in upon me that I couldn't just "go" to this service. You had to keep doing things after you got there, if you participated at all—saying prayers, kneeling, rising, bowing your head, crossing yourself—a succession of activities that must have kept the congregation vividly aware that they gathered there to worship God.

Impressed already by the solemnity of the service, I next became conscious, as I grew accustomed to my surroundings of the beauty of the church, the soft diffusion of its lights, the appropriateness of its equipment, the soothing influence of the incense and the flowers. This much, of course, all churches share in greater or lesser degree; but it seemed to me there was in this atmosphere an unwonted air of both seclusion and exclusion. It was simply and solely a house of worship, and because each member of the congregation was, outwardly at least, intent upon business of that particular hour, there was absent, that cumulative unrest due to hundreds of separately distracted minds. Before I was sensibly aware that my surrounding were affecting me at all, I found myself strangely at peace. There was neither tittering nor whispering to disturb me. I was, as far as I could see, the only observant person in the place. The rest were all wrapped in their devotions.

Lost in spiritual communion!—which should be after all the real object of church services. Yet how often the temporal, the intellectual, is allowed to destroy that peace of soul which should be found within God's temples, if anywhere!

I had heard much of the modernness of present-day religions during the years I had absented myself from their homes. I had been told everywhere alarming defections were being combated by modifying, compromising, popularizing. My attendance at Mass brought no pleasanter surprise than the discovery that here, at

least, was ancient devotion, unaltered, without compromise; here was worship in which there was no pandering to individuals or modern conceptions. Even the sermon was about religion!

I believe I have made it quite clear the service was quite unintelligible, inasmuch as I did not know that it was founded upon the Eucharist. I emphasize this because often since, intelligent, educated person, could have been so profoundly yet so gently stirred by a symphony whose individual notes were inchoate to me.

Perhaps I can best make this clear by telling that some time afterward I read with deep attention, and with no little disappointment, the prayers of the Mass. Not that I was disappointed in the beautiful words themselves, but because, alone in my room, my attitude receptive and my whole being keenly alive to the influence I anticipated, I failed to experience the same spiritual rest and satisfaction that came to me so inexplicably as I heard my first Mass.

I do not mean by this that I believe anything miraculous, or even mysterious, occurred—that I felt the "call" or had any other emotional experience. It was, I believe, a rational, spiritual soul-perception, if I may use the term—that and nothing more. I am convinced of this because it was neither thought nor emotion, except for that harmonious peace upon which I like to dwell.

If any one had told me when I entered that church in a distant city—I do not even know its name—that I could have sat through forty-five minutes of an unintelligible service, with but few words spoken in a language I could understand, without becoming wearied, restless and bored, I should have scoffed at the idea. Yet the Mass held me bound, and I really regretted its ending. I have already discounted the æsthetic pleasure of my experience, and I am able to show that it was something more than artistic gratification.

These almost random impressions are a retrospective analysis only, not a record of conscious thoughts. If I had gone into that church from any religious motives whatever, if I had expected to find an answer to my life-long questioning, I should not be surprised at the result.

But as it was, while the feeling of surprise did not occur to me until hours afterwards, I went out into that Sunday morning's sunlight in an uplifted mood which I had not known for years.

For a long time I had hated the idea of the mystic, had scouted the miraculous, and had believed every canon of taste and reserve outraged by any form of worship that appealed to emotion, superstition or awe. And now I had witnessed a service which for me contained every one of the elements which once had offended me. There was no merit in my attendance because of the purely personal reason for which I had gone, yet the beneficent impression produced was to remain with me for a long time.

Furthermore, I had been surrounded, I could not help noticing, by a crowd of clean but, as a rule, not well-dressed persons; any of them evidently "uncultured" and of the "lower class." By every rule of my previous habit of mind I should have left that church feeling keenly conscious of my own intellectual superiority; thankful that such a worship and such a religion could not enslave me; glad that neither hell nor heaven were any concern of mine, and well satisfied that, while lights and symbols and images and prayers and incantations were all very impressive, they could not enchain my reason.

That was precisely the way I might have expected to feel. But I left that Mass engulfed in a deep peace that lasted for hours, and that was slowly succeeded by a profound regret that these people had so much that I did not have—an abiding sorrow that by birth, by training, and, finally, by unprayerful searching and wrong living, the precious gift of faith had been lost to me.

I started out that morning with the cumulated, callous irreligiousness of seven years. That night, too deeply moved even for the best companionship, I slipped off alone, and for three hours sat by the window of a dark room, looking out to sea and calmly searching my own soul as I had never searched it before.

And at last I went down upon my knees—because there was no place else to go!

Letter from Mexico

Oct. 30. 1915

Reverend Director of the Sentinel,

The unhappy political evenements gradually unfolding, during the last four years, in our loved but unfortunate country, evenements the press has not allowed you to remain in ignorance of, have now culminated in open war, against priests, Catholics and religious institutions. And this is the result of impiety that intends to destroy, in its very fundamentals, our holy religion and so lead the people to apostasy and atheism.

Everywhere we are confronted by ruined churches, closed monasteries, or what is even worse, see those sacred edifices used as saloons, theatres, masonic lodges, evil resort; everywhere we see pictures of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints profaned, ornaments and sacred vases turned to irreverent and unclean usage. Priests are outraged, martyred, imprisoned, exiled, compelled to do the most menial tasks, and made feel the pangs of hunger and thirst.

The devoted Sisters are forcibly expelled from their refuges and cloisters, and liable to every indignity when they cannot find shelter in Catholic families.

But what grieves our Catholics most is the awful blasphemies, the impious press has given voice too, against the Divine Host of our Tabernacles, and especially the frightful sacrileges committed by the soldiery enraged against the most august of sacraments, the Blessed Eucharist.

Pen cannot give details of those horrible profanations. Great enough to have provoked the just wrath of God and merited for our country chastisements, that, thanks to Benign goodness, are yet short of what it deserves. In the name of Jesus Hostie's loving sons, I implore you, Rev. Father, you whose mission is to procure the honor



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and glory of God humbled for us in the adorable Sacrament, I beg of you to ask the many fervent readers of the Sentinel to make multiplied acts of reparation for those cruel outrages.

May they also console Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament for the crimes committed against Him by the very ones for whom He has shed His Precious Blood.

Only the prayers of the good will be able to appease God's justice and draw His mercy down on those who still remain loyal to Him. Only the prayers of the good can obtain especially that those who now persecute the Eucharistic Christ with devilish hatred, be converted, and like new prodigal children hasten with contrite hearts to cast themselves into His loving arms....

I hope, Rev. and dear Father, you will be able to grant my request.

A reader of the Sentinel.



The year 1914.

The year 1914 has been a year of tragedy for the world, but especially for the Catholic world. The horrible war raging in Europe for half its span would alone make it a year to be written in letters of blood. Back through history we look in vain for any scenes as terrible as those of this present giant conflict. Even the Holy of Holies—the sacred place where rests the Incarnate Word—is invaded. Churches and convents do not escape the general destruction. Picture the God of heaven in His Eucharistic Presence hastily taken from the Tabernacle by His faithful friends and consumed or secretly carried away with scant ceremony in order to save Him from actual indignity. Picture Him looking out from His Tabernacle on a world of sorrow, Himself sorrowing with that world which He loves. His burning Heart embraces all men of all nations. It is the Heart of a Friend which bleeds less from the cruel wound they dealt Him in scorning His Counsel, than from perfect sympathy for the suffering which is of their own making.

The Drummer of '51

ON one of my visits to Fort Lamothe, I met a certain wag of low condition who, when he saw me, set to laughing and singing Beranger's refrain on the Mass. Never in such a case could I pass on in silence. I coolly approached my jeerer and pricked him with a peppered jest. The crowd passed over to me, and my punished scoffer followed in his turn. All I had to do was to supply a little malice and a great deal of kindness. That mixture always make an effectual remedy.

To-day the wag was a *retired* drummer on guard at the *police office*. I went straight up to him.

"Well, drummer," said I raising my voice, "you are laughing at the Mass, and you do not know the first word of it. Nothing could be more silly. I do not laugh at your trade, because I *know your drum* as well as you do yourself. Give it to me that I may exemplify the theory. See how they mount it after making a good choice of skins, cords, etc. Now comes the *school*, the practice in order to learn slowly and equally the prolonged *strokes*, those of *five, seven, eleven*. Then come the gentle *rap, rap, rap*, the *ratées sautées*, the *coups anglais*, the *frisées*."

I accompanied my drill with strokes of the drum-sticks suited to the style under consideration.

"Now, my son," said I, "you see that I can play a little, and I look upon those as simpletons who laugh at the art of drumming. They do not know that it takes four whole years to make of a good pupil a passable drummer. You see, I know your trade, therefore I respect it. When you know mine, then you will do the same, you will no longer laugh at it. Let me teach it to you."

Useless to try to depict the respectful attention of the crowd standing around and devouring me with their eyes. I went on with the following dialogue:

"Do you know how to read?"

"Not very well, Monsieur le Curé."

"Still less to write, then?"

"Just as you say."

"Have you a mother in the country?"

"Oh, yes! and she is a good woman."

"And since you know only your drum, what do you do when you want to inform her how you are, when you want to send her a nice little letter?"

"Oh! you know very well, Monsieur le Curé, we have a comrade, and —"

"And they make him strike it off neatly —"

"Just so, Monsieur le Curé, I see you know how things are done by us. You too have served. Perhaps you were a drummer?"

"Not just that, my good friend, but allow me to finish. Well, the Mass is a letter which most of the Faithful do not know how to write to the great country to which we are all going, and where there are already barracks of friends and relatives. To write to them, there is a public writer, a comrade who has studied the language used on high. He has a table, that is the altar. He has ink, that is the mysterious Blood of the Saviour. And when the letter is finished, he announces it to those in waiting by saying to them: 'Go in peace. The letter has been sent: *Ite missa est.*' To write with blood? What is more soldierly? Call to mind the bravest of the brave at Wagram, who fell mortally wounded, but who in falling received the Cross of Honor. 'Oh!' said the noble dying one, 'I must write to my mother, but how?—I have one cartridge left. The ball will do for a pencil, and the paper will do for the note.' The good son tried, but the ball was unsteady, and would not mark. Then he took a priming-wire and the last drop of his blood. To work he went, and here is what he wrote, the testament of love and honor: 'To you, my mother, my last drop of blood, my last sigh! I die content. I have the Cross. *Vive la France.*' See how a soldier knew how to offer a Mass to his mother. The priest writes still better. The Blood of God never becomes tainted! Well, drummer, you will not laugh again?"

"I do not know, Monsieur le Curé. I do not know."

"Well, to know better, come to the Charité to hear us, and you will see."

"We'll see about that, Monsieur le Curé. If it does no good, it will do no harm. We'll see!"

The drummer was impressed. He came, he attended the conferences addressed to an assembly of 1,500 men by M. l'abbé Vincent, a good preacher, one of my friends. Now, 1,500 male voices resounding through the vaults of the church in the chant of the Passion, were already as it were, a word of overpowering eloquence. How many tears have I seen furrowing those bronzed faces! And one day I saw the good drummer, also, enter the sacristy in tears.

"Monsieur le Curé, you once beat my drum, but the preacher has beaten my heart. It is a call to the good God! But there is only one obstacle—I have not made my First Communion."

"Fall into rank, my good friend. I have nineteen men inscribed, and you will make the twentieth."

My twenty men were admirable. The drummer was among them. Had he known the Latin of the Church, he might have exclaimed: *Felix culpa!*—Happy fault! But he failed not to exclaim: "Happy mockery which brought on me so fruitful a reprimand and, by the divine mercy, consolation so sweet!

A Little While.

"O Jesus" we are tempted to say when the cross bears heavily upon us, when life's sorrows seem unbearable: "How long? How long will this last?" and the answer comes' "A Little While." The wicked people, they have everything to make them comfortable and happy it seems. They succeed where we fail. They rejoice while we weep. But do not envy them. Go before the Blessed Sacrament and ask Jesus why is this? and the answer will come to you as to the disciples of old: "you will lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice." But only for "A Little While." Soon "the day will break and the shadows will retire" and then you will see all so plain and clear. Tell souls to trust Jesus, to wait for a "little while" in the love and friendship of Jesus here, so that for a "long while" "yea, forever and ever you will be happy with Him in eternity.

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Soldier and Priest.

The "Semaine Religieuse" of Tours relates the following incident. Abbé Mauduit is in the front fighting line as lieutenant. Recently his commanding officer ordered him to lead his company to a very dangerous position, telling him he feared he was sending him to his death. The Abbé did not hesitate, but his mind was disturbed for his men. To make them accept willingly the dangerous mission he addressed them as follows: "My friends, you are all determined to do your duty. We are about to find ourselves in great danger. If sometimes in giving your orders I may have appeared harsh and irritable, forgive me. You all know me well. I have always sought to show myself courageous and I demand of you to be also courageous. You call me more often Monsieur l'Abbé or Monsieur le Curé than Mon Lieutenant. Well, as priest would you like me to give you my blessing and absolve you before we start?" Having received a unanimous affirmative reply, all the brave men bowed and made the sign of the cross religiously, while the Abbé soldier traced the sign of pardon and salvation. The company then advanced intrepidly under fire from the enemy. In a few minutes its lieutenant, Abbé Mauduit, fell wounded in the head by a bursting shell. His wound necessitated a most dangerous operation, but it is hoped his life will be saved.—

O dearest Lord! I wish to rest
 As dear St. John upon Thy breast,
 And looking up into Thine eyes,
 Just, tell Thee all the love that lies
 Within my heart, not great like Thine,
 Yet all for thee, my King Divine,
 Jesus, Sweet Saviour mine.

Our all in all.

MANY a time when a man is wild with the questions, the doubts, the uncertainties, the fears with which a view of life has surrounded him, and which keep barking and baying at him, like so many dogs, he goes by an instinct of grace to the Blessed Sacrament, and in a moment, without effort on his part, all these shrill voices are silent. His Lord is with him, the waves are still, the storm is abated, and, not after further voyage but straightway, he is at the haven where he would be. One look at the face of Jesus, and the clouds fall away, and there is light. The light of the Tabernacle illuminates the Church, and the illumination deepens the darkness of all that is outside. Thus the Blessed Sacrament is everything to us. We have our dearest Lord, the Light of the Tabernacle with us, what care we for aught else? Darkness is only pleasant shade when He is nigh. Disquietudes are worth their pains, for the extreme sweetness of having His gentle hand to smooth them down. Difficulties were desirable to go through, if it were only to see Him come forth, the sun of truth, and illuminate all things with so sudden and so radiant a beauty. And the repose of it all is so wonderful! For it is there, at the door of the Tabernacle, that we find our true place in creation, that our pride is tamed while our wounds are being dressed and healed, and our restlessness is made ashamed while it is rebuked by that voiceless love. In a word, to have God so given up to us, to be with us and to be ours, as He is in the Blessed Sacrament, is our all in all.

Faber.

The Eucharist is the Keystone to the Church's truth; the corner stone of the authority; the hearthstone of her life.

The Shamrock's Speech.

To see the King the stranger priest
Came up to Tara from the coast,
With speech of One Who in the East
Was slain by them He loved the most.

The white-haired Druids called: "A sign
Of Three in One, and One in Three!"
Then blossomed by the power divine
This emblem of the Trinity.

With hallowed fingers from the sod
That verdant bloomed about his feet,
Saint Patrick plucked the flower of God—
The little three-leaved shamrock sweet.

He held it up, and cried: "Behold
The triune sign of Christ's belief!"
Then Dubhthach left his harp of gold,
And King knelt down with slave and chief.

The lightning rived the Druid's oak;
The idols fell in house and hall;
And bowing to the Saviour's yoke,
The land from East to West was thrall.

Nor fire nor force of savage sword
Can change our Erin's faith and will,
While green, like God's undying word,
The shamrock grows on mead and hill.

P. J. C.

The War Viaticum.

The special correspondent of the Catholic Times of Liverpool writes as follows from Paris.

From a religious point of view, the attitude of our officers is excellent. A young lieutenant writes from near Verdun: "On October 7th, four thousand of us were camped in a village, where fifteen of our soldier priests said Mass in the village church from early dawn. The Confessional was full all the morning. I had the happiness of going to Holy Communion. My men did the same. I wanted to serve Mass, but all the places were bespoken beforehand. When, at the 5 o'clock Mass, I saw officers, non-commissioned officers and men in serried ranks go up to the altar I own that tears came into my eyes." I may here remind my readers that all soldiers engaged in the present war are considered as being in danger of death. Pope Pius X authorized them, in consequence, to receive Holy Communion "in Viaticum" without fasting. It is thus that on the evening of August 14th, in Belgium, some French Cuirassiers who had been to Confession, intending to communicate the next morning, were suddenly told that at midnight they were to move on. Great was the disappointment of officers and men, but a Redemptorist Father who had been busy hearing their Confessions solved the difficulty. It was impossible, he said, for the men to hear Mass, but it was possible to make use of the Pope's permission to communicate without fasting. At eight o'clock that evening the church bells rang and officers and men received Holy Communion as a Viaticum. To many among them it proved to be, in reality, their last Communion.

