



L'ADORATION DES MAGES



## A New Year's Prayer.

*LOW at the threshold of this white new year*  
*I kneel in prayer ;*  
*Lord, may it be*  
*A Temple unto Thee ;*  
*Wherein each rounded day may stand*  
*A column grand ;*  
*Grant that the walls may be*  
*Of work for Thee,*  
*With Faith for buttress firm :*  
*And for the shadowing arch above*  
*Oh, roof it with Thy love*  
*And on the spire of Hope*  
*The cross of Courage set.*  
*Lord, this were yet*  
*An empty temple and a barren year, —*  
*Oh, be Thou present on the altar there,*  
*And may the incense of unceasing prayer*  
*Make sweet the air.*  
*Thou, Lord, the builder and the inmate be,*  
*I but the mason under Thee.*  
*My hours the blocks to raise*  
*A Temple to Thy praise.*



## A New Year's Greeting to our Readers.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE EUCHARIST :



At the opening of this glad New Year, we cordially extend our most sincere and affectionate greetings to the numerous auxiliaries of our various Associations and especially to our devoted co-adjutors who encourage with such laudable zeal our Eucharistic publication, "The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament." To all we heartily wish  
A HAPPY YEAR, A HOLY YEAR.

A HAPPY YEAR ! A HOLY YEAR ! We offer with lively affection and profound gratitude to all those whose pen and talent contribute so efficaciously in rendering this Sentinel of the Eucharistic King instructive and interesting and less unworthy of its great and consoling apostleship.

A HAPPY YEAR ! A HOLY YEAR ! We wish our zealous Promoters, whose resources inspired by their piety are so various and often even admirable, and who with indefatigable ardor sow broadcast through the Sentinel's instrumentality the glad tidings of the Eucharist.

A HAPPY YEAR ! A HOLY YEAR ! We repeat to our dear subscribers who are constantly increasing in number and whose warm sympathy and frequent encomiums are the most convincing proof that the modest pages written under the shadow of the Ostensorium are impregnated with a vein of piety and love productive of much good.

May the King of the Sacred Host bless these hearts so generously and zealously devoted to His glory ! May the old year take with it their cares and sorrows ! A new one opens radiant and full of consoling promise ; may it be for each and all, a year of happiness, of success and manifold merits.

But, dear co-laborers, we must admit the work is scarcely begun. How many parishes are there, even among popular ones, where Eucharistic devotion languishes, where the Church during the week is almost continually deserted, where the old and young approach the holy table scarcely once a year.

To work then, dear readers and zealous promoters. You must teach the relaxed souls their duties towards the Blessed Eucharist ; you must recall them to fervent souls, in fear, lest they neglect them ; you must impress them vividly on the hearts of the children that they may never forget them. You must ! I know it is not your vocation to preach from the pulpit : nevertheless, you must touch hearts, convert and sanctify souls, by making them read the pages of the " Sentinel," by making them participators in the spiritual advantages to which subscribers are entitled.

All those masses offered for their special benefit, all those hours of adoration made for them in presence of the Sacred Host cannot fail to draw down on them and on their families abundant graces and blessings.

Behold, dear Promoters, all the good you can do in your own sphere and since you can do it, you must do it : because Our Lord asks it of you and because He has promised His love and His manifold graces to him who shall win even one soul to His service.

Here is a means we propose to all our subscribers without exception, by which they may offer to Our dear Lord a New Year's gift, very acceptable to Him, very pleasing in His sight and at the same time very meritorious for themselves. Let each subscriber send us between now and the 31st of January a new subscription to " The Sentinel ". They will thus in the short space of a month and with but slight exertion on their part double the number of its readers ; and moreover cause an incalculable upraising of faith and devotion towards the Blessed Eucharist. It is certainly within the power of each to enroll a new subscriber among friends or acquaintances. Why not make the attempt ?

To stimulate your efforts and encourage you to get new subscribers we promise beautiful premiums, a list of which you will find on the last page of the cover.



## Particular Practice for the Month of January.

To fulfil faithfully our duties towards  
our Eucharistic King.



OUR Lord Jesus Christ, Man-God, Son of God, to whom His Father has bequeathed the nations in patrimony is really present and living among us in the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar.

Do we believe it? Do we realize it?

If we believe it and realize it, are our actions consistent with our faith?

He is in our Churches and in our Tabernacles! When we pass before a Church, do we offer Him from the depth of our heart a respectful and affectionate greeting? Do we enter the Church every time we can? When we enter do our first thought and look go direct to the Tabernacle? Does our genuflection show that we realize the presence of the divine Master and that we adore Him?

He offers Himself every morning on the Altar of Sacrifice! Adoring for us, repairing for us, thanking for us, interceding for us. Notwithstanding His sublime immolation, are we not satisfied with assisting at Mass on Sunday? Do we unite ourselves daily to His daily intercession for us?

He desires to give Himself to us in Holy Communion! Do we live in such a manner as to be able to partake frequently, even daily, if possible of this divine aliment of our spiritual life? Do we not stay away from the holy table if not through indifference or lukewarmness, at least through human respect or scrupulosity? Do we think

sufficiently and seriously of these words of Our Blessed Lord : " He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me and I in him."

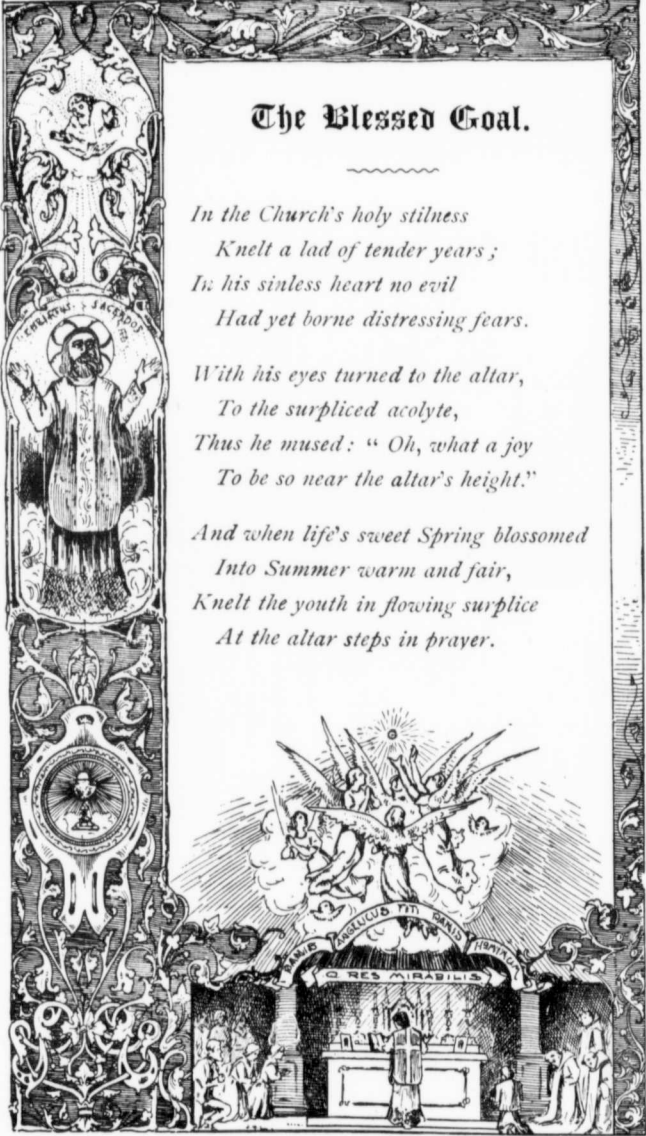
We in Him ! He in us ! What a perfect union ! What a divine state ! De we realize it ?

He comes forth from His Tabernacle, to show us more mercifully His sacrament of love and to bless us. He goes through the aisles of the temple or the streets of the city to scatter lavishly on all precious spiritual and temporal graces and favors. He goes to carry to the dying strength necessary for the last combat. Do we know how to acknowledge these blessings by giving Him the honor to which He is entitled. By active membership when possible in confraternities of the Most Holy Sacrament, in associations of diurnal or nocturnal adoration whose principal aim is His Eucharistic glory.

Eternal King of centuries ! Creator and Sovereign Lord of all things ! He, should see entire humanity at His feet. Is it so ? Whatever His voluntary annihilations in the Eucharist may be, men still find the means of adding to them. He is forgotten even by the devout, insulted by sinners, heretics and the sacrilegious. Though the altar where He resides should be the centre of the life of souls, the world dominated by its sects tries to raise above His a throne to the King of evil and to give to Satan what belongs to God alone.

Does this general forgetfulness, this odious contempt, this cruel coldness really grieve us ? Does it induce us to make generous sacrifices in a spirit of reparation ? Does it urge us on to love Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament in proportion to the hatred with which He is pursued by the wicked ? Does it animate us with a sincere desire, an indomitable will to use our time, our strength, our intellect, our influence, our resources to make Him universally loved ; to give Him socially as well as individually the place to which He has a supreme right ?

Our Lord Jesus Christ, Man-God, Son of God, to whom His Father has bequeathed the nations in patrimony is really present and living in our midst in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar ! Do we believe it ? Do we realize it ? If we believe it and realize it, are our actions consistent with our faith ?

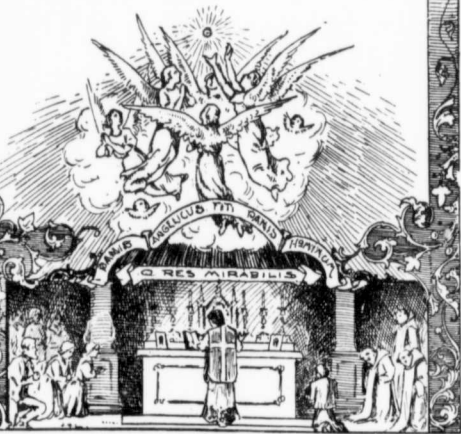


**The Blessed Goal.**

*In the Church's holy stillness  
Knelt a lad of tender years ;  
In his sinless heart no evil  
Had yet borne distressing fears.*

*With his eyes turned to the altar,  
To the surpliced acolyte,  
Thus he mused : " Oh, what a joy  
To be so near the altar's height."*

*And when life's sweet Spring blossomed  
Into Summer warm and fair,  
Knelt the youth in flowing surplice  
At the altar steps in prayer.*



*On the priest his eyes long rested,  
Hopeful bliss his bosom swelled,—  
“ Oh, a priest, could I be ever ? ”  
And the thought glad tears compelled.*

*When the Autumn sun rose mildly,  
Youth had into manhood grown.  
At the blessed altar stood he,  
And his face with gladness shone.*

*In his hands, the heavenly wafer,  
Trembling lips have spoke the word,  
And his heart in loving wonder  
Prostrate there his God adored.*

*Sweet delight his bosom flooded :  
“ Bliss unthought,—Sacerdos sum.”  
Tongue of angel could not tell  
“ The joy that with this hour has come.”*

*There at heaven's portal standing  
He is priest forevermore ;  
E'er his lips, in prayerful motion,  
Mercy for the world implore.*







## An Humble Christmas.

ANNA T. SADLIER.



THE christmas bells were ringing out in the great city, white with the winter's snow, glittering with hoar frost. The trees were overhung with icicles, the stars shown like diamonds in the firmament above. It was midnight and the great bells rang out from the turret of Notre Dame, the "Bourdon" with its huge notes, led the chorus. The feet of the churchgoers sounded loud upon the metal-like pavement. In a tiny house, within a little court, an old woman, lay helpless upon her bed. She had no one to prepare for her the Christmas cheer, nor to decorate her humble abode with the holly or the evergreen. But her heart, humble and faithful, followed the worshipers to the churches, where she had been wont diligently to assist at all the offices. She had in her mind's eye the high altar, alight with innumerable tapers, odorous with flowers and with the scent of Xmas greens. She witnessed once more the unveiling of the crib and heard that swelling chorus, which resounds on Christmas night throughout the universe; "come all ye faithful, with hearts truly grateful." It rises above the tree tops, it soars above the summits of mighty mountains, and it finds its echo in the hearts of countless worshipers, and so this little old woman heard it, and raising up her voice cracked and broken with age, she sang there alone in her solitude, "Let us hasten to adore Him, let us hasten to adore Him, let us hasten to adore Him, our God and King."

The streets grew very silent after that, the little woman knew the worshipers were within the churches and that the organ was throbbing forth its harmonies and the glorious festal music of the Xmas Mass was rising up

into the very arches of the heavenly mansions. She strove to kneel in spirit, as she had often knelt in body, before the Host uplifted at the Elevation, and to adore in its mystic chalice the Blood of a God. She had never heard,



“Come all ye faithful, with hearts truly grateful.”

poor simple soul, of the “Holy Grail,” nor of the stainless Knights, who went forth upon a quest to seek that golden cup, containing, as a vivifying fire, the Blood of

God, But her heart was full of all manner of strange, spiritual thoughts, beautiful could they have been translated into words, as ever came from the fancy of poet. Her thoughts reverted from the noble temples of this catholic city of Montreal, in which she dwelt to a chapel in far off Ireland, where her childhood and youth had been passed.

In the days of her youth the country side, was still fresh from the shadow of the penal times and "*the chapel*" straw-roofed, small and poor, with its mud floor, like the dwellings of its worshipers, was bare and totally unadorned. At the altar, on Christmas night, she remembered the bent form of the aged priest, old as she now was, who had known the fury of the penal times. She remembered how he had smiled at her youthful enthusiasm and her eager longing for the coming of Christmas. Though, in truth, it had brought her little, save the joy of the Holy Mass and her own fervent Communion.

She had been young then, her eyes bright and her hair shining like spun gold and now, as it seemed, by some marvellous transformation, she was old, very old, her locks whitened, her face wrinkled, her eyes dimmed. And the old priest had long since passed to the confessor's reward, with the greater number of those who had knelt upon the mud floor and who had brought to the humble sanctuary rich jewels of faith and fervor and patience and purity. They had been as the shepherds, offering their lowly gifts, while the great of the world brought their gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Yes, the lonely watcher realized that she was old, very old, young only in the perpetual fountain of living faith upspringing in her heart, and which caused her to see here in the stillness and loneliness, the Sacred Host upraised. and bade her adore therein, the same Incarnate God of Bethlehem. The years had not brought her very much in their passage.

Each Christmas, her store of gifts had been small, indeed, sometimes she had got none, but always arose from her heart the cheerful "God's will be done! Sure He knows what's best for me, and if He didn't see fit to send me any little Xmas tokens, why mebbe He'll do what's better for me up there above."

And her simple joy in the festival remained unabated : " Sure and Xmas is a fine season, God be praised, if it was only for the pleasure it gives to Christ's little ones," she was wont to say, " and then, all the grand masses that are said and the beautiful hymns that are sung, glory be to God."

Now upon this particular Xmas night it did not concern the old woman, that her larder was almost empty, that there was no shadow of a Xmas dinner, nor any preparations whatever to celebrate the festival. She was quite alone. She had had a husband, but he had died a score of years before, and a family of four children were likewise gone beyond the great bourne. In the depth of her heart had been but one wish : that she might be able to carry out her invariable custom, as long as she was able to earn money for her work, and have a Mass or two said, as a Christmas present to the dead. However she had resigned herself, also, to this deprivation, with the prayer of her sublime philosophy ; " Sure it is God's will and He knows what is best. Mebbe He'll make it up to them there above."

She listened to the sounds without, occasionally breaking the dead silence of the streets, as she kept her vigil of prayer and adoration, going in spirit from the humble shrine of her early love to the splendid churches she had known in her maturity, and everywhere beholding uplifted the Sacred Host, Jesus, the Saviour, who was born for the salvation of mankind. At last she heard the hurrying tread of the worshipers returning from the churches ; saluting each other in the Christmas dawn. She smiled as she distinctly caught the greeting, " Merry Christmas," from without.

With this smile still upon her lips, the cold, cheerless room, lit only by the electric lamps from without, faded from her sight. When she awoke, the cheerful sunshine, was streaming into the little apartment and she had to rub her eyes. There were holly wreathes with their bright berries and christmas greens, and a tiny table set out ; it had upon it a christmas cake and other dainties and a pretty tea service. From the adjoining room, which was as small as a cupboard, but in which stood a minature stove, came the smell of savory cooking. The old woman

thought it must be an illusion : she was certain she smelled turkey, a delicacy which she had not very often tasted in her life, and a sigh quickly smothered, rose to her lips. The stove was seldom used, for the charitable neighbors, almost as poor as she was herself, brought her since she had been bed-ridden, the portion of their humble "bit and sup."

Yet while she was under the impression that her senses must be deceiving her, there suddenly appeared in the doorway of the little room, a young slender figure, a rosy face and shining hair.

"It's like the wraith of what I used to be" thought the old woman, gazing with some awe at the apparition. The figure advanced into the room :

"So you are awake," a sweet voice said, "and, as it's past noon, I suppose you'll soon be ready for your Christmas dinner.

"My Christmas dinner," faltered the old woman, "sure there's no dinner that I know of, preparin, for me. Not that I'll go hungry, for some of the neighbors will be comin, by and by, with a share of whatever they have."

"Oh, but the turkey is done to a crisp," cried the young girl, "I putt into your nice little oven to warm and the vegetables and a tiny Xmas pudding. The table, you see, is laid and I'm just going to serve the dinner."

Meanwhile the slow tears began to course their way down the aged cheeks and the feeble voice inquired in a quavering, awestricken tone : "Are you flesh and blood that's in it?"

"Why, of course, you dear old soul!" cried the girl, laughing merrily. The old woman caught the contagious mirth and laughed, too, as she observed apologetically : "Do you know, I thought at first, acushla, that I was still dreaming. I had such a beautiful dream in the early, morning hours, of the Crib of Bethlehem. It seemed to be an altar, all shining with lights, and I thought, at first, you were one of God's own angels that I saw in the dream, surroundin, the Manger."

"No, no!" cried the visitor hastily, "I heard about you from a girl that sews for us, she lives near you here, and I planned out a little surprise for your Christmas

morning. So now you must first sit up. I'll arrange your pillows comfortably and you'll enjoy your Christmas dinner."

"Before I taste a mouthful," cried the old woman, with trembling eagerness, "run, avourneen, run. Bring the children from next door and the old granny on the other side of the court and the lame boy from over beyant there."



"We're all here," exclaimed a joyful chorus, and into the room they filed. The old woman's face lighted up, her eyes shone with a happy light, her withered cheeks were tinged with pink. Surely, never a happier party assembled, never a more joyful Christmas dinner was eaten, never were gifts more appreciated than those, which were distributed at its close. One of these was an envelope embroidered in black and silver, and upon which was written: "A Christmas gift for the Dead." The old woman opened it with trembling fingers and

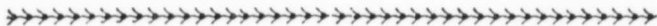
there was a Mass-card signed by a neighboring priest and acknowledging the receipt of a certain number of masses, with the names of the beloved dead.

"Oh, then God in Heaven remember you for that same," cried the old woman, "sure it's been on my mind that I could'nt do as I used and give those that are gone the benefit of the Holy Sacrifice,"

"I know, I know," cried the visitor, "our sewing girl told me." The aged face worked pitfully and at last tears, veritable tears of joy and gratitude burst from her eyes. They were gathered, perchance, by the recording angel and borne to the Throne of Mercy, for her who had caused them. Then, rousing herself, the old woman cried :

"Kneel down all of you and let us give thanks to God who is present in the ever blessed Tabernacle of the altar in the church beyant and who has come down this day to earth, as He did long ago into the crib."

Together, they knelt, that motley gathering, in their midst the radiant figure of the girl, who had planned this celebration of Christmas and who tasted a joy unknown to the world and its votaries beside the bed, upon which lay a withered, emaciated form, trembling on the verge of eternity. But the old woman's prayer was firm and confident, a prayer of thanksgiving and of gratitude, and in her simple speech she echoed the hymn that was resounding through the universe, and which through the night watches, she had sent up to the Eucharistic God : "Glory be to God in the Highest. Let us hasten to adore !"



### **Binding of "The Sentinel."**

Subscribers wishing to have their "Sentinels" bound, have only to send us the twelve numbers of the past year with their address and 35 cts. After a few days, they will receive by mail, post-paid ; the volume in pretty linen binding with title in gilt letters.

Do not roll the numbers when sending them, as rolling gives the pages a fold difficult to be smoothed out.

## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the  
Blessed Sacrament.

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**Give us this Day our Daily Bread.**

**The Bread of the Soul.**

### I. — Adoration.

Jesus, My God and my Saviour. Thou hast created me to hallow Thy name, to work for the extention of Thy reign by the accomplishment of Thy most holy will. But in order that I may carry out this admirable design on which depend Thy glory and my happiness and sanctification, it is absolutely necessary that Thou shouldst maintain in life, my soul and my body ; and as life is only sustained by nourishment, I must daily petition, my Heavenly Father, for this Bread of soul and body, that is to say the spiritual and temporal succor without which I would fall through moral weakness or physical inanition.

What is this bread of the soul that I should ask for, first and above all and daily ? I cannot doubt, my Jesus, that this supersubstantial Bread—is Thyself, because Thou hast asserted : “ I am the living Bread come down from heaven.” I believe then on Thy unerring word that this Sacred Bread is Thy adorable body, Thy precious blood, Thy soul and divinity hidden under the sacramental species.

Since under the name of daily bread, I understand all that is necessary for the double alimentation of soul and body, is it not just and reasonable that I should think of asking, first, for the bread of my soul, as it is so superior to my body ? Moreover, Thou hast counseled it, saying : “ Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all the rest shall be added thereto.” If I preoccupy myself primarily with my material sustenance, I act in direct opposition to Thy blessed will,

It was consistent that the Divine restorer of humanity should not forget the necessities of its corporal life ; but is it not even more consistent that the Creator of souls, who came above all to restore their divine life, should teach them



the means whereby they may obtain their supernatural aliment ; is it not even more consistent that the Saviour of souls should teach them how to ask for the remedy against eternal death ?

This interpretation is not mine, dear Jesus, but that of Thy greatest saints, of Thy most illustrious adorers, of the Augustines, the Jeromes, the Ambroses, the Bonaventures, the Thomas Aquinaces. It is in all conformity to the spirit of Thy holy spouse, the Catholic Church, who desires to see her children daily eat the Bread of Angels, as they daily eat their material bread. It necessarily flows from Thy most holy doctrine from Thy most intimate desires ; it is the living expression of the sentiments of Thy adorable heart.

Premised that true adoration is the height of love and that love tends to union, I cannot but deduce the self-evident conclusion that my spirit of adoration will grow according to my hunger for this daily supersubstantial bread ; that I shall be a perfect adorer only when never wilfully through my fault shall I deprive myself of a single communion ; when I shall communicate as often as I can, that is to say, every day if possible and well understood, in the most perfect manner possible.

## II — Thanksgiving.

It is then really true, my adorable Master, that Thou dost wish to come to me, to abide in me; often, very often, even every day under the appearance of a little bread to be the sacred nourishment of my soul and to fill me ever more and more with the plenitude of Thy divine life ; and because it is true I can and I should ask for this incomparable favor by saying to Thee daily : “ Give us this day our daily bread ” As<sup>thou</sup> Thou art ready to come to me so ought I hold myself in readiness to receive Thee. O Lord Jesus, what thanksgiving can I render Thee for this great honor Thou dost confer on me, this great happiness Thou dost bring to me? If eternity, is not long enough to thank Thee for a single communion because in it Thou dost give me infinite graces and blessings, what shall be my impotence when there is question of singing thanksgiving for communions that may have been as numerous as the days of my earthly pilgrimage since my first communion ?

It is true Thou dost desire to enrich me daily more and more abundantly with the treasures of Thy divine and human perfections enclosed in the small white Host of the ciborium reserved for me ; this truth we learn from Thine own sacred

lips: "I have desired with an immense desire to eat this Pasch with thee". Thy desire would not be immense didst Thou not wish to satisfy it daily. Thou hast also said: "I have come that they may have life and that they may have it more abundantly" but didst Thou fail even for one day, to offer us this Bread of life, it would mean a deprivation, a diminution of life and not a superabundance as Thou hast promised: "Abide in Me, abide in My love". How can I obey this sublime command? Thou hast clearly explained the way when saying: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in him" Therefore Thou dost wish me to communicate as often as possible, every day, if possible because communion is the strongest, the sweetest, the most powerful bond of union between Thee and me, between the Creator and His unworthy creature.

What incredible love on Thy part! O my Jesus! How can I respond to it? Faith tells me my most perfect thanksgiving is to enter into Thy designs, to satisfy the divine passion Thou hast to give Thyself to me, by my zeal in receiving Thee and my fidelity in profiting by these holy visits.

### III — Reparation.

Give us this day our daily bread! How often, dear Jesus, have I pronounced these words without understanding their meaning! And since Thy divine grace has enlightened me more fully, how many times have I repeated them without fervor, without realizing my acute need of this sacred nourishment offered with so much generosity by my heavenly Father. Lord Jesus, Sacred Host forgive my negligence in approaching Thy holy table as often as I could.

I know there is no obligation of justice binding me to receive Holy Communion every day, no law transgressed, no sin committed when I fail to do so; but how do I know into how many venial or perhaps even mortal sins I may have fallen through my carelessness in nourishing my soul with this Bread of the strong? Furthermore, I know that of myself and without direction I should not approach the Eucharistic banquet so often, also that its frequent reception exacts more perfect dispositions of humility, purity and love. But does not an obligation of love bind me to make my desires conformable to the sublime request I formulate so often? Does not an obligation of love bind me to expose these desires to my spiritual director; does not an obligation of love bind me to try even at the cost of great sacrifices to respond to the desire of the Heart of Jesus by working to make my-

self always less unworthy to receive every day His sacred body and His precious blood. I am very sorry, my Jesus, I have not realized this truth sufficiently, I humbly beg forgiveness and offer reparation through Thy precious Blood.

How few Christians really hunger for the Eucharistic Bread! How few whose only sorrow is to be deprived of this celestial aliment! I should offer reparation especially for those unfortunate souls who have not the least desire for this heavenly food, who pass weeks, months and even years in culpable indifference, without approaching the holy table.

I will come, Lord Jesus, as often as possible in a spirit of reparation to receive the sacrament which while filling me with the superabundance of divine life, will at the same time preserve my soul from the death of sin, and I shall often and fervently pray: "Give us this day our daily bread."

#### IV. — Prayer.

My Jesus, grant that by meditating on the sublimity, the grandeur, the riches, the powerful efficacy, the gentle sweetness of the Eucharistic Bread, I may more fully understand that this very high and very holy sacrament is the salvation of soul and body, the remedy for every spiritual disease, that by it my vices are cured, my temptations vanquished or lessened, that it brings me more grace and an augmentation of virtue, that it enlivens my faith, strengthens my hope, inflames and dilates my charity, that it is the highest homage I can render Thee, the greatest satisfaction I can offer Thy heart, the most powerful apostleship I can exercise in favor of the church militant the most efficacious means whereby to glorify the church triumphant and to help the church suffering; finally, that it is the most necessary of all devotions equal to worship and religion itself.

I feel my love inflaming, my heart dilating by these considerations, causing me to petition with more than ordinary insistence: Give us this day our daily bread; causing me to cry out with the yearning pleading of the Jews in the desert, Lord give us always this Bread and the dispositions necessary for its frequent and worthy reception.





## The Epiphany and the Eucharist.

*Et procedentes adoraverunt eum.*  
And falling down they adored Him.  
( *Matt. ii, 2.* )



ALLED to perpetuate before the Most Blessed Sacrament the Adoration of the Magi at the Crib of Bethlehem, we ought to share in the faith and the love that guided and sustained them. They began at Bethlehem what we do at the foot of the Sacred Host. Let us study the characteristics of their adoration, and draw from it our instruction.

The adoration of the Magi was a tribute of Love to the Word Incarnate, and such ought to be our Eucharistic adoration.

It was a perfect love. Now, love manifests itself in three ways, and those manifestations are its life.

First, it manifests itself by sympathy. Sympathy of soul is the bond, the law of two lives. By it one becomes like the other : *Amor pares fecit.* The action of natural sympathy, and, with stronger reason, of supernatural sympathy with Our Lord, is the powerful attraction, the uniform transformation of two souls into one, of two bodies into one. As fire absorbs and transforms into self every sympathetic matter, so is the Christian transformed by love into Jesus Christ, into God.

But how did the Magi sympathize so quickly with that little Child, who as yet spoke no word, revealed no thought?—Love has seen, love is united to love. Ah ! do you not see these Kings kneeling before the Crib among the animals, and, in that state so humble, so humiliating for kings, adoring this feeble Infant, who gazes on them in childlike simplicity ? What speech effects

between friends, love alone does here. Do you not see that they imitate as closely as possible the state of the Divine Infant? Love is imitative, because it is sympathetic. They would wish to abase themselves, to annihilate themselves even to the bowels of the earth, the better to adore, the better to resemble Him who, from the throne of His glory, humbled Himself so far as to descend into the Crib under the form of a slave.

The Magi embrace the humility that the Word Incarnate has espoused, the poverty that he has deified, the suffering that He has divinized. Love, we see, is a transformer. It produces identity of life. It renders kings simple, the learned humble, the rich poor of heart. The Magi were all that.

Sympathy is necessary to a life of love, because it sweetens sacrifice and assures constancy. Sympathy, in one word, is the true proof of love and the pledge of its duration. Love that is not sympathetic is a toilsome virtue, sublime sometimes, but without joy, without the charms of friendship.

The Christian called to live the life of love for God has need of this sympathy of love. Now, it is in the Holy Eucharist that Our Lord gives us the sweet testimony that He loves us personally as His friends. It is there that He permits us to rest our heart on His own, like the beloved disciple. There it is that He makes us taste, at least in passing, the sweetness of the celestial manna. It is there that He causes us to experience in our heart the joy of possessing its God, as did Zaccheus; its Saviour, as did Magdalen; its Sovereign Happiness and its All, as did the spouse in the Canticles. There escape those sighs of love: "O how sweet Thou art! How good Thou art! How tender Thou art, O Jesus, toward him who receives Thee with love!"

But the sympathy of love stops not at enjoyment. It is a furnace which the Saviour has lighted in the sympathetic heart: *Carbo est Eucharistia, quæ nos inflammat*—The Eucharist is a coal that inflames us. Fire is active, it is an encroacher; and so the soul feels herself forced to cry out under its action: "What shall I do, O my God, in return for so much love?" And Jesus answers: "Thou must become like unto Me, live

for Me, live of Me." The transformation will be easy. "In the school of love," says the *Imitation*, they do not walk, they run, they fly " *Amans currit, volat.*

Secondly, love manifests itself by perfect similarity of sentiment. It desires to rule over every other sentiment to be the only and absolute master of the heart. Love is *one*. It tends to unity. Unity is its essence. It absorbs, or it is absorbed.

This truth shines forth in all its brilliancy in the adoration of the Magi. No sooner have they found the Royal Babe than, without a glance at the unworthiness of the place; at the animals that find there a shelter, and thus render it more repulsive; without demanding prodigies from Heaven, or explanations from the Mother; without curiously inspecting the Infant, they fall at once on their knees and adore Him. They adore *Him alone*. They see only Him. They are come but for Him. The Gospel makes no mention of the honor they rendered to His holy Mother. In presence of the sun the stars cease to shine. Adoration is *one*, like the love that inspires it.

Now, the Eucharist is the perfection of the love of Jesus Christ for man, since it is the quintessence of all mysteries of His life of Saviour. All that Jesus Christ did from His Incarnation even to His Cross had for end the gift of the Eucharist, His personal and corporeal union with every Christian by Communion. He saw in Communion the means of communicating to us all the treasures of His Passion, all the virtues of His Sacred Humanity, all the merits of His life.

The Eucharist ought, also, to tend to the perfection of our love for Jesus, if on our side we wish to reach the end proposed in Holy Communion, namely, the transformation of ourselves into Him by union. The Eucharist ought, then, to be the rule of our virtues, the soul of our piety, the supreme desire of our life, the royal and dominant thought of our heart, the glorious standard of our combats and sacrifices. Without this unity of action we shall never arrive at the perfection of love; but with it, nothing is more sweet or more easy. We then have the power of the whole man and of the entire Godhead effecting in concert the reign of love; *Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi.* — My beloved to me, and I to Him.

Thirdly, and lastly, love manifests itself by gifts. The perfection of the gift speaks the perfection of love. The Sacred Writer describes in most explicit detail the manner and the circumstance of the Magi's gifts. "And opening," says he, "their treasures, they offer Him gold, incense, and myrrh."

Gold is the tribute offered to kings. Myrrh honors the sepulture of the great. Incense is the symbol of the homage that we owe to Almighty God. Or, rather, these three gifts represent entire humanity at the feet of the Infant God. Gold is power and riches, myrrh is suffering, incense is prayer.

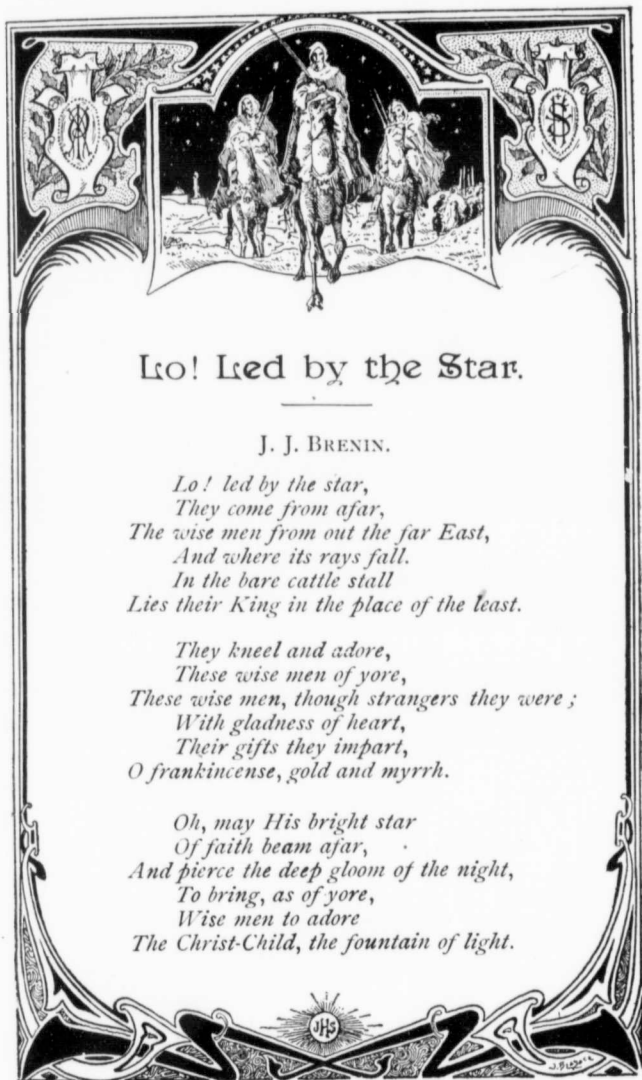
The law of the Eucharistic worship began at Bethlehem in order to perpetuate itself in the Cenacle of the Eucharist. The kings began; we ought to continue their homage. Jesus in the Sacrament has need of gold, because He is the King of kings; He has need of gold, because He has a right to a throne more splendid than that of Solomon. He needs gold for His sacred vessels, for His altar. Is it that the Eucharist should not be better treated than the Ark, which was made of the finest gold, the purest gold given by the faithful people?

Jesus in the Holy Eucharist has need of myrrh, no longer for Himself for He consummated His sacrifice on the Cross, and the resurrection glorified His Divine Body and His Sacred Tomb. But having constituted Himself our perpetual Victim on the altar, that Victim must needs suffer, but in us and by us. He finds again in us who are His members, the sense, the life and the merit of His suffering. We complete and give to Him His true, actual quality of immolated Victim.

Incense is, also, due Him. The priest offers it to Him every day. But He longs still more for the incense of our adoration, that He may give us in return His blessings and graces.

But our duties, also, flow from the Eucharist. The love of the Eucharist obliges us to a generous return. The Magi, the first adorers, are our models. Let us be worthy of their royal faith toward Jesus Christ. Let us be the heirs of their love, as we shall one day be of their glory.

PÈRE EYMARD.



## Lo! Led by the Star.

J. J. BRENIN.

*Lo! led by the star,  
They come from afar,  
The wise men from out the far East,  
And where its rays fall  
In the bare cattle stall  
Lies their King in the place of the least.*

*They kneel and adore,  
These wise men of yore,  
These wise men, though strangers they were ;  
With gladness of heart,  
Their gifts they impart,  
O frankincense, gold and myrrh.*

*Oh, may His bright star  
Of faith beam afar,  
And pierce the deep gloom of the night,  
To bring, as of yore,  
Wise men to adore  
The Christ-Child, the fountain of light.*



## Sleep, Sweet Infant Jesus, Sleep.



EATED under the shade of a tree, the Blessed Virgin is almost rapt in ecstatic contemplation of the divine Child so calmly sleeping in her arms.

O Child Jesus, how sweet is Thy slumber! How peaceful Thy dreams must be. Tell us what mysterious visions charm Thy sleep.

Dost Thou already dream of Thy long Eucharistic slumber? Dost Thou with infantile joy count beforehand all the souls Thou wilt gladden by Thy Eucharistic visions, all the Saints Thou wilt form through Holy Communion. Dost Thou—love doubts of nothing—dream of us, Child Jesus, and say to Thy angels, charming Thy slumber by their sweet and joyous pæan: For you heaven, for these earthly and well-beloved children the Sacred Host.

And when awakening, on whom will Thy first look rest? On Mary, doubtless. Is not this first look her maternal privilege? With what infantile grace wilt Thou extend Thy little arms to her, and how Thy smile will enrapture her. O first look of Jesus! To me Thou art replete with mystery. Since all time is present to the divine King of the crib, I love to think that His eyes piercing athwart the centuries embrace in the same loving look the tender guardians of His sleep in the city of exile and the humble guardians of His Eucharistic sleep in other cities of exile.

Yes, Child Jesus, when the sweet vision of the Eucharist remain very dear to Thy heart! In the long sleep of the Tabernacle Thy Mother, it is true, will not be there to cradle Thee, but other virgins will constitute themselves Thy protectors incessantly striving to charm Thy solitude, to console Thy sorrows, to sing Thy praises. Already Thy love discerns them and names them to Thy Blessed Mother that she may be their guide and train them for their celestial vocation. And when, O Jesus of the Crib, dawns the morn of Thy Eucharistic awakening, when Thou wilt awake to judge the living and the dead,

then Thy look of love, Thy grateful smile will be their clarion call to eternal happiness and for having watched



SLEEP, SWEET INFANT JESUS, SLEEP.

a few short years with Thee in exile, Thou wilt keep them with Thee forever in Thy mansion of everlasting felicity.



## The Old Man Comforted.

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**H**E was lonely—he was old—he was sad. One day the bells were pealing joyously, but he did not hear them. Clad in miserably poor garments, for he was very poor; seated near the empty fire-place, he gazed at the wood he had collected the previous evening and was undecided whether he should take the trouble to light a fire to cook his wretched food and revive the dying spark of life within him. Is Life worth living? Toiling incessantly to procure sustenance, toiling to keep back, by a day or so, one's descent into the grave. Is it worth while?—

A hurried step is heard in the little court yard; some one is mounting the stairs and knocking. The old man rose and opened the door. There stood a man of about thirty. At the sight of the poor old man he raised his hat politely and asked.

“ Will you tell me the way to the Church ?

“ Yes, it is at the end of this road to the left.

“ Is it very far ?

“ About three hundred feet.

“ I was afraid I would be late for Mass, for I am a “stranger here, but you are not nearly ready to leave,” said the young man looking at the old man's disheveled condition.

“ Oh ! I am not going to Mass.”

" You are ill then ? " demanded the stranger greatly concerned.

" No "—

" Then why ? "—

" What is the use of going to Mass !



" It is all very well for the rich who have nothing else to do."

" On the contrary, my friend, it is especially good for the toiler to come and rest in the House of God. There, we find the liberty, the freedom, the equality of a home ; for there we all say. ' Our Father who art in Heaven.' Equally on all fall graces and benedictions.

If any are particularly privileged it is certainly the workers and the poor."

The old man remained silent, stubbornly shaking his head and keeping his eyes downcast.

"My friend," continued the stranger. "At your age what have you more urgent to do than to place the last years of your life under the protection of Him whom you soon hope to see."

"I have no fear of His call," quickly answered the aged man, "for I have neither stolen nor murdered."

"You have no doubt faithfully discharged your duties, towards your neighbour. That is something commendable, but it is not all that is required of you. How about your duties towards the Master of the Heaven and earth who gave you life? He demands of you one day of the week. He orders you on that day to honor Him in his Temple. How do you obey Him? You boast of having fulfilled your obligations toward mankind and you seem to forget your obligations to God. You are a strange man. You live alone?"

"Yes."

"You are sad?"

"Yes, like those who have lost everything."

"You have no friends!"

"The unhappy have none."

"Come with me—You will show me the way and after we have prayed together you will be comforted. Have you any other clothes?"

"Yes."

"Well put them on and I will wait for you in the court yard."

In a few minutes the door opened again and out passed a very different looking individual, washed and cleanly clad the old man looked ten years younger.

He smiled vaguely, as he accompanied the elegant stranger into church. They took seats in a pew near a pillar. The stranger kneeling beside him said:

"Lord thou hast given me the blessing of a Christian education and the time to study, so that my reason enlightened by science easily bears the yoke of my faith. My poor neighbour hardly knows from whence he came—whither he is going. He does not know you neither

does he love you, Lord ; notwithstanding his poverty if his heart would turn towards you—you are ready to receive him within the Eternal Portals.”

And the old man was reading in “ *The Book :*”

“ Blessed are the poor for the Kingdom of heaven is theirs.”

“ Blessed are the last for they shall be first.”



“ Blessed those who weep for they shall be comforted ”

Then he thought, “ I am poor, I am the last, the lowliest in the country, I often weep, shall I some day be blessed ? ”

A great and solemn silence pervaded the church. All heads were bowed in deep respect.

At that impressive moment the Divine Victim, concealed in the white host, prayed as he formerly did upon

the cross asking mercy and pardon for those who knew not what they were doing.

The old man was filled, with a holy emotion and a brilliant light illumined his mind. He had returned home like the Prodigal and had been welcomed. He repeated a prayer that echoed in the deep recesses of his soul like a memory of sixty years ago.

"Our Father." Poor old prodigal. With those words on his lips he wept. Then he recalled what the stranger had said :

"In the church we are all equal for all say, 'Our Father' and if there are any specially blessed it is the workers and the poor."

The divine office over they went out together. The traveller leading the old man in silence to his dwelling.

Arrived at the entrance.

"We are brothers," he said, "will you not shake hands with me to prove to me that you are going to change your old habits !

"What astonishes me," replied the old man, "is that you take such a great interest in me."

"Why should I be indifferent to my brothers fate," said the stranger, "Why should I not guide him into the right path when he has strayed and lost his way.

"Any way," said the old man, "I thank you, Sir, you have truly said that in the House of God it is in obeying His law that one finds one's true dignity and independence. There,—only God is master."



How fortunate we are to be able by the Eucharist to share the happiness of Mary, of the Magi, and of the first disciples who rendered homage to Jesus Christ ! We have in the Holy Eucharist still the poverty of Bethlehem to succor. O yes, all the goods of grace and glory come to us by the Divine Eucharist ! They take their source in Bethlehem, the heaven of love. They were accruing during the whole life of the Saviour. All these floods of grace, of virtues, and of merits are cast into this ocean of the Adorable Sacrament, in which we find them in all their plenitude.

*Père Eymard.*

# REQUESTS & PRAYERS

*Chicago, Ill.* : — The recovery of a sick person, A. C. — Prayers to the Blessed Sacrament are requested for a young man. — For a family in great trouble.

*Duluth, Minn.* : — One of our subscribers sick, for nearly a year, recommends herself and her family to the prayers of the associates, A. B. — A man given to the evil habit of drinking. — Success in a difficult undertaking.

*Island Brook* : — Please, make a novena for my intentions. — If a special request is granted I promise a life subscription to the "Sentinel" (\$10.00), Mrs. H. D. — Poor mothers. — The return of negligent men to their religious duties.

*London, Ont.* : — The return to religious duties for a beloved relation who has neglected them for many years. If my request is granted I promise to subscribe to the "Sentinel" for five years, J. W. — A convalescent. — A disheartened mother. — Special intentions spiritual and temporal.

*Oshawa, Ont.* : — The prayers of your Community and of the associates are requested for the father of a family who has lost the Faith. May God grant him the grace to approach the Sacraments on the great feast of our dear Immaculate Mother, M. B. — A Community. — Particular intentions.

*Ottawa* : — I promise to have masses said in behalf of the suffering souls if God grants me the favor to get along well at housework, N. B. — The restoration of peace and happiness in a family, L. C.

*Montreal* : — A member asks prayers for two special favors ; for the cure of sore eyes and the restoration of health. — A young woman promises an offering if she gets cured. — A young religious severely tried by rheumatism. — Final perseverance for a young man.

*Quebec* : — A special request. — The just settlement of a property. — A young lady in ill-health. — Mr. J. H. suffering from pain in the legs. — Prayers are earnestly requested for the restoration to health of a young girl, the only daughter of an afflicted family.

*St-Henri* : — A lady sick with severe rheumatism, hopes to be cured through the prayers of the associates.

*Udney* : I promise a life subscription if special favors are granted to me through the intercession of the Blessed Sacrament.





What will the three Kings do before the poverty of the stable? Behold them, kneeling, prostrate on their faces, adoring in the most profound humility, this little child, shedding happy tears while contemplating Him. The sight of His great poverty only increases their love.

*When the Wise Men sought for the new-born King,  
Who had come to rule o'er the earth,  
They followed a Star from their home afar  
To the place of our Saviour's birth.*

What then did the Magi see in that stable, in that crib, in that child? What they saw—love, ineffable love, the undeniable love of God for man.

*And the wise man still who would seek our Lord,  
From a Star his true course learns,—  
'Tis the tiny light that by day and night  
Near the Tabernacle burns.*

These two stars have often been linked together. Many a one, entering a church and catching sight of the sanctuary lamp, has said with the Magi: "We have seen His Star in the East, and we are come to adore Him. And many a one has deemed.

*You tiny altar star  
More blest than that which from afar  
Led pilgrims to the Babe Divine.*

The Evangelists do not say that the shepherds prostrated themselves before the child Jesus to adore Him. It was the Magi who rendered this first worship, this first homage of public worship in Bethlehem, as it was they likewise who were the first apostles in Jerusalem.



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