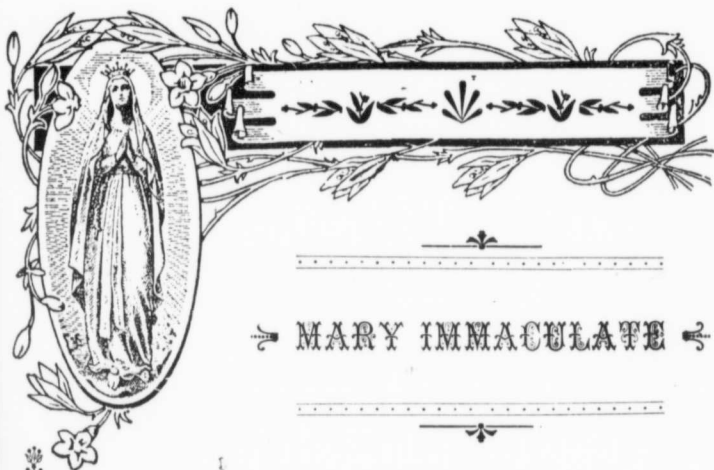




Carlo

The Sleep of the Infant God.



¶ MARY IMMACULATE ¶

Mother of God, all fair and lily-white,
As fragrant as the dew-drenched dawn of day
Re flashing back to heaven its borrowed ray,
Yet rich in promise of new bursting light :
In thy fair soul, unveiled before His sight
Most searching pure, God met no trace of sin ;
" **M**y Spouse, My Dove " proclaimed thee, Who within
Angelic hosts finds shades of darkling night.
Conceived in sinless bliss, by earth's foul breath
Untainted, thee, no clouds of wrath divine,—
Low-hung o'er every cradled child of earth,—
Approached, with fearful pledge of sin-born death.
Thou art our saving hope, O Queen benign !
Eve bore our ruin, thou to Life gavest birth. **D. F. S.**

FRONTISPIECE



WHEN the King of Heaven resolved to share our exile, it was not His ancestral palaces that He chose for His dwelling, it was not the cradle of David that heard the first wailing of the newborn Child. He slept not under curtains of purple and silk, nor did the great ones of the world, nor the officers of their courts, come to do Him homage. No! His palace was a stable; His cradle, a manger; He slept upon straw, wrapped in poor swathing-bands, and the only witnesses of His mysterious birth were the domestic animals.

The first adorers of the Infant-God were humble shepherds, keeping guard over their flocks. It was to the little, the humble, the ignorant that the shepherds first made known the ineffable Mystery. True, the royal and the learned came later on to offer, along with their homage, their magnificent presents. They indeed, came, but—later! and God did not send before them His celestial messengers. In the same way does Jesus act in the tabernacle. Around His Eucharistic Crib, they whom Jesus calls the first are still the humble, the lowly.

As soon as the morning-bell sounds in the valley, who are they who set out in haste for the village church? Some poor, simple, ignorant women, some good laborers who come before yoking their oxen to the plough, to bow their head in presence of Him who makes their wheat to shoot forth; some pious workmen who begin their toilsome day by hearing Holy Mass. The others, the great, the rich, the pleasure seekers, are still reposing at their ease in their darkened chambers.

And in the cities, while silence and darkness everywhere reign, who respond to the call of the matin-bell? Humble Servants of the aged and the orphan, good religious vowed to poverty and prayer!

Jesus-Hostia reveals Himself first to the poor and the lowly.

Poverty, humility—behold the two best recommendations to the Divine Poor One of our altars!

If you are poor and lowly, fear not to approach. Jesus is calling you. If you are rich and powerful, become humble and detached from your wealth. Make yourselves little before Him, and then come, for Jesus is waiting for you.

Evil of the age; its remedy.

~~~~~

“The Church of God will ever be opposed by the forces of evil in the work she is called upon to do in this world. Each age has its own special temptation against her. It is the duty of those who are in authority, like the watches in the towers of Israel, to see the enemy coming, to warn the faithful, and to provide the remedies when the attack is made. The Holy Father has not to consider one portion of the Church, not a province or diocese, but He has to cast His watchful eye over the whole world. Though the faithful cannot always analyze the forces of evil, they can, from the advice of the Holy See, arm themselves against the special dangers which may attack them in each age of the Church. This age in which we live must have its own special dangers, as the Holy Father sees, when for the remedy He has gone to the very fountain-head of all spiritual life, the Blessed Eucharist. He has urged on the faithful the frequentation of Holy Communion so they may be strengthened by the Bread of the Strong against the special evils of our age. We can judge from the remedy what must be the special evils; as the remedy is to give strength, the influences of the evil must be debilitating.

“Persons living on the shores of the Mediterranean are familiar with the Scirocco, or south wind, which blowing over the sea from Sahara produces a weakening effect upon the bodies and spirits of men. So it seems in this world of ours there has come a blast from the desert

of infidelity and irreligion that will produce a weakening effect upon all true religion. This great fact is as evident to all thinking men as it is to the Holy Father, who has warned the faithful to strengthen their souls with the Food of the Strong against the blighting influence of this miasma.

“The Holy Father considers this weakening effect to be so universal and so comprehensive, all including, that He has not only urged frequent Communion on all who hitherto have been admitted to receive the Sacrament, but also advocated that even children be prepared to receive It at that age when they are able to distinguish the difference between the Eucharistic Bread of the Soul and that other bread that sustains the body. The prudence of thus urging the children at an early age to receive Holy Communion was called into question by many, but the experience of every pastor who has endeavored to carry out the wishes of the Holy See has confirmed the prudence of the saintly Head of the Church.

“It is wonderful the change that has come over the minds of the faithful in this regard. Many can look back to the days when Communion once a year was considered sufficient, and when if the head of the family went three times a year he was almost beatified. Now, if even this rare reception of the Blessed Eucharist produced solid faithful Catholics, what would they have done if they had been urged to partake more frequently of the strengthening Food of Life?”



The next International Eucharistic Congress will be held at Lourdes on the 9th, 10th, 12th and 13th of September, 1914. Prayers are requested for the successful preparation for this coming Congress, which should be for the honor of the Church and of France. Once again, despite the unhappy times, Lourdes, a humble little town of France, will shine, according to the words of Pius X to Mgr. Schœffer, as the most glorious of all the thrones raised to Jesus-Hostia in the Old as well as in the New World: *Eucharistici Mysterii thronus omnium gloriosissimus in catholico orbe.*



## Venerable Pierre-Julien Eymard

The Religious of the Blessed Sacrament.



At the first stroke of the hour that called Père Eymard to his service of adoration he was seen to quit everything, to kneel at his prie-Dieu in reverent composure, upright, scarcely touching the resting-place for the hands, his eyes fixed most respectfully on the Sacred Host, and his faith piercing heaven. His own adoration was a lesson to his sons.

“Do you wish to be great in love before the Lord? Speak of love toward Himself. Speak to Jesus of His Divine Father, of the work that He undertook for that Father’s glory, and you will rejoice His Heart.”

“Speak to Him of His love for men, and you will fill Him with joy. Speak to Him of His holy Mother, and you will honor His filial affection. Speak to Him of His saints, and you will increase in them His graces.”

“If you speak to Jesus about Himself, He in His turn will speak about you. Your heart will expand under the rays of that Sun of goodness as does the moist and dew-kissed flower in the early morn of springtime. His sweet voice will pierce your soul. Then you will hearken to Him in silence and peace, or, rather, in the sweet working of love. *You will live in Him!*”

“What most checks the flow of His grace in us is that scarcely have we come to the feet of the Divine

Master when we at once begin to display our sins and miseries, that is, we tire our mind and sadden our heart with the thought of them. Now, to escape from this state we must suffer. Let your first aspiration be, then, 'O my loving Jesus, how happy I am to come to Thee and to be able to spend this hour in Thy divine Presence! How good Thou art to have willed to call me, to deign to love a poor creature like me! Oh, I will, as far as I am able, love Thee with reciprocal love!' Then love opens the Heart of Jesus to you. Enter therein, love and adore.

"But what should be the subject of that adoration which comes around so often? *Assueta vilescunt*. Routine deadens. Would you know the secret of meditating on the Blessed Sacrament? Look through the prism of this divine Mystery at all the truths, all the virtues of religion."

Speaking more in detail, he said: "What more simple than to find a likeness between Jesus' birth in the stable of Bethlehem and His sacramental birth on the altar and in our heart? Who does not understand that the hidden life at Nazareth is continued in the Sacred Host of the tabernacle, and that the Passion which the Man-God endured on Calvary is daily renewed at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass? Is not the Lord meek and humble of Heart in the Blessed Sacrament as He was during His mortal life? Is He not always the Good Shepherd, the Divine Consoler, the Friend of all hearts? Happy the soul that knows how to find Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and in the Blessed Sacrament all things!"

To honor and, so to speak, to revive all the mysteries of time and eternity in Our Lord Jesus Christ, who continues their graces and applies their merits in the Blessed Sacrament, is the inexhaustible mine of the adorer. And Père Eymard, in order to work that mine easily and to draw from it its superabundant riches, provided an instrument the most simple and most readily managed, even by the most inexperienced in the practice of prayer. There is actually for the soul that meditates at Jesus' feet a special grace of place, which comes from the Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. There He is

Priest in full possession of the eternal Priesthood ; and there, by the Passion which He endured, by the state of humiliation which He deigns to accept, and by the ardent desires of His Heart, He continues that fervent prayer which during His mortal life was always heard. M. Olier says, with still more force : " Personally *one*, He is morally *universal*," that is, He gathers into Himself, He receives into His own Heart the homage and the desire of all Christians, His members ; and our prayers have no merit if we do not unite them with those of Jesus Christ.

Now, the prayer *par excellence* of Our Lord Jesus Christ is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in which He presents to His Eternal Father an infinite homage of adoration, a victim of propitiation, a host of thanksgiving, and a prayer by which He obtains all that He asks.

The four ends of the Mass are : adoration, thanksgiving, propitiation, and petition. Every Christian who unites in these four ends perfectly performs the prayer of adoration. To explain this manner of adoration, to recommend it to all, was the constant aim of Père Eymard.

" The best manner of adoring, " he used to say, " is that which the Holy Spirit inspires to a pure and humble soul. " He gave it as a sure guide, he proposed it as a powerful means for making the hours of adoration more advantageous, above all, when the Lord, having allowed the source of His sweetnesses to dry up for some time, renders prayer difficult to the soul.

It is, again, a suitable means for easily uniting the most diverse objects ; for there is no mystery which, meditated at the feet of Jesus, does not afford matter for adoration, for reparation by craving pardon, for thanksgiving, and for petition for one's self and one's neighbor. There is, likewise, no virtue which we cannot adore in the Lord, for which we cannot thank Him, and find in Him its exemplar ; then, casting a glance on self, who would not feel ashamed of resembling the Master so little, who would not fervently utter this prayer : " O Jesus, plant and increase in me Thy virtues ! "



The foregoing is an abridgment of the manner of adoration according to the four ends of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

"A whole hour passed in this way appears but a single moment," says Père Eymard, "and, astonished at having so soon to quit the prie-Dieu, we think of the happy moment when we shall return, and that will be soon."

To his hours of adoration the religious adds his Divine Office, a public adoration still more solemn, during which the King is surrounded by His whole court, chanting His glory in the words of the Holy Spirit.

Besides this immediate service near his Master, there is still another royal service in which, as a laic, he busies himself with the worship of the King and the care of His house; or, if a priest, he seeks for means to extend in souls the kingdom of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

At every hour of the day a bell warns him, no matter where he may be, to fall on his knees and salute the Most Blessed Sacrament. The bell reminds him of the near Presence of the King. And, to keep alive his fervor and devotion, he adds an affectionate testimony of honor to the Queen of the Cenacle: "And blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God! *Laudes ac gratiæ sint omni momento Sanctissimo ac Divinissimo Sacramento. Et benedicta sit Sancta et Immaculata Conceptio Beatæ Virginis Mariæ, Matris Dei!*"

(To be continued.)

### ☉ Cead Mile Failte, Raboni! ☉

ONE whose command of the language of his native country is alas! limited to two or three phrases that every one knows has sometimes dared to use one of them in the above bilingual greeting at the most solemn moment of the Mass, when God obeys the summons which he bid His trembling creature address to Him. Every one knows the Irish for "One hundred thousand welcomes;" and the Hebrew word for "Master" which

I have joined with it, will remind many of that pathetically joyful scene in the Garden of the Sepulchre when Mary Magdalen heard her name pronounced by Divine lips and fell at the feet of her arisen Lord.

Mr. John Hannon in one of his pleasant and edifying sketches, tells us of some good poor woman who said something of the same sort before the Blessed Sacrament. "It is a dark autumn evening, and a student for the priesthood is kneeling in an alcove at the side of the sanctuary in an Irish Church. From where he kneels he can see into the body of the dimly lit, poor little building, himself remaining unseen. An old, old woman, whose life of poverty and sorrow he knows, is alone before the Blessed Sacrament — or so deems herself to be. She is making her adieux for the night to her sole Friend whom death and the emigrant ship have left her. A slow and reluctant turning of the bowed back upon Him whom she loves, a painful genuflection and then she turns again smiling, and holds out her withered hands to the Tabernacle. Good night, she says aloud, good night, *Mavourneen.*"

How magnificently will this simple faith and love be rewarded when the veils of Sacraments are withdrawn, and we shall see as we are seen! So has it been for two adorers of whom I have heard such things as have just been told of this poor old woman—how they had to drag themselves away by a sort of violence from their last visit to the Blessed Sacrament for the day. Alas! it is not such a wrench for some of us — for instance like him who prayed thus before the altar: Give me, O God, a more vivid faith, a firmer and surer hope a more burning love a deeper sorrow for my sins, and a keener pang of self reproach of feeling it a relief to retire from Thy Presence.

Father RUSSEL, S. J.

The general Communion which took place in Spain on, the Feast of the Ascension, grouped around the Holy Table 1,004, 345 children. This imposing manifestation greatly consoled the Holy Father, who sent his Benediction to this immense Christian army, this new Children's Crusade.

## → The service of Love ←



The creature cannot serve the Creator except with a service of love. Love is the soul of worship, the foundation of reverence, the life of good works, the remission of sins, the increase of holiness, the security of final perseverance. Love meets the first of our requirements ; for of all services it is the easiest. Its facility has passed into a proverb. It is also the noblest and the happiest of services, the noblest because it is the least mercenary, the happiest because it is the most voluntary. It is the only one which calls out and occupies the whole man ; and it is naturally a creature's service ; for it is the only service which he would care to have rendered to himself. Love alone fulfils all the commandments at once, and is the perfection of all our duties. It is the only one which does not deny, or at least pretermit something in God. Fear, when exclusive, denies mercy, and familiarity weakens reverence, when familiarity is not profoundly based on love ; whereas love settles the equalities and rights of all the attributes of God, enthrones them all, adores them all, and is nourished in exceeding gladness by them all. Love also, and alone, accomplishes union ; and while faith dawns into sight, and hope ends in everlasting contentment, love alone abides, outliving, taking up into developing, and magnifying all other graces, consummating at least that mystical oneness with God which the Saints have named Divine Espousals.

We are not speaking of perfection, nor describing the heroism of the saints. We are saying nothing of voluntary austerities, nor of the love of suffering, nor of the thirst for humiliations, nor of martyrdoms of charity, nor of silence under unjust accusations, nor of a positive distaste for worldly things, nor of an impatience to be dissolved and be with Christ, nor of the hidden life, nor of the surrender of our own will by vows, nor of mortification of the judgment, nor of holy virginity, nor

of evangelical poverty, nor of the supernatural mysteries of interior life, nor of the arduous and perilous paths of mystical contemplation, We are speaking only of what God has a right to, simply because he has created us, of what we cannot with decency refuse, of what common sense alone convinces us, and of what we must be practical atheists if we venture to withhold. And yet it amounts to our making the service of God our sole end, dignity, happiness, wisdom, interest, liberty, and reality ; and to our devoting ourselves to it out of love as the most obvious as well as the only sufficient worship of our Creator. Simple as the statement seems and unanswerable as it is in all its details, it comes to far more than men will ordinarily allow ; and yet if it proves itself as soon as it is propounded, what can we conclude except that men will not think of God, and that they have so neglected to think of Him, that they never for one moment suspect either how little they know of Him or how utterly they neglect Him ? O ! who has not seen many men and many women, gliding quietly down the waters of life, full of noble sentiments and generous impulses, kind and self-forgetting, brave and chivalrous, without one flaw of meanness in their character, ardent, delicate, faithful, forgiving, and considerate, and yet almost without God in the world ; though we are sure they would be just the persons to adorn His faith and name, if only it occurred to them to advert to either of the two sides of that childish truth, that we are creatures, and that we have a Creator.

Faber.

God cares. His love for each one of us is so deep, so personal, so tender that He shares our every pain, every distress, every struggle. " Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." God is Our Father and His care is gentler than a human father's as His love exceeds human love. Much human care has no power to help, but when God cares He helps omnipotently. When human friendship comes not with any relief, then God will come. When no one in all the world cares, then God cares.



### A Lay Apostle of Frequent Communion

(Concluded.)

Marie Eustelle was so penetrated with the love of God that she rejoiced in suffering because it came from Him. One day whilst she was at work, the Divine Master deigned to appear to her under the form of the "*Ecce Homo*." He remained before her for eight or ten minutes, and His sorrowful expression filled her soul with such sadness that henceforth she had but one desire, that of suffering and dying for Jesus. From that moment the memory of the thorn-crowned head and of the sacred shoulders, covered with the blood-stained mantle, was continually present to her. She wished to follow the Man of Sorrows not to Thabor but to Calvary.

Poor as she was by birth, Eustelle yearned for still greater poverty so she obtained permission to bind herself by vow to the practice of this virtue. She therefore restricted herself to the utmost limit, as regards dress and her modest household expenses, but she strove to avoid any singularity in her personal appearance, and her English biographer assures us that, "much as she cherished poverty herself, she strove personally rather to veil it than to display it, and except in confidence to a chosen few, a very chosen few, she did not even speak much of her love for it. She delighted to wear old clothes very carefully mended: for she did not like them to be in holes or tatters. "That," she said, "is slovenliness, and untidiness not virtue."

As the years passed, Eustelle's love of contemplation increased to such an extent that she could no longer

make use of vocal prayer. Her confidence in God was often rewarded in a marvellous way. We are told that throughout her life she regarded frequent Communion as the chief source of the Christian's strength in his struggle with sin and the great means of sanctification for all. She yearned to receive Holy Communion herself and to lead others to approach the altar-rail frequently. She wrote, "Oh how I long to see the Tabernacle door opening. My heart beats with the desire of possessing Him who is my life. Oh! Divine Eucharist, how sublime it is to unite myself with Thee! Thou alone canst appease the desire which fills my soul; I do not wish to possess anything but Thee. Before Communion, I am in a fever of impatience: I can scarcely contain myself. But as soon as Jesus has touched my lips and has come into my heart, at that instant I am at peace."

At another time she wrote, "Saint Paul only knew Jesus and Jesus crucified. I only know Jesus and Jesus in the Eucharist. He is my one thought, my whole life; both day and night I think of Him."

Eustelle was so convinced that she owed the wonderful graces which inundated her soul to frequent Communion, that she was unceasing in her efforts to induce others to approach the Eucharistic Table. She strove therefore to encourage timorous souls to go often to receive Jesus in the Eucharist, and with this end in view, she wrote many letters to her friends to calm their scruples and to urge them to become frequent communicants. "One Communion less:" she would say, "is one degree less of glory." She wrote to a friend, "Oh! if I could make you understand, how good, how loving, how merciful Jesus is, you would promise me, would you not, never to deprive yourself of one single Communion without some well-grounded reason?"

To another she wrote: "You are too weak for a monthly Communion to keep up in your soul the life of the Divine Model which you are bound to copy within you: an imitation without which we cannot be numbered amongst the predestined." And again, "It is, above all, in the holy use of the Sacraments that you will find the graces and lights which you need in order to make

continual progress in the path of virtue, The Sacrament of the Eucharist is the masterpiece of the power, the wisdom and the goodness of a God... Oh if the people of the world did but know what exquisite pleasures are tasted at the Sacred Banquet, I know that they would renounce all their false joys to come and take long inebriating draughts at the fountain head of everlasting truth. As for you who have already tasted of this ineffable joy, be diligent to increase it by as frequent Communions as possible."

We are assured that Marie Eustelle was a fascinating personality, amiable, cheerful and eminently kind to others, and that when she returned home from Communion her very presence seemed to do good to those around her. On June the 29, 1842, the end of her holy life came. Her confessor, some days before her death, had asked Eustelle to make known her entrance into Heaven to Him, by enabling him to find the body of St. Eutropius the first Bishop and martyr of Saintes, which had been concealed in 1547, in order to save the relics from the sacrilegious outrages of the Calvinists, and also by obtaining the conversion of an aged army officer who had not even made his first Communion. The day following her death, the latter favor was obtained, as the soldier most unexpectedly expressed a wish to go to confession. He said no one had asked him to do this, but that the thought had come into his heart. He lived about two years longer and lead a most Christian life. In less than a year the relics of Saint Eutropius were discovered in a tomb in the crypt under an ancient altar in the church at Saintes.

The fame of Marie Eustelle's holiness soon began to spread throughout the world, and the diocesan authorities were petitioned for a prompt introduction of the canonical process. Cardinal Villecourt wrote from Rome that he would be pleased to see before his own death the introduction of the cause of beatification of Marie Eustelle.

On the fifth of May, 1869, a further petition was presented to Mgr Thomas, the Bishop of La Rochelle. It was signed by the Vicars General and a large number

of priests of the diocese of Toulouse, Auch, Tarbes, and Montauban. Mgr Thomas acquiesced most readily to the request and immediately commenced the process. However, the holding of the Vatican Council and the disturbances occasioned by the Franco-German war, interrupted the meetings, which were not resumed. In March, 1878, and February, 1875, two fresh petitions with a large number of signatures were presented to the Bishop of La Rochelle, and the subject of the beatification of the holy Sempstress had also been discussed at many of the Eucharistic Congresses held since that date. On March 25, 1911, Mgr Eyssautier, Bishop of La Rochelle, announced to his flock that the process of Marie Eustelle Harpain had been resumed. It has now been concluded, and the decision is in the hands of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. So it now rests with Rome to speak. F. D.



CHRISTMAS is very near to November, as we all know. Therefore we must begin to cast up our accounts and lay our little plans for the coming year. We remember that some kind and thoughtful (but all are kind and thoughtful) subscribers made Christmas gifts of THE SENTINEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, to Asylums and Institutions, yes, even to friends needy and not needy, thus spreading the knowledge, the love, the *thought* of Him who is ever with us, ever ready to welcome us and bless our tiny efforts for His glory. How many *renewals* are we growing to have for 1914? How many *brand new subscribers*? Let us hear soon that we may prepare for the rush. Do not forget to send all remittances whatsoever, both for Favors and Subscriptions, by P. O. Money Order. Please do not neglect this last request.





Suggested by an incident in the infancy of Ven. Père Eymard, S. S. S.

They missed him in the holy, peaceful home,  
 The baby son, so innocent yet wise—  
 The good house-mother sought from room to room,  
 But found him not—the sunshine of her eyes!

In garden paths they search'd, amid the troop  
 Of tiny comrades, merry at their play:  
 Alas! to no avail—in all the group,  
 No tidings of the child were learn'd, that day.

At last, unto the humble village church,  
 The half-distracted mother, weeping, sped,  
 And hasten'd shrine ward, weary with her search,  
 But checking rev'rently her hurried tread,

For lo! before her, in the shadows cool,  
 Her missing boy she looked upon once more—  
 Close to the altar, on a little stool,  
 His head press'd to the tabernacle door!

With startled gaze, and tearful cheeks aflame,  
 "My child," she gasped, "what art thou doing here?"  
 And, in a voice of sweetest music came  
 "I'm listening to Jesus, mamme dear!"

"I'm listening to Jesus!"—well 'twas said :  
That from the lips of babes and sucklings flow  
The words of Wisdom! To Its Fountain head,  
This little one had early learned to go.

And thence he drew that burning love and zeal  
For JESUS-HOSTIA—that, in God's time,  
His future life was destined to reveal  
To chosen souls in every age and clime.

Like Mary at her Master's feet, he heard  
Incarnate Wisdom speaking to his heart :  
And, as his spirit caught each honeyed word,  
(Never from out its keeping to depart):

With th' Apostle upon Tabor gray,  
When pass'd the Vision of the Holy One,  
He ever seemed to hear the Father say :  
"Hearken to this—My own beloved Son!"

O true adorers of the Hidden God!  
Come, daily, to His House in faith and prayer ;  
And yielding Him your hearts for His abode,  
Listen unto His voice with young Pierre.

And He will speak to you such precious things,  
Such secrets of His Eucharistic lore,  
That you shall praise and bless the King of kings,  
And, like Père Eymard, serve Him evermore?

Eleanor C. Donnelly.



## ➤ Subject of Adoration ◀

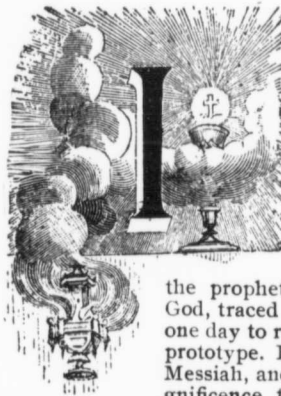
“ ALL IS CONSUMMATED. ”

REV. PÈRE CHAUVIN, S. S. S.

“ *Cum ergo accepisset Jesus acetum, dixit : CONSUMMATUM EST !* ”

*Jesus, therefore, when He had taken the vinegar, said : IT IS CONSUMMATED !*

### I. — Adoration.



*T is consummated !*” Christ announces to the world that all that was foretold, predicted, prefigured during forty ages of prophecy, is now fulfilled.

God had from the very beginning of the human race announced the Saviour of the world. Adam and Eve carried away with them from Eden this promise which was to be the greatest consolation in their distress. Down through the ages,

the prophets, under the dictation of Almighty God, traced for the Messiah the program He was one day to realize, slowly but surely painted His prototype. From afar, David contemplated the Messiah, and sang Him in his Psalms with a magnificence that nothing will ever equal. “The

other prophets were not less clear-sighted in the mystery of the Messiah. They left nothing great and glorious unsaid with regard to His reign. One sees Bethlehem, the lowliest city of Judea, illustrated by His Birth ; and then raised to greater heights, he beholds another Birth by which He comes forth from all eternity from the bosom of His Father ; another sees the virginity of His Mother. This one sees Him entering into His temple ; and another gazes upon Him glorified in His tomb after His triumph over death.”

While publishing His magnificence, they are not silent on His humiliations. “ They saw Him sold, and they knew the number and the use to which the thirty pieces of silver for which He was bought were put. That nothing may be wanting to the prophecy, the numbered the years till its coming ; and, unless for the wilfully blind, there was no excuse for not knowing it, ”

All the figures of the ancient covenant were at this moment realized in Christ. God had miraculously delivered the Jews from

servitude and had established them in the Promised Land. He had given them His Law, had fed them with His manna, had made them victorious over all their enemies; and yearly, in remembrance of their deliverance, they immolated the Paschal lamb. And behold the Christ, called by Saint John Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world" gives to His disciples a Bread of Life coming down from heaven, and promises an eternal kingdom to those that observe His law. It is He who delivers men from the servitude of sin, who enters into the sanctuary of heaven, to offer therein His Blood for our salvation and to introduce us into the true land of promise.

The Jews crossed the waves of the Red Sea to escape Pharo's army; Christians shall be plunged into the waters of Baptism to escape the bondage of Satan. Moses raised in the desert a brazen serpent, the mere sight of which cured the bites of venomous serpents; Christ raised upon the Cross will draw all sinners to Himself to cure all their wounds. The Jews drank of the living water flowing from the rock; Christians shall drink at the Source of grace that flows with the Sacraments from the Heart of Jesus, opened by the lance. The Jews offered to God sacrifices of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation, and prayer. Jesus crucified has become the universal Victim offered in sacrifice to God for all these ends and, consequently, His Sacrifice takes the place of all others. "We are sanctified by the oblation of the Body of Jesus Christ once," says Saint Paul. He is the only Victim that can reconcile us to the Father, since "no other name has been given to man whereby he may be saved."

Still more, Jesus Christ reproduces all the characteristics foretold of Him in the illustrious personages of the Old Testament.

*Adam* was the father of all men according to the flesh; Jesus is the head of all men according to the spirit. *Abel* was killed by his brother; Jesus was crucified by His people. *Noah* saved from the Deluge all who entered into the Ark; Jesus calls into the Ark of His Church all who wish to escape eternal death. *Melchisedech* offered bread and wine; Jesus makes use of these same substances to institute the Sacrifice of the Altar. *Isaac* carried to the summit of Mount Moriah the wood of his sacrifice; Jesus went up to Calvary laden with His Cross. *Joseph* was sold to strangers for a few pieces of money, was cast into prison, then rose to the command of all Egypt, and fed it during the famine; Jesus, sold, persecuted, put to death, triumphed over His enemies, will nourish the world with His Flesh and Blood. *David* vanquished Goliath, endured the revolt of Absalom, the insults of Semei, placed his confidence in God, and was saved; Jesus triumphed over the demon, passed through all kinds of humiliations was satiated with opprobrium, but saw His confidence in God recompensed by His resurrection. Solomon built a Temple on a mountain to which all the Jews came to adore God; Jesus established a Church to which all the nations of the earth flock to find salvation. *Jonas* was three days and three nights in a great fish; Jesus remained three days and three nights in the tomb.

Jesus can say in all truth : "*Consummatum est !*" Yes, "*all is finished, all is consummated !*"

Ye saints of the Old Testament, ye prophets who have evoked the figure of Christ, withdraw now, the picture is perfected, the likeness is so striking that it is only necessary to look upon Jesus and to hear Him pronounce the "*All is consummated !*" to make us at once cry out ; "It is really He !"

Before Jesus on the Cross, pronouncing His "*Consummatum est,*" kneel with us and recognize in Him the adorable Personality of the Messiah whom you announced and prefigured.

And we Christians, before the Sacred Host and the universal Sacrifice which had been announced by the Prophet Malachias, can no longer hesitate. We can no longer put to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament Saint John the Baptist's question of uncertainty ; "Art Thou He that art to come, or look we for another ?" No, Divine Host, I have no doubt. It is, indeed, Thou, the Messiah, realizing all figures and all prophecies. Thou art more than Melchisedech, more than Isaac, more than Solomon, more than Elias. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And in this quality, I humbly prostrate myself before Thee, and adore.

(*To be continued.*)

## ✠ DAILY COMMUNION ✠



GOING daily to Communion will render us sowers of peace and joy and purity and holy inspirations among all with whom we have to do. In the home we shall be veritable sunbeams, comforting and cheering those it shelters. In our business and social relations those with whom we deal will often wonder after meeting us why they are now better able to support the burden of the day, why sin seems less alluring, temptations easier to shun.

Daily Communion means victory at last. For we daily fight under the eye of our Leader, with His experience to guide us and His words and example to encourage us cheer us on. With such a Leader to direct the daily battle we cannot but conquer. Those who fight along with Him, we must remember, shall also reign with Him ; that He has promised. Nearest to His throne in Heaven, we may be sure, those will stand who have fought closest to His side for the conquest of their hearts by going to Communion every day.

WALTER DRIGHT S. J.

✦ *Frank Delvin's Gift.* ✦



OME Frank, we must make a visit to the little Child Jesus, who is waiting to visit you in First Communion next Sunday, said Mrs Delvin, leading her six-year-old up the steps of the Church of the Holy Angels. Mother and son were on their way home, quite fatigued, after a long stroll

in the suburbs. What with hunting butterflies, and gathering flowers which grew in profusion along the hedges, their afternoon had passed all too quickly, and it was already five o'clock when they opened the door of the little church lying off the avenue a few blocks from their home.

The boy held in his hand a bunch of wild roses which he had himself plucked for the altar, and what made his work doubly interesting to him, he had chosen the largest rose as a present for the Child Jesus.

The mother sank wearily into a pew and there prayed the Silent Child behind the flickering red glow yonder to watch over her little son and bless his approaching First Communion. With her head lowered in her hands and wrapt in fervent prayer, she grew oblivious of every thing around her.

Still clasping his flowers, Frank had wiggled back into the seat, and watched the sacristan arrange the altar for Benediction. He saw the stream of afternoon sunlight brighten the interior of the sanctuary for an instant, and then deepen into shadows. The devotional stillness and the intense earnestness of the kneeling figure beside him impressed him so deeply that he began to repeat to the Child Jesus a prayer he was accustomed to recite twice daily at his mother's knee.

Suddenly his thoughts reverted to the roses, and impetuously, though silently so as not to disturb his mother,

he slipped out of the pew and started up the center aisle. Swinging the sanctuary gate easily aside, he went down on his right knee, and then advanced to the altar-steps.

It was not difficult to mount the short ladder left there by the sacristan and climb up on the altar-stone. Then, shoving aside the heavy monstrance, he picked up the gold key. It turned so quietly in the lock of the tabernacle that the boy began to feel a reverential awe steal over his frame as the white door swung back and showed the silk curtains inside.

Frank hesitated. He knew from his mother's teaching that God dwelt there all the time, and he had the small Catholic's instinctive reverence for the Holy Eucharist. Yet he also knew that God was once a little Child, for mother had always spoken of Him as the Holy Child interested in other children, as the One who is ready to accept gifts but who gives back more than He receives. Hence the anxiety of the little boy to give Him as soon as possible the largest of his roses.

The silk curtains swayed slightly and Frank still hesitated. He wished ardently the little Jesus would come out, and peering through the parted curtains, half aloud he pleaded :

" Please come out a minute. I want to show You the rose I picked for You today " Meanwile he choose the largest flower and laid the others aside.

Then wonderful to relate, the gloom around the tabernacle suddenly changed to brightness ; a soft radiance obscured the altar, the candles and the flowers. Raising his eyes, Frank saw the One he had come to see. The Child Jesus was there before him, smiling at the kneeling figure on the altar-stone, but His was a smile that made all timidity vanish. Far from being awed at the vision, the innocent boy gave a satisfied chuckle :

" I knew You lived there, he began, " and I have been waiting to see You, because I have brought You something for a present. Mama and I were out this afternoon and I have brought You this rose ! "

Frank squatted back on his chubby legs with entire confidence, and holding up the rose, he showed it to the Holy Child in white.

"I'm six years old to-morrow, he continued, "and Mama says You are coming to visit me next Sunday, and I am so happy!" The appealing boyish look of the daring little visitor drew an expression of tenderest love from the Divine Child while the small Sacred Hands were extended wide.

Hushed momentarily by the gesture, Frank turned his eyes and glanced at the flowers he had laid aside. He lifted them and placed them near the candles; the one destined for the Heavenly Child he laid within the tabernacle door. The radiance around the altar then paled away, the vision disappeared and Frank, conscious of having done his duty, closed the door, leaving the key in it; he then climbed down the ladder and returned to the pew.

It was dim and silent again in Holy Angel's church, but Frank felt very happy. His mother was still absorbed in prayer, but the noise of his entrance to the pew aroused her. She raised her head only to find that the darkness was growing rapidly.

"Come, Frank we must go" she hurriedly whispered, "Say good-bye and genuflect to the Child in the tabernacle. On the church steps Mrs. Delvin consulted her watch and realized she had stayed longer than she intended. "Dear me, I didn't know it was so late. Let us hurry, son, or papa will have no supper."

The boy did not chatter in his usual lively manner as they walked quickly along. He was thinking of his visit to the altar, and he felt a warmth and satisfaction within at the thought that he had left his rose there.

Mr. Delvin was on the porch reading the evening paper. Frank ran ahead to throw himself into his arms, while the mother disappeared quickly within to prepare the meal that was already behind time.

"John, do you know to-morrow is an important day in this house?" "Asked Mrs Delvin, at the supper table.

Frank looked up suddenly and watched his father who did not seem to realize the importance of the question.

"Indeed! what day," the latter enquired, somewhat carelessly.



" My sixth birthday ", broke in the impatient Frank, " and next Sunday is my First Communion day. And when mama and I were at church, this afternoon I climbed up on the altar and told the little Jesus about it. He came out when I asked Him ; and I gave Him one of the roses I plucked with mama ".

A startled look and incredulous smile was the only response to this information.

" Where did you put your flowers child ? Get them and let papa see them. Surely you did not forget them in the church ?

" I left them on the altar, and the little Jesus has one of the roses. He looked down and saw it and I gave it to Him I left the others on the altar ".

The boy's eyes opened wide at the surprise that met his gaze. Frank Delvin had never been known to lie to them, but this was not credible.

" When did you give the rose to the child Jesus ? " asked his Mother.

" When you were praying in the pew mama. I climbed up to the altar and saw the child Jesus and I gave Him the rose. The boy spoke so confidently that his mother asked : " What did He say, son ?

" He didn't say anything. He went away as soon as He got it. Mr. Delvin had been reflecting deeply.

" Mary ", he remarked, changing the subject, " you and Frank are making the novena. We'll all go to Benediction to night, and afterwards we 'll call on Father Vincent. "

The prayerful murmurings around them, the sweet music, the incense, the illuminated altar, and, above all, the Sacred Presence up yonder in the niche, reminded these pious Catholic parents of heaven and helped them to raise their souls to God. But it was at the moment when, bent low, they received the blessing from the Divine Host in the monstrance that their personal love for Him grew stronger. What consoling moments these are for true Catholics !

" Father, " began Mrs Delvin, when they had greeted the priest, " Frank and I paid a visit to the church this afternoon. I was fagged out after our long walk and did not notice what was passing around me. During

that time my little man claims he climbed up on the altar and saw the Child Jesus. He tells us he gave the Holy Child a rose. John and myself scarcely believe it, but the child is truth itself”.

Father Vincent knew this lamb of his flock intimately and shared his mother's opinion of him. He likewise knew and shared the Divine Master's love for



children, for he put his arms around the boy and said :  
 “Come, Frank, and tell me the whole story, from the beginning to the end. You climbed up on the altar, and what then ?”

The lad, perched on the priests knee, repeated the incidents of his afternoon visit. When the little fellow had finished, Father Vincent held him close.

" Frank, " he said, " did you lock up the tabernacle before you went back to mother ? "

There was a moments pause while the lad recalled ; then he cried out : O Father, I forgot. But I left the key in the door".

The priest was silent. He had found the tabernacle unlocked when he removed the lunette for Benediction ; yet he was certain he had turned the key in the door after giving Communion that morning.

He took the innocent face between his hands and slowly asked :

" Frank, you know you are to make your First Communion next Sunday. Answer me now, my boy, are you telling us just what happened ? Are you sure you saw the holy Child this afternoon ? "

" Yes, Father ! Honest Father ! and I gave Him a rose, and then He went away. "

There was no guile possible in Frank Delvin's upturned countenance. The priest put the little boy down.

" Come, " he said to the father and mother, we will go into the church and find the rose. Kneel in the pew while I switch on the light.

The Delvins were kneeling but a short while when Father Vincent entered the sanctuary, clothed in white surplice and stole. He went up, genuflected and opened the tabernacle.

They watched him reach far in beyond the ciborium.

They noticed him start as he drew out his arm. Father Vincent reverently replaced the sacred vessel and locked the white door, went down to the foot of the altar and beckoned. As they reached the rail the priest held out his open hand with the rose lying on it. Frank and his mother recognized the flower fresher and more beautiful than when it was plucked.

" This rose was lying beside the ciborium, " said the priest simply. " I can't explain it, but I'd like to believe that Frank was privileged this afternoon. After all, why should we be surprised ? Our Lord's love for little children has not lessened since that evening by the roadside when He called the little ones to Him. If anything, it seems that in these days of youthful Communion His love for them has grown greater. "

He was silent for a few moments.

"The thoughts of Jesus," he continued, "must have been on those little ones when Frank came this afternoon, and the lad's loving visit and appeal made Him break through His sacramental reserve. I think, Mrs. Delvin" — he turned to the mother — "As your boy is well prepared to make his First Communion, and as Jesus seems particularly to desire his companionship, that Frank may receive His Friend on his birthday to-morrow instead of waiting till next Sunday."

There was a husky note in Father Vincent's voice as he stooped down.

"Frank, dear, here is the rose you gave to the Child Jesus. He has kept it safe, and in His name, I return it to you now."

The priest stroked the child's light hair.

"You favored little one! Come with papa and mamma to the seven o'clock Mass to-morrow, and then the Holy Child will return your visit.

NEIL BOYTON, S. J.

*"Dominus Est!"*



Dominus est! as a surprise  
Hidden from our unfaithful eyes  
He whom we so desire to greet  
Is unacknowledged when we meet  
Hidden beneath such lowly guise.

Under the form of the creature lies  
Godhead, in some mysterious wise,  
Known but in passing moment fleet—

Dominus est!

Ah, how the burning heart replies!  
Love in His Sacrament describes  
Fain to constrain that Presence sweet  
So as to worship at His Feet!  
Faith, the veil piercing, sees and cries

Dominus est!

M. S. J.





OUR PREMIUM


"The Last Supper" is the institution of the Holy Eucharist, the first appearance of the Blessed Sacrament on earth, the beginning of the second terrestrial paradise: The Holy Host is the fruit of the tree of life.--Our Lord says: "this is My Body, eat it that you may live". The Apostles with yearning eyes look at this mystic manna: their unsullied brows, their radiant countenances bespeak the purity of their souls and the feelings that stir their hearts in this solemn moment.--"Jesus is giving us His Body to eat" one whispers to his companion in reverent awe and his pent up emotion breaks forth in a burst of tears. -- They are Priests, they will offer the divine Sacrifice, they will give Holy Communion to the faithful, to the Blessed Virgin first of all. Judas, the traitor has disappeared. The eleven reassured by Jesus rest in peace and recollection at the Holy Table and taste at leisure the heavenly sweetness of the Host of their first Communion, the Host of Jesus' first Mass.

We would like all Sentinel Subscribers to give this beautiful picture the place of honor it deserves in every Christian home. Place it near the crucifix, above the family table and let it recall another table, another repast where blessing and thanksgiving are also voiced that of Holy Communion.

Every time your glance rests upon our beautiful premium, hung in your dining room, you will think of the Host of the Holy Table and make a communion of desire. And some day, when God so pleases, you will exchange shadow for substance, and sit at His Heavenly Table, and enjoy, in unspeakable happiness, His Beatific Vision for ever.





*Fac-simile of our Premium for 1914.*

Size 10 x 24

Eu-  
ment  
ara-  
-Our  
ve".  
ystic  
nte-  
ings  
is is  
apa-  
eaks  
will  
nion  
das,  
l by  
and  
it of

this  
very  
the  
her  
ced

ore-  
the  
of  
will  
en-  
His



### *The Abiding Presence*

An interesting letter has been written by an Anglican convert to her friend, still an Anglican, in which she attributes her conversion mainly to the influence of the Blessed Sacrament. She describes her visit to St. Paul's Cathedral in Pittsburgh, on a certain Sunday as follows :

“ I knelt on taking no note of time and not praying much, but just comforted. Later in the afternoon I went and sat in the first pew in front of the High Altar, still not praying or thinking much, just peaceful and comforted-like a tired child in its mother's lap. Almost idly I watched the people come and go, young and old, men and women, girls and boys, rich, poor, and the large middle-class, all are represented in the procession of humanity who come to lay their cares, sorrows, hopes, desires, whatever it may be, before their Friend Who is always ready to listen. At last a distinct thought stands out in my mind. In what other church could one see such a procession. If the abiding Presence were taken away how long would such a procession continue even in this church !

“ The shadows lengthen, the priests have left the confessionals, and the Church is empty, empty ! with the All-pervading Presence, and I am conscious of nothing else. No, I cannot explain it any more, or tell any more except that I knew God's will for me, and with the Blessed Mother I said ; Behold the handmaid of the Lord ; be it done unto me according to thy Word.

When it began to grow dark I went slowly down the long aisle ; and so home like one in a dream. I said nothing ; pondered it in my heart.

\*\*\* FAVORS \*\*\*  
THROUGH  
VENERABLE PÈRE EYMARD

*Masson* : three weeks ago a little three-year old child was lying on a bench near a wall on which hung a large meat cutter. Above it was a towel. In taking down the latter, I displaced the knife, which fell and struck the child on the temple, making a wound an inch long. The wound was serious. In my fright I had the happy thought to apply to it one of Ven. Père Eymard's pictures. The blood ceased to flow instantaneously, and I promised publication if the wound healed quickly. I now fulfill my promise, as the perfect cure has been effected. A thousand thanks to Ven. Père Eymard !

*St. Boniface* : my daughter suffered long years from a fistula. A cure has been effected through Ven. Père Eymard.

*St. Magloire* : For over twenty years I suffered from rheumatism of the heart. By the application of Ven. Père Eymard's picture, I have been cured.

*St. Albert* : Cure of long and severe suffering.

*St. Irenée* : A child suffering from burns on both limbs was cured by the application of Venerable Père Eymard's picture. A young woman, twenty-two years of age threatened with blindness was saved in the same way. Promoter.

*Hull* : A lady afflicted with rheumatism for six months was cured after a novena to Père Eymard. Conversion of a poor drunkard through the intercession of Père Eymard.

*P. B.* : Last winter during six days my husband suffered agony from a swollen face aggravated by neuralgia. As a last expedient I applied Père Eymard's picture promising a dollar for the Eucharistic Works, and publication if he were cured. Shortly afterwards he fell



into a sound sleep and awoke perfectly cured. Thanks to Pere Eymard. Subscriber.

*Montréal* : Cure of headache from which I had suffered for twenty years. Gratitude to Pere Eymard. Mrs C. W. R.

*Stanford* : My little girl, nine years old, had suffered for two years with sores on her hands which the Drs. were powerless to cure, one even went so far as to urge amputation. The child was an interested reader of the Sentinel and when she saw how many wonderful cures Père Eymard had effected, she tore his picture from the book and rolled her hands up in it. A few days afterwards every vestige of the sores had disappeared and the deformity in her fingers as well.

Thanksgiving and gratitude unbounded for this great favor. Mrs. A. B.

*North Grosvenor Dale, Coun* : Cure of pulmonary disease through Père Eymard's intercession.

Mrs. A. B.

*Manchester* : Thanksgiving to Père Eymard for relief from severe headaches. Mr. S. D.

*Woonsocket* : Gratitude to Père Eymard for the cure of a sore leg after a years suffering.

*Spencer, Mass.* : I suffered from a violent pain in my right side on which no remedies had any effect. Once when the pain seemed beyond endurance, I thought of Père Eymard and applied his picture. It brought instant relief ; the next day I was free from pain and have had none since. My heart's gratitude to Venerable Père Eymard. A. Subscriber.

*St. Barnabé, Nord* : During the month of September I suffered from continuous earache and was threatened with deafness. Drs. could do nothing for me. Heartily discouraged I made up my mind to ask Père Eymard to cure me and promised to publish if he did. From that hour I experienced relief and soon was completely better. Gratefully do I discharge my promise and from my heart thank Père Eymard for his powerful intercession. A. Subscriber.