

# THE SENTINEL

OF THE

## BLESSED SACRAMENT

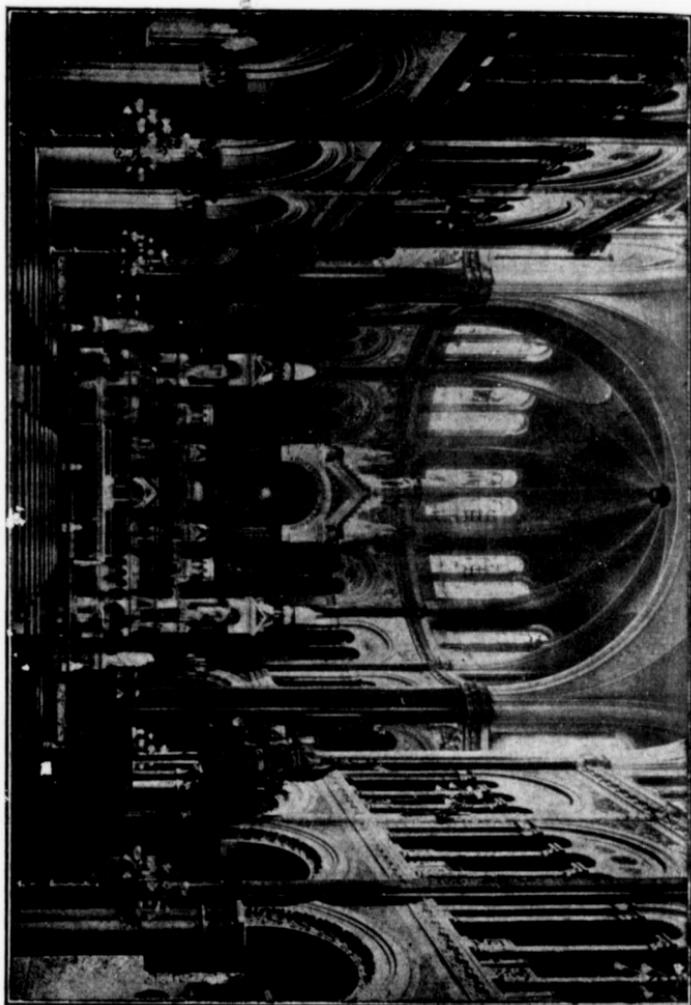
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### PURGATORY

By Purgatory the Church understands a place in which souls who depart this life in the grace of God suffer for a time because they still need to be cleansed from venial sin or have still to pay the temporal punishment due to mortal sin, the guilt and eternal punishment of which have been remitted. All the souls in purgatory have died in the love of God and are certain to enter Heaven. But as yet they are not pure and holy enough to see Him. The Church simply teaches two things regarding purgatory,—first that there is a purgatory; second, that the souls detained there are helped by the prayers of the faithful and, above all, by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar. The doctrine of purgatory is both reasonable and consoling. While we have God's word for it that nothing defiled can enter Heaven, our reason rebels at the thought that God could cast from him forever a soul that departs this life stained with lesser sins. Purgatory, therefore, where the soul may atone for these smaller sins and make full satisfaction to divine justice, is worthy of the wisdom and mercy of God. It is very consoling to the bereaved soul to know that by its prayers, alms, good works, but especially by the Holy Sacrifice, it can help the dead, shorten the time of their exile, and hasten the day of their eternal happiness.



Interior of the church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, at Buenos-Ayres.

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## Bound with the Cords of Love

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Oh, the indefinable mystery that enshrouds and broods in the abysmal recess of the poor human heart! Who will uplift the veil from the heart's heart-secret, labyrinthine windings and operations? Who will register its unobserved, but certain transitions and periods, and explain to-day's self-sufficiency and buoyancy, and the morrow's utter prostration and enfeebling languor? Why, from its unfathomed depths, ever arises that muffled cry heard by the listening blood, that aching longing for a something we can not circumscribe or articulate; which to-day we believe to be comfort, or beauty, or power, only to find on the morrow how hollow have been our conclusions, how bitter the deception? Who will explain this feverish eagerness to sound and discover in each new change of circumstance, our resources and opportunities, hoping against hope to find at last an unfailing anodyne for the perpetual heart-ills festering within us? Why, in a word, this warp in our spirit-nature, this apparent flaw in the handiwork of the Divine? Here we are on our journey through this vale of tears, feeling within us yearnings for a something infinitely above us and without us, yet fully cognizant by sad experience of low earthly attractions no less real and effective. In the consequent personal difficulties and momentous struggle, is there no one to befriend us? Is there no hand stretched out on the way to raise to our lips, with the word-music of sympathy, that cup of comfort we need so utterly to sustain us? Is there no one interested, no one concerned whether we struggle to a happy end or, despairing, snatch at the base joys of earth, and in heavy, popped sleep dull the soul to dread consequences—death and retribution?

If succour were denied us, and consequently if none but the saddest prospect lay before us, if we were destined to toil to the end unbefriended and abandoned, our lot would be appallingly gloomy, crushingly hopeless. But the love that desired our existence, that formed our

poor heart such as it is has not abandoned it, but overshadows it with His presence, is conversant with its every mood, and tempers the ills of life to its most delicate sensibility—yea, He Himself is our comfort, and He walks with us down the days and nights of life. In all our strayings, He lingers near bound to us by cords of everlasting love. As long ago He sat by Jacob's well waiting for the Samaritain woman to speak, that He might convert her, so to-day He waits beneath the veils of the Tabernacle for all who pass the way of time, to succour the weak and erring, and reveal to the faithful the secrets of His overshadowing love. For it is He and He alone who knows what is wanting what is *wrong* with the heart. To Him there is nothing enigmatical therein. Its keys hang at His cincture, its doors open at His nod, and He paces the floors alone. His design it is, and its chambers must ever hold something of the fragrant unction of the Designer's hands.

This knowledge gives us certain insight as to the heart's discontent with things terrene, explains its frequent inconstancies and sudden transitions, its torpid calms, its ungovernable tempests.

Our Faith teaches that He who desired us, who first knew us and looked on us with love, has not abandoned us, has not left us orphans. We have only to look back upon the years to discover how frequently He passed by us, and learn how often when we thought Him farthest from us He held us by the hand. Through all the days of our life, He is with us in our churches, a willing prisoner bound with the cords of love; and all who visit Him in His solitude find the silence fraught with the music of His voice, with the sacred peace of His presence. There in silence He pleads, "My son, give Me thy heart"; for in His keeping only can the heart find that peace it so yearningly desires. Near Him it sees the world and the things of the world in their true perspective; it sees in no uncertain light the glorious object that is alone worthy of all life's endeavors. There, the hollow props of pride crumble, revealing the extent of our spiritual poverty, our destitution and absolute dependance. On the other hand, we learn of

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the richness of love, and its infinite condescension and compassion; we learn the value of suffering, the joy of suffering. There we acquire the heroism of sanctity so that, with Père Eymard we cry out: "Let us suffer alone with God giving to Him the virginity of our desolation, complaining to Him alone of our troubles."

Yes, Christ waits in our churches, by the road side of life, but how few, how comparatively few take notice of Him, how few are conscious of His presence! Alas, the many that have painfully trudged life's long, weary way and never discovered Him, never caught in the silence the faintest echo of His voice! Verily, it may be said of such "There stood One in the midst of them whom they knew not." And again, how often has Christ in the infinite compassion of His love followed after many a would-be passer-by, to ensnare him in the tender intricacies of His love. Thus to many He sends, under divers guises, the Angel of Sorrow to wound the dissipated heart and cause it to realize the emptiness of its pursuits, the seriousness of life, and the absolute need of Him who awaits by the way to cherish and befriend it. In the hush that thus succeeds the tempest of the heart is heard, for the first time, the voice of Love calling, and in the light of the new dawning He is seen walking on the stilled waters. Then like Peter, from trembling lips, must needs arise the cry, "Lord, save me or I perish!"

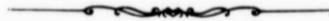
How dismal earth would be if we had not the shadowed portals, our churches, where we can turn our steps from the giddy whirl of things and, like a dove in the cleft of the rock, find refuge and security near Him who will not spurn us, whose Heart has a place for each of us. How priceless those havens of rest, those calm retreats where the worried mind, strained under the burden of the material, may taste and feed from the sources of spirituality; where the friendless find an unchanging Friend, whose love enriches beyond all proportion our human destitution! How silent earth would be if those sounds—the pealing morning, noon and evening of the Angelus-bell, were hushed for ever, sounds which mean more for every Catholic heart than

the sweetest music, implying as they do the consolatory assurance that Jesus, our willing Prisoner, bound with the cords of love, is with us to-day as yesterday; for—  
*"Ever pleading, day and night, He can not from us part;  
 O veiled and wondrous Lord, O love of the Sacred Heart!"*

Be they few or many, the visits we have made to the Prisoner of Love will live for ever. Even here they seem to leave an impress on the soul for good that time seems unable to efface. Never can we forget the sanctuaries wherein we have lingered, where we have knelt in inarticulate prayer; where the fume of incense was everywhere upwafted by unseen thurifers; where we easily pictured the eyes of our Lover, and noted the alternating gleams of love and sorrow; where the soundless intricacies of His compassionate love reached out and down to us, entwining and drawing us His willing captives. Like roseal oasis on the long barren way we have passed, and which is never to be passed again, those little visits of love shine out and will ever shine.

But it is in the hush of the twilight of life that the memory of those hours, all too few, will be most welcome. Then, like ministering angels, their memory will steal back to us, and we will re-visit and re-live them again if only for a moment. Sweet will it be to count them over, one by one, to remember the little secret sorrows we once endured, and brought as a bouquet of love to the feet of our trysting Lover. Sweet, surpassingly sweet, will it be to thank Him for the degree of familiarity His infinite condescension vouchsafed to us; for with supernatural vividness is then realized that "The personal love of God is the only thing that reaches God at last."

BROTHER EUGENIUS.



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## GENERAL FOCH

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Mary Roberts Rinehart, a special writer for the "Saturday Evening Post" at the front in Flanders, has described from time to time the intense religious fervor of the French and Belgian officers and soldiers. In her article to the "Post" which appeared in that magazine on May 22nd she tells of her visit to the commander of the French armies of the north as follows:

"The sun was high when we reached the little town where General Foch, Commander of the Armies of the North, had his headquarters. It was not difficult to find the building. The French flag furled at the doorway, a gendarme at one side of the door and a sentry at the other, denoted the headquarters of the staff. But General Foch was not there at the moment. He had gone to church.

"The building was near. Thinking that there might be a service, I decided to go also. Going up a steep street to where at the top stood a stone church, with an image of the Virgin almost covered by that virgin vine which we call Virginia creeper, I opened the leather-covered door and went quietly in.

"There was no service. The building was quite empty. And the Commander of the Armies of the North, probably the greatest general the French have in the field to-day, was kneeling there alone.

"He never knew I had seen him. I left before he did. Now, as I look back, it seems to me that the great general on his knees alone in that little church is typical of the attitude of France to-day toward the war.

"It is a totally different attitude from the English—not more heroic, not braver, not more resolute to an end. But it is peculiarly reverential. The enemy is on the soil of France. The French are fighting for their homes, for their children, for their country. And in this great struggle France daily, hourly, on its knees asks for help."

The "Post's" correspondent who penned the foregoing lines is an American and a Protestant. Needless to say where such piety is shown by the commander of a great army, the effect on the morale of the troops must be very great indeed. France is Catholic to the core notwithstanding the accident of its having an infidel government in power at the present time. When the war is over there is sure to be a great religious awakening in France and the French people will be stronger in the faith and will show more devotion in the practice of our holy religion than ever before. If this expectation is realized the material loss to the country will be more than offset.

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#### HEAVEN ON EARTH.

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The Blessed Sacrament is heaven on earth. See how we meet its wonders at every turn, and are continually coming upon some of its blissful functions. God has thrown Himself, His peace, His joy, His presence into It as the last citadel of His love. Let us build our tents beneath its walls, and abide there for evermore, for those portals are the happy end of all human pilgrimage. O thou waste land of endless torment and malediction! one sunbeam of God's beautiful presence falling athwart the outer darkness of thine everlasting curse, and it would be lit up into a home of joy and a paradise of peace. O Hidden Presence! Uncreated Beauty! show Thyself now in this Thy sweetest sacramental hiding-place, show Thyself ever so little to our poor unworthy hearts, and we shall leap forward with longing love and unite ourselves eternally with Thee!

FABER

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### Religious Services at the Front.

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Our religious services are always well attended. Last Sunday especially the ceremonies were particularly impressive and consoling. At the Communion Mass 300 soldiers received, as many more would gladly have done the same but were hindered by active service. At the High Mass the church was not big enough to accommodate all the soldiers, several had to remain outside. How edifying it is to see those brave warriors pray and how beautiful to listen to them sing the familiar Breton hymns.

Scarcely was the ceremony over and we had dispersed, than the Germans bombarded our village near the fighting line. Shells alighted on the church, set fire to the bellfry and caused slight damage, but luckily no casualties.

The next morning at the request of several officers I celebrated Mass in the open air. In an immense forest wrested from the Germans, whereon were camped two battalions of my company. The soldiers themselves erected a temporary altar, decorated it with flowers and military emblems, and all I had to do was place the altar stone. Twelve officers and 400 soldiers assisted at the Mass all kneeling round the altar, many unable to control their emotion, and all praying with a fervor and earnestness born of the pressing need. At the "Domine non sum dignus" quite a number approached the altar and received the God of Armies with a piety and reverence good to behold—for some among them it was their Viaticum. Never in all my life had I witnessed anything so affecting. Fortunately the Germans did not disturb us though we heard a few shells pass over our heads.



## “I Am not Worthy”

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I am not worthy! This is one of the most frequent excuses for dispensing one's self from frequent Communion. Behold the answer to this objection:

What dignity do you think God exacts of you for the Holy Table? We can think of three.

There is the dignity absolute and perfect. This a God alone can have for, strictly speaking, a God alone is worthy of a God, worthy to receive Him and take part in His Banquet. But this *divine* dignity is evidently not required, for it is only the three Persons of the Most Holy Trinity that possess it, and Communion is not for them.

There follows the *angelic* dignity, that of the angels and the saints. But neither is that required, for Communion is not for the inhabitants of heaven, the angels and saints, nor exclusively or even principally for the saints on earth. It is for men in general, *sacramenta propter homines*. It is for that man who everyday at the foot of the altar strikes his breast, saying *mea culpa*, for him who, holding in his hand the Host, says to It humbly: “Lord, I am not worthy,” but who nevertheless immediately after eats that Bread of life. It is for all who say to Mary: “Pray for us, poor sinners.”

But if angelic purity or seraphic charity is not a certain condition demanded of us by God, there is, however, a certain dignity which God demands of us and the absence of which would, properly speaking, render Communion unworthy. What is this third kind of dignity?

It consists in *purity of conscience* and *an upright intention*. It was Pope Pius X who indicated these two conditions, as necessary and sufficient for making a good Communion, that is a Communion not only *not unworthy* but even *fruitful*. If you combine these two conditions, you are *theologically* worthy of this great Sacrament.

Now, what Christian can excuse himself for not having them. Purity of conscience, or freedom from mortal sin, is a duty for every man. If a man has committed a grave sin, he is bound to repent and seek absolution in the tribunal of Penance. As for the *upright intention*, it consists in communicating, not for some human motive as, for example, the desire to win the esteem or sympathy of pious persons, but with the view of acquiring greater moral and supernatural perfection, of becoming better, of pleasing God, and of obtaining from Him spiritual, or even temporal graces. Now, who is the Christian who would dare to say: "I can not have that intention." That would be declaring himself incapable of renouncing hypocrisy and of practising the most elementary honesty.

If you have these two dispositions—doubtless you have not the first two kinds of dignity of which we have spoken—therefore you can say with the Apostle: *Non sum dignus*, humbling yourself before God and asking His pardon—but you have the third, the dignity required by Jesus Christ and the Church. You may approach the Holy Table humbly and fearlessly, with respect and confidence, sure not only of not offending nor angering God by that act, but of pleasing Him and meriting His graces.

I go still farther. The more weak and miserable you are, provided you have the two aforesaid dispositions, the more you ought to recur to this source of strength and perfection. The more infirm you are, the more frequently you ought to apply the remedy. Now, the remedy for the maladies of the soul is Communion. Our Lord said in the Gospel: "Not they who are well, but the *sick* have need of a physician... I am not come for the just, but for sinners."

Besides it is an illusion to think that by withdrawing from the altar, you become more worthy of the good God. On the contrary, you will become more weak more inclined to sin. The Host alone will make you more pure, more humble, more charitable. *The Host alone makes men worthy of it.*

### The Robbers and the Poor Souls

Father Louis Monaci of the order of Regular Clerks, a faithful friend of the Poor Souls, once went on a journey, with no other companion than his guardian angel. At nightfall he had to travel through a lonely region, and hastened his steps, anxious to reach some place of shelter. In order to pass the time profitably he began to say the rosary for the faithful departed, asking them in return to protect him from all danger. And he was soon to reap the fruit of his confidence. Not far from the village, which Father Monaci was trying to reach, two men, who on account of their crimes were obliged to flee from justice, lay concealed.

No sooner had they caught sight of the priest traveling alone, than they resolved to attack him, and should he offer resistance to take his life. They lay in ambush, awaiting their victim, but a few moments later were startled by the sound of a trumpet. Quickly they arose and looked about them. The priest approached rapidly. A soldier walking before blew a trumpet, while a multitude of others, strongly armed, surrounded him. The priest himself did not seem to notice his attendants. Calmly he advanced, saying his rosary as though he were alone. Supposing the priest to be an officer pursuing them, the robbers hastily took to flight.

The religious having reached the village in safety, took up his quarters at the inn. A little later the robbers cautiously approached some houses on the outskirts of the village, and inquired where the soldiers were whom they had seen. The villagers looked at them in surprise and answered that not a single soldier had been seen in the village, and that only a poor priest had entered the inn a short time before. The robbers were puzzled, they were sure that they had not been deceived. Going to the inn they approached the priest and entered into conversation with him. They inquired whither he was going, and whence he had come, and finally ventured

to ask where his guards were. "I came alone", answered the priest, "and do not understand to what you refer."—"Well then, Father, God has wrought a miracle in your behalf, for we are ready to swear to you, that you were surrounded by a strong body-guard who have saved your life, for we frankly acknowledge, though at the same time bitterly regret it, that we had resolved to attack and murder you."

The good priest was not a little frightened at this avowal, and thought to himself, it could indeed be that the souls for whom he had been praying at the time, had been present to protect him. He expressed this supposition, and the bandits were so deeply touched that they resolved to practice this devotion likewise. The priest admonished them to carry out their resolution, but above all else to make their peace with God. They were ready to follow his advice at once. A quiet room was made to serve the purpose of a confessional and they, each in turn, confessed their sins, at the same time promising most earnestly thenceforth to serve God faithfully.

If we do not receive such perceptible and astounding graces as the above mentioned, when we pray for the poor souls, we must not forget the teaching of St. Gregory the Great who says, that Satan, like a highway robber, lies in ambush on our path through life, to rob us of sanctifying grace, and that the protection of the poor souls, whom we have released by our prayers, is of great utility to us, in order that we may escape his snares.

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#### THANKSGIVING.

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I wish to return thanks to Ven. Fr. Eymard for the cure of a very painful limb, on which the Dr. wanted to operate, but which after applying the picture and making a novena and promising to have a mass said for his beatification, was entirely cured.

## ALL SAINTS.

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Let us emancipate ourselves for a while from earthly thoughts and look up to heaven, while the Angels, who rejoice over one sinner that does penance, are keeping the feast of All Saints.

That day might be called the Feast of the Magnificence of Jesus; for the spirit of the feast is a spirit of magnificence; it is the feast of heavenly court of the great King of our salvation. Yet what is the sight which we behold there? Ah! if we look into heaven, we shall learn much about Creation.

Let us put aside, (not in forgetfulness, still less for lack of burning love,) the empire of the Angels our elder brothers and look only at the human family which is there.

Around the altar of the Lamb, by Mary's maternal throne, there are various rings and choirs and glorious hierarchies of the saints. They lie bathed in splendor, beautiful to look upon, but it is a splendor which is not their own. Each soul is beautified with an infinite variety of graces the particular combination of which is distinctive of that particular soul, and is a separate ornament of heaven, so that not one saint could be spared without heaven missing a portion of its beauty. They were gifts to begin with, and they must remain gifts to the end. Their exceeding joy is such a vision of delight that we could not see it now and live. In truth there is not one of their gifts, not the least and lowest of their rewards, but they might well joy in it with a surpassing joy. But it is not so. Their joy is not in their own beauty, or their own perfections, or their bright rewards. It is entirely in something which is not their own. It is the beauty of Jesus which is their magnificence and joy. And the eternity of their joy depends, not in any inward impossibility of their own to fall away, but in the ceaseless attractions of

that unfading beauty. O look at the tranquility of that vast scene outspread before our eyes. It is creation in its Father's house, creation in its home of glory. Its wanderings are over, its problems solved, its consummation gloriously accomplished. Yet the completion and elevation of its nature, the expansion and coronation of its graces, and no less also the actual exuberent and joyous life of its eternal glory, is not in itself, but in its possession of the Creator. It has left itself and taken up with something else, and so it is perfect, complete, at home, at rest, for that something else is God, its all in all, its own God.

FABER

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“STEP IN MY TRACKS.”

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It was a dark winter night. Over the fields of Bohemia the snow was falling in great flakes. A man, followed by a servant, was traversing the streets of Prague. It was the saintly King Wenceslas, taking help to the poor. Whenever he passed a church, he knelt down in the snow before the door.

“Prince,” said the servant, “I am freezing. I can go no farther.”

“Step in my tracks,” responded Wenceslas. The servant obeyed, and felt a gentle heat running through his members from the ground trodden by the holy King.

When we suffer and can bear no more, when we are tempted to fall to the ground discouraged, let us think on the Passion of Jesus, putting our thoughts, our heart in the tracks of His bloody footsteps, and we shall feel a sweet warmth strengthening our soul.



## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

**Christ Sovereign Priest**

## ADORATION.

Give vent in your heart to all the sentiments of respect, veneration, gratitude, love and faith that may find room in the making up of a perfect act of adoration to our Lord Jesus Christ residing in the Eucharist with the sacred, unspeakable name of Priest! Remove in spirit the veil of the Eucharistic Species, and in this Holy of Holies wherever He fulfils, and will fulfil to the end, the sublime functions of His Priesthood, adore Him in the words of His Father: "*Tu es sacerdos in aeternum.*" Thou art priest, the only priest and for ever, O Jesus, Son of God made man, here present but annihilated before me! Thou art priest as no one else can be; priest by essence and nature, as well as by election; priest by the perfection of Thy priestly virtues which cannot be conceived greater: "*Tu es sacerdos!*" O Sovereign Priest, deign to receive my feeble homages,—do not consider the unworthiness of Thy servant, but my desire of praising Thee, and increase that desire, if it were possible, to the level of Thy infinite grandeur.

By the Incarnation, the Son of God being as truly man as He is God, He worships the God-head, in His humanity, with all the worth of His divine personality, and God has made to Himself among men a priest worthy of Himself, whose every act, interior and exterior, is a priestly action, truly divine. Certainly a more perfect priest we cannot conceive, and homages worthy of Him our poor hearts will never produce. "Offer up Thy sacrifice, O thou eternal throne of justice. God, Thy God, He who is Thy Father hath anointed Thee with the unction of the most glorious priesthood, above all angels and men. From Thee will flow as from their only created source all sacerdotal graces; and all such as will be called to the awful honor of the priesthood will share in Thy super-eminent elevation, and will be bound to show themselves worthy of Thee by such a sanctity as will make them more like to Thee than all other men."

THANKSGIVING.

This sacerdotal consecration of our High Priest is no less profitable to us than it is sublime in itself, and calls for our gratitude. For us, indeed, in our name, for the sake of taking our place, for our interests, has This, our Elder Brother been made Priest. Guilty of many sins, insolvent debtors, we are as powerless as we are unworthy to come near God, to glorify Him, propitiate Him, beg of Him new favors. But He is the Priest most holy, most powerful, who will always be heard, because His infinite worth and merits constitute a title that cannot be gainsaid, "*Exauditus est pro sua reverentia.*" But will not, His eminent sanctity that raises Him so far above the guilty mass make Him forget or despise the earth? No! For the divine goodness wished that in clothing Himself with all the qualities of a God He should keep all human miseries and weaknesses, sin alone excepted. And yet, of sin, of our horrible sins, which are our essential evil, and the cause of all our innumerable misfortunes, our Priest most holy, takes upon Himself the temptations, the responsibilities, the punishments. He loads Himself with this burden to know by His own experience its crushing weight, to foster in His heart an everlasting and inexhaustible pity and love for poor sinners. Hear and weigh these words of St. Paul, uttered to the praise of our Priest infinitely good: *Nowhere doth He take hold of the Angels, but of the seed of Abraham He taketh hold. Wherefore it behooved Him in all things to be made like unto His brethren, that He might become a merciful and faithful high priest before God, that He might be a propitiation for the sins of the people. For in that wherein He Himself hath suffered and been tempted, He is able to succor them also that are tempted.* (Heb. ii, 16-18.) *Let us go therefore with confidence to the throne of grace; that we may obtain mercy, and find grace in seasonable aid.* (Heb. iv, 116.) *For we have not a high priest who cannot have compassion on our infirmities, but one tempted in all things like as we are without sin.* (Ibid. 15.) Jesus, our priest like unto us, one of us, tempted, weak, afflicted, forlorn, persecuted with us, that Thou mightst know all miseries by experience, and compassionate more mercifully and more tenderly with us in our own temptations, weaknesses, miseries, our ignorance and our faults. O Thou priest, loving and sweet, charitable and sympathetic, priest with a tender heart, let my confidence in returning always to Thee, without ever doubting, be my thanksgiving forever!

## PROPITIATION.

Bearing in mind the incomparable dignity of the priesthood of Jesus Christ makes us understand the enormous crime committed by those who through hypocrisy, arrogance or violence wage war against the priests of God through whom Christ's priesthood is visibly continued, in whom the eternal Pontiff is personified here below. Humble as his ancestry may be, unrefined his mind, elementary his instruction, common his virtues, the humblest of the children of men from the fact that he has been touched by the sacerdotal unction with which Jesus Himself was anointed, and which He spreads even to the lowest grades of the sacred hierarchy, that humble man is priest. priest through God's choice, priest through the communication of Christ's priesthood, priest for ever. He is God's portion, property, minister; he is His instrument, His organ, His mouth to proclaim His words and His law, His forgiveness and condemnation; He is His right arm to work the wonders of the supernatural life, to produce the sacramental realities, to apply the soothing remedies which they contain, together with all other spiritual gifts. He bears in the most intimate part of his being a character unique and indelible. He dwells in the Holy of Holies; he is above all the people, the subjects and the sovereigns; he belongs to God alone; he is the man of God. He has a right to the absolute liberty of his sacred ministry, to the respect, submission, humble and faithful co-operation of all. Can we then stigmatize as they deserve the attempts made by the secular power against the rights, the liberty, the vocation of men engaged in the clerical state? Theirs is the greatest of social crimes, and it is committed against all the members of the hierarchy, from the young man forced to exchange against the scandals of the camps the peace of the sanctuary, so necessary to promote his rising vocation, up to the Sovereign Pontiff, whose liberty is hampered, whose dignity is outraged by the usurpation of a sacrilegious power. But offer also amend for the prejudices, mean calculations, offensive ill-will that influence too many Christians in their practical judgments on the priesthood; for the unreasonable oppositions, the dishonest, tyrannical, blind and sacrilegious schemes by which priestly vocations are opposed, even in Christian families.

PETITION.

Our Lord said to His disciples: *Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest. "Rogate ergo Dominum messis ut mittat operarios in messem suam."* Let this be our earnest and fervent prayer. Since the priesthood of Jesus Christ is so noble, so powerful, so beneficent, since His mediation cannot be effective but through it, and through it alone the world can be saved, then let us beg for innumerable souls the grace and honor of sharing in the priesthood of Jesus Christ, of expanding and multiplying it according to the exigences of God's glory, of the service of His church and men's sanctification. Let us beg Him for more priests, Who alone knows, selects and calls them. Let us promote by our counsels, encouragements and alms, priestly vocations, so much exposed to dangers in our days owing to a weakening of the faith in Christian families and to the spirit of evil that incites the power of the world against Christ and His Church. Above all let us incessantly beg for all priests a new and plentiful effusion of the priestly spirit of Jesus Christ, true sacerdotal sanctity, that is to say, separation from the world and its spirit, heartfelt and deep attachment to the God who is in the Tabernacle their only portion, zeal for the salvation of souls. Finally, that love which does not shrink from suffering to the effect of completing in them the unbloody sacrifice offered up every day through their hands, and thus co-operating to the redemption of the world. *"Sacerdotes tui induantur justitiam et sancti tui exultent.*

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*Before Communion*

Jesus, as the sun-burnt flowers  
 Long to feel the cooling showers,  
 As the young bird loves to rest  
 Safely in its mother's nest,  
 As the torrent runs to go  
 To the waiting plain below,  
 As the flickering tongues of fire  
 Strive to climb up always higher,  
 So I long today to be  
 Made a harbourage for Thee.

*The Woodland chapel.*

Back among the whispering pines it stood  
The chapel of my childhood  
O'errun with many a clambering vine  
And blossom of the wildwood.

Brilliantly a changing golden splendor  
On its quaint arch window gleamed  
As through the pine-boughs sighing restlessness  
Eve's roseate sunlight streamed.

Gently fell the deepening shades of dusk  
O'er that woodland chapel grey  
And round its sweet sequesteredness lingered  
The departing gleams of day.

Softly globed like fairy moons the candles  
In golden subduement shone  
And lovingly the wild-rose blossoms twined  
Round the little snowy throne.

There I knelt when the day was drifting out  
In the twilight's pale caress  
In adoration that my childish speech  
Could but feebly express.



A whisper borne on the scented silence  
From the shrine's serenity  
In tones of melting sweetness seemed to say:  
"Dear child put your trust in Me."

My soul enwapt in sweetest transport thrilled  
With a joy almost divine  
And in wordless eloquence responded  
To the message from the shrine.

Like meteor adown the midnight sky  
Swiftly sped those golden years  
And drifted me from youth's bright bay afar  
On Life's restless sea of tears.

And though the waves of sin and pain surge high  
Around my trembling bark  
I do not go unlighted or bereft  
Out into that seething dark.

That sacred mem'ry bids my soul be calm  
And stills all my anxious fears  
And like a blessed beacon throws its light  
Out across the winged years.

DELLA MACDOWNS



*Reparation for Mexican Outrages*

Recently the systematized practise of the Forty Hours Adoration was inaugurated in the young diocese of Corpus Christi, Tex. The series of solemn adorations began in St. Patrick's Cathedral, The Right Rev Bishop P. J. Nussbaum, C. P., D. D., conducted the devotions throughout. Notwithstanding the limited means of a pioneer diocese, the Cathedral was decorated and the exercises were made as solemn as could be. What was wanting in the magnificence of ceremonial, was amply made up by the fervent piety of the faithful. Very many approached the Sacraments, receiving Holy Communion daily. At all hours of the day, earnest adorers watched with Christ Jesus in the Eucharist. The response on the part of the men was particularly gratifying.

On the following Sunday, the Right Rev. Bishop went to Laredo to preside over the same exercises of Eucharistic Adoration in St. Augustin's pro-Cathedral which is the largest parish church for Mexicans dwelling in this city on the shores of the Rio Grande, the border between our country and the unfortunate republic to the south. Much enthusiasm was added to the Forty Hours Devotion in this church by the presence of refugee priests who took part in the ceremonies. During the days of the Adoration, they recited in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, the Divine Office in choral fashion as is done by the clergy of cathedral chapters. They and the laity watched before the Eucharistic Lord, dividing themselves into groups of devout adorers in reparation for the outrages committed against Him in their land of cruel revolution. These same priest's overcome by emotion and in burning words, called upon all and especially upon the refugee laity from Mexico of whom there are thousands in Laredo, to atone for the sacrileges committed in their country.

The Right Rev. Bishop pleaded with clergy and people, as he will continue to do, to offer the series of Forty Hours Adoration of this year, as so many solemn acts of reparation for the crimes committed against the Blessed Sacrament, particularly in Mexico. The people living along the border had heard much of these outrages and of others. To substantiate rumors and to give reliable information about these crimes, the Bishop had circulated by the hundreds the pamphlet entitled "The Book of Red and Yellow," by the Rev. Francis C. Kelly, of the Catholic Church Extension Society. The plan surely worked well—not indeed to stir up animosity against the shameless perpetrators of such horrible wrongs, but to induce the faithful to make a more generous and loving reparation to the Divine Victim.

Here is a group of men who suffered from the anti-Catholic mania of the revolutionists. They can recount histories of personal violence. Yet they bear their persecutors no ill will; they prayed for them, and still do pray—pray for the restoration of peace and concord among their countrymen of Mexico, and above all in reparation for the outrages committed during the present revolution, against the Eucharistic Lord.

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I feel it my duty to make a public expression of my gratitude for a favor received through the intercession of the Ven. Peter Julien Eymard, devotion to whom I learned from the pages of your valuable SENTINEL. This favor was the return to his religious duties of my husband who for years had neglected them entirely.



## A WAGER AND ITS RESULT.

## I

Everybody agreed that Harry Onslow was a fine fellow. He was the most dashing, young soldier in that particular corps of the Canadian regulars. He performed his duties to the satisfaction of the officers. He was gay and light-hearted and a particular favorite in society. There was one little bit of mystery about him, which his comrades were anxious to penetrate. He went out every afternoon about the same hour, and was absent for a space of time, and nothing could ever make him waver from that custom.

The corps was stationed just, then, at the citadel of Quebec, and the other officers thought at first that Harry went to promenade the Terrace, on John St. or somewhere else where the people were to be met. But no one ever saw him in either of those thoroughfares, and as far as could be discovered there was no place where he went to call or to take tea. He went—well—no one knew whither—and that was just what set his brother soldiers wondering.

He was traced as far as the Elevator on two or three occasions, and had also been seen by the curious to descend the steps. It was clear therefore that he spent that particular hour in Lower Town. What could possibly take him there? This discovery only lent a fillip to the general curiosity.

There was one man in the garrison, a young subaltern, who particularly admired Harry and was disposed to be friendly to him, but he had been led into making a wager that he would fine out where Harry went. He scarcely realized the indiscretion of which he was guilty, thus spying upon a brother officer. Carried away by his sporting instinct, he was anxious to win the wager and so that lovely summer day, he set out to follow Harry. The roses from gardens in the Upper town

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were giving forth their fragrance, a breeze was blowing freshly from the river, the sky overhead the quaint and ancient city, was unclouded blue, the hills over the Levis shore, purple against the horizon, and the waters of the St. Lawrence, sparkling in the sunlight.

Harry pursued his way unconscious. He took the Elevator that day, and his pursuer chased down the steps, as fast as he could, arriving somewhat breathless in the dingy purlieus of Lower Town. He perceived Harry at a distance, striding along, with a rapid soldierly step. Then began something like a game of hide and seek, for the subaltern did not want to be discovered. Harry went on, as one who has a definite object in view, it was clear he had not come down, to idle upon the wharf, as the other had been inclined to imagine. He passed through the market-place with its multifarious wares and busy and "Yes, no, not really!" entered a church. There was no mistake about it, that dashing and brilliant young officer was certainly passing through the portals of that edifice, which the onlooker knew as a show-place for tourists, the ancient church of *Notre Dame des Victoires*."

The subaltern smiled to himself. Either Harry knew that he was being followed and was putting up a bluff or he was going to meet some one in there. The observer waited a few moments and cautiously entered also. The light in the church was somewhat dim, save for the rays that came in through the stained glass windows, but there was Harry, apparently oblivious of him and of everyone, kneeling in a pew, with his head bent down in his hands. Praying, actually praying. The subaltern was thunderstruck. He felt as if he had received an electric shock. He had come face to face, as it were, with a reality.

The youth waited. Something surely must happen, but the moments stole by and Harry did not stir. Then, the subaltern began to take note of his surroundings. He saw the altar representing, the to him unknown symbol, the Tower of David, marking a long past conquest through the intercession of our Lady of Victories. There were but a few other worshippers in the church,

a couple of children, two or three market women, who had come in from their traffic, one or two men, and all seemed as oblivious of the young officer as he was of them. They did not seem to think it strange that he should be there, with his head in his hands praying, though that was what the subaltern felt to be the strangest of all.

Then, the young man's eyes fixed themselves upon the red light burning in the lamp before the sanctuary. What was its significance, and why did its probable meaning, of which he had very vaguely heard, seem to seize upon him all at once and terrify him. He was conscious of a mysterious Presence, and a sensation, such as never before in his young thoughtless life, had come to him.

## II

He had, at first, intended to say nothing of this discovery. Wager or no Wager, he would respect this secret, that mystery. But in spite of his good intentions, he was at times weak. In the boisterous gayety, following a mess dinner, when Harry Onslow was absent from the room, the subject of his mysterious afternoon outings was broached and the subaltern was twitted with having lost the wager and summoned to pay.

Thus challenged, he began a more or less confused account of what he had witnessed, which was received with exclamations of wonder, incredulity and—in one or two instances only — of derision. For even amongst the most thoughtless or irreligious, there is more respect for a man's deeper feelings, than is commonly supposed. In the middle of the story, Harry suddenly walked in. The speaker's back was towards the door, and in spite of sundry furtive warnings, he continued his narrative. Harry's face turned a shade paler, the laugh died from his lips, as he slowly advanced into the room. One of those, who had found the whole matter a huge joke, began to throw off some witticism, at which a few laughed. Harry faced them all, a flash as of steel

in his blue eyes, a flush mounting to his face. His bearing was gallant, as it would have been, some of them thought, in battle.

"Look here," he cried, "you fellows had better stop; there are some matters I allow no man to joke about, and I will not even have them mentioned here." The subaltern, who was so ashamed of himself, that he felt as if he could have crept into a mouse hole, thought as he heard Harry speak thus, of the red light and its awful signification and the strange sensation he had felt.

Some present were disposed to resent Harry's tone, his use of the words allow, and informed him roundly that none was going to ask his leave, to say what they pleased. One of the jokers, an innately low fellow, who should never have been amongst gentlemen, proffered a new and profane witticism, with an oath. Harry sprang towards him, the steel blue eyes dangerous now. He raised his hand to strike, then restraining himself, let it drop, but said slowly and deliberately instead. "If you dare to speak like that again, I'll knock you down."

Everyone knew that Harry meant what he said, and the man, who had been capable of violating every canon of decency, was not so brave as his uniform might have led people to suppose. An uproar arose, however, during which Harry stood at bay like a young lion, though as far as he knew, the sentiment of the whole company, was against him. The subaltern, suddenly sprang to his feet, and planted himself beside Harry. "I say," he said, "I behaved like a cad in this affair, following a fellow about and bringing that story here, but I'll be dashed if I don't stand by Harry, against the crowd.

"We're all with him!" cried several voices, "all except the two or three."

And after that they respected Harry more than ever, and began to put two and two together, and noticed that his conduct differed in many respects from others. He used no profane nor obscene words, his conduct was decent, honest, manly, and while he made no extra-

ordinary professions, it was known now, that he had a religion, which he practised. No one appeared to notice, when each afternoon, he was gone for that mysterious interval of time.

### III

To the subaltern, who after that, became Harry's devoted friend, the latter confided that he had always from childhood kept the promise, which he had made to a dying mother, of a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament. He explained, as far as the other could understand, that belief of Catholics, the Emmanuel, God with us upon the altar, and why it was that so many Catholics, men on their way home from the busy marts of commerce, workers from their toil, young, fashionable girls on their way from visits and receptions, youths from their sports, children on their way to school, stopped to pay their homage to the Divine King of the Tabernacle. And the subaltern did not think it strange, in his own way, he realized that it was beautiful.

During the next few years, Harry continued to be as brilliant and popular as ever, a favorite with both men and officers, as successful as possible in his career. The subaltern exchanged into foreign service, and met his death in an Hospital in South Africa. In his ravings, he talked of the red light and the dim church, and that Presence, before which his brother officer had really prayed. The nun, judging from this that he was a Catholic, began to talk to him of religion, in his first lucid interval and was surprised to find that he was practically without any religion, gradually drew from him the whole story:

"Our Lord wants something from you, I am sure, said the nun:"

"Do you think He would have anything to say to a worthless fellow like me, Sister?" the young man responded. "I should like to belong to Harry's religion and and to know that God is so near."

Then he began to rave again, and the red light was in his thoughts and the Presence of the Lord, which had almost terrified him. When he woke again, to consciousness a priest was at his bedside and before many days were over, he received, for the first time into his heart, the God of the Eucharist.

He never went back to Canada. His grave, indeed, is amongst those of many Canadians, dug in the soil of the dark Continent. But Harry has a letter, which he prizes, a few lines scrawled in a dying hand, enclosed in a page or two of clear, copper-plate written by the Hospital Sister. The scrawled lines were, as follows:

"I never forgot, Harry, old fellow, that church and the light. It was often before my eyes at night. That was the first time I ever realized that grown up chaps ever really prayed. The Sister will tell you the rest."

And now, when Harry visits the little church of Our Lady of Victory, his devotion towards the God of the Eucharist, is certainly not lessened, as praying for the soul of his departed comrade, he realizes with awe, that it was those visits of his to the Blessed Sacrament which were the means of saving that soul, and, perhaps, for his influence is more potent than he dreams—some other souls in the garrison.

Anna T. SADLIER



## The Mass or the Rod.

Some years ago, Gladstone paid a visit to an institution of Dom Bosco at Turin.

He was shown to the study hall, where 500 young boys were at study. The visitor was amazed at their perfect silence and close attention to their work though they were without a prefect.

Greater still was his surprise when he was told that perfect discipline was sometimes maintained the year round in the school and that no punishments were inflicted through that long period.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "and how can you accomplish this?"

Turning at the same time to his secretary, he directed him to take note of the answer.

"How can this be accomplished?" he again asked.

"It is a secret known only to Catholics," replied the priest.

"You are joking," replied Gladstone, "and yet I am quite serious about my question."

"And so I am," replied the Salesian, but since you insist on knowing our secret, here it is, contained in the rule itself: '*Frequent confession, frequent communion and daily Mass.*' This simple program is carried out with all the earnestness and ardor of which we are capable."

"You are right, Father. I must admit that such means of education are out of our reach. But could not other means be substituted for these?"

"Yes, your Excellency, it might be the rod in one case, seclusion in another case, or an appeal to the child's self-love and personal interest in other cases, but in most cases with such children as we generally have here, it would have to be dismissal from the school."

"Strange! Very strange!" exclaimed the English statesman, "either Mass or the rod. I must relate this when I return to London."

## Our Beloved Dead

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Why have you forgotten us? Does not this sorrowful reproach of the poor suffering souls in Purgatory appeal and apply to us all in a general manner and to many among us in a very special one. They reproach us for our forgetfulness and feel it so keenly that it adds new pain to their agony.

Oh! let us not be deaf to their appeal, let it ring loudly in our ears and still louder in our hearts. They suffer so intensely those dear ones, and we who think we love them neglect to pray for their relief. Oh! listen to their pleading and assure them the help of souls who will pray in our stead, the help of the prayers of Our Lord Himself.

But how can this be done you ask? Who is unselfish enough to undertake to pray for them in our name?

Precious means: Among the means placed at our disposal by the Church the most precious and efficacious is undoubtedly the adorable Sacrifice. Mass is for the dead, the blessed ransom that pays their debts to Divine Justice, and, that after having consoled and helped them in their distress, finally, ushers them into the unutterable joy of heaven.

Then during this month, let us have as many masses as possible offered for our dead, and we may rest assured the sacrifices we make for their sake will be amply repaid by the benefit of their protection when they enter, thanks to us, eternal beatitude. If gratitude is rare in this world, forgetfulness and ingratitude are unknown in the other, unknown among the poor suffering souls in whose hands lie the power of God Himself to protect us and help us in our need.

Perhaps our means will not allow us to have as many masses as we would wish offered for our dead. In that case, why not affiliate them to some of those Associations that for a small stipend, assures them the benefit

of the Holy Sacrifice frequently offered for their intentions. Among those numerous Associations we specially recommend two, that offer to all, even to those of very limited means the consolation of mitigating the suffering and hastening the deliverance of their dear ones.

1. The Association of Eucharistic Weeks for the deceased. Wherein an offering of \$2.00 entitles the deceased to a share in 32 Masses during the course of a year and also in the prayers, good works and merits of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament. The offering can be made for one year or renewed yearly.

2. Subscription to the SENTINEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. We can on becoming a subscriber to the SENTINEL, apply to one or to many deceased the satisfactory fruits of 52 Masses offered every year for subscribers, also a yearly Service, sung in the month of November. And so give ourselves the benefit of interesting edifying reading imparting a clearer knowledge a deeper love for Jesus Sacred Host, and procure for the dead the unspeakable help of the Holy Sacrifice. Should we already be a subscriber, we can take out a new subscription for a friend, or some poor person and by the same alms bestow charity on the living and the dead.

How heartless we would be not to profit by this easy means to help those patient suffering souls and relieve their distress. Oh! yes let us listen to their pleading, let us open heaven to them by giving them a share in those masses and prayers, at least by a subscription to the SENTINEL.

Promoters will during this month kindly make known this precious means of helping the dead, and will, we hope send us new names whether for the Eucharistic Weeks or the SENTINEL.

We cordially thank all who have sent us addresses of those they thought likely to extend the SENTINEL'S circulation, and are happy to say that many gladly undertook the work through love for the Blessed Sacrament; we trust their praise-worthy example will have many imitators.