

THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.

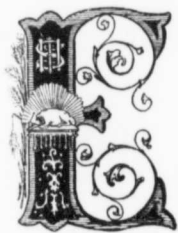
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Adoration "in Spirit and in Truth."

BY PÈRE EYMARD.

The Father seeketh such to adore Him in spirit and in truth. (*John iv. 23.*)



EUCHARISTIC Adoration has for its object the Divine Person of Our Lord Jesus Christ present in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

In that Sacrament, He is living, and He wishes us to speak to Him, and He will speak to us.

Everyone may speak to Our Lord. Is He not there for all? Does He not say :
Come ye all to me?

This familiar converse between the soul and Our Lord is true Eucharistic meditation, it is adoration.

Everyone has grace for it.—But to succeed in it, and to shun routine and dryness of heart, the adorers should draw their inspiration from their own attraction of grace or from the different mysteries of Our Lord's life, from the Blessed Virgin or the virtues of the saints, in order to honor and glorify the God of the Eucharist by all the virtues of His moral life, as well as by those of the saints, of whom He was the grace and the end, and of whom He is to-day the crown and the glory.

Look upon the hour of adoration that has fallen to you as a heavenly hour, an hour in Paradise. Go to it as if you were going to heaven, to the Divine Banquet, and this

hour will be longed for, will be hailed with joy. Sweetly nourish in your heart the desire for it. Say to yourself: "In four hours, in two hours, in one hour, I shall go to the audience of grace and love with Our Lord. He has invited me. He is waiting for me. He wants to see me."

When an hour painful to nature falls to you, rejoice even more. Your love will be greater, because more suffering. That is a privileged hour. It will count for two.

When through infirmity, sickness, or any impossibility, you cannot make your adoration, be sad of heart for an instant. Then adore in spirit and in union with the other adorers of the moment. In your bed of suffering, on a journey, or during the occupation that detains you, observe great recollection throughout that hour, and you will reap the same fruit from it as if you had gone to the feet of the good Master. That hour will be credited to you, and, perhaps, even doubled.

Go to Our Lord just as you are. Make a natural meditation. Exhaust your own fund of piety and love before you make use of books. Love the inexhaustible book of humanity and love.—It is well to take with you a pious book, in order to recall your thoughts when your mind wanders or when the senses are dull. But remember that our good Master prefers the poverty of our heart to the most sublime thoughts and affections borrowed from others.

Understand well that Our Lord wishes our *own* heart, and not that of others. He wants the thought and the prayer of that heart as the natural expression of love for Him.

To be unwilling to go to Our Lord with one's own misery, one's own humiliating poverty, is often the fruit of subtle self-love, of restlessness, or tepidity. And yet that misery, that poverty, is what Our Lord prefers to every other state. He loves it. He blesses it. You are in aridity?—Glorify the grace of God, without which you can do nothing. Open your heart to heaven at such a moment, as the flower opens its chalice to the rising sun, to catch its beneficent dew.

You are entirely powerless to act?—Your mind is in darkness?—Your poor heart is faltering under the weight of its worthlessness?—Your body is suffering?—Make,

then, the adoration of the poor mendicant. Rise out of your poverty, and go live in Our Lord, or offer to Him your poverty that He may enrich it, for that is the noble master-stroke of His glory.

You are in a state of temptation and distress? Your whole soul revolts? You are urged to forego your adoration under the pretext that you are offending God, that you dishonor Him more than you serve Him?—Hearken not to that specious temptation. Make the adoration of combat, of fidelity of Jesus against self. No, no! You do not displease Him. You rejoice your Mastér, who is looking at you, and who permitted Satan to trouble you. He expects from you the homage of perseverance up to the last moment of the time that ought to be consecrated to Him.

Let confidence, simplicity, and love lead you, then, to adoration.



In God's Good Time.

SOME always have to bear a load
 Of care along a dreary road,
 From which, on sunny heights, they see
 Those for whose backs no burdens be.
 So shall it always be while life
 Holds fast to happiness and strife.

But sometimes shall a pathway run
 And valley plodders turn and climb
 Out of the shadow into sun,
 To sunny heights, in God's good time.
 Ah, sometime, somewhere, soon or late—
 So, heart of mine, in patience wait!

So come to us whatever may,
 Believe God is not far away,
 And lift your eyes toward the light
 That burns, a beacon, on the height.
 By souls who strive the heights are won,
 The shadow leads into the sun!



The Blessed Sacrament delivers a city out of the hands of the enemy.



IN the year 1242 the victorious Tartar hordes under Beta, their leader, overran Silesia, filling the land with murder and rapine as far as the boundaries of Moravia. Then did Wenceslas I., King of Bohemia, confer upon the noble Jaroslas of Sternberg the charge of protecting the Moravian Margravate; and he, with eight thousand men from Bohemia, to whom were added four thousand of the Moravian nobility, occupied at once the city of Olmütz, resolving to hold this fortified city, and to defend it to the last extremity. Soon indeed appeared the vanguard of the enemy; soon did the smoke of burning villages, rising up around them, speak of the approach of the fearful Tartar hosts. On the third day hill and plain swarmed with the dark masses of the invader. Nearer and nearer came the Tartar towards the walls of the city, until at length they were surrounded; but on account of the deep trenches they did not at once commence the attack, but fell upon the neighbouring monastery of Gradie, burned it, and massacred all within its walls, even to the last man; the heads of the murdered men were tied to their horses tails, and in this manner the invaders presented themselves at the gates of the city. This fearful sight, however, did not discourage the besieged; rather it roused them to fresh ardour to be revenged for the wicked deed. Nevertheless Jaroslas, by his wisdom, restrained them, awaiting a fitting time in which to make an onslaught upon the enemy. This delay, which was mistaken by the foe for cowardice, caused a general relaxation in their

vigilance, and they began by degrees to separate, in order to forage for means of subsistence. This was taken note of by Jaroslas, and he believed the moment to have arrived in which he might safely attack the invader.

Now this undertaking being full of danger, he made it his first duty to assure himself of divine help. It was the feast of St. John Baptist when Jaroslas, at the head of his soldiers, entered the church of Corpus Christi, and there, after making humble confession of his sins, received the



Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. His example was followed by his captains, and afterwards by the soldiers. After all had thus been fortified by the Bread of the strong, Jaroslas rose and spoke a few encouraging words to them, reminding every one of the duty he owed to the fatherland and to the Holy Catholic Church, and commanding them to hold themselves in readiness for the following night.

After midnight the signal of departure was given, and a troop of chosen knights, with the brave Jaroslas at their

head, put themselves in motion. Then suddenly Jaroslas halted, commanding his followers to do the same, and, throwing himself from his horse, fell on his knees, casting his sword on the ground, and with loud voice and humbly bowed head he made a vow to the great Mother of God to build a church to her honour if she, through her all-availing intercession, should obtain for them the victory. Then all with one accord lifted up their voices, saying 'Ave Maria;' and mounting their horses they rode out of the fortress.

The number was indeed small; it might have been said that twenty of the foe would have sufficed to rout them. Nevertheless in the name of the Lord they passed on, full of courage and confidence. But not merely in the name of the Lord did that little band go forth to the battle: *the Lord Himself was with them.* After the Communion which the soldiers had received the previous day five consecrated particles remained over and above; these were deposited and guarded in the tabernacle. Now Jaroslas bethought himself in the same moment of the Ark of the Covenant of the Old Testament, which, by command of God, the Israelites carried into the battle. The thought of a similar but nobler pledge of victory which he might carry into battle pressed upon him with such vehemence that his resolution was taken. He made arrangements that the consecrated Hosts should be enclosed in a costly ciborium, and borne by a priest on horseback into the battle. So it happened that the Saviour was present, not merely by His benediction, but still more in His own Person: He accompanied the warriors, and led them to victory.

The fight began. Assured of victory, the men whom Jaroslas led fell courageously upon the outposts of the Tartars, and, after despatching them in silence, proceeded to slay the outer watch of the camp, who lay in profound repose; and before the enemy were aware of the presence of their opponents, they made bloody havoc amongst them. Alarmed by the noise Beta, the leader of the Tartars, seized his sword, endeavouring to draw his men into line of battle. In vain; a hill covered with the dead bodies of his men obstructed his way. Then he perceived Jaroslas; and with sudden aim he fell upon him in deadly strife.

But with a powerlul arm Jaroslas brandished his sword, and under that stroke Beta fell, never to rise again.

At length Jaroslas perceived the object of his sally to be attained. His soldiers were tired, and three hundred were wounded or dead ; therefore with the rest he retired into the town. Terrified at the enormous multitude of the dead, and discouraged by the fall of their leader, the Tartars took counsel to remain there no longer, but fled



into Hungary, where, under the command of Battus, these hordes laid waste the country ; but Olmütz and the land of Moravia were saved. It is worthy of remark that the edge of each of those five consecrated particles of which we have spoken, on their return to the city, exhibited a clear shining circle of a roseate colour, which was believed to be a sign that Christ had stood by the side of the warriors who had thus shown their faith in Him, and Himself discomfited the enemy who trampled upon His name.



The Singing of the Passion

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THE singing of the Passion is in reality a dramatic representation. The narrative is given by a strong, manly tenor voice. The words of Our Saviour are in a deep, solemn bass, and whatever is spoken by any other person is given in a high contralto. Each part has its particular cadence of old, simple, but rich chant suited to the character represented. That of the narrator is clear distinct and slightly modulated, and that in which ordinary interlocutors speak, sprightly, bordering upon colloquial familiarity ; but that in which Our Saviour's words are uttered is slow, grave and most solemn, beginning low and ascending by full tones, then gently varied in rich though simple undulations, till it ends by a graceful and expressive cadence, modified with still greater effect in interrogatory phrases. The magnificence of this dramatic recitation consists in the choruses, for whenever the Jewish crowd are made to speak in the history of the Passion, or indeed whenever any number of individuals interfere, the choir bursts in with its simple but massive harmony, and expresses the sentiment with a truth and energy which thrills through the frame and overpowers the feelings. There are twenty-one choruses in the Gospel of Palm Sunday, and only fourteen in that of Friday. The phrases in the first are longer and more capable of varied expression than in the latter. When the Jews cried out "Crucify Him" or "Barabbas." The music like the words is concentrated with rightful energy, and consists of just as many notes as syllables. Yet in the three notes of the last word a passage of key is effected simple as it is striking. The effect is rendered far more powerful by a most abrupt ter-

mination. The entire harmony is given in a quick but marked, so to speak stamping away, well suiting the tumultous outcries of a fierce mob. In the three choruses of St. Matthew's Passion where the two false witnesses speak, there is a duet between soprano and contralto, and the words are made to follow one another in a stumbling way, and the music is in a syncopated style ; one part either jarring with or clearly imitating the other movements, so that it most aptly represents the judgment that "their testimony was not agreeing" In the 16th nothing could succeed the soft and moving tone in which the words "Hail King of the Jews" are uttered. They powerfully draw the soul to utter in earnest what was intended in blasphemy. The 17th and 18th are masterpieces.

The 10th of St. John's Gospel is most exquisite in modulation : "If you let him go you are no friend of Cesar's." The most beautiful and pathetic in all the collection is the last chorus, "Let us not divide it, but cast lots." They succeed one another in a following cadence, growing softer and softer and almost dying away, till the entire chorus swells in a mildened but majestic burst. As the catastrophe approaches the strong voice in which the historical recitation is delivered softens gradually, being reduced almost to a whisper as the last words upon the Cross are related, and die away as the last breath of our Saviour's life is yielded up. All fall upon their knees, and a deep silence of some moments is observed and necessarily felt. Formerly the history of the Passion was chanted in Greek as well as in Latin. The last five verses are sung by the Deacon in the usual Gospel tone. After having received the blessing and incensed the book but without having lights or incense, for it is a joyless recital. [Adapted.]



St. Thomas of Aquin



ST. THOMAS, among the doctors of the Church, is a star of the first magnitude. None of his distinguished works was begun without prayer; always, and before all things, he looked to God for assistance, and he was thereby so illuminated of God that no one may materially differ from what he has written (so says one of his biographers) without danger of soiling the purity of his faith.

From his earliest youth he was daily to be found at the steps of the altar praying for guidance and light upon his studies. He used to say that he learned far less from books than he did at the foot of the Cross. Pure in heart, obedient, humble as a child, and full of a heavenly peace which shone in his very face, at twenty-five years of age he received priest's Orders. In preparation for this great change he redoubled his devotions. Night after night he spent before the tabernacle in communion with God and the holy Angels; and when he offered up his first Mass it was with tears of emotion, whilst his brow was illumined with a celestial glow.

There was at this time a great dispute concerning the All-Holy Sacrament, which had reached even

the city where he dwelt. Weary with the strife, all the doctors came thither in order that the young Thomas should determine the matter, for the fame of his clear-sightedness and wisdom was spread far and wide. After all the writings containing these various conflicting opinions had been delivered into his hands. St Thomas as usual recollected himself, entered into deep contemplation, prayed after his ordinary custom, and then wrote what the Holy Ghost had breathed into his soul. Nevertheless he would not place the fruit of his labour and his prayers before the learned doctors without first asking counsel of Him to whom he had written and whose help he had implored.

Approaching the altar, he laid what he had written before the tabernacle of the Lord and uttered the following prayer.

'O Lord Jesus, who in this marvellous Sacrament art truly present, all of whose works are miracles, incomprehensible miracles, I implore Thee most humbly to certify to me whether this that I have written of Thee agreeth with the truth. Give me the grace to teach it to my brethren, that they may be convinced thereupon; and should there be in this writing aught against the true Catholic faith, I beseech Thee to take from me the possibility of pronouncing it.'

The Saint had been followed by many religious of his Order. Now



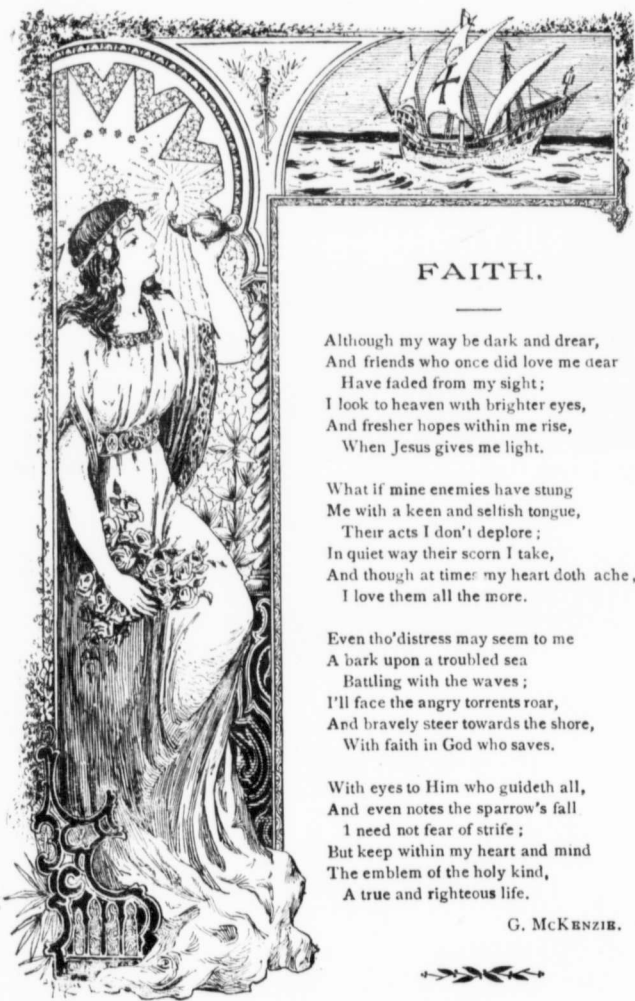
these attest how Jesus Christ appeared to him, and, pointing to the books he had written, said in accents full of love, 'Thou, My son, hast spoken worthily of the Sacrament of My Body.' But Thomas prolonged his prayer, whilst he was seen to be lifted up into the air, through divine contemplation. At length, being come out of his ecstasy, he returned quietly into his cell. But the learned doctors accepted his teaching without reservation; and the faith in the Real Presence, under the form of bread and wine, had won a fresh foundation to withstand the assaults of unbelief.

Soon after this it was proposed to institute the great feast of Corpus Christi; and it fell to St. Thomas to write the Offices of the feast, of which the words of the *Pange Lingua* will alone immortalise the name of St. Thomas Aquinas. When he was about concluding the most famous of his works, called the *Summa*, he redoubled his austerities and his prayers, in order to obtain of Heaven the grace that no error should be found in his writing. When at Naples, where he passed the last years of his life, he was one day kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel of St. Nicholas, and in a state of ecstasy being raised many feet in the air he heard from the lips of the Crucified, 'Well hast thou written of Me, Thomas; what reward desirest thou of Me?' Thomas replied, 'None other than Thyself, O Lord.'

At the moment when he was about to receive the Holy Viaticum he cried out, 'I receive Thee, Thou who art the price of the redemption of my soul. For love of Thee I have studied, watched, worked; Thee have I preached and taught. I have never willingly said aught against the Faith; but if my ignorance hath led me into any error, I am not stiff-necked in my intention. I commit all to the highest of all authority — to the Holy Roman Church, in whose obedience I die.' When he had received the Viaticum he exclaimed with tears, 'Christ, Thou art the King of Glory; Thou art the Son of the Everlasting Father.'

After this he became gradually weaker, and died on the 7th of March 1274.





FAITH.

Although my way be dark and drear,
 And friends who once did love me dear
 Have faded from my sight;
 I look to heaven with brighter eyes,
 And fresher hopes within me rise,
 When Jesus gives me light.

What if mine enemies have stung
 Me with a keen and seltish tongue,
 Their acts I don't deplore;
 In quiet way their scorn I take,
 And though at times my heart doth ache,
 I love them all the more.

Even tho' distress may seem to me
 A bark upon a troubled sea
 Battling with the waves;
 I'll face the angry torrents roar,
 And bravely steer towards the shore,
 With faith in God who saves.

With eyes to Him who guideth all,
 And even notes the sparrow's fall
 I need not fear of strife;
 But keep within my heart and mind
 The emblem of the holy kind,
 A true and righteous life.

G. MCKENZIE.





IN THE EUCHARIST ARE ALL THINGS.

WE must remember that Jesus Christ, present in the Eucharist, there glorifies, there continues all the mysteries, all the virtues, of His mortal life.

We must remember that the Holy Eucharist is Jesus Christ past, present, and future; that the Holy Eucharist is the highest development of the Incarnation and the mortal life of the Saviour; that Jesus Christ therein gives us all graces; that all truths culminate in the Eucharist; and that, in naming the Holy Eucharist, we have said all, since the Holy Eucharist is Jesus Christ.

Let the Holy Eucharist be, then, our starting-point in the meditation of the mysteries, the virtues, the truths of religion. It is the furnace; those truths are only the flames. Let us start from the furnace, and we shall spread around its flames.

What more simple than to find the resemblance between the Birth of Jesus in the stable, and His sacramental Birth on the altar and in our heart?

Who does not see that the hidden life at Nazareth is continued in the Host of the tabernacle, and that the Passion of the Man-God is renewed in the Holy Sacrifice at every moment of time and in all places of the world?

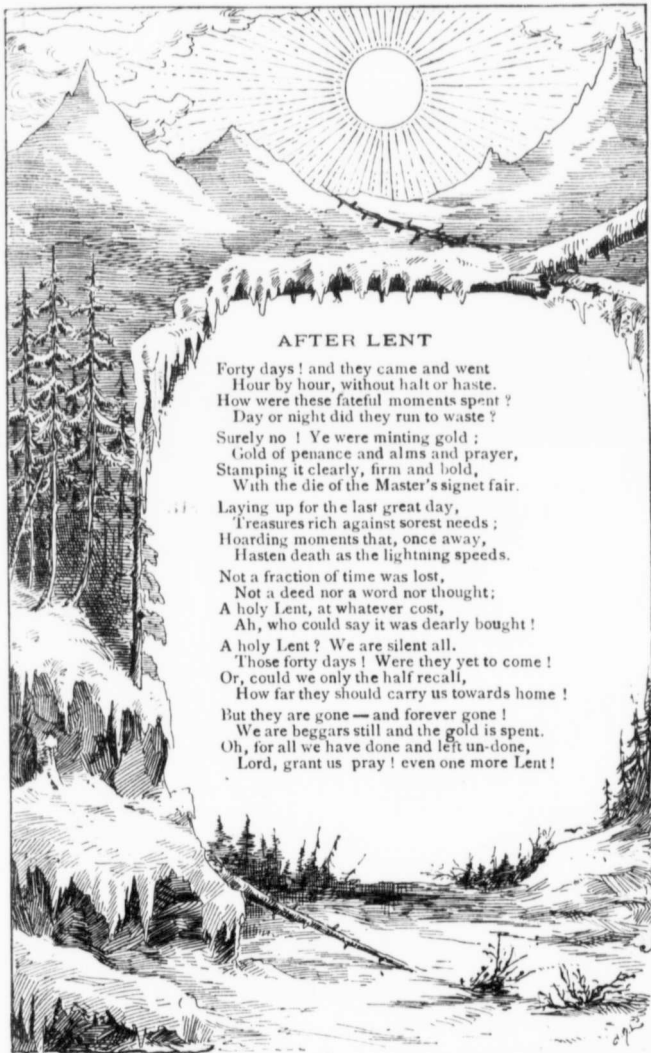
Is not Our Lord sweet and humble in the Blessed Sacrament as He was during His mortal life?

Is He not always there the Good Shepherd, the Divine Consoler, the Friend of the heart?

Happy the soul who knows how to find Jesus in the Eucharist and in the Eucharist all things!

P. EYMARD.





AFTER LENT

Forty days ! and they came and went
 Hour by hour, without halt or haste.
 How were these fateful moments spent ?
 Day or night did they run to waste ?

Surely no ! Ye were minting gold :
 Gold of penance and alms and prayer,
 Stamping it clearly, firm and bold,
 With the die of the Master's signet fair.

Laying up for the last great day,
 Treasures rich against sorest needs ;
 Hoarding moments that, once away,
 Hasten death as the lightning speeds.

Not a fraction of time was lost,
 Not a deed nor a word nor thought ;
 A holy Lent, at whatever cost,
 Ah, who could say it was dearly bought !

A holy Lent ? We are silent all.
 Those forty days ! Were they yet to come !
 Or, could we only the half recall,
 How far they should carry us towards home !

But they are gone — and forever gone !
 We are beggars still and the gold is spent.
 Oh, for all we have done and left un-done,
 Lord, grant us pray ! even one more Lent !



SPECIAL NOTICE FOR ALL OUR READERS

THE kind words of encouragement that have come to us from time to time regarding the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* warrants us in believing that there are many of its subscribers whose interest in the periodical is not limited to the mere reading of its pages. They desire to see its influence grow and expand, and perhaps are waiting for a few words from the editor to stimulate their zeal into action by becoming apostles of good catholic literature. The *Sentinel* is the only periodical in Canada devoted to the great Mystery of our Faith. We, therefore, call upon our subscribers, both of the clergy and laity, to advance its interest by soliciting new subscribers. Sometimes the mere lending of the *Sentinel* to a friend with a commendatory word will secure a subscription. Our subscribers who will take the pains to do this will perform an act, meritorious in itself, and will no doubt gain the twofold blessing of him who gives and him who takes.

Every Catholic home ought to be supplied with good literature, and surely that literature which tends to cultivate in the hearts of the members of a family a great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament must be of priceless worth. The Blessed Sacrament is the fountain of every blessing, temporal as well as spiritual. Happy, indeed, is the home that is watered by Its graces, and refreshed and sustained by Its strengthening powers.

We hope to see the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* entering thousands of Catholic homes all over the land bringing every month its tidings of peace and good will. Subscribers, we ask you to rise and help us in this apostolate.

We have adopted plans by which we intend to improve the reading matter of the *Sentinel*, and we intend to leave nothing undone that will make it a very good Catholic periodical.



Nothing to fear at morning, nothing to fear at night ;
Why should we care for the searchlight's glare
If all within be right ?

Nothing to fear from malice, nothing to fear from wrath,
If our hearts are pure, our conscience sure,
And our feet in the narrow path.

Nothing to fear from slander, nothing to fear from loss,
Our souls but gain from the passing pain
And lighter will be our cross. [from scorn ;

Nothing to fear from envious tongues, nothing to fear
If our hearts are bright, peace comes at night
And joy in the early morn.

Nothing to fear, oh trembling heart, hushed by each mur-
Through loneliest ways and darkest days [muring sigh ;

God hears His children's cry ; [teous store,
Nothing to fear, oh perfect love, poured down in boun-
Nothing to fear when God is near
To love us forevermore.

THERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.

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The conversion of souls, works of mercy on a grand scale, visiting prisons, preaching, hearing confessions, and even establishing religious institutes, are comparatively easy works when put by the side of exactitude in daily duties, observation of petty rules, minute custody of the senses, or kind words and modest exterior which preach the presence of God. We gain more supernatural glory in little things, because more fortitude is required, as they are continuous, uninterrupted, and with no dignity about them to spur us on.—FATHER FABER.

For life seems so little when life is past,
 And the memories of sorrow fleet so fast,
 And the woes which were bitter to you and to me
 Shall vanish as raindrops which fall in the sea ;
 And all that has hurt us shall be made good,
 And the puzzles which hindered, be understood.
 And the long, hard march through the wilderness bare
 Seems but a day's journey when once we are there.

* * *

I believe that the fewer the laws in a home the better ;
 but there is one law which should be as plainly understood
 as the shining of the sun is visible at noonday, and that
 is, implicit and instantaneous obedience from the child to
 the parent, not only for the peace of the home but for the
 highest good of the child.—A. E. KITTRIDGE.

* * *

Brotherly love should make one more charitable in his
 treatment of the fallen and unfortunate. As Michael An-
 gelo could discern in the rough block of marble the
 "winged angel struggling to be free," as the artist
 passing through the meanest parts of a city discovers ex-
 quisite beauty under the grime and coarseness of the
 street child, even so a perceptive nature beholds in the
 most debased and degraded the marred work of his
 Creator. There is great reward for those who exercise
 brotherly love.

* * *

Can you suppose there is any harm in looking as cheer-
 ful and being as cheerful as our poor circumstances will
 permit? Do I see anything in the way I'm made which
 calls upon me to be a snivelling, solemn, whispering chap,
 sneaking about as if I couldn't help it, and expressing
 myself in a most unpleasant snuffle? On the contrary,
 don't I see every reason why I shouldn't?—DICKENS.

* * *

The love of truth for its own sake is the love of God.
 Be not afraid to contemplate with unflinching eye aught
 that is. Truth is absolute ; lies are accidental.

BISHOP SPALDING.



The Calvary and the Altar.

IN CALVARY, as we have seen, a God is the priest, a God is the victim, giving infinite glory and making infinite atonement to an infinite God. But is not the altar the exact same? Let us hear the infallible Council of Trent, it says, "That same Christ is contained and immolated (on the altar) in an unbloody manner, who once offered himself in a bloody manner on the altar of the cross." "For the victim is one and the same, the same now offering by the ministry of priests, who then offered himself on the cross.

In His passion, Jesus was betrayed and sold by His own friend. Yes, the treason of His friend, the kiss of Judas, went straight to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But in the Blessed Sacrament, how often is not Jesus betrayed and sold by his friends too, by sacrilegious communions, which, like the kiss of Judas, directly wound the Sacred Heart of the Saviour! May God banish sacrilege from the church of Jesus. The Jews, filled with the fell spirit of hell, could not bear the presence of the Messiah, but in wild frantic rage cried out: "Away with Him, away with Him;" "crucify Him, crucify Him." His blood be upon us and upon our children. But how often in the history of the church, how often in these our own sad days, was not the same fell spirit inspired like rage and hatred against the same Messiah present on our altars. Like the cruel Jesus, how often have not the more wicked and cruel heretic and infidel cried out against Jesus on the altar: "Away with Him; away with Him."

Breathing this spirit of Satan, have not wicked men rushed into our churches? Have they not entered the

awful sanctuary where God resides? Have they not broken open the tabernacles where dwells Jesus the "Holy of Holies?" And there have they not laid sacrilegious hands on the Babe of Bethlehem. Jesus in the Host. Have they not there, as far as in them lay scourged and crucified the Redeemer? Dear Jesus! Sweet Jesus, we believe in Thee, we love Thee, for these heretics and infidels. O patience and love of God.

We have said how supreme the last moment of Jesus expiring on the cross; but the consecration at the adorable sacrifice of the mass, in the eyes of faith, is not less solemn and supreme; for there the same victim is mystically slain; the same Jesus bowing down this head, gives up the Ghost. The mysteries of the altar exceed, if we be allowed thus to speak, those of Calvary; for on the altar no angels are sent as to the shepherds, to announce His birth. No miraculous star points to the sanctuary; no earthquake, no eclipse, no convulsion of nature, proclaim His death. On the altar, faith alone tells "the word is made Flesh," and, "it is consummated" Jesus is born, Jesus dies, all nature is silent. Calvary and the altar! What holy thoughts they inspire! Before the cross and altar the saints have ever wept and prayed. There they have learned love and sacrifice for Jesus sake. There, with hearts full of overflowing with the holy emotions of gratitude and sorrow, love and zeal, they have made the generous resolve to consecrate their lives to the service of their maker — to prayer and penance, labor and love, thirsting for the opportunity to give their lives, and shed their blood, for their Divine Saviour. May Jesus inspire our hearts with such holy thoughts.

REV. I. J. KINANE, C. C.

AH! yes, dear friend, 'tis hard for one who knew
 No crown but roses, to be crowned with rue;
 To weep, who always smiled; to bear a cross,
 Who never felt a burden or a loss.
 'Tis hard — but when then the bitter sprays oppress,
 And when the cross smites down with heaviness,
 O think of Him who erst this valley trod,
 And blest the narrow path which leads to God!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

ST JOSEPH

THE early spring brings blossoms fair,
To those who seek in hidden dell ;
But none more sweet than violets rare,
Of all that in the lowlands dwell.

Their perfume leads unto the bed
Where, dark in beauty, deep they lie ;
One needs to stoop and softly tread,
To pluck these nestling blossoms shy.

'Twas thus the Saint of silence dwelt
In Naz'reth's hidden perfumed dale ;
Unknown to all, as oft he knelt,
And saw the morning stars grow pale.

Oh ! blest retreat of hidden souls,
Oh ! cloister like to Eden fair ;
When Joseph read the mystic scrolls,
And Mary keeps her secret rare.

Thou witness of the great designs
Of God within His chosen one ;
That Holy Will for thee enshrines
Its marvels in a brilliant sun.

No darkness reigns for faith like thine,
Its strength illumines deepest night ;
Its hope doth like a beacon shine,
Its love is as a vision bright.

And so, dear guide of chosen souls
Who seek the silent ways to peace,
Who fly the crowd where discord rolls
Like troubled waves that never cease.

We greet thee as our father dear,
Our patron, guide, protector rare,
Oh ! graciously thy children hear
Who would with Mary share thy care.

Oh ! plead for us a death like thine,
With Jesus, Mary watching near ;
The lilies that bedeck thy shrine
Will speak for us—St. Joseph, hear.

St. Eudoxia Martyr



HE governor of Heliopolis, Diogenes by name, being desirous to take to himself to wife a Christian girl called Gelasia, she, in order to escape from his pursuit, took refuge in the convent of which Eudoxia was the superior. Diogenes on hearing of this sent fifty soldiers to enter the convent, and to bring Eudoxia into his presence. Now when the soldiers entered the convent by night, and inquired for Eudoxia, she presented herself before them fearlessly, but not before having entered the church and taken out of the sacred vessel from the altar a consecrated particle, which she secreted in her dress, and then delivered herself up as their prisoner. It was pitch dark, but behold there appeared to Eudoxia a youth clothed in white bearing a torch, who gave her light on the way, while all was dark to her captors.

At Heliopolis, before the judgment-seat of the governor, she made a good confession; and seeing no torment could induce her to deny her holy faith, and burn incense to the gods, the enraged governor commanded her to be hanged on a high gallows.

Now before the magistrates could put this command into execution they untied the girdle of the blessed Martyr, when behold from her bosom there fell to the ground the most holy particle of the Blessed Sacrament which she had taken from the altar. The magistrates, not knowing what it might be, picked it up and carried it to the governor. Hardly, however, had he stretched his wicked hand to take it, when lo! the Host changed into a flame of fire, which laid hold on the magistrate and also the left shoulder of the governor. He, crying out with pain, called upon his gods for help against the enchantress Eudoxia, but whilst he did so the flame scorched his entire body, and he fell down a burning mass. Upon see-

ing this miracle one of the soldiers and the whole family of Diogenes became converted to the faith. But Eudoxia's martyrdom was only deferred, for in the year 147 she was beheaded by order of Vincentius, who succeeded Diogenes, and who was equally with him an implacable foe of the Christians.



THE SWEETEST WORD.

“✠ WILL not leave you desolate,” John 14.

No sweeter word than this can find a tongue,
When strength and courage fail with harp unstrung —

“ I will not leave you desolate ” —

A precious word which poets love to sing,
To trembling age a word most comforting —

“ I will not leave you desolate.”

When loving friends and social joys depart,
And troubles come to overwhelm the heart —

“ I will not leave you desolate ” ;

When night is coming on that hides the sun,
And weary limbs remind you “ day is done ” —

“ I will not leave you desolate.”

A precious word which poets love to sing.
The service ended — as a sweet “ amen ” —

“ I will not leave you desolate ” ;

Ling’ring awhile until the Father call,
I catch the vanishing recessional —

“ I will not leave you desolate.”

— W. T. SLEEPER.

If our Blessed Lord had only desired us to *watch* we might have supposed ourselves strong enough to resist temptation by our own exertions, but He without our vigilance would be useless. He Himself watched with us.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.



The Boy who knew it all

YOU'RE a doctor, ain't you sir? inquired the small boy, as he threw open the front door and fixed his eyes upon a middle-aged man with a closely trimmed beard.

"Yes; but.

"I knew it," cried the little fellow, clasping his hands and giving a skip for very joy; "and what's more I know who sent you."

"The duce you do"! exclaimed the doctor, the stern character of his expression changing into a lively and unprofessional astonishment. "Yes, sir, I do. You were sent here by St. Joseph to cure my mamma."

Is that so? how, I was under the —

Yes, broke in the boy, too eager to listen; "and you're welcome; comme right along" — here he took the physician's hand in his own — "and I'll show you something worth seeing."

"If the doctor then and there had discovered America, he could not have looked more amazed as the youthful guide conducted him into the parlor and cried jubilantly; "how, just look at that, will you?"

The parlor was wretchedly furnished, and, although it was christmas eve, not at all christmas-like in its general appearance; but the shabby appointments of the room were unnoticed by the doctor; both he and his guide here looking with the liveliest interest upon a group of packages lying on the uncarpeted floor.

"Turkey!" cried the boy unctuously touching the biggest package with a caressing hand. "Ham"! he continued touching another. "Oranges"! he went on

opening a plethoric paper bag. "Won't you take one, sir" ?

The doctor meanwhile, looked, as if he had not yet got over discovering America. At the question he recovered himself a trifle and said :

"Are those your oranges, sonny" ?

"Oh, I'm rude ; I should have told you my name, sir, it's Joe Willis. Why, of course these oranges are mine ; so's the turkey ; so's the ham ; everything is mine — that mine in hay with silver round the cork, and all those nuts and raisins, and those bananas and apples and figs — they're all mine. They're a christmas present to me. Do you know who it was that made me a present of them ?"

"Who, pray" ? Asked the doctor with a touch of sarcasm, which was quite lost on Joe Willis.

"St. Joseph, sir."

"Well," cried the physician, placing his tall hat and heavy gloves on the table, "this is quite beyond anything in all my experience, professional or otherwise."

"Did St. Joseph tell you to come himself, sir ?" continued young willis sympathetically, for he perceived that the doctor was troubled. After all, it might be hard on the nerves to encounter a saint.

"Tell me how St. Joseph came to send you all these groceries, my little man."

"Here's the way it happened, sir, — sit down." The doctor took a chair, and Joe squatted beside the turkey.

Well, it happened this way : Towards the last part of November mamma took sick just when she got some fancy needle work, and then, of course she had to let it go. Then my oldest sister Mabel's her name — had to stay home to take care of ma. My papas' been dead over a year. Now, I'm too little to work, and my other two sisters are too young for any use, and as my older brother Torn, who is fifteen, was to try to support the family all by himself. Of course Torn couldn't do it, and ma didn't get better and christmas was coming near, and I didn't just see how ne'd do about having a christmas dinner. And then sir, I thought I'd make a new vena to St. Joseph."

"Oh !"

"Yes, sir, Sister Gerina, who teaches me, said more

than once that if we ever wanted something right bad we should go to St. Joseph, and he'd be sure to hear us, if the thing we asked for was all right. Well, then I started a new vena, and I prayed for all I was worth for a good christmas dinner, especially turkey and oranges—just look at that turkey and those oranges, and the bottles with the corks done up in silver peeking out of the hay ! Well sir, I just prayed till both my knees got sore. I'll show'em to you, if you.

“ Go on with your story, I am interested,” said the doctor, whose face had softened wondrously. Joe relinquished his hold on the upper part of his stocking, straightened up and went on ;

“ To-day is chritmas-eve, and the last day of the new vena, and this morning I started in to pray just as if I was beginning. A little before dinner-time ma, who had been sick right along got much worse, and my sister wanted to get a doctor, but ma was afraid of the expense, I reckon, and said no. Then I went at St. Joseph again, and do you know what I told him ? I said that I was willing to give up the turkey and oranges and candy if he would only send a good doctor to cure mamma, and while I was praying the bell rang, and there was a grocers' boy with his wagon. I had been expecting him, and as he came in I told him to bring the things in the parlor quietly, so that the folks wouldn't know any thing about it. You see I wanted to give them a surprise. The grocers' boy was a jolly fellow with a silver watch-chain. Then I felt sure St. Joseph meant to send a doctor, too ; so I've been waiting for you ever since, and it's over two hours. If you don't want an orange, you might as well come along and see my mother right away.”

Again looking as thought we had just discovered America, the doctor suffered himself to be conducted up the stair-way into a small room.

“ St. Joseph was sent a doctor to cure you, mamma.”

The mother was in bed. Her daughter Mabel, who was bending tenderly over her, raised her sad eyes at these words, and then she, too, looked as though she were taking a part in the discovery of the Western Continent.

“ The boy is right, multered the physician under his breath, as we stooped beside the bed and fixed his eyes

full on the woman's face. He was one of those gifted doctors who seem to take in the nature of a case at a glance. A light hand upon the woman's pulse, a raising of the lids and a glance into the eyes — and the doctor knew his ground.

"Little boy," he said gravely, "St. Joseph has sent me in the wick of time. Your mother, my girl," he added, drawing Mabel away from the bedside, "would probably be beyond a doctor's skill within twenty-four hours. But now I see my way to breaking her fever before noon to-morrow. Now, my girl, I'm off to get some medicine at once. I must also send a message to my family to let them know that I shall be away all night in order to save my patient." Taking no notice of the girl's broken words of thanks, he hastened from the room and down the stairs. A light patter came echoing after him. "Say doctor," cried Joe, half-way down the stair case, "can't I come along?"

"Come on," said the doctor, unkindly.

In front of the house a wagon had just come to a stand behind the doctor's gig, the same wagon that had brought the turkey and oranges—and in it, not looking at all jolly sat the same grocer's boy.

Joe would have run over to greet him as an old friend, but the doctor interposed.

"Wait a minute," he said; "I want to speak to him privately."

"Look here" said the doctor, addressing the dejected grocer's boy, "where were you told to bring that order of mine?"

"To 2418 Gamble Street sir; that's the house sir. That boy there met me at the door, and said he'd been expecting me. Here's my orders as I put 'em down in my book. Doctor William Wilkins, 2418 Gamble — O-o-o-oh!"

"Exactly" said the doctor, "it's 2418 Gamble Avenue, not Gamble Street. Just as soon as your clerk told me the goods had been delivered I began to think. On my road to a patient I happened to pass Gamble Street, and it flashed on me that as like as not I might find my order at number 2418; and so I did."

"You beat me here." Jerusalem! We've made an

awful blunder, "cried the grocer's boy, in the name of the firm."

"Not a blunder," corrected the customer, "but a mistake."

Oh! said the grocer's boy, looking dohbtful.

"You needen't bother, though, about taking those things back. Just duplicate the first order and bring the things to Gamble Avenue this time. The order you brought here by mistake will do for a patient of mine in this house from St. Joseph."

Returning to where Joe stood waiting the doctor said "Little Boy," you may be very young, but really and truly you seem to know it all. There was a moisture in the good man's eye as he spoke, but Joe did not understand—to the eye of faith, there few are mysteries.

Although the doctor passed a sleepless and an anxious night beside the sick woman, I am glad to say that his efforts here successful beyond belief and as a result, Joe and mamma, and doctor and Mabel and Tom have unhundred love for and confidence in dear St. Joseph.

REV. F. J. FINN, S. J.



The Eucharist, a Power on earth

A THOUGHT connected with the Holy Eucharist — and it is the same with the Passion — is its undivided efficacy and relation to each individual, as though there were no one else besides in the wide world to share the benefit. Salvation, with its attendant works and operation, is laid out on this scheme, and is furnished and provided for one single soul. And that soul is so vast and so expanded, that it spreads over the entire firmament and fills the world itself. So do we take a tiny leaf in our hand, and the microscope shows it to be a mass of minute living things, uncountable; while below is yet another domain of life, quite as boundless, and beyond the ken of microscopes.

There is a fine expression of St. Gregory Nazianzen, which furnishes a glimmering of this great truth: "Man upon earth," he says, "is like an inversion of a great temple, *in the little temple of the universe*" that is, the soul with its aspirations an ultimate destiny is actually *larger* than all the world together. Our low earthly eyes measure everything by the low earthly standards we are accustomed to. We fancy everything must be according to the scale of earth and earthly. It is thus that a clever artist used to contend that, even in art, there was no such thing as greatness or smallness, and that some tiny exquisitely engraved Roman gem, showing some face full of suggestion, soul, and expression, was actually *as large*, to all intents and purposes, as a huge canvas. We are always inclined to believe that *reality* must be associated with matter, and that thought and the spiritual world here and hereafter have something unreal or vapoury. Yet even in our earthly dispensation it will be found, without resorting to metaphysical reasoning, that nearly the whole of the material order and its presumed realities — the enjoyments, feelings, &c. — all virtually depend on thoughts and associations, and are indeed furnished by ourselves and our imagination. One day, it may be, we shall see that chemistry amounts to little more than that one portion of matter or dirt is connected with another, or is mixed with it; but where *all is dirt*, such minutiae lose interest. Neither, in this world, is there anything large or small, or black or white, or bitter or sweet, or long or short — but all these things are relative. A painter can make a dark grey appear staring white by surrounding it with dark colors. An hour is long to a person in pain, but flies like minutes to one enjoying himself. A short man is a giant to smaller animals.

This idea of the Eucharist being exclusively, as it were, for one, and yet for all, is explained by Alger, who furnishes this happy illustration. "It is," he says, "as with a speaker who is addressing a large audience, and where each individual hears every word as if it were addressed only to himself. And though the speaker utters his words only once, they are multiplied for everyone in the assembly; and though to each is communi-

cated the whole speech, he deprives no once else of a single word."

Again. There is a mysterious, wonderful connection between the fall of our first parents and the great compensation or restoration furnished to us by our Lord. They were allowed to partake of every thing in the garden, but were forbidden to touch the Tree of Life. By a bountiful reversal we are invited to refrain from the other tempting fruits in the garden of the world, and commanded to eat of the great Tree of Life. And here the same spirit of contrariety reigns ; for in both cases all seem to hanker after what is forbidden, and to avoid doing what is so solemnly enjoined. "The devil," says the Abbot Rupert, tempted our first parents. "Eat this fruit," he said, "and you shall be as gods." They believed him, though God Himself had warned them that death would be their portion the moment they ate of it. To supply a remedy for this disorder our Saviour now tempts us in His turn, saying, "Eat of My Body and drink of My Blood, and you shall be as gods." In this truly divine fashion, and in almost the same form, is the original fall repaired, "*You shall be as gods.*" In the case of ordinary eating we change food into our own substance, but here we are changed into this heavenly food. As Job exclaimed, "How can one eat what is insipid and what is not preserved with salt ; or can any man taste that which bringeth death ?"

It is easy to see what an extraordinary influence on the events of the world this supernatural presence must have had, during the nearly nineteen hundred years which have elapsed since its institution. It is, indeed, the main element of resistance, the source of strength in the long, perpetual struggle always going on between the powers of good and evil. The banners of the just have always been kept flying through the aid of millions of Masses said daily — through millions of communions and attendant prayers and aspirations. This power, from its ubiquity and universality, must be reckoned with by the forces of the world ; it confronts them at every point. Indeed, it is enough to state that, when there is this actual presence of our Lord upon earth, there can be no defeat. All history, therefore, which leaves this super-

natural factor out, is but a maimed, imperfect record.

For the Catholic the results of this Sacrament, in the way of furnishing strength, &c., are little short of miraculous in their power and certainty. We are often apt to forget our Saviour's assurance not only that He will come to live in us, but that we shall live in Him ; that our nature is to be changed into His. " Whence comes," asks St. Lawrence, " that power we see in body and soul ? Whence that renewal of the interior man, that fervour of charity, that sweetness and gentleness, abundance of peace, longing to advance in virtue ? By the devout participation in this Sacrament, enmities cease, quarrels end, vice becomes distasteful, we love purity and despise things of earth. A man becomes a changed being. He curbs his tongue, loves silence, cultivates prayer, maintains brotherly love, practises purity of heart, and everything that is acceptable to God. All which is owing to the amiable presence of our Lord." This is, indeed, but natural ; for, as Father Vaubert says, once we hold the image of our Saviour within us, it follows, as of course, that we must copy Him. " A cutting from a good tree," says St. Thomas, " when it is grafted on another, imparts its peculiar virtues, takes away its unwholesome juices, and causes it to bear fruit like its own." Indeed, as Bossuet puts it, " Once our Saviour has given Himself to us, *we must expect no peace* if we wish to keep Him."

Venite ad me omnes.

COME to Me, heavy-laden ones, come all !"
 I hear, I rise, I hasten at His call ;
 'Neath burden bent, across the threshold
 steal,
 The curtain lift, and in His Presence kneel :
 There loose my load—and wide,
 With none to check nor chide,
 Scattering, a sorry sight, on every side,

They fall—pains, troubles, cares—lying, how meet,
 About the weary, way-worn, wounded Feet ;
 Under the Eye of yore bedimmed with tears,
 The Heart Gethsemane oppressed with fears,
 The Heart that sore afraid
 Strong supplication made,
 And with a sweat of blood the Father prayed.
 Beneath His glance, as snow'neath sunny ray,
 Some of my cares dissolve and melt away,
 And some He takes and smoothes a little space
 The less to chafe, and lays again in place.
 'Tis mystery to me
 How some He smiles to see,
 And how on some His tears fall tenderly.

One I hold up to Him, and pleading pray,
 "This, Lord, just this, in pity take away !"
 And ever comes His word with cheering smile :
 "A little longer, trust Me yet awhile ;
 Each pang of keen distress,
 Each prayer, I mark and bless,
 Each in its hour shall show forth fruitfulness."

That, my life's woe, against a bleeding Side
 Is pressed, and lo ! transfigured, glorified,
 It glows as crystal flushed with rosy ray.
 "O gem unprized ! Restore it, Lord, I pray ;
 As costly gift from Thee
 Dear shall it be to me ;"

And in my heart I hide it lovingly.
 A lightened load He lays on me, all sweet
 With words of love—and thus I leave His Feet,
 With steadier step to plod on day by day,
 With stouter heart to climb the upward way ;
 And when anew life's strain
 Frets me with weary pain,
 I take my load and go to Him again.





CHRIST AT THE COLUMN
After a painting by V. Corcos.