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THE SENTINEL



OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT



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SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

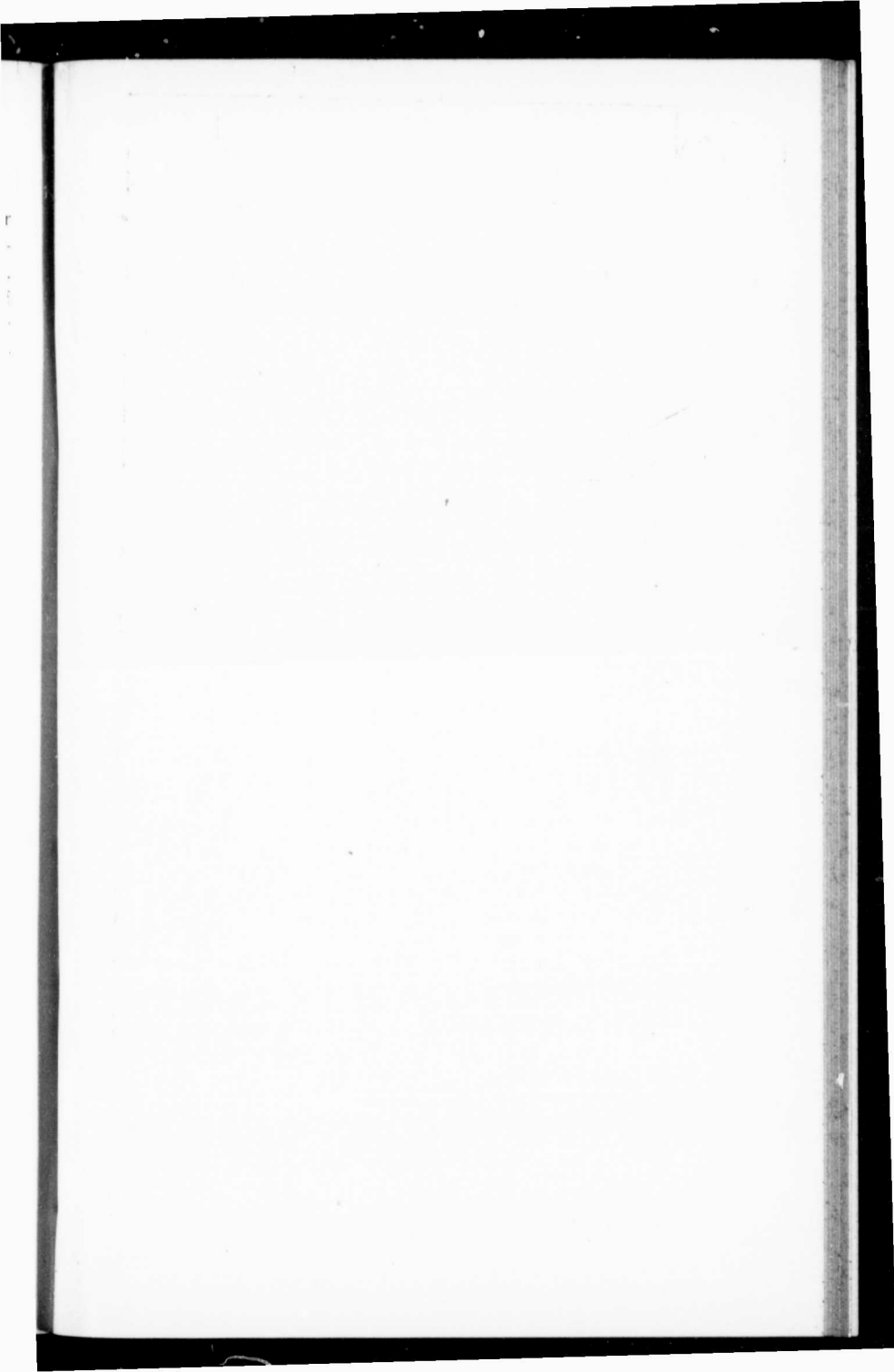
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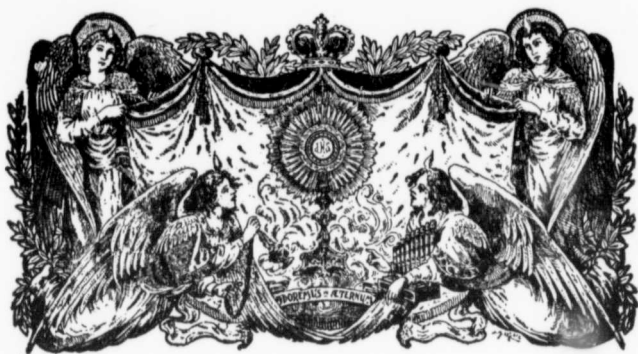




THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND JESUS-HOSTIA.

After a painting by C. Parker.

1881. M. 1. 10. 10.



A Christmas Sonnet.

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BY PETER BLACKWELL.  
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THE day is nearly dead, the wind is still,
And ere the world takes shelter for the night
I come to seek Thee Jesus, neath the light
That beckons me to Thee whene'er I will.
Here as I kneel, Thy love and presence fill
My grateful heart with peace ; within Thy sight
My petty cares and fears are put to flight,
And naught remains to tempt my thoughts to ill.
Ah ! treasured moments ! when the world apart,
I proffer Thee what Thou dost ask — my heart !
Three hundred millions bless Thy Birth to-day,
And here to-day Thou cam'st to visit me ;
Whenever I receive Thee, Lord, I pray,
Renew Thy Birth to me, and mine to Thee !





Particular Practice for the Month of December.

The Immaculate Conception and the Blessed Eucharist.



ROYAL Catholics throughout the world are preparing to celebrate with extraordinary solemnity the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Unprecedented feasts will be held at Rome and in every city and town and village and hamlet of creation in honor of this most glorious prerogative of Mary, universal praise and thanksgiving will ascend to the throne of the Immaculate Virgin who deigned to appear on earth as a pledge of hope, "our tainted nature's solitary boast." Let us not be indifferent to this glorious outburst of faith, let us join our voices to the unanimous pæan in honor of our heavenly Mother. In the hour of danger a child instinctively clings to its mother. Let us like true children of Mary cling to her in the midst of the many dangers by which we are continually surrounded. If we are deeply imbued with this thought of Mary's Immaculate Conception it will naturally fill us with love and gratitude towards her. We, whose relations with the God of the Eucharist are more familiar and intimate, we should prove ourselves more zealous for the glory of Mary, since the triumph of Mary is also the triumph of Jesus

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in the Blessed Sacrament, where Jesus and Mary are united by an indivisible and divine link of which the divine maternity is the mysterious seal cementing that union. Mary was worthy of God only because she was Immaculate, whereas this sublime privilege almost equals that of Mother of God. Our own reason tells us it would not be appropriate that Jesus, sanctity itself, should have for His Mother one who even for a moment had been the slave of the demon. The Immaculate Conception was the source of all the graces to be conferred by God upon mankind. Of her pure and virginal blood would be formed the Sacred Body of the Saviour, in that pure earth the Eucharistic wheat would ripen and from that celestial vine would flow the wine which maketh virgins.

Athwart the Ostensorium disclosing to us Jesus, Sacred Host, we can see the sweet image of the Immaculate Virgin, who is the venerable ostensorium of Jesus, who presents Him to us saying : " Come and eat my Bread and drink the wine I have prepared for you." Faith does not separate Mary from the Eucharist, we cannot speak of one without speaking of the other. The shepherds in the stable of Bethlehem found the child with His Mother. How can we approach the altar, without finding, we also, Jesus and His Immaculate Mother ? Let us repeat with the Church : " Thy Conception, O Mary, Virgin Mother of God, brings joy to the universal world since it is through thee that the Sun of Justice, Jesus Christ Our Lord, will soon arise." What is this Sun of Justice, the Immaculate Conception will cause to shine throughout the world, if not the God of the Sacred Host, extending His light over the earth and enlightening our souls ? Moreover, numerous testimonies of the ancient Fathers show us how applicable this figure is to the Blessed Sacrament, while the Ostensorium where Jesus reveals Himself to us is there with its shining rays to recall it to us.

What doubts dispelled, what sorrows consoled, what evils averted by the contemplation of the Sacred Host ! How often a single look on the Blessed Sacrament has been sufficient to enlighten numerous souls plunged in the darkness of error ! And all this, thanks to the Immaculate Conception, aurora of the divine Sun.

Mary, that master-piece of innocence, was worthy to receive Him whose joy is to be with the pure of heart. How would it be possible for Jesus not to find His delights in a soul so detached from self, so humble and so ready to receive the divine seed? The Immaculate Conception proclaims the divinity of Jesus, it proclaims His holy humanity, as it is from this stainless source the blood will flow to cleanse the world from all its impurities; it proclaims the sacramental state of the Eucharistic Christ for that flesh, entirely vivified by grace, will become the living flesh with which Jesus will feed all souls, the balm with which He will heal all wounds.

Jesus in the Sacred Host continually adores His divine Father giving Him the glory of which the malice of man deprives Him! Jesus in the Sacred Host unceasingly offers Himself as a victim of expiation for the crimes of the world. His blood pleads incessantly for mercy for poor sinners and changes into streams of grace for us; but all the value and all the merit of the sacrifice of Jesus is based on the fact that He, the august victim, is infinitely holy. Although no comparison can be drawn between the innocence of Mary and the infinite sanctity of God, nevertheless, judging therefrom we can form some slight idea of the merits of the Blessed Virgin founded on her Immaculate Conception. Through this signal privilege her slightest actions are invested with a powerful, unlimited meritoriousness. When Jesus adores, prays, or offers reparation, Mary unites with Him and to their joint supplications Almighty God cannot be deaf. Never shall we be able to calculate the numerous graces the Immaculate Conception has won for us, nor the glory God has derived therefrom.

Let us take part in the festivities about to be celebrated by joining our hearts and voices at the altar in glad rejoicing, in conversation with our dear Mother, and in an absolute confidence in her maternal goodness. But what will specially please and honor the Immaculate Virgin will be to put into practice her advice to Bernadette at Lourdes: "*Penance! Do Penance!*" Yes, under her guidance, let us go to the salutary fountain where God's minister purifies the soul by the Blood of Jesus, fruit of the Immaculate Conception; to the fountain of

the Sacred chalice filled with the Blood of Jesus, to the fountain of His heart pierced on Calvary and near which stands our Immaculate Mother as the refuge of repentant sinners.

Cardinal Pie speaking at Lourdes said : " There are many excellent practices of devotion by which we can honor the Blessed Virgin, but the most excellent among them all — the one which brings us closest to Mary — is Holy Communion."

Mary desires us to be pure in order to eat the Blessed Bread prepared by her, she desires us to be humble also in order perfectly to fulfil our duties towards her divine Son so annihilated in the Blessed Sacrament. May she give us the grace to understand her words and follow her example : " Grace came to me and I preferred it to kingdoms and thrones, I valued innocence far above riches, I did not liken it to precious stones, for gold is but as dust in comparison, I prized it above health or beauty."

In conclusion, let us take the firm resolution to be very pure and very humble and thus we shall honor our Immaculate Mother and help to advance her greatest desire, that of seeing Jesus growing in us.

Prayer to Mary Immaculate.

Immaculate Virgin, sanctuary of the august Trinity, mirror of angels, my most tender Mother, prostrate at thy feet, I venerate with the deepest respect thy stainless Conception, and I confess with great joy that thou art the Daughter of the Father, the Mother of the divine Word, and the Spouse of the Holy Ghost. Thou art also the treasurer and distributor of the divine mercies ; thy heart is filled with charity, with sweetness, with tenderness for thy children. With great confidence, I present myself to thee, O Immaculate Mother, and implore thee with confidence. Despise not my petitions, but in thy clemency hear and answer me. Amen.





Greeting to Mary Immaculate.

Anna T. Sadlier.

*For the Feast of our mother, the glad chimes are ringing,
From tower and steeple, the bells are outswinging,
Their message of joy to the universe bringing,
Sweet mother! sweet maiden! we call upon thee.*

*For thou art Immaculate, sinless and holy
Thou, the fair flower of Nazareth, lowly
Thou in the Temple, for God living solely,
Immaculate mother, we call upon thee.*

*The Scriptures with praise of thy virtues abounding,
Thy symbolized praises forever redounding,
Loud, loud are the timbrels in triumph resounding
Immaculate lady, we call upon thee.*

*Thou in the Engaddine vineyards art growing
A clustering cypress, where south winds are blow-*

*ing.
A river of life 'neath the pomegranates flowing
O daughter of princes! we call upon thee,*

*While the shadows are falling and day is declining
 Beauteous thy steps 'neath the lillies entwining
 More fair than the moon, O thou Sun, brightly shining,
 Most fair amongst women, we call upon thee.*

*Down through the ages with fervor acclaiming,
 The artist and poet, thy beauties proclaiming,
 The hearts of the saints with new ardor inflaming,
 Immaculate mother, we call upon thee.*

*Fifty long years since the joy-bells out-pealing
 Spoke to the world that sweet message revealing,
 And they who survive at thy altars are kneeling,
 Immaculate mother, they call upon thee.*

*The pontiff beloved declaring thy glory ;
 The fiat immortal from Rome's tribune hoary
 Announced to the world thy unparalleled story.
 Queen without stain of sin, hail unto thee !*

*Thine is the glory no mortal is sharing,
 No pilgrim of earth on his onward way faring,
 No guile of the serpent thee ever ensnaring.
 Mother Immaculate, joy unto thee !*

*Fifty long years and new joy bells outswelling,
 The chorus of earth, a new pæan up-welling
 Finding an echo in heaven's bright dwelling,
 Mother Immaculate, glory to thee.*





NOËL - MARIE.



He had large frank eyes ; blue as an azure sky.

He had lovely silken curls, long curls with sunny reflections, fine as the virgin's floss, that impalpable gossamer-down hovering protectingly on autumnal nights over the rose-bushes and the golden shrubs.

He had especially a soul ideally beautiful, a soul white as the snow on the mountain heights, spotless as the immaculate lily, pure as the virginal heart of the child Jesus and of the Angels.

He was twelve years of age and was called Noël-Marie.

He it was that in happier days with his pretty red sou-tane and white surplice edged with dainty lace had served the Rector's mass.

But alas ! the Rector was no longer at his post. That horrid red phantom, the Revolution, had penetrated even into the most secluded villages of Lower Brittany, even into Kerlorc'h, where Noël-Marie resided. Hunted down like a wild beast, the venerable Pastor was obliged to leave his presbytery to seek concealment and safety in the woods.

My God ! What evil days followed : days of blood, days of consternation, days of confiscation, days when the churches were closed and the belfries silent, days when God's ministers, like the martyrs of old, gave up life unflinchingly for their master's cause, nay, even went to meet it joyfully, singing hymns.

Noël-Marie did not live in a palace, but in a very small inn at the foot of the hill where the stage-coach stopped.

In its palmny days this unpretentious inn bore the tittle of "*The Three Kings*;" but since the Revolution, instead of the flourishing mistletoe beautifying the entrance, the village artist had drawn a grotesque representative of the vile *Carmagnole*, and under it in large letters wrote : "*The meeting place of the Sans-Culottes.*"

* * *

It is the 24th of December of the year 1792.

Outside, night falls on a village white with untrodden snow, on a clear beautiful sky whose myriad stars shining, sparkling, dancing seem to repeat in exultant joy, the Angels' tidings, of that first Christmas night, so long ago, : "Rejoice for a Saviour unto you is born." But the glad tidings were all unheeded in that little Republican inn where drunken revelry with all its sin and hideousness desecrated the holy night.

Ensnconced in a corner near the fire-place Noël-Marie who hears and sees all is very sad. His thoughts revert to the beautiful midnight masses and happy Christmas-tides of former years, while with a child's longing he recalls the toys that in his baby-hood, the child Jesus Himself had put into his stocking, through his mother's hand, while he slept with drawn curtains in his little white cot. Sadly he contrasts the great difference to-night. No midnight mass, no joyous church bells, no child Jesus in His crib of straw, no pretty toys, no merry Christmas greetings. Instead, shouting, swearing and drunken quarrels, and the heart of the child quails when he thinks that among those vile revelers, nay, one of the worst, is his own mother, changed by the Revolution into an unnatural creature who no longer prays, who dares not pray. —

"Come here vagabond," his father roughly called, perceiving the boy crouching in a corner of the hearth, "come and drink a toast to the health of the *Sans-Culotte.*"

And Noël-Marie trembling in every limb was forced to obey, — to steep his pure childish lips into the alcohol that maddens and burns and turns innocent souls into

demons. Shortly afterwards, he stole noiselessly away to his little room where, for what seemed a very long time, he still heard the wicked songs, the clinking glasses, the odious swearing; gradually the sounds grew less distinct until finally his eyes closed in sleep, while he dreamt that down the chimney came the child Jesus to fill his stockings with gaily decorated toys made for Him by the Angels of joy, the Christmas Angels with their fingers of snow. Suddenly he awoke with a start and resting on his elbow, listened attentively.—What can it mean, that bell he hears ringing!—Why?—“Dear child Jesus, can it be possible!—Yes, it is the church-bell, I know its familiar voice!—It is calling us to midnight mass!” As he listens and wonders the bell still rings out clear and sweet the glad tidings:

CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS!—

CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS!—

Quickly he gets up and dresses himself. “How dark it is!” he exclaims. “—How quiet!—Strange I see no one around!—Have even my parents responded to the bell’s invitation and gone to midnight mass?—Oh what happiness! I shall try and overtake them.”—

He hurries along under a star-lit sky, over streets carpeted with snow, to the glad accompaniment of the chiming bells with their joyous refrain: A Saviour unto us is born.—

At last, he reaches the church, the unusual brilliancy of its windows surprises him. It must be, he thinks, the effect of the Christmas illuminations. He hastens on to the sacristy to put on his pretty red soutane and white surplice. He forgets all the horrors of the Revolution and is once again the Rector’s little acolyte going to serve Mass before the crib.

He opens the church door. —

O my God! What a sight he sees!—No crib, no priest, but his mother!—yes his mother seated, in state on the profaned altar, clothed in a strange white mantle, and to her the inebriated demagogues offer marks of reverence. The Christmas hymns are replaced by wicked songs, the incense burns and the bell still rings,—rings announcing this sacrilegious Christmas.—

A long drawn sob rises in Noël-Marie’s throat.

"My God! My God!" he cried, and covering his eyes to shut out the awful picture, away he ran, not knowing where, across the snow-covered streets.

* * *

In the country, through the lanes and by-ways glided shadowy forms, seeking to avoid detection, all apparently going in the same direction down towards the sea, whose great mysterious voice can be heard even at this distance.

Noël-Marie followed them until he reached the sea-shore. What a crowd of people gathered there, what a number of ships filled with passengers sailing out to sea! Where are they going? "What does it all mean?" queried Noël-Marie. Another ship is about to start. "All aboard" calls out a stentorian voice and Noël-Marie still longing to get further away from that awful scene, embarks, and this ship follows the same course as the others.

Looking around, he thinks, I know all these people very well. They are what Papa calls the Vendean Royalists and down there in front of the ship whom do I see? Is it not our dear Pastor?"

With a bound he is at his side.

"Good-evening, Father?"

The priest surprised and pleased answered with a warm hand-shake, "Good-evening, my dear child. You are very welcome. Kneel down there and in your turn, if you wish come to confession, in order to be able to receive the child Jesus in Holy Communion at midnight mass."

The ship rode steadily over the blue waters to the sound of the murmuring waves, under the guidance of the stars until the designated spot was reached, then its sails were lowered and its anchor cast.

An improvised altar is erected on the front deck, and on it the Pastor places a white cloth and a silver crucifix. Then making the sign of the cross he puts on his beautifully embroidered alb and his golden chasuble.

Meanwhile, all the ships of the fleet cast anchor around this chapel-ship.

Noël-Marie in his pretty red soutane and white surplice rings the little bell, as the venerable Pastor pronounces the liturgical words.

— “ *Introibo ad altare Dei.* ”

— “ *Ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam,* ” clearly responds the little acolyte, kneeling at his feet.

And the sacrifice of Calvary goes on between the immensity of heaven and the immensity of the sea, lit up by the stars which seem to spread in luminous masses over the altar as if to adore their Creator.

At the moment of the priest's communion, towards the azure blue studded with myriad diamonds, he raises the Chalice to God holding the Blood of Jesus, while Noël-Marie softly rings the bell, three times, repeating each time, “ *Domine, non sum dignus !—* ”

Simultaneously, the report of a gun is heard. The little bell uttered as it were a piteous wail as Noël-Marie fell, mortally wounded by the shot.

Holy Mass is finished and with tears streaming from his eyes, the old Pastor turns and places the sacred Host, the child-Jesus of the crib, on the dying lips of his little acolyte.

* * *

One of the patriots of Kerloc'h had heard that the Vendean Royalists, were to celebrate Christmas by midnight mass at sea ; quickly, he carried the news to his comrades who immediately manned a ship and followed in pursuit, bringing with them the goddess Reason -- personified by Noël-Marie's mother.

“ Do come ! ” they coaxed her. “ You will enjoy such a beautiful sail ! ” —

The sail was indeed beautiful. The sky was so clear, the water so blue, the stars so brilliant.

Suddenly in the stillness of the night, they hear the silvery chiming of the little bell ; and by the light of the moon see the uplifted chalice of glistening gold.

“ Then — just for sport, ” said a patriot, as he handed his loaded gun to the goddess of Reason, “ fire and see if you can strike that golden chalice. ”

And she fired, but at the same moment a huge wave rocked the ship and the sacrilegious ball instead of reaching its aim hit lower, piercing the heart of the little acolyte.

"Bad shot! — You missed your aim," said the patriot laughingly as at full speed their ship overtook and accosted the chapel ship. Suddenly, with a piercing shriek — the goddess of Reason pushed through the crowd and rushed towards her boy, whom she saw lying on deck, with his pretty red soutane and white surplice all stained with blood, his head thrown back, his bloodless face, his partly closed eyes.

"My Noël! my child! speak to me. I beg of you," implored the distracted mother.

She called him tender pet names, names very dear to them both before the Revolution had changed her into a heartless mother.

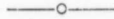
"My little Noel! My baby boy! speak to me, your mother." And in a voice sweet as a nursery-rhyme she softly sang him one of his favorite Christmas carols, but the child neither heard her pleadings, nor saw her sorrow. His breathing which had been growing momentarily weaker ceased entirely, and a beautiful trailing star shone in the blue heavens. "The soul of the little acolyte ascending to paradise," the ship's passengers said.

Then she, his mother, with an agonizing cry, reached up in a vain endeavor to seize the star, and with outstretched arms threw herself into the sea. —

"Let us pray," said the Pastor. And singing the *De Profundis* the ship returned to Kerloc'h.



The Eucharist is sown in Bethlehem. What is the Eucharist but the wheat of the elect, their living Bread. The grain of wheat is sown, it must be imbedded in the earth, germ, bud and blossom until harvest-time when it is cut down and grown into nourishing bread.



The Immaculate Conception is the measure of Mary's power and glory. We are powerful with God only through purity. God accomplishes great things only in pure souls, He listens only to innocent or purified voices. How great then must be Mary's power whom no spot or stain ever defiled!



Language of Faith.



IN laboring at the preservation of the Faith, use Christian language, the language of Faith. Change the forms made use of by the world. By a culpable tolerance, we have banished Our Lord from our customs, laws, etiquette, and circles of fashion. In a mixed assembly, we do not dare speak of *Jesus Christ*. Even among practical Christians, it is thought strange to mention Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. It is alleged as an excuse that there are so many who do not make their Easter duty, do not go to Holy Mass, consequently, some guest might be offended by such a subject. The master of the house may himself be among that unhappy number. Religious art, moral truths, the beauties of religion, will, perhaps, be discussed; but Jesus Christ, the Eucharist, never! Now, let us try to change all that. Let us profess our Faith. Let us learn to say, Our Lord, Jesus Christ, and not merely Christ. We must proclaim that Our Lord has the right to live and to reign in the language of society.

Atheists proclaim aloud their principles, whole nations glory in believing nothing, and shall we not dare to make known our Faith? shall we shrink from pronouncing the name of our Divine Master? We ought fearlessly to do so. The impious are, if not absolutely possessed by the evil one, at least obsessed by him. Against these demons, let us oppose the name of Our Lord, Jesus Christ. If every faithful soul would take the resolution to speak boldly and reverently of Our Lord the face of the world would soon be changed. The thought of Him would become familiar. The great day is coming. The two armies are standing face to face. Thanks be to God, eclecticism is no longer in force. We must be either of the good or of the bad, of Jesus Christ or of Satan. Ah! let us proclaim Jesus Christ, let us sound His name! It is our standard. Let us bear it nobly aloft.

PÈRE EYMARD.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

Thy Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.



I. — Adoration.



By this petition, Lord Jesus, Thou dost reveal to us a double secret, how to glorify Thee and how to attain our own happiness. Give us the grace to understand that true happiness consists in harmoniously but definitely submitting our will to Thine, according to Thy blessed words: "Not they who say Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but those who do the will of My Father who is in Heaven.

If I really offered this admirable petition with all my heart and soul and intellect, it would quickly make of me an excellent adorer, and especially an adorer of Thee, my Jesus, in Thy Most Holy Sacrament, for what dost Thou desire therein more ardently, more absolutely than our love and the gift of ourselves, responding to Thy love and the gift of Thy Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity?

"Thou shalt adore the Lord Thy God and serve Him alone." Is not this the first of Thy commandments? Thou whose joy is to see us at Thy feet; Thou whose delight is to be with the children of men; Thou who art in the Eucharist, the food of our souls, and who dost will at any sacrifice to communicate to us Thy divine life abundantly and superabundantly; Thou who art a consuming fire inflaming all hearts, a divine incendiary igniting the entire universe; Thou art so desirous of giving Thyself to us at the holy table that if we decidedly repulse Thy delicate and eager advances, we unhappily sign beforehand our own death-warrant. Nothing is more clearly evident than this supreme wish of Thine to be adored, loved and served in Thy Most Holy Sacrament.

When I pray intelligently and piously: "Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven," I ask principally for my-









self and my fellow-men the grace to adore, love and serve Thee in Thy Most Holy Sacrament, as the angels and saints do on Thy throne of Glory. Fiat! Fiat! Moreover, the Eucharistic life I draw from the Tabernacle should not end at the church door. I should carry with me and spread around me the perfume of the altar; I should be in all things and everywhere an adorer in spirit and in truth. The most efficacious means whereby to attain this life of adoration is conformity to the will of God.

Each time I make an act of self-abandonment to the divine will, each time I accept or embrace, with love, a state of soul or body, any circumstance or event whatsoever, little or great, which rejoices or afflicts me, I make an act of adoration, I offer a sacrifice, I communicate in the Spirit, the Heart, the Will of my Jesus. This state of abandonment well understood and continually practised is a truly perpetual adoration, an unceasingly renewed holocaust, the communion of eternity begun as it is already living on earth the life of the angels and of the elect in glory. Thy will be done on earth!—Yes my Jesus, when I will what Thou willest, only what Thou willest, when Thou dost will it, and in the manner Thou dost will it, I adore, by practically acknowledging Thy sovereign and merciful dominion over me and all creatures; I offer a sacrifice, because unfortunately my will vitiated by sin has difficulty in bending and adhering to Thine; I communicate, because I seek and find life in Thy blessed will as did my divine Saviour, who Himself found therein His aliment: “My nourishment is to do the will of Him who sent Me.” We cannot conceive a more perfect union than that of two wills merged into one. — “It is,” says a great saint and one of our best adorers, “the nuptial of the Word of God and of the soul.”

II. — Thanksgiving.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. To form this wish and work for its realization, is to offer Thee, dear Jesus, most perfect thanksgiving. Does not thanksgiving consist in giving pleasure to a benefactor, and in profiting by His gifts? What can please Thee, our supreme Benefactor, more than to see us justly completely devoted, entirely given up to Thy good pleasure? And what greater profit can we draw from Thy gifts, than to







will what Thou wilt since Thou canst only and dost only always wish what is best for us, while in every circumstance, no matter how trivial, is concealed a hidden treasure which it behooves us to discover and appropriate through faith and love. Momentary events bear the stamp of God's will and of His adorable name. How holy is that name! How just that we should bless it and treat it as a kind of sacrament, sanctifying by its proper virtue souls who do not put obstacles in its way. It is the Bread of Angels, eaten on earth as in heaven. What perfect thanksgiving after Eucharistic Communion, to persevere unceasingly in the communion of our will to that of our well-beloved Saviour! In it is found the secret of sanctity and the source of all spiritual good, as there is nothing God desires more strongly than our sanctification and our happiness.



When I think that during the whole course of my life, there is not an instant in which I can surprise my sovereign Benefactor ceasing to do me good, even when He loads me with trials, I understand these words of St. Francis: "We must rejoice always." And I am allured to repeat with the sanctuary Levite: "*Fiat! Amen! Alleluia! Deo Gratias!*"! Better still, with my dear mother Mary, I shall always say and endeavor to transform my life into a perpetual *Magnificat*. It will be heaven begun on earth.

III. — Reparation.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven! What prayer more appropriate as reparation, as salutary penance and especially as efficacious means of uniting myself to the divine Victim of Calvary and of the altar? Good Master, when I sincerely wish for the accomplishment of Thy will, I necessarily cease to sin, as sin is only the rebellion of self-will contradicting Thine or absolutely opposing it, whereas when I submit to Thy blessed will, to its empire so gentle, so gracious and perfect, I directly renounce sin and offer reparation in the strongest sense of the word.

But, if I am faithful to the spirit of reparation, shall I not come often to the foot of Thy altar, dear Saviour Jesus; to the altar where Thou dost daily renew the sacrifice offered on Calvary for the expiation of sin? Shall





I not bathe often in Thy precious Blood to cleanse my soul more and more from the stain of sin. Such is Thy will, my Lord, my God ; Thy blessed will is mine.

The more lovingly I accept the multiplied exterior or interior manifestations of Thy holy will, the more efficaciously shall I offer reparation for my own sins and the sins of others. Thou dost purify souls of good-will before the end of their earthly exile, and the more generous they are, the more they merit to participate in the dolorous but very glorious compassion of that sweet victim who was Thy most holy Mother.

IV. — Prayer.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven ! It is only by my sanctity that I can glorify my heavenly Father ; moreover, the saints unanimously affirm that the sanctification of souls is proportioned to the extent of the union of their will with that of God. Saint Francis of Sales calls this union the summit of perfection and says whoever reaches it secures the prize. Besides is it not the doctrine of the Saint of saints ; is not His whole life resumed in these words : “ Thy will be done ? ”

And apart from sanctity, we find in submitting our will to Thine, peace surpassing human understanding, intimate and heavenly joy, a holy liberty prelude of that of the elect in their true country ; finally, we gain therein all good, spiritual and corporal, temporal and eternal, as this most holy will is essentially benign and merciful beyond expression.

By this prayer, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, I ask, divine Master, principally while this petition includes all others that Thou mayst be known, loved and served by all men, on earth, in Thy Sacrament of love, as Thou art in heaven, on Thy throne of glory by the angels and saints. May this sublime supplication be always on my lips and in my heart ; and may I live to repeat it by every word and action : *Fiat ! Amen ! Alleluia ! Deo Gratias.*—





Mary Immaculate at Lourdes.

THIS memorable year of the golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, pilgrims flock to Lourdes and the daily increasing number of miracles proves the tender pity of Mary's maternal heart for her poor suffering children.

Among the pilgrims specially noticed at the Grotto was Gargan whose miraculous cure in 1901 caused universal comment and astonishment and whose undying gratitude brought him back this year to sing his *Magnificat* with joyous heart. As a post-office employee he had charge of the rural district delivery between Paris and Bordeaux, and while discharging his duty was seriously wounded in the accident of Livemant. He was taken to the hospital of Angoulême where he remained eighteen months under treatment, but despite all the efforts of science and physicians his case was pronounced hopeless. His inferior members were paralysed. He was terribly emaciated, covered with ulcerated sores, and the only nourishment he could take had to be inserted into the stomach by a tube.

In this pitiable condition, lying on a board, he was borne to Lourdes and arrived at the Grotto the 20th of August 1901. About four o'clock in the afternoon, scarcely conscious of what was going on around him, he was laid, still stretched on his board, along the route through which the Blessed Sacrament would soon be carried to impart a special blessing of healing or resignation as His tender Heart saw best. Suddenly, he felt a violent agitation pass through him. He raised himself on his elbow,



PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT AT LOURDES.

then assisted by his neighbours, he rose and made a few steps. Shortly afterwards, he walked as well as ever, experiencing no fatigue, eat a hearty meal and was declared perfectly cured.

Among the many cures worked this year we specify that of Sister Anne-Marie, of the Franciscan order. Though only twenty-five years of age, her health was completely shattered and her disease rendered it absolutely impossible for her to partake of any kind of nourishment. Medical skill being powerless to help her, she requested to be brought to Lourdes. Lying on a stretcher, full of confidence, she calmly awaited the coming of the Sacred Host at whose passage she felt intense pain in her stomach, immediately followed by a sense of strength and comfort to which she had been a stranger for some time. She got up and was able to eat a full meal and follow all the exercises of the pilgrimage. Her cure was confirmed by the medical bureau.

A non-Catholic who visited Lourdes last Summer writes his own impressions as follows: "This is the place to which thousands journey annually to seek the remarkable cures effected through worship at the shrine of the Grotto. Wonderful miracles are said to have been performed here. While at Lourdes I heard a Cardinal preach on the miracles of the New Testament and I did here *as Romans do*, lit a votive candle and kissed the stone where the Lady appeared to Bernadette. The scene was most impressive at the open air Mass, where the choir boys sang and thousands of worshippers were assembled in the pretty valley in view of the snow-clad peaks in the distance. Where I merely intended to stop I was so deeply impressed that I remained for two days, during which I visited the Basilica, the architecture of which is strikingly beautiful."

While he was unable to see who were cured immediately before and after their cure, he did see several leave the baths throwing aside their crutches, and he read in the local papers of the cure of a young Parisienne who suffered from a tumor in the side. He expressed himself as convinced of the authenticity of the miracles performed at the shrine.



A Christmas Anthem.

Matilda Cumming.

*Shades of Noël softly falling
Fill with beauty rare the night ;
Earth to heaven is gently calling,
Tranced with rapture at the sight.*

*O'er the "House of Bread" now hover,
Bending low in worship deep,
While the shades of night now cover
God Incarnate, while men sleep.*





*By the world, His own, forgotten,
Hidden in this grotto lies
Emmanuel, the sole begotten
Of the Father, in man's guise.*

*Poor earth is mute, while heaven sings,
And lowly souls take up the strain ;
Their faith mounts up as if on wings,
Then with sweet peace returns again.*

*And when peace comes, then follows joy ;
From Bethlehem's source both freely
Pure gold of Yule without alloy, [poor.
Sweet heaven's foretaste—ask no more.*



An Inundation Checked.



URING the first half of the XVII, century and probably about the year 1630, according to tradition, there occurred at Canosio, a little borough of the valley of Macra, in the diocese of Saluzzo, a marvellous event by which God wished to strengthen faith in the real presence, not only among the inhabitants of the village, but also among those of the neighbouring countries infected by the heresy of Calvin. A vow then made by the entire population and still rigorously observed to-day confirms the miracle.

A few days after the solemn celebration of the feast of *Corpus Christi*, one night, in the midst of thunder and lightning, a terrific storm swept over the peaceful valley : the rain fell so heavily and for such a length of time that each mountainous stream was changed into an unruly torrent, while a deep gap at the base of the rocks overlooking Canosio became an impetuous current carrying death and destruction in its course. The inhabitants on seeing their poor homes in constant danger of being submerged by the angry waters or demolished by the falling rocks, were distracted between fear and anxiety. They realized the impotence of human aid and knew their only hope of succor was from above, from Him whom the winds and the waves obey.

Meanwhile, the Pastor fully alive to the imminent danger rang the church-bell to gather his flock together in the sacred edifice. He urgently exhorted them to put their confidence in God, to implore pardon for their sins and to make a vow which they and their descendants would ever hold sacred, that of sanctifying as a Sunday the octave of *Corpus Christi*. Tears of contrition and firm promises of amendment responded to his fervent appeal, hope re-took possession of all hearts and the vow was unanimously ratified. Then the venerable Pastor opened the tabernacle door and placing the pure white

Host in the Ostensorium processionally marched to the raging waters, only a few feet away, chanting the *Miserere*, that sublime psalm in which, with his flock and in their name, he pleaded for mercy and pardon. But the sky remained leaden, the rain still fell in torrents, the swollen streams still continued their mad career of destruction.



The procession stopped as close to the flood as safety permitted and all bent low as the priest slowly blessed with the Most Holy Sacrament the prostrate crowd and the threatening cataract. O Miracle ! Instantly, the sky brightened, the heavy rain ceased, the rocks remained stationary as if retained by an invisible hand, the waters flowed less violently, and very soon complete calm and peace was restored, and the village saved.



The Eucharistic Congress at New York

IF we wish to form an adequate idea of the magnificence of the Eucharistic Congress recently held in New York, it is necessary to outline the proportions of the sumptuous setting amid which those imposing ceremonies were carried out.

All the world knows that with its population of three millions, its first class harbor, its commercial and industrial establishments, colossal in number, its innumerable means of communication with Europe as well as America, etc., the City of New York is unquestioningly the metropolis of the great Republic. But what is not so well known, nay, often ignored, is that the Diocese of New York, like that of Malines and of Cologne, possesses the largest Catholic population. In this modern Babylon where unlimited cosmopolitanism holds sway, there reigns nevertheless an intense supernatural life and even those who the previous eve were completely adsorbed behind a counter, desk or bank grating, hasten on Sunday to fulfil their duties to the God of the altar in churches and chapels crowded with devout worshippers. This is not astonishing as the population of New York is principally Catholic.

The Diocese of New York alone counts 1,200,000 Catholics and 75,500 children attending free Catholic schools.

These figures do not include Brooklyn, Jersey, and other adjoining cities belonging to different dioceses and where the majority are also Catholic.

What conferred on the Eucharistic Congress its splendour and prestige was the presence of twenty-five Archbishops and Bishops assembled from all parts of the United States, and of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. D. Falconio. Among the Bishops present we specify with respectful admiration the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati, Mgr. Elder, who, despite his eighty-six years, did not hesitate to undertake the journey of 1,200 miles and who attended all the long sessions and ceremonies of the Congress; not only following attentively the reading of the reports, but giving his opinion when they were discussed. Naturally, the Diocesan Directors of the Priests' Eucharistic League considered it an obligation of honor to assist at these beautiful demonstrations, and to do their share of the labour attached to the assemblies.

The Congress opened on Tuesday, the 27th of September, with Pontifical Mass celebrated by His Grace, the Archbishop of New York. Previous to this the delegates assembled at the little Seminary, also called the Cathedral College, and vested themselves in soutane and surplice. The students of the Grand Seminary numbering about two hundred were there also. At half-past ten this long procession marched through Madison Avenue, 50th Street and Fifth Avenue from which they entered the Cathedral. A most imposing sight they presented those thousand clergymen and ecclesiastics practically exhibiting their white theory in the streets of the great City to the at times astonished but always respectful gaze of the numerous passers-by. Behind the priests walked about forty Bishops and Prelates in purple robes, and closing the procession was the Archbishop of New York in full pontificals surrounded by his ministers whose brilliant golden vestments sparkled like diamonds in the sun.

During Mass the Cathedral Choir, augmented by a great number of juvenile voices, beautifully rendered in Ratisbonne's plain-chant the parts proper to the Mass of the Blessed Sacrament, the remainder was in music by a male-trio in exact conformity to the ordinance of the

"motu proprio" of the Holy Father. After the gospel, amid general and profound emotion, Mgr. Lavelle, Rector of the Cathedral, ascended the pulpit and read a Brief from the Holy Father, encouraging and blessing the Congress and granting its members precious indulgences. We subjoin the principal passages of the pontifical document.

"As nothing is dearer to our heart than the desire to see the honor and adoration due to the Sacrament of divine love extend and increase day by day; we have always been ready to use our authority to promote this devotion."

"Also, we have been greatly pleased at the project of holding next month in the City of New York the Third Eucharistic Congress under the auspices of our illustrious Archbishop, and brother, J. M. Farley, who has invoked our paternal attention to this important event. We willingly and joyfully approve this excellent means of showing by a public manifestation, a lively faith and a profound piety, which cannot fail to draw down abundantly the blessings of God."

"For this reason to all who participate in the Convention, we grant as a pledge of the divine favor our Apostolic benediction, while at the same time we open to them the treasures of the Church."

The sermon which followed the reading of the Brief was delivered by Mgr. Mooney, Vicar-General of New York, whose subject: "The Eucharist in the Twentieth Century," was most attractive and in which the gifted orator delineated the Eucharist as the centre and the pivot of the dogma and of the morals of the Church, as well as the support in last analysis of human institutions.

The opening Session as well as the following ones was held in the large hall of the Cathedral College specially arranged for that purpose. The stage was artistically decorated with festoonings of velvet and gold; in the centre Our Holy Father's picture gracefully rested on the folds of the star-spangled banner, thus happily symbolizing the union of filial submission and liberty.

Mgr. Farley inaugurated the Session by an address of welcome in which he feelingly referred to the paternal affection with which he had been received at Rome by

the Holy Father and the lively interest Pius X had evinced in the Eucharistic Congress, clearly proving his words by the fact that instead of a simple approbation, he had deigned to honour it by a Pontifical Brief. Enthusiastic applause greeted the reading of a message of thanks to the Holy Father from the united members of the Convention.

The same day, at the residence of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, was held a reunion of the Diocesan Directors of the Priests' Eucharistic League, numbering about twenty, under the presidency of Mgr. Maes.

Before adjourning it was decided on the invitation of the Bishop of Pittsburg to hold the next Eucharistic Congress in his episcopal city.

* * *

The second day, His Grace, Mgr. Maes, President of the Congress, celebrated the Pontifical Mass during which Mgr. Colton, Bishop of Buffalo, delivered an eloquent and fervid allocution on the union contracted between Jesus Christ and our souls in Holy Communion. The remainder of the day was devoted to active sessional work.

The third and last day Pontifical Mass was sung by His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, — As on the opening day, the procession of bishops and priests defiled through the city streets, the cynosure of a great crowd of Catholic spectators who did not hesitate to kneel on the pavement to receive the blessing of the representative of the Holy See.

The sermon preached by the recently consecrated Bishop of Fall River, Mgr. Stang, who made a deep impression and completely enlisted the sympathies of his auditors, principally in his Christ-like assertion that no Catholic could conscientiously remain indifferent to the conversion of his fellow-men ; and that it was especially in making them see and understand the different manifestations of Eucharistic worship that they would be brought to the belief and the love of the true faith.

After the ceremony His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, bestowed the papal benediction granted.

In order that the laity might participate in a certain manner in the ceremonies of the Convention, the Archbishop had ordained the celebration of a Eucharistic triduum in all the city parishes, one of whose principal features would be sermons on the Blessed Eucharist. The clergy and visiting prelates, members of the Congress, willingly enhanced the splendour of these tridua by the distinguished concurrence of their preaching; while the decorations in some Churches were models of art and beauty. This was especially noticed in the Church of the French parish, now become the Sanctuary of perpetual adoration and exposition under the direction of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. The altar above which the royal mantle spread its majestic folds like an archangel's wings, was a real knoll of costly fragrant natural flowers, starting at the foot gracefully ascending up till it reached the golden Ostensorium, over which it terminated in beautiful canopy.

What was result of the Congress? Mgr. Maes, the president, tells us with great clearness in the following note published with his approbation.

1. Through it, Priests will more fully appreciate the greatness of the Sacerdotal state and the divine power placed in their hands, as well as the responsibilities they contract by it towards souls confided to their care.

2. Our Catholic people will more forcibly realize this fundamental fact; "God with us." They will come oftener than once a week to seek at the foot of the throne of the living God grace and strength and especially to receive Holy Communion.

3. Thanks to the courteous concurrence of the press, great good will be wrought among our non-Catholic friends. Their attention will be drawn to this Gospel truth, that Jesus Christ has instituted a Sacrament wherein He resides truly and substantially. They will see that after nineteen centuries this sublime truth is still firmly held among the Church's dogmas; and that not even the defection of a few rebels can shake it.





REQUESTS & PRAYERS

Faribault, Minn. : — Two young men in danger of losing the Faith. — A mother of a large family poor and in great trouble. — Special intentions, J. D.

Fournier, Ont. : — I promise a year's subscription to the "Sentinel" if a man addicted to drink overcomes the habit — Several sinners. — My vocation.

Grand Falls : — A promoter requests special prayers for her son seriously ill. — Spiritual and temporal favors for two families.

Laconia : — Please, make a novena to the Blessed Sacrament for favors earnestly requested.

Lewiston, Maine : — A young man for the success of a dangerous operation. — Steady employment for an other young man, V. L.

Lowell, Mass. : — I promise two years' subscription to your booklet if I succeed in a difficult undertaking, M. G.

Montreal : — A family in great trouble. — Special intentions. — Promotion to priesthood for six deacons. — A young man stricken with paralysis. — The perseverance of two religious. — A subscriber promises a life subscription to the "Sentinel" if a young lady is completely cured of lung trouble and other ailments. — One of our subscribers who lost his sight during sickness.

OUR BELOVED DECEASED.

M. Gagnon. — Mrs. John Delaney accidently killed. — Mrs. Lomer Gouin. — Miss D. Florent. — Mr. Edward Lord. — Mr. François Huard. — Miss Mary Smith. — We deem it a heartfelt duty to request special prayers for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier, the beloved mother of Miss Anna T. Sadlier, one of our kind contributors.

The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday, December 15th at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.



Sweet blessed feast of our Saviour's birth ! We always greet thee with gladness. Revived by our love, perpetuated by the Eucharist, the relations between Bethlehem and the Temple are inseparable and complete one another.

*They who to day are loved the most
Find warmest welcome at the feast.
Come ! I will be thy generous Host,
And thou shalt be my merry guest.*

*Here I lie longing in my Love-made bower,
With arms outstretched to clasp thee to my Heart.
At this sweet moment of the Day and Hour
Lovers so chaste should not e'en breathe apart.*

O wondering angels ! O happy Kings ! O blessed Mother ! O beautiful young Saviour-Child ! Let us worship, too, and leave our hearts at Thy feet.

*The Star of the Child shone over Bethlehem lowly,
And the Sages went in and knelt down and adored ;
They saw but a Babe, yet they knew 'twas the Holy,
For the Star told the Sages the Babe was their Lord.*

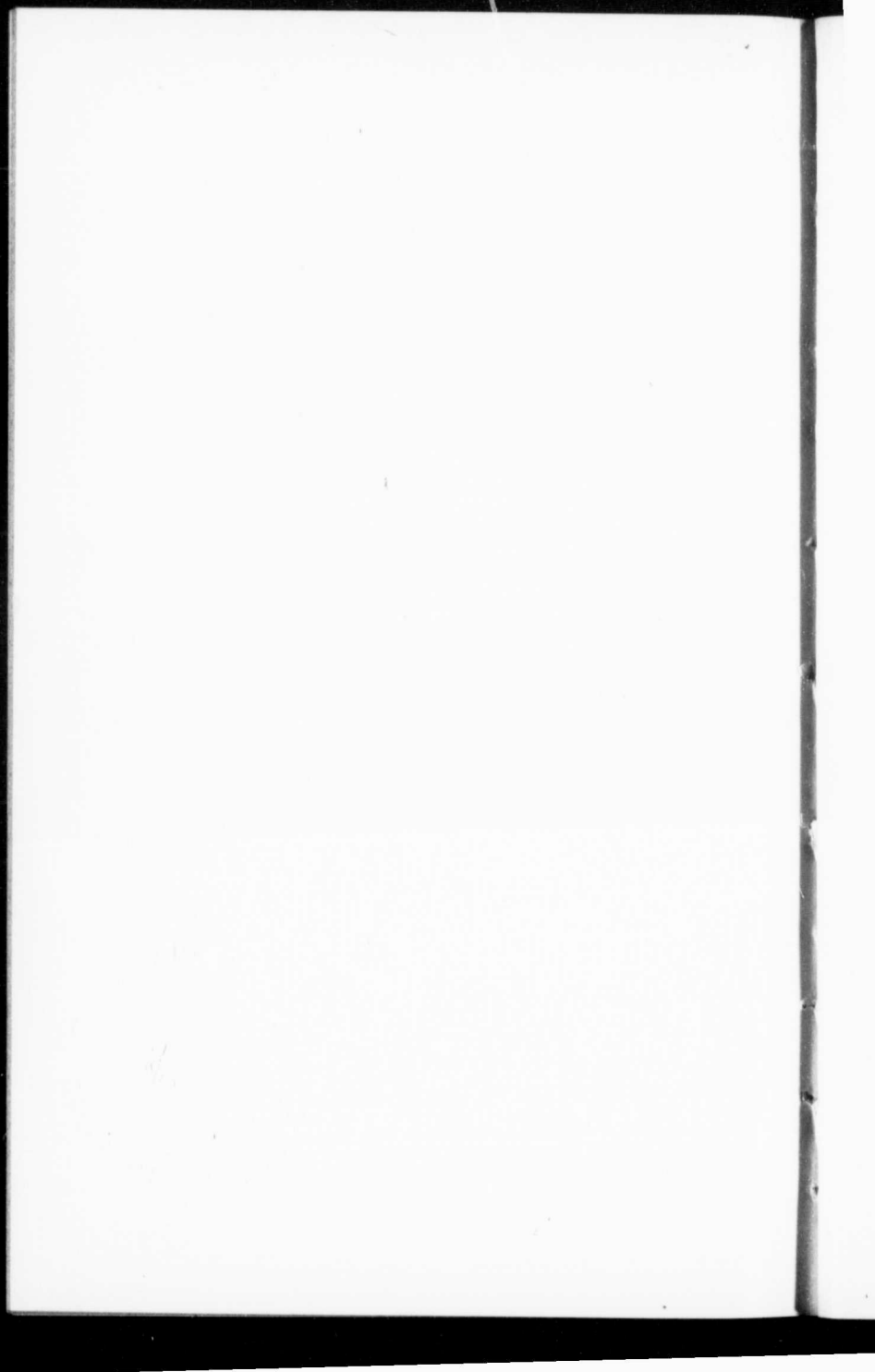
*The Babe is the Bethlehemite Child on our altar,
The Star is the altar-lamp shining so mild ;
The Sages are they who in faith never falter,
But adore in each church where a lamp shows the Child.*

Mary knew that the heavenly Father's desire was to see the Blessed Eucharist adored, loved and served by mankind and in furtherance of this desire she devoted herself exclusively to the Eucharistic glory of Jesus.



The Nativity

By C. Müller.





= 20 =

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