



JESUS RECOVERED IN THE TEMPLE.



A Visit to the Blessed Sacrament

WHILE the twilight shadows linger,
Dearest Lord, I come to Thee,
Bringing all my heart's deep secrets
For Thy loving eyes to see ;
All the joys and all the sorrows,
All the blessings sent to me.

Here, before Thy sacred Presence,
In adoring love I bend ;
Asking Thee, my dearest Jesus,
To be Love and Guide and Friend ;
And for all my wants and trials
Strength and loving comfort send.

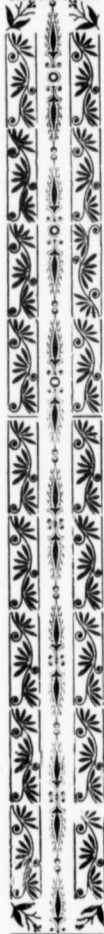
And I consecrate, dear Jesus,
All my love, my life, to Thee ;
Keep each thought, each word, each action
From the world's contagion free,
And bless all my loved ones, Jesus,
And unite us all in Thee.

Happy New Year.

THE first day of the year is the feast of the Circumcision. The Church then praises and extols the name of the Desired of Nations, the name that comprehends in some measure the whole scheme of man's redemption and sanctification, the most powerful, the sweetest, the most holy and most sacred name, the glorious name Jesus. But the world in general, even Christian look upon this day principally as a day of enjoyment, of an interchange of congratulations, visits and gifts ; As if by magic the sorrows and vicissitudes of the past year are forgotten in the very joy of being alive and expecting all good from the future so auspiciously opening.

The streets are alive with a merry throng, the places of amusement, crowded yet amid all the animation and enthusiasm—perhaps more so on account of it, one street seems deserted, the very one that should be crowded because it leads to the true Friend : the way to the church. How it must grieve the tender Heart of Jesus, in His Sacrament of love, to see that amid the general rejoicing He alone is forgotten. You at least, dear Associates, you will not treat Him so unkindly, but like dutiful children will offer Him first of all your New Years greetings. What shall they be ? Let Père Eymard himself answer you.

“ May thy Kingdom come, may it increase, expand, extend.” That is the best wish to offer Our dear Lord on this first day of the New Year : that where He is not known, not loved,



He may be ; that all complete in themselves the work of His Incarnation and of His Redemption. And where is Our Lord known and loved ? Ah ! His reign is limited indeed, his kingdom usurped, His rights curtailed, His subjects wrested from Him. The Eucharistic ruins He laments are numerous.

“ Spread, extend by your prayers Christ’s Kingdom. Pray that Pagans may embrace the true Faith and acknowledge their Saviour ; that Heretics and Schismatics may enter the Sheepfold. Pray unceasingly for the conversion of bad Catholics whose Faith is dead, ask that those who have faith may keep it.” Could any wishes be more beautiful or more agreeable to our dear Lord and Saviour, Our King, and the benign Master of time and eternity.

Allow us in our turn to extend to each and every one of you most cordial greetings and Père Eymard’s wish : “ May the reign of Our Lord come in you, in your soul. Our Lord is in you, it is true, but in order that His reign may be full and entire there is still much lacking. You are only conquered. Our Lord does not yet reign securely, in peace and love ; all the frontiers are not His and what Sovereign can reign as Master in disputed territory. Learn to know Our Lord better : enter into His life, His sacrifices, His virtues in the Blessed Sacrament ; enter into His love. Instead of always remaining in self, ascend to Him : to see ourselves in Jesus is good, but to see Jesus in us is better still. Instead of cultivating self cultivate, Our Lord, make Him grow in you. Think of Him : study Him in Himself, He is so great, so infinite, you shall have plenty to do and moreover be able to walk courageously in that wide and royal way that ennobles life.



Bethlehem.

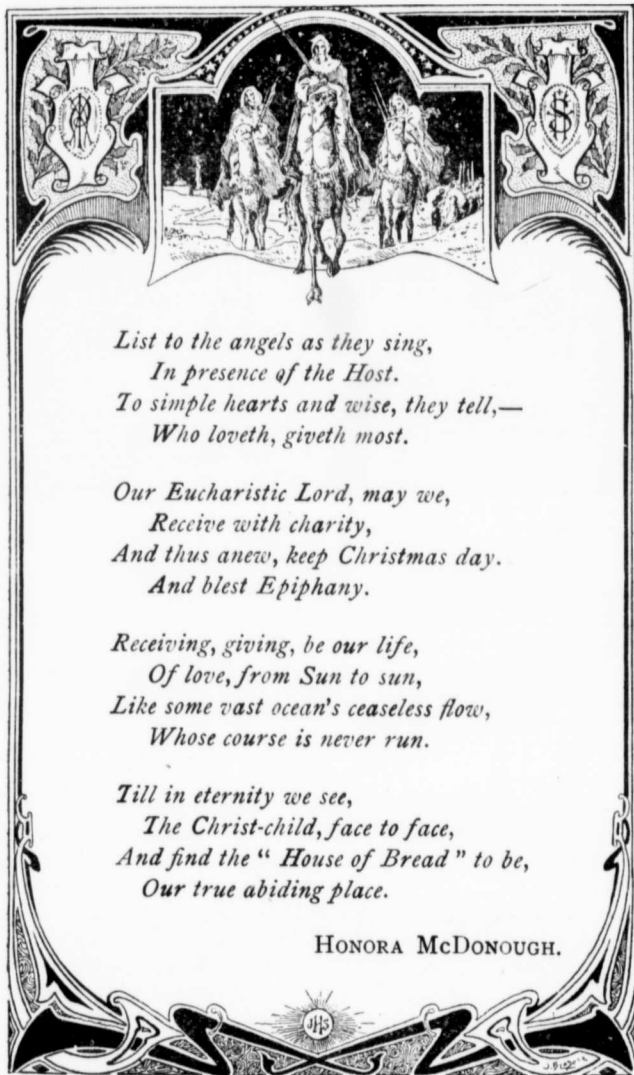
THE Christ-child born on Christmas morn,
 A new day ushered in,
 Whose rosy dawn, immaculate,
 Presaged the fall of sin.

*The heav'ns were moved, as torch of light,
 A star—to Bethlehem drew,
 The wisemen ; while celestial choirs
 Bade shepherds, faith renew.*

*Still in our age there shines the star,
 Of truth, that ne'er grows dim,
 To light the way to Bethlehem,
 Where all may worship him.*

*For in the " House of Bread " there waits,
 The Savior as of yore,
 The wise and simple to receive,
 Who come, Him to adore.*





*List to the angels as they sing,
 In presence of the Host.
 To simple hearts and wise, they tell,—
 Who loveth, giveth most.*

*Our Eucharistic Lord, may we,
 Receive with charity,
 And thus anew, keep Christmas day.
 And blest Epiphany.*

*Receiving, giving, be our life,
 Of love, from Sun to sun,
 Like some vast ocean's ceaseless flow,
 Whose course is never run.*

*Till in eternity we see,
 The Christ-child, face to face,
 And find the " House of Bread " to be,
 Our true abiding place.*

HONORA McDONOUGH.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.



As it is generally about this time that the greater number renew their subscription, we seize the favorable opportunity to bespeak their zeal and devotedness in a more earnest effort to increase the Sentinel's circulation.

We request this of all without exception. Through the Eucharist we are all one, children of a common Father who is in heaven, therefore all bound by a same and loving duty, to make His Son in the Blessed Sacrament better known and better loved.

The Sentinel would like to live up to its name, and become, more and more, the Apostle and popular preacher of devotion to the Blessed Eucharist. For this purpose we suggest the following practical means.

I. That the devoted promoters whose subscriber's payment falls due in October and January kindly collect the renewals.

II. That they try and add one or two new names to their circle, or at least make up for any delinquent.

III. That each associate make it a duty to offer a gift of one new subscription to the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus.

IV. That their zeal be vital enough to induce them to send the Sentinel to some poor family and pay the subscription themselves.

V. That they circulate the monthly numbers among their friends and acquaintances.

We sincerely thank all our devoted friends who by their cordial support and active co-operation have during the past, enabled the Sentinel to spread Eucharistic tidings far and near and earnestly hope they will continue their devotedness, or better still, continue to give to the Eucharistic Heart, adorers and friends. May the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament inspire and help them in their Apostolat and reward their efforts.

Notice: If it should ever happen that your Sentinel does not reach you in due time, the mail may be to blame. Notify us and we will send another copy.



THE GOSPEL.



HE Gospel is God's book. It relates the life of the Word made Flesh; His perfections, His doctrine, His virtues, His miracles, His ineffable sufferings, His death on the Cross and His triumphant Resurrection. It relates especially His immense love for us and for our salvation, or more properly it only relates His love, for all the Gospel is but the manifestation of

His heart.

It is in the Gospel that souls will learn to know their Master and Saviour Jesus Christ and imbibe life, true life, the life that has no end. "O Father" exclaims the Incarnate Word in His last prayer: life eternal is to know Thee, the only true God and Thy Son whom Thou hast sent."

Can we say that Christians know Jesus Christ? Is not His history unknown by many souls baptized in His blood... Of His doctrine what knowledge have they, of His character what an erroneous idea.

Many it is true feel the imperative need of contemplating Him full of grace and of truth such as He deigned to manifest Himself to men. "We want to see Jesus" they repeat with St. Philip and the Gentiles; but their desire is only half satisfied. They do not see Him in the full joy of the integral Gospel, they only see Him dimly in the obscurity of the extracts they find in their manuals of piety.

Therefore to-day after nearly two thousand years of Redemption, Our Lord Jesus Christ is ignored by the greater number of Christians. The best themselves, those

who want to know, love, and serve Him scarcely know Him. They have never seen Him but at a distance where the traits of His adorable physiognomy were too vague to remain fixed in their mind or to sink deeply into their soul.

Is not that a sad state of affairs. Are we aware that at our command is a book that portrays Him who is the life, the truth, and the way, and that this book is seldom opened even by those who call themselves His disciples.

And now what are the consequences of an ignorance so astonishing and so deplorable?

Jesus Christ is the "Light of the World". The moment the world turns from Him who is its light it plunges into darkness. And that is why the darkness of Paganism increases daily.

Jesus Christ is the source of Life. When souls cease to open freely to the outpourings of divine life they weaken and die. Then follows this apathy in face of duty, this sad compromise between the Spirit of the Gospel and the spirit of the world; this cowardice in the practice of virtue.

The remedy? There is none more efficacious nor more urgent than to return to the Gospel. Let Pastors not cease to preach the Gospel, all the Gospel and I might add, nothing but the Gospel. Let the faithful put themselves in touch with the eternal word and holy life of Him whom we cannot see or hear without adoring, loving and longing to resemble.

Let us not say it is enough for the faithful to hear sermons; according to St John Chrysostom these will be useless if we do not prepare for them, and endeavor to preserve their fruits by assiduous reading of the Gospel. Let us not say either that Our Lord Jesus Christ communicates Himself so fully in Holy Communion that we do not need to seek Him in the Gospel.

In order that our Communions produce their desired effect we must be fully conversant with the God who condescends to become our Guest. We will appreciate the Gift of God better when we know Its infinite greatness, Its ravishing beauty. The Gospel reveals the Sacred Host and teaches us the priceless value of our Treasure.

"I feel", writes that great disciple in the fourth book of the Imitation: "I feel that only two things are essentially necessary here below, and that without them, I could not bear the weight of this miserable life. Shut up in the prison of my body, I need food and light, and that is why Thou hast given me Thy Sacred Flesh to be my food, and Thy Word to be as a lamp before my feet. Verily it is Thy Word that lifts the veil of the Sanctuary and securely leads even into the Holy of Holies."

Let us then go to the Light of our Soul, to the Word of Life. Let us go to It as we do to the Holy Table with the same lively faith and pure heart, with ardent desires inspired by burning love, with interior sorrow and humble prayer. Let us communicate daily in the sacred Word of Jesus, as we communicate daily on His sacred Flesh.

DEAR READERS.

As you no doubt know the only aim and end of the Sentinel's existence is to extend Christ's Eucharist reign. And as the Gospel is the book where He most clearly and lovingly manifests Himself, we thought to work more efficaciously in the furtherance of our aim by offering you as special premium a book entitled: "The Four Gospels Harmonized."

The premium is a treasure well worth striving for, and one that will amply repay the exertion needed to secure it. Send us five new subscriptions and this valuable volume is yours, as well as the consoling assurance that you have certainly helped to extend Our dear Lord's Eucharistic Reign, and that some day the benign Master, who is never outdone in generosity, will Himself, reward you for your devotior to His interests.

Thought for To-day

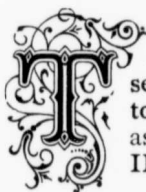
God alone can be perfectly just. The perfection of humanity consists of following the divine model as near as our frailty permits.—Rev. W. F. Hayes.

The Eucharist and the Rosary.

The Joyful Mysteries.

First Mystery.—The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.

The Abjections of our Eucharistic God.



THE Word in becoming flesh debased Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made to the likeness of men and in shape formed as a man." (St. Paul to the Philipplians, ch. II. 7.)

Taking a rational view of the subject, this is a marvelous thing indeed; and yet how many wonderful things are still to be unveiled to the eye of reason, the abjection of the Incarnation being, in the designs of God, but a prelude to the humiliations of our Eucharistic Saviour.

Let us ponder over these annihilations which are but a divine lengthening out, as it were, of the movements of humility which precipitated the Word from heaven to earth.

In this Mystery, the humanity of the Second Person is simply a veil for the Divine Mystery, but in such a degree, that we may, from time to time, receive impressions concerning It in some of the glorious signs that appeal so touchingly to us. — The all-powerful virtue communicated by the touch of the hem of the garment; the masterful words commanding the winds and the waves and working prodigies without number; the Sacred touch bringing health and healing to the sick and the halt, and restoring sight to the blind and speech to the dumb; the penetrating triumphant glance bringing souls back to God and duty; the Adorable Face in presence of which the Archers of the synagogue "went backward and fell to the ground";—the glorious Body lifting, by Its own power and virtue, the stone of the se-

pulchre, terrorizing the hearts of the soldiers on duty without, and then going forth to console the despondent Apostles—all these signs are so many revelations of the Divinity.

In the Blessed Eucharist we see naught of this, but simply a commonplace sign—a little bread, which is not really bread, but a fragile and pitiable appearance of the reality.

When we revive in thought the deepest humiliations of Jesus during His mortal life—the Infant form wrapped in swaddling clothes; the prisoner condemned, despised, ill-treated, blood-stained, dying an infamous death, it seems to me that these debasing phases of a God's life are less ignoble than those of His Eucharistic state.

As a Child, He had His hands to repulse the aggressor, and His infant cries to appeal to His mother's heart. Though poor, he fascinated by His baby charms both shepherds and kings.

As a prisoner, He touched and edified the on-lookers by His heroic patience under the harrowing sorrows of the Passion.

But in the Eucharist His invisible members are fettered, His mouth so dumb that He cannot appeal to His Father for help against the sacrilegious hand that dares to desecrate His earthly home and outrage His person. His attitude of Victim, loving and resigned, as it is, is lost sight of—, there is nothing there to testify that He is the great God.

“*Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur.*” (Hymn of St. Thomas—“Adoro te”.)

We have seen supreme abjection in the very substance of the mystery; now we shall see supreme abjection in the working out of its ends.

God, in paving the way for the Incarnation took the purest of royal blood to form the body of a virgin; this virgin was preserved from all stain, was consecrated to God from childhood and consented to the honor of divine maternity on the sole condition that He alone should be the Spouse of her sacredly guarded virginity. In a word, there needed the purity of a virgin and the operation of

the Holy Ghost to form the body of a Christ. But, let us think of the awfulness of it all ! This same Christ, obedient to the words, and in the hands of a man often unrefined, sometimes unworthy, comes again among us,—the same mystery is accomplished, Jesus is conceived, Jesus is born on the altar stone. O priest of God ! as you look upon the host which you are about to consecrate, and when you think of what you are, and of the God who is to come in answer to your words, there must surely be a mysterious terror in the depths of your soul !

Again, we see supreme abjection in the final development of the Eucharistic mystery.

Jesus stoops that He may give Himself, not only to His friends who lovingly and unreservedly give themselves as a love return ; not only to His servants, oftentimes craven and tepid souls, who painfully lag behind on the road of duty, who bend to the strict exigencies of the divine law yet refuse to add to their every day commonplace efforts one little act stamped with perfection.

Jesus gives Himself not only to strangers, to the "once a year" adorers and servers, who forget, the day after, the liberal gifts of their God ; but to His enemies who dare to offer Him the hospitality of a tainted soul.

O my Jesus ! what a world of mystery in the abjection of the Eucharist ! Despite all, I believe with such a firm unshaken faith that I am ready to face death in testimony thereof.

What love there is in all this self-annihilation ! I can refuse Thee nothing since Thou hast so generously given me all.

What lessons may we not learn from Thy abjection in this mystery ! Thine Incarnation inspires me to humbly hide all that may be great or good in me. Thy Eucharistic mystery inspires me to hide myself in Thee. I am resolved to humble myself with Thee and in Thee. For Thee alone shall I live. Mary, my loved mother, help me to hide myself in Jesus for time and for eternity !





REV. ALBERT GESNIÈRE, S.S.S.

OUR order, as well as all those interested in Eucharistic works, has sustained a great loss in the person of Father Albert Tesniere, our former Superior General, who died in Paris, on the 27th of October, at the age of 62. The deceased was well known in Montreal where in 1890, he spent some time treating the important question of our foundation in that city. He then spoke in several churches and always retained for Canada, and our Mother house, a sympathy worthy of his great heart.

He was renowned for his untiring zeal in singing the praises of the Eucharist, and founding and developing works in Its honor. He possessed in a rare degree the admirable faculty of making all truths, and all mysteries converge towards the Eucharist, centre of life and of all Christian virtue. To him belongs the honor of having six years previously, in 1875, outlined the programme of future Eucharistic Congresses.

In the fifty-two dioceses where Father Tesniere exercised his ministry numerous prayers have already and are still ascending to heaven for the repose of his soul. May we ask our readers to unite theirs to them, in order that our lamented deceased, may soon, if he does not already, contemplate in never ending glory, the hidden splendors of the divine Sacrament that his lively faith allowed him to catch a glimpse of even on this earth.

R. I. P.

JESUS LOST AND FOUND

(See frontispiece.)

The Child grew in age and wisdom and when He had attained His twelfth year accompanied His parents to Jerusalem. But when the "Feast days" were over and Mary and Joseph set out on their return to Nazareth, the Child Jesus remained behind unnoticed because Mary thought He was with Joseph, and Joseph that He was with Mary. As soon as they discovered their mistake they retraced their steps and sought Him sorrowing until after three days they found Him in the Temple. To-day again Jesus in person is found only in the Church, in the Tabernacle where He abides and where He waits for us. Should we ever lose Jesus, it is there we must seek Him, there we will always find Him, and with Him true happiness.

"Why did you seek Me," asked the Child of His sorrowing parents? These were His first Gospel words and disclosed His origin and His Mission: Before being the Son of God; before consoling Mary and Joseph by His presence, He must accomplish His Father's will. Moreover we required that grand example to show us how to respond to our vocation. When God calls us the claims of flesh and blood must not hold us back, nor the fear of grieving those we love so tenderly. At all costs we must go where God wills, when He wills and make all the sacrifices He demands.

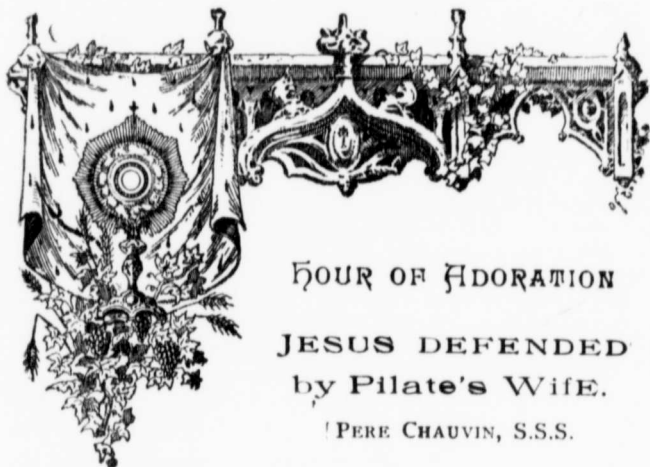
A Visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

Ah! open wide Thy blessed arms
 And clasp me to Thy Sacred Heart
 And let earth's cares and vague alarms
 Lose all their power to sting and smart.

Let pride and malice wing their way
 From out my soul so tossed around,
 Let charity, like sun's bright ray,
 Make crosses seem as light as down.

Oh! let me rise above the tide
 Of life's tempestuous, restless sea,
 That in Thy Heart I may abide
 Until the night overshadows me.

—A Promoter.



HOUR OF ADORATION
 JESUS DEFENDED
 by Pilate's Wife.

PERE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Sedente autem illo pro tribunal, misit ad eum uxor ejus, dicens : Nihil tibi et justo illi ; multa enim passa sum hodie per visum propter eum.

And as he was sitting in the place of judgment, his wife sent to him, saying : Have thou nothing to do with that just Man. For I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him.

(Matt. XXVII, 19)

I. — Adoration.

THE crowd was constantly increasing before the praetorium. Pilate conceived the idea of addressing them, in order to prevail upon them to deliver Him whom their chiefs were pursuing with so much hatred. "Which do you wish me to deliver to you, Barabbas or Jesus who is called the Christ?" Pronouncing these words, the judge mounted the steps of the tribunal, a sort of platform, on which was the judgment-seat of the Roman magistrate. But the people, influenced by the heads of the Synagogue, called for the deliverance of the robber and the punishment of the Just One. Not a man in all that crowd to say a good word for the Saviour ! They whom He had taught, consoled, cured, kept silence ! No, not a single man rose to protest against so unjust a petition.

At this moment, one woman alone has the courage, the sense of justice to do so. She alone dared to brave the wrath of the excited populace. She alone dared to plead the cause of the Just One.

Claudia Procla, Pilate's wife, despatched one of her attendants to say to her husband : "*Have nothing to do with that just Man,*

for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." An angel, perhaps one of those that surrounded Jesus in His agony in the garden, had shown her in a dream Jesus' innocence, also the sword of vengeance suspended above her husband and the Saviour's accusers.

It was, then, through love of justice above every other consideration that Claudia Procla wished to deter her husband from his iniquity. She beholds in Jesus a Just Man. She had frequently heard Him spoken of, His sanctity, His goodness, His teachings, His miracles. She interested herself all the more in His behalf as she was not ignorant of the hatred borne Him by the great ones of the nation.

But this argument, and she knew it well, was not sufficient to determine Pilate to take a decision conformable to justice. She knew that her husband would never hesitate between his own interests and those of his Victim. She was very careful, therefore, in the wording of the message that she sent him at this decisive moment to set forth the fatal consequences which might result from such a condemnation.

This woman, enlightened by God Himself, had a presentiment of the superior nature of Him who was now standing at Pilate's tribunal. "It is not for you to judge Him who ought to be your Judge, still more, Him who will be the judge of the living and the dead." He is the Just One.

Saint Athanasius drew from this episode a clear argument in favor of Christ's Divinity. In effect, He who is there standing to be judged, can be only a God, since at the very time that He is being interrogated by Pilate He is uttering oracles and revealing the future.

Adore the providence of God disposing events in such a way that the innocence of Jesus should be witnessed to in every way and by all kinds of people. In the Garden of Eden, it was a woman who enticed her husband to his ruin; at the Passion of Jesus it was again a woman who strove to prevent her husband from becoming a prevaricator.

With, Claudia, publicly confess the holiness and innocence of Jesus. Adore Our Lord exercising His divine attributes even in His chains. In spite of His innocence, Pilate is on the point of condemning Him, and Jesus makes known to His wife Claudia the misfortunes that will chastise his flagrant injustice.

Jesus, enchained in the Host, is always the God of all knowledge. For Him the future does not exist. Still He reveals it to whom He pleases and when He pleases. Recognize here, as at Pilate's tribunal, His Divinity, His infinite knowledge, and His absolute freedom to give an insight of it to His creatures according to His good pleasure.

II. — Thanksgiving.

As most interpreters of Holy Scripture think, Claudia's dream was from a supernatural source. It was God Himself who had sent it to her, in order to show forth in a new light the innocence of Jesus. It was, on the part of God, a favor to both Pilate and his wife, and even to the Divine Victim Himself.

Pilate, inasmuch as he was a pagan, would attach great importance to dreams. And still more, this dream was not sent to a stranger, but to his own wife, who had had much to suffer on its account. Everything connected with this dream, therefore, should have influenced the Governor. The love of justice, the love of compassion for his wife, the fear of the greatest chastisements, should have checked him on the road to crime. God intended by it that he should have no room to doubt the innocence of Jesus. Pilate was, in reality, terrified by the message. "He was judged before he judged. He was tortured before he tortured his Victim."

This call from God did, in the beginning, have some effect on Pilate's conscience in favor of menaced innocence, and he became more than ever determined to save Jesus.

God ordinarily acts in this way with those that are on the point of sinning. He sends them external help or some interior inspiration to divert them from the path of sin. How often divine grace has made us shun evil! I thank Thee, my God, my Jesus, for all those lights, those inspirations, sudden and unexpected, for all those graces of protection due to Thy divine bounty, which have preserved me in Thy love! I thank Thee for the last warning Thou didst give Pilate. I thank Thee for all the graces of conversion that Thou hast granted to sinners at their last moment. By all those souls, the victims of Thy love, now rejoicing in the heaven of Thy glory, I send Thee the most reverent thanks.

This dream was, also, a great grace for Pilate's wife. It was God Himself who sent it to her by the intervention of an angel. At that moment, her soul was filled with the light of faith, and she recognized the sacred and divine character of the gentle Victim. The mission that God entrusted to her was full of honor. She was to become the advocate of Jesus. She will allege, before and against all, the testimony of the Saviour's innocence. Without doubt, to be raised to the height of her vocation, she would have to suffer and suffer much, as she herself declared in her message to the Procurator, but these torments were to render her happy. We know, in fact, from a writer of this period, that from that moment she believed in Christ's Divinity and became a fervent Christian. The Eastern Church celebrates her feast on the 27th of October under the title, Saint Procla, or Procula, wife of Pilate.

I thank Thee, O my God, for this new favor granted to a soul in the course of the Passion of Thy well-beloved Son! I thank

Thee for having given us this new testimony of the innocence of Jesus ! Mayst Thou be a thousand times blessed ! I thank Thee, my God, for having granted this little consolation to the Heart of Jesus !

The Apostles had not watched one hour with their Master. All had fled. Peter, laden with His favors, denies Him, and Claudia, who as yet had received nothing from Him, defended Him publicly at the tribunal, even on the scene of His enemies' cries and threats. Alone in the midst of iniquitous judges, of false witnesses, of executioners, this pagan woman found in her heart sufficient strength and tenderness to plead the cause of the Divine Master. Alone, she would have wished to break the chains with which they had bound the sacred limbs of Jesus. I thank Thee, my God, I thank Thee for having inspired that compassionate love for our well-beloved Saviour !

III. — Reparation.

How did the Roman Procurator profit by this divine favor ?

Pilate at first was not neglectful of the advice. He again recognized, and that more courageously, the innocence of Jesus. He is more and more persuaded that the accusations of the Jews are but pure calumnies. Nor can their perfidy change his strong conviction. The cry of his own conscience, his wife's message, the words of Jesus, His gentleness and majesty in the midst of torments—all revealed in Him a superior being, and roused in the judge the most poignant anxiety.

Returning to his tribunal, decided to set Jesus at liberty, Pilate mounts the steps of the judgment-seat. There, for the fifth time, he publicly proclaims the Accused a "just Man."

We know, alas ! that it was a vain word. Pilate quickly lost sight of his wife's message, or at least no longer paid any attention to it. After having Our Lord tortured, he delivered Him to the punishment of the Cross.

Unhappy Pilate ! he listened neither to the voice of justice nor to that of affection. To retain his post of Governor, he forfeited his conscience, as well as his official duty of defending oppressed innocence. This last grace granted him did but aggravate his sin.

The chastisements foreseen by Claudia delayed not to fall on the unfortunate judge. Some years later, having been sent to Rome by Vitellius, Governor of Syria, to answer before Cæsar concerning the crimes imputed to him by the Jews, he was deprived of his position, and exiled to Vienne, in Gaul. There, he killed himself with his own sword, to put an end to his misery. Pardon, O Jesus, the pain that Pilate gave Thee by thus abusing the last of Thy favors to him ! Pardon for all who, on the point of committing sin, neglect the aid that Thou dost hold out to them,

and allow themselves to be drawn into evil. How often have I resisted Thy supreme appeal ! Yes, I confess, and ask pardon for it. If I have so often played the part of a prevaricator, it is for having neglected to harken to Thy lights and inspirations. Pardon for the pain given Thee by all who, at the moment of death, have obstinately rejected Thy merciful advances. Pardon for the souls now suffering in purgatory who had not the courage here on earth to defend Thy cause !

IV. — Prayer.

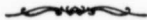
This woman was the model of every soul who sees Our Lord offended by one of the members of His family.

Pilate's wife passed the whole night of Jesus' arrest in extreme agitation. A thousand painful fancies besieged her sleep. She trembled at the idea of seeing her husband steep his hands in the Blood of the Just One. Who will depict her indignation, her secret sorrow at seeing her efforts rendered useless by Pilate's base cowardice ? How she wept and sighed hidden in the solitude of his palace !

Is not this wife of the Roman Procurator a perfect model of every one having charge of souls, especially of the *Christian spouse* ? In all Jerusalem, she was the only one of her sex in a situation to take up the defence of Jesus and, in spite of all kinds of difficulties, she courageously accomplished the duty marked out by her tortured conscience.

Are there, perhaps, among your neighbors some souls who are about to commit sin ? Your duty, though so difficult, so painful, is to warn them. Angel-guardian of the family, you should try to draw them from dishonor and the abyss. But for this, great courage is often necessary, and such courage Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament alone can give. Ask it of Him at once. Assist at the Divine Sacrifice of the altar more frequently, for the Holy Mass is the source of all grace. Multiply your Communions. In them, heart to heart with the Saviour of souls, you will find strength and support. Multiply your hours of adoration and your visits to the Divine Prisoner of our tabernacles. He Himself will inspire you what counsel to give under such circumstances.

Yes, place all your confidence in Jesus. It is for Him that you are working. With Him, you will never be discouraged. He will certainly afford you the light to illumine your friends, the courage to incite them to do their duty in spite of human respect, prevailing prejudices, and disgrace with those in power. And if, like the energetic Claudia Procla, you do not perfectly succeed in preserving your loved ones from evil, you will have the sweet consolation of having done your duty.



The Plenary Council of Quebec.

— AND THE —

Eucharistic Congress of Montreal.



SEPTEMBER 1909 and September 1910, will be forever memorable in the annals of Canadian Church History, and in the hearts of her loyal people, as the glorious record of the young and prosperous Church of Canada, in the two grandest and most important religious demonstrations a Catholic nation can witness.

Not very long ago all eyes were centered on the picturesque old city of Quebec, where the Fathers of our First Plenary Council were assembled, and where for weeks, those distinguished Prelates were the object of enthusiastic ovations. The soul of our people brimful of Catholicity, love for Church and for the Sovereign Pontiff showed itself in these manifestations successively held in the different sections of the city.

Nevertheless, these demonstrations however brilliant and loyal did not, truthfully speaking, constitute the Council itself, but merely its accessories. Its principal, not to say its only cause of existence, was the thoughtful study of ecclesiastical discipline, and its practical application to the exigencies and needs of our century. Its most important work then was that done in those long close sessions, where vital issues were discussed, examined and decided. As the foreign Press has already done it is natural to draw a comparison between our First Plenary Council, and our First Eucharistic Congress. These two solemn conventions show the vitality of the Church, and the lively faith, so full of initiative, of its people. Judging by the success of the Plenary Council we may already form some idea of what to expect from the Eucharistic Congress, at which, not only, all the Bishops of Canada and the Catholics of one city will take part, but a vast number of others Prelates, and a host of Catholics from all parts of the United States and Europe. Moreover the



Members of Plenary Council. Basilica of St. Anne de Beaupré in background.

cordial, even enthusiastic welcome accorded the official announcement of the Congress assures us that the Catholic population of Montreal and of the entire Dominion will not cede in the manifestation of its faith to the noble example furnished by Quebecers ; all shall form, so to speak, but one heart and one soul, so as to unite in a same faith and love Jesus Christ present in the Eucharist, and His Church officially represented by the Sovereign Pontiff's Legate.

But here also would it not be well to remember that the exterior eclat given to the Eucharistic feasts is not *all* the Congress. The exterior manifestations must necessarily be an important part but not enough to change its nature. This assertion is borne out by those who have followed the trend of preceding Eucharistic Congresses : in this as in everything else there is a right proportion to keep. The main point is not to weaken one element at the profit of another. It is a triumph doubtless that Catholics in the person of their most noble and authorized representatives come to offer the immortal King hidden in the Host ; but a triumph all heartily desire to render solid and lasting. For this end all the Chiefs of the Eucharistic movement, Bishops, Priests, Laymen learned and influential assemble, not behind closed doors as in a council, but in a vast hall where the general public are admitted, and seriously study and discuss the most practical methods, and the surest means of universally spreading the Eucharistic doctrine among Christians ; and in those still more solemn assemblies where the laity also congregate in crowds, the best Orators sing the glories of the Eucharistic Christ, and proclaim His sacred rights over individuals and society ; their inflamed accents contribute not a little to awaken the slumbering faith of some, and stimulate the courage of others, and arouse among all the religious enthusiasm always so eloquently expressed in the final triumph of the Eucharistic procession. Whereas a purely exterior manifestation would produce but a superficial and momentary impression, those Session and Assemblies, lay the foundations of a solid and lasting work whose practical importance may be incalculable in the Christian life, individual and social.

If we might form a wish, it would be that from a Eucharistic view the Congress of Montreal might be the worthy completion of the First Plenary Council of Quebec and thus co-operate with it, in the restoration and maintenance of Christian life in our land.

As announced by the Press the preliminaries of the Congress are being actively attended too, by the different Committees formed for that purpose. In order to interest all the country in the Eucharistic solemnities of September 1910, the Bishops have promised to form a local committee in each of their dioceses. These will be in touch with the central committee either to furnish information regarding Eucharistic devotion and worship in their locality, or to promulgate news relative to the Congress. They will also work to promote a crusade of prayer for its success and organize groups of Congressionists in the various parts of the country.

An Altar-boy Invited to Call on the Bishop.

ONCE an altar-boy was invited to call on the bishop, who was a very kind man. The little boy felt afraid and embarrassed, not knowing how to act or what to say. Carefully, very carefully, he brushed his clothes and polished his shoes, and took good care not to soil them on the way. The bishop received him very kindly, and noticing how clean he had kept his shoes, said to him, "Why, my dear boy, how could you keep your shoes so clean when the roads are so muddy?"—"Oh, I was very careful to pick my way."—"But this morning your shoes were soiled when you served Mass."—"Yes, but I did not know that the bishop would be there, for I would have cleaned them before."—"And do you not know, my dear boy, that when you serve Mass, you are before a greater Lord than I am, before God Himself, surrounded by thousands of angels; why then did you not have your shoes in good condition?"—The little boy burst into tears, but he ever after that appeared about the altar with well-kept shoes, clean hands and face, and neatly brushed hair, showing how well he had profited by the bishop's remark.

THE CHARITY OF THE POOR



VENRABLE and saintly priest, in charge of a parish so poor that he was at times almost without the necessaries of life, obtained permission to make an appeal for help to a large and fashionable congregation at Paris. When the opportunity came, he spoke to his listeners of the value and sublimity of the virtue of charity, and then, casting his eyes around the magnificent church in which he was preaching, he told with great feeling and pathos that in his parish our sacramental Lord was in need of everything that there was not so much as a decent tabernacle in which to place His adorable body. "O hearken to my words, my brethren," said the zealous priest; "make a sacrifice of something, I beseech you, for the honor of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, and I promise you that if you do so He will reward you a thousand fold for your gifts."

The offerings were generous in response to his appeal and the heart of the venerable priest was made glad.

The following day when he was about to leave the capital he was approached by an aged woman, whose dress and appearance denoted extreme poverty. She saluted him, and then said :

"Are you not the priest whose church lacks a decent tabernacle? If so, I want to give you something."

"Thankfully shall I receive whatever you may give me," replied the *curé*.

With trembling hands the aged woman handed him a much-crumpled piece of paper, tied up in an old handkerchief. Opening these, what was the *curé's* astonishment to discover a one hundred franc gold piece.

"This is too much, my good woman," exclaimed the priest; "we have to give only according to our means, and you do not seem to me to be in a position to sacrifice so large a sum as this."

"Thank God, I am both willing and able to give you this," the donor replied.

“How will you manage to provide for your future? I cannot believe that you can spare this money, and do not like to accept it.”

“Well, Father,” said the poor woman, hesitatingly, “this money is useless to me, altogether useless, and I will tell you why. Nearly ten years ago I put that gold piece away, so that I might have the wherewithal to bury me; but after hearing you say yesterday that our Lord had no fit place in your church for His adorable body, how could I keep this gold for mine, which really needs nothing but a covering of earth and will finally be devoured by worms! All last night this thought haunted me, and I could not rest content until I had brought the money to you, for it begins to weigh heavily upon my conscience.”

As the venerable priest made no reply, she continued:

“Besides, Father, you will really be doing me a service by taking this money, for I have been in constant fear of its being stolen, and that worried me; but now I am content and happy.”

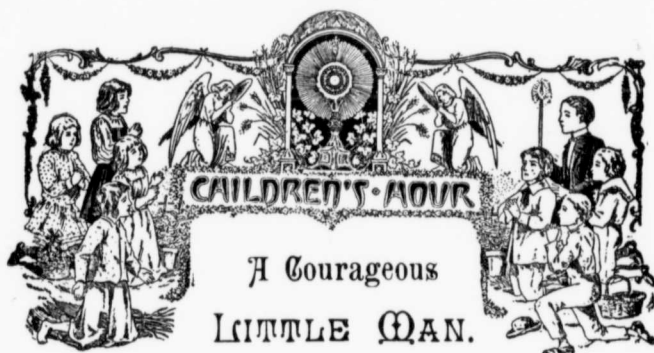
So saying, she departed. The *curé* stood transfixed with emotion, thanking God that there were still generous hearts who were ready to sacrifice their all, that His dwelling-places on earth might be less unworthy. These words of the sacred writer arose to his lips: “The purchase of wisdom is better than merchandise or silver, and her fruit than the chiefest and purest gold. She is more precious than all riches, and all the things that are desired are not to be compared with her.”—*Proverbs*.

At His Feet

I must place before your minds a very important thought; that of your duties towards Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist. We worship Him at Mass, at Benediction, in our visits to the tabernacle, at exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and in solemn processions of the Sacred Host. All these devotions are pleasing to Jesus. He loves to see us at His feet.—Archbishop Farley.

Let us pray for our beloved deceased.

Wesport, Ont.: Mrs Mary Anne Foley.—*Quebec*: Thos Coolican.



At a reunion of the Press at Angers Mr René Bazin, the eminent French writer, related the following anecdote of a small pupil of Maine-et-Loire :

After the removal of the crucifixes from the schools, all the children returned the following day with a small one on their breasts. The teacher told them to remove their crosses or at least to hide them underneath their clothes. All did as they were told excepting one little fellow. The teacher sent him home and enjoined on him a punishment of fifty lines. The child came back with the fifty lines written but with the dear Christ still on his breast. The teacher again sent him home but this time doubled the punishment. The child brought back the hundred lines with the crucifix still about his neck. The teacher continued increasing the punishment until five hundred lines were reached. The energetic little hero, persevered until the teacher in utter despair of ever conquering him, gave up. The child could then bear the emblem of salvation as he wished and unmolested. Had he not nobly merited the honor? — Let us learn from this little example what perseverance can accomplish.



JUST A STORY

How the Christ-Child attracted one who knew

Him not.



O, my dear, said the placid, sweet-faced woman with the smiling eyes, "I was not always a Catholic, and until I was eighteen years old I had no desire to become one. I will tell you all about it, if you wish," and in the general chorus of, "Oh, please do!" and a shifting and hitching of chairs, I also, although a stranger, took advantage of the noise and pulled my chair nearer so that I might hear the story, too.

"From my earliest childhood," the attractive little lady began, "I was passionately fond of music. I did not have any talent myself and could hardly play a note, but I could sit for hours and listen to another play. My parents professed no religion, but I would go to some church every Sunday, just to hear the music, but would sit listless and dreaming during the sermon.

"As chance would have it, until I was seventeen years old I had never been inside a Catholic church. As Christmas of that year drew near I was inexpressibly depressed—a feeling that I could neither understand nor explain. Not even mingling with the gay throng of Christmas shoppers seemed to enliven me, and as Christmas day approached I felt a burning desire to do *something*, but what that something was I could not divine.

"My mother insisted that I should take a tonic, and father threatened to take me to a physician, but my oldest brother, gazing, with penetrating eyes at me, said laughingly :

"I believe Aileen has a bad conscience."

"Then, at the wave of hot color that surged over my face, he said quickly, 'Come, girlie, let us take a walk.'

"And although the snow was blowing wildly about, and the piercing north wind seemed to penetrate one's

very body, we set out, arm in arm, and walked until dark. My brother seemed to understand just how I felt, and hardly a word was spoken during all the while we were out, but when we reached our own door again he paused on the lower step and said, 'Do you feel better now, Aileen?' and when I nodded and tried hard to gulp down the sob that rose in my throat he just kissed me and went in.

"But I felt better, somehow, and I slept most of that



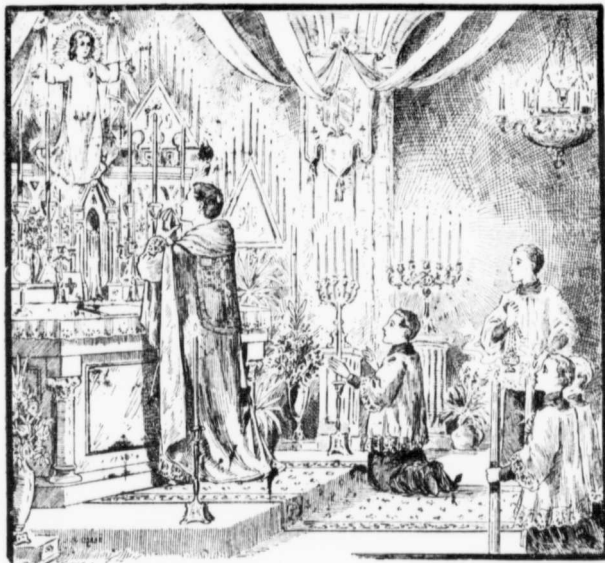
night, which was something I had not done for a long time. I had however, a very queer dream. It seemed as though I stood on the brink of a great yawning abyss. My father and mother stood with me holding me, entreating me not to attempt to cross the frail bridge that spanned the chasm.

"At last my father said: 'It separates our lives, Aileen,' and as I drew back frightened, a voice strangely familiar called out from the darkness on the other side of the ravine: 'Courage, Aileen!'

'With a hurried gesture I started across. As soon as I set my foot on the bridge, my parents faded from my

view, and a great light appeared on the opposite bank. In the center of the flame I saw a Bleeding Heart, such as my brother had pointed out from the door of the cathedral the night before. Then I awoke and fell asleep to dream no more.

"The next day was Christmas Eve and I felt no better. In fact, as evening came on, the longing approached almost to wildness. And when the other members of



the family had retired, I still sat fully clothed before the blazing fire in my own room. How long I sat I do not know, but finally the air became stifling and I could not breathe. Slipping on my fur coat and hood I stole quietly out of the house and sped along the white streets. I was not afraid and I walked on and on. Suddenly with a start I realized that I was before a brilliantly lighted church, and without knowing why I went in. The candles on the altar gleamed faintly, as if far away, and a tall priest in sober black was moving noiselessly back and forth. I slid into the back pew, and in obedience to

some instinct that prompted me, I slipped down on my kness. Then the great organ pealed forth, the strains rising and swelling as the piece proceeded. My head sank on the back of the pew in front of me and heavy sobs shook my body. Somehow every sob let out some of that awful longing that had been stifling me for days, and a great peace entered my soul.

"When the solemn midnight Mass had begun I found myself praying fervently. What I said I don't know, but God knew and understood. I knelt there spellbound and oh, so happy, for a long time. At the Elevation, when every one's else head was reverently bowed, I gazed at the altar, for there, dear girls, I saw a vision. Yes, right there on the altar Our Lord appeared to me, standing tall and radiant above the tabernacle, and a voice I shall never forget said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.' With a long drawn-out sob I bowed my head and wept for pure joy. I knew then what longing had been weighing me down.

"So I knelt there until the gentleman next to me rose, and looking up I saw the devout going up to the communion rail. The man was waiting for me to let him by. As he passed me I glanced into his face. It was the face of my eldest brother, Will. But what a changed Will—his eyes were like mist and fire, and filled with heavenly peace. How I wished that I, too, might go with him, on that Christmas night, to the holy table of the Lord. When the Mass was over and only the organ softly sent up its hymn of praise, Will rose to leave. I laid my hand on his arm. He glanced down and for a moment looked unknowingly into my eyes.

"With tears trembling on my eyelashes and running down my cheeks I told him that my conscience was at rest and how happy I was. He uttered a fervent. 'Thank God!' and while we walked home through the snow he told me how he had studied the Catholic religion for a year, how he had been baptized the day before, and how he had received Our Lord for the first time that night. Then he said, 'And, oh, how I wished that you would study, too, Aileen, and the last few days when you felt so queer I hoped that you were beginning to doubt whether you were living the right kind of a life. So I took

you to the cathedral, although I don't think you noticed, I did it so slyly. Have you thought anything of the Bleeding Heart since, sister ?'

"When I told him of my dream, he said : 'It was a dream prompted by heaven, dear.'

"'But, Will,' I interrupted, 'our father and mother—they will object ?'

"'I hardly think they will,' he answered. 'They told me to study, and even become a Catholic if I cared to and they would offer no resistance.'

"So, my dears," the narrator concluded, "that is the end of my story. No, Mary, my parents did nothing to discourage me, and one year from that Christmas night I received the Holy Eucharist for the first time. And better still, before many years my dear father and mother also joined the Church. And now I am a happy, contented old woman and I have so much to be thankful for but I am almost preaching?" and with that the merry company laughingly disbanded and the pleasant-faced lady passed inside'

URSULA MARGARET TRAINOR.

A Moment of Grace.

THE first snow had just fallen in a town of Scotland, an event that somewhat gladdens the hearts of young and old. Especially are the street urchins elated when the first snow falls, for boys are boys, and they will throw snowballs.

Thus it happened in this Scotch town. A Catholic priest was crossing the market-place on his way to a sick person. When the boys noticed him, they chose him as a target for their sport. Snowballs came from all sides, thick and fast, on the bowed head of the comforter of the sick and afflicted. But he passed on quietly, as if oblivious of their presence. A store-keeper, an infidel and priest-hater happened to witness the scene.

Months passed, and the priest had forgotten that winter morning. Again, one spring day, the priest hastened

across the commons to visit a Catholic servant-girl to whose bedside he had been called. He entered a store, and asked the aged proprietor :

“ Can you tell me whether a servant girl in your family attends the Catholic Church ? ”

“ What do you want with her,” inquired the man.

“ I want to speak to her,” answered the priest. “ I was told that she is very ill and wants to receive the Sacraments.”

“ The girl does not live here,” replied the man, “ but you are the very man I wish to see. Take a seat, for I have something important to say to you.”

“ I am at your service,” replied the priest, and they withdrew to an adjoining room.”

“ Do you remember one morning last winter, Reverend Father, when the boys threw a lot of snowballs at you ? ”

“ Yes, I have an indistinct recollection of the sport the lads had at my expense. I had almost forgotten it.”

“ But not I,” rejoined the storekeeper. “ That scene still lingers in my mind, for it made me think. ‘ Why is it,’ I said to myself, ‘ that Catholic priests are persecuted, while no one bothers about our ministers ? What is it that gives them that wonderful calmness under provocation which would make other men lose their temper and seek reprisal ? ’ The result of that occurrence was that I made inquiries about the Roman Catholic Church and her priests, bought Catholic books, and began to study them. I prayed for light, and I am now ready to become a Catholic myself. Will you accept me, Father, and give me instructions ! I long to become a member of that Church which has been persecuted since her birth, but which flourishes in spite of all persecutions.”

The good priest was overjoyed, and the instructions began at once. The neophyte was an apt scholar, and he soon had the happiness of being received into the Church. God’s ways are truly wonderful ! The mischief of thoughtless children and the patient forbearance of the object of their pranks, gained for Mother Church an acceptable son.

(X. in *The Indian Advocate*.)