

**THE SENTINEL**  
OF THE  
**BLESSED SACRAMENT**

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**AN HOUR WITH THEE**

My heart is tired, so tired to-day—

How endless seems the strife!

Day after day the restlessness

Of all this weary life!

I come to lay my burden down

That so oppresseth me,

And, shutting all the world without,

To spend an hour with Thee.

I would forget a little while

The bitterness of tears,

The anxious thoughts that crowd my life,

The buried hopes of years;

Forget that woman's weary toil

My patient care must be.

A tired child I come to-day

To spend an hour with Thee.

The busy world goes on and on—

I cannot heed it now;

Thy sacred hand is laid upon

My aching, throbbing brow.

Life's toil will soon be past, and then,

From all its sorrows free.

How sweet to think that I shall spend

Eternity with Thee.

Wheaton LYON.



THE LORD'S SUPPER

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## The Mount of Temptation.

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The quiet days of the Hidden Life are no more. The beautiful home among Nazareth's hills is broken up. Our Lord at the age of thirty, leaves for good the abode of His growing years, and Mary is alone in her sorrow. Our Blessed Lord had come to the banks of the Jordan and had been baptized by John. With what joy He must have listened to the brave and ringing words of His Precursor. The priests were not accustomed to speak, nor scribe nor pharisee to hear such unmistakable utterances in the synagogues. When John had baptized our Blessed Lord, out from the opened heavens came in dove-like form the Holy Spirit; and from on high the Father proclaimed of the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth: "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

"And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from the Jordan, and immediately was led by the spirit into the desert, to be tempted by the devil." The battle is on and the struggle has begun. The immediate preparation for His public life has been taken up—not for His need but for our example—and our Blessed Master goes forth to the wilderness to fast and to pray. His soul, ever united to the Godhead, is even more than ever filled with the deepest emotions and holiest feelings. For forty days He will shun the haunts of men, weaken His body by abstaining from all food and drink, and notwithstanding the pangs of hunger and the burning of thirst, He will commune unceasingly with His Heavenly Father.

The same must every soul in a measure do if it would effect aught for souls and for God. Whoever will touch and influence for good and sanctify the lives of others must first sanctify himself. And who is there who does not want to lift up the fallen, heal the bruised, and take the burden off saddened hearts? The great evers for effective work in the spiritual world are

prayer and self-conquest. Unless our words come from a heart that from time to time goes out from the haunts of men and mounts to the throne of God, our words will not be hot and will not burn into men's lives. Unless we come from the audience chamber of the King we cannot give His message. Unless we listen in silence from time to time, at fixed intervals, to the voice of God, and banish idle and frivolous thoughts and purposes, we shall never speak words of weight which tell in the lives of those who would otherwise be enlightened and strengthened by our efforts. How easy were it for us to go to the desert of His Tabernacle, especially during some holy season, and hear his voice and receive His message! How sad to think that there are sorrowing hearts we could console, weak spirits we could strengthen, timid souls we could make brave, heavy burdens we could lift from lives; yet in this labor of love for the Master we are found wanting, because we will not conquer ourselves, and will not go out from the haunts of pleasure, from time to time, to the desert of His Tabernacle! Oh! the joy of being with Him, once the soul tastes and sees how sweet the Lord is!

Out into the desert our Lord was led by the spirit. The scene of His temptation and fasting has been placed by tradition on a mountain west of Jericho. On these arid and desolate peaks our Saviour fasted and prayed for forty days and forty nights.

Below Him and beyond Jericho flows the Jordan through the valley in its winding course from the Lake of Galilee to the Dead Sea. "And He did eat nothing in those days." He fed the birds of the air, and the multitudes in the desert for forty years and Elias He fed, so that for forty days, and forty nights he walked unto the very mountain of God; but He Himself "did eat nothing in those days." What are we to do for the Master who fasted for us? From the desert of His Tabernacle He looks into our hearts and asks for the conquest of our sensuality. Are we curbing and checking it? Not merely in those things where to yield were sinful, but in many little indulgences which, without sin, we might enjoy? Are we to be pampered soldiers of a crucified

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Leader? Many of us dine frequently with Him at His altar at the dawn; does this spiritual banquet find us daily more detached from the pleasures of the senses, less eager for comforts, climbing steadily up towards His Blessed Mother at the foot of the Cross.

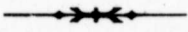
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### THE INVISIBLE HOST

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One day a man assisting at Mass was greatly surprised at not seeing the Sacred Host in the hands of the celebrant; thinking the weakness of his sight and the distance separating him from the altar were the cause, he drew as near as possible, but with no better result. Not knowing what to make of this strange phenomena and greatly worried thereby, he laid the matter before a holy priest. After having carefully examined the man, the priest discovered that, for a long time, he had cherished a secret hatred against one of his fellowmen, who had done him an injury he would not forgive. Then the priest pointed out to him the unhappy state of his soul and told him he need not seek elsewhere the cause of the blindness God had stricken him with regarding the Sacred Host, or that he need never hope to see It again, or be forgiven his sins as long as he did not forgive the injury done him. Those words deeply touched the guilty man's heart, and made him instantly and unreservedly forgive his enemy. He finished his confession, received absolution, went and heard Mass and distinctly saw the Sacred Host, and since then often thanks God who thus punished him, and showed him how displeasing to His merciful heart was his hardness towards his fellowman.



### What are we doing for the Blessed Sacrament?

Our Lord Jesus Christ, Man-God, Son of God, to whom the Father has given the nations in heritage is really and truly present and living among us in the Blessed Sacrament.

We believe It, but do we fully realize It?

If we believe It and fully realize It are our actions consistent with our faith?

Jesus is in our churches and our Tabernacles. When we pass a church do we salute our Lord, and do our thoughts and our affections accompany our homage? (1).

Do we enter the church every time we can? And when we enter does our soul instinctively seek the Tabernacle? Does our genuflection show our belief in the Divine Master's Presence. (2). Jesus desires to give Himself to us in Holy Communion. Do we live and act in such a manner that we may be in the necessary dispositions to eat often, daily if possible, this divine aliment of our spiritual life and comply with our Lord's desire. Do we not stay away from the Holy Table through carelessness, indifference, human respect or scrupulosity? Do we often ponder on those words of our Lord: "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood liveth in Me and I in him."

He in us! We in Him! What an ineffable union! what a divine state! Do we realize It?

Jesus comes from His Tabernacle to show us with more benignity His Sacrament of love, and to bless His people; He goes through the city streets lavishing on all those He meets the treasures of His graces; He is borne to the dying to bring them strength and victory in the final struggle. Do we know how to appreciate those favors by rendering

(1) An indulgence of 100 days is attached to the act.

(2) An indulgence of 100 days may be gained by those who bend one knee and recite the following invocation: Jesus, My God, we adore Thee here present in the Sacrament of Thy Love; of 300 days for genuflection on both-knees, before Blessed Sacrament exposed.

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Him due honors; by taking part in processions, manifestations and works whose object is to procure the glory of the Blessed Sacrament?

Eternal King of Centuries, Creator and Sovereign Lord of all things He should see humanity prostrate at His Feet. Does He? Unfortunately no. Great as are His Eucharistic humiliations man still finds the way to increase them. He is forgotten even by the good, injured by the wicked, the impious, the sacrilegious. The altar where He abides should be the centre of the life of nations, as He is the centre of the life of souls, but the world, ruled by sects, raises near Him a throne to the king of evil and gives to satan what belongs to God alone.

Are our hearts sore at the sight of this ill-treatment, this neglect, this contempt, those cruel injuries? Are we generous in offering little sacrifices as reparation for so much irreverence, so many outrages? Do we love Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament as much as He is hated by the wicked who persecute Him! Do we use our time, our strength, our intelligence, our activity to make Him loved, to extend His kingdom and to assure Him His proper place in society and in hearts?

Our Lord Jesus Christ, Man-God, Son of God, to whom the Father has given the heritage of nations is really and truly living among us in the Blessed Sacrament. Do we believe It? Do we realize It? If we believe It and realize It let our actions harmonize with our faith.

Then yield thy heart at length to love  
That God of charity,  
Who gives His very self to prove  
The love He bears to thee.

Make me Jesus, wholly Thine  
Take this wayward heart of mine;  
Guide me through this world so drear—  
Heart of Jesus hear!—

Oh, open wide Thy blessed arms  
And clasp me to Thy Sacred Heart  
And let all cares and vain alarms  
Lose their power to sting and smart.

## The Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist

(From Wiseman.)

For the witness of the early Christian Church on this subject we can only refer the reader to more extensive treatises, for no serious denial is possible of the unanimous belief in this doctrine by the heroic and pioneer ages of our Saviour's religion. To this department of proof must be assigned the liturgies of the ancient Church, every one of which speaks of the body and blood of Christ as really present. The same may be said of the many forms of Christianity which separated from the Church in early days, some of them over thirteen hundred years ago, whose uniform belief in the Catholic doctrine is a striking evidence in its favor, as some of their churches were founded by the Apostles themselves — to say nothing of the respectable and powerful minority among Protestants of our day, especially Episcopalians and Lutherans. These will not all allow of the term Transubstantiation, yet hold the doctrine, or something very like it, and celebrate the sacred mysteries of the Lord's Supper in the same spirit as Catholics. When we find this column of faith standing alone amidst the ruins and fragments of Christianity wherever we meet them, always of the same materials and proportions, and bearing the same inscription, must we not conclude that it formed a part of the magnificent temple of truth which the Apostles erected?

The Sacrament of the Eucharist forms the very soul and essence of all practical religion among Catholics. It brings us into the closest union with God of which we are capable in this life — that union towards which every reasonable being unceasingly yearns. It gives to our souls a consciousness of the presence of Christ within us — sweet beyond power of words to explain. As a means of personal sanctification, every devout Catholic will bear out as a fact of experience the validity of our Saviour's promise, "He that eateth me, the same also shall live by me." All through life it is our great solace in affliction, our conse-

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cration of human joy to divine purposes; it is our brightest comfort in our dying hour, the foretaste and harbinger of eternal glory. And yet against it have been vomited forth a foul torrent of scorn and obloquy. The dreadful words *idolatry, hypocrisy, mummery* have been directed against people and priesthood, on account of a doctrine concerning which the plainest proof of Scripture is repeatedly offered, which was the unanimous belief of Christendom for fifteen hundred years, and which, by a word of inquiry, may be revealed as the deep spring of the waters of eternal life in the souls of neighbors, friends, and even relatives, whose virtues are an edification to all, to say nothing of the countless millions of God's servants who adhere to the Catholic faith.

(*The end.*)

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"AS NOTHING ELSE CAN DO."

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Nothing, so spiritualizes and strengthens the character and soul of a child as frequent Communion. This Heavenly Bread fortifies the child against the fierce assaults of the passions, checks their growth and weakens their power as nothing else can do. It is the sovereign remedy against all spiritual diseases. It strengthens in the child's soul the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity. It enlightens and purifies the mind and draws the young heart irresistibly to God and to the love of spiritual things. In short, frequent, and, if possible, even daily Communion is the most powerful and most important element in the spiritual, and, to a great extent, too, in the intellectual education of the young. Children should be early and carefully prepared to receive the Sacraments.

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### FILIAL LOVE.

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The fact that we are about to relate took place in Lyon. A young soldier belonging to a regiment of cuirassiers, came one day, *about four o'clock in the afternoon*, to find the military chaplain and beg him to be so good as to hear his confession and give him Holy Communion.

It was all right for confession, but to find himself asked for Holy Communion at so late an hour, would attract the attention of a chaplain the most habituated to unforeseen cases. The priest demanded an explanation, which was readily given. It was as follows:

The young soldier had an excellent mother who loved him devotedly. Now, to-day was the feast of the good woman, and her son had long promised himself to celebrate it in a manner that he knew would be agreeable to her. But the soldier has little liberty in the employment of his time. An unlooked for inspection of his regiment, and then a review, obliged him to remain in the ranks the whole morning. But he did not lose hope. He said to himself that toward the end of the day, he would have a moment of respite and, cost what it might, he would go to Holy Communion, for the next day would not be his mother's feast. In spite of the fatigue of the morning and that which he foresaw in the evening, he remained fasting.

At four, he was free, and he went at once to the chaplain. Could the latter refuse to hear the confession and to give Holy Communion at any hour whatever to a soldier who had been on duty all day, and who loved his mother so well? No, surely not. He was deeply touched at such an act of sturdy piety toward God and of exquisite filial affection. He heard his confession immediately, and gave him Holy Communion.

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# Guard of Honor

OF THE

## The Blessed Sacrament

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*(Thoughts on the Institution of the Blessed Eucharist.)*

Jesus was at table in the upper room of the holy Cenacle. He kept the great Jewish festival; He ate the Lamb, His type; He fulfilled His last prophecy when, suddenly, as if oppressed with intolerable anguish He exclaimed: "Amen, I say unto you, one of you is about to betray Me." Jesus had felt a cold, nervous hand near Him, in the dish wherefrom He took for the last time something to sustain His mortal life. It was the traitor's hand, the hand of death on the table of life, this satanic hand that barely an hour ago had clutched the thirty pieces of silver.

Then looking lovingly at His flock, His cherished family, on those He calls His friends, He assures them that He will not leave them orphans—"non relinquam vos orphanos."

But, how will this be done? Death is already so near Jesus? The cohort has been engaged, provided with torches and clubs; in the distance resounds the clamour of the infuriated multitude. Will our Lord elude them once more? Will he say to the storm that threatens Him as formerly to the raging waters: Be still! He can, for He is the All-powerful God. Is He not the mighty One who has fixed as rampart to the unloosened waves that engulf the giants of the sea, a grain of sand they may touch but not ride over. Yet, how sad would be our fate if Jesus recoils before His enemies, or annihilates them; what then will become of the work of our salvation?

Nay, fear not! Jesus will die. Yet a little while and we shall see Him no more. But, has He not also said: "Yet a little while and you shall see me again. I go away but I shall return to you." What does that mean? He goes away and at the same time He draws near! Look and listen in order to understand the mystery.

\* \* \*

The legal Pasch is over. Jesus rises from table, girds His loins, pours water into a basin and washes the feet of His Disciples. Then, all sit down again. Jesus places near Him some unleavened bread and a cup of wine, and He solemnly exclaims: "With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you before I die, for, I declare unto you, I will not partake thereof again until the day when we will be reunited in the kingdom of my Father." Then Jesus takes the bread, blesses it, breaks it, and gives it to His Disciples saying: "Take ye and eat; this is my Body which shall be delivered for you." And taking the chalice, He gave thanks to God and gave to them saying: "Drink ye all of this, for this is my Blood, the Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sin."

Behold Jesus' farewell! Jesus goes to meet death, but before going He wishes to embrace His children; He throws Himself into their arms and hides in the kiss of His farewell. Who ever heard of the like? What friend, what father ever thought to thus give himself in his last caress?

See, how Jesus goes forth from life to death; see how He keeps His Pasch, unlike any other. He passes by death to go to His Father; He passes by the Eucharist to return to us and to abide with us. Dare I assert that it looks as if the Blessed Eucharist were a precaution against the consequences of the Cross? Jesus casts Himself in the heart of His Disciples saying: "Do this in memory of Me." We might say the adorable Victim fears total extinction in passing through the annihilation of death and implores His friends to protect Him, to save Him from the awful destruction, the only one

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He dreads—forgetfulness. Yes, to be forgotten, is what Jesus looks upon as the greatest of evils.

Moreover, it is at the moment death claims Jesus, that He, the divine Friend, as it were, throws Himself into the arms of man for protection. Judas has just added the climax to his perfidy by a sacrilegious Communion—has delivered Jesus to Satan before delivering Him to His murderers. Then, Jesus enters into the pure heart of the other Disciples to ask them to preserve His life. What a mystery of love! Until now it was we who said to the Lord: Thou art my refuge, my all-powerful help; now love reduces God to say to us: Save Me, you are my refuge, your heart is my shelter!

\* \* \*

O Christians! we were all there around the table in the Cenacle, near Jesus, in the person of our elders in the faith. To us then as to the Apostles Jesus addresses this request: My Brother, save Me; save Me from ignominy and forgetfulness, to Me, worse than death; save Me from the cruel betrayal of the new Judas' sacrilegious communicants. Is not this request clear and distinct? does it not re-echo in the bottom of our hearts at a time as touching as approaching Passiontide?

Let us, then, prostrate before the agonizing Christ and offer reparation for the outrages heaped upon Him. Let us kneel before the loving King of the Cenacle bequeathing Himself to His children in a priceless testament of wisdom and love. Let us on Holy Thursday commemorate His benefits by welcoming the dearest Friend, the most loving Father in sacramental Communion.

JOSEPH A. COTE, S. S. S



## IN MEMORIAM

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### I.—ADORATION.

It is a truth of faith that the Eucharist was instituted by Our Lord Jesus Christ to perpetuate the memory of His Passion and Death, and in consequence the memory of the love which induced Him to accept both for our salvation.—“*Hoc facite in meam commemorationem*: Do this in commemoration of Me.” said the Saviour, whilst annihilating His Body and His Blood under the appearances of bread and wine, and burying Himself in His entirety under the shroud of the holy species. St. Paul also said, according to the revelation that had been made to him personally by the Lord: “As often as you shall eat this bread and drink this chalice, you shall show forth the death of the Lord.”

It is therefore of the greatest importance that the memory of the death of Jesus should always live amongst men. It is only by the invocation of the suffering Christ and the application of the merits of His death that we can be saved.—And, besides, death accepted for those we love being the greatest proof of love, Jesus who knows that our hearts can entirely be won only by His love, requires that the proof and manifestation He has given of it in His Passion be always present to our eyes.

The Eucharist must then repeat to all men in every age the sweet story of old that Jesus has suffered and died for them. How does it accomplish that mission? By renewing daily the death of Jesus, at holy Mass, when the priest, by virtue of the powerful words of the consecration, calls from the heights of heaven, the living and triumphant Christ, and encloses Him motionless and mute in the bonds of the Eucharistic species. Is He not then in a state of death, the divine Saviour? He is there beneath the Eucharistic veils, in the perfect possession of His life as Man-God; faith teaches indeed that since His resurrection, Christ cannot die. But what is it then to possess life and not to be able to manifest it by any exterior act nor show it by any perceptible proof! It is to be in a state of death, in the condition of a corpse. Such is Jesus in the Sacrament; and such He appears and shows Himself. It is only necessary to believe and see in order to understand it: to believe that beneath the veils of the Sacrament resides the Son of God made man; and to see that

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nothing is evident of what we call life. Neither liberty of motion to go from one place to another or to avoid His enemies; nor speech to converse with his friends nor to cry for help when profane hands would desecrate His sanctuary; nor power to perform any exterior action; not even to assume that form, that human appearance through which the human person can be distinguished: nothing. Just as during His Passion, He was delivered up to those who constrained Him, so now, chained in powerlessness, nailed, as it were to the altar, unrecognizable, to such extent that His friends themselves must say like the prophet: I have seen Him, I have seen the consecrated Host, and nothing, nothing could show me how to distinguish it from another, and to recognize Jesus in His obscurity. Could the Saviour perpetuate the memory of His Passion and His death on Calvary any better than through that state of death?

Adore therefore in the Blessed Sacrament, the divine Sufferer, the gentle Victim of Crucifixion; never let the Holy Host appear to you without remembering Jesus crowned with thorns, nailed to the cross and dying for our love.

## II.—THANKSGIVING.

In recalling to mind the Passion of the Saviour, the Eucharist thereby recalls the infinite love that induced Him to accept it, the gentle patience with which He suffered and the merciful forgiveness He bestowed on His executioners and on all sinners in general.

The love that led Him to accept the frightful torments of His Passion, the ignominious death of the cross, when He had in His power thousands of other means of satisfying the justice of His Father or of saving the world—this love, do you not see it shine with new splendor in the Eucharist, where Jesus, without being forced, but spontaneously and solely for our good, gives Himself up entirely to us for ever, without reserve or condition?—Do you not feel His loving tenderness breaking through the frail elements like the rays of the sun through the clouds, making the Blessed Sacrament condescend to the wanderings of your mind, the coldness of your heart, the apathy of your will, the irreverence of your dissipated senses, the lukewarmness of your life? Is He not good, tolerant and patient as in His Passion?—And does He not there forgive those who betray Him, treat Him harshly and profane Him, as He did in the garden with Judas, in the court of the high priest with Peter, in the governor's hall, and at Calvary with His tormentors? The gentle and humble

silence of the Host is a prayer that extends from age to age the sublime words of pardon that went from Calvary: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Taste and see that the Lord is good and relish His goodness in the Blessed Sacrament in order to understand and enjoy the goodness of Jesus in His Passion.

### III.—PROPIATION.

To be convinced that the Eucharist perpetuates the Passion and death of Our Lord let us see if He is not here too, a Victim of like treason, of similar outrages and humiliations. Is it not to betray Our Lord like Judas, to receive the Eucharist in a soul soiled by the presence of mortal sin? Is it not to deny Him like Peter, when in our daily lives, we ignore the Eucharistic Presence, and have not the moral courage to assert our belief before a jeering look or at the cost of some sacrifice of human respect? Outrage and violence! Alas! see these tabernacles profaned, these Hosts trodden under foot, given up to sacrilegious malefactors! Humiliations, how multiplied! The sneer of unbelief; the blasphemies of impiety; the ignorance of so many Christians; the ingratitude of others, the scandalous falls of those whom Jesus loves; the ignominies of dire poverty; the culpable negligence, the habitual irreverence, the want of ceremony that greets the Eucharistic Jesus and recalls but too vividly the treatment of Caiphas, Pilate and Herod, the insulting genuflexions of the governor's hall, the crown of thorns, the purple garment and the sceptre of reed:—Is not this the Passion as of old? Let then pious women approach and weep over the patient Victim of the Blessed Sacrament; let Veronica wipe His Face and relieve Him from this ignominy; let Simon take up His Cross, and let John stand with Him on Calvary; let Mary, above all, be there to sympathize and to suffer in her heart what He suffers on the Cross. The same Saviour, suffering the same torments, needs the same compassion.

### IV.—PRAYER.

The memory of the Passion and death of the Saviour is equivalent to conversion, holiness, consolation and strength, in a word, to salvation, but to that end this memory must be deeply impressed on the soul, deeply present in the mind, powerful enough to bind us to Jesus, and cause us to hate sin and shun its occasions.

In order that the memory of His Passion may have all the efficacy that the Saviour stores up for us in the Eucharist, let us ask of Him

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to produce in our soul these effects, for which it was instituted, let us ask them in the Communions we receive, in the Masses we hear, the hours of Adoration we make. We would do well to renew often these prayers, understanding their importance.

During the ordinary meditation, apply the circumstances of the Passion to the Eucharistic state of our Saviour, in order to derive more benefit from it.

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### THE BIRD'S "HOSANNA"

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I am an old woman living a very lonely life, which, however is cheered to a great extent by a little canary which has become very tame with me and learned many tricks. I love and prize it very much, not only for the sake of the giver, who brought it up from the nest, but also because it shows its love for me.

I have been living in lodgings, and receive Holy Communion weekly from a priest who brought It to my bedside. The bird is exceedingly shy of strangers, and very timid and, as a rule retires to the back of its cage if any one it is not accustomed to see goes near it; and I may here mention that the little table which I made my altar was quite close to the cage. One Friday morning before the priest came I said to my little bird (though knowing, of course, that it could not understand my words): "Now, Pippet, I want you to sing this morning; Our Lord is coming and I should like you to sing to welcome Him." Being very deaf I heard no singing, but when I saw the priest again, later on the same day, I asked him about it, and he said that when he brought the Blessed Sacrament to me the bird immediately broke out into full song.

Whilst I remained in these lodgings, which was for some weeks after this, I continued to ask my little bird each Friday before I received Holy Communion to sing to greet Our Lord, and the priest told me it did so each time at the crucial moment.

An interruption occurred in my Communion as I was leaving my apartments, and I did not receive the Blessed Sacrament until last Sunday, the 17th of October, but being too weak and feeble to go to the convent chapel, I had to receive It as usual in my bed. I had told the chaplain and nuns about the bird singing, and we were all very anxious to know if it did so this time.


Greater ceremony was used, the priest bringing the ciborium, placing it on the temporary altar which was very near the bird-cage, to which the chaplain passed close when bringing the Blessed Sacrament to me. Being deaf, as I have mentioned before, it was not till later that I heard the delightful fact that immediately the ciborium was uncovered my canary burst into full song, coming to the front of his cage, and that he continued singing until the ciborium was closed. What makes this last singing more extraordinary is that the bird is now moulting, at which time birds do not sing.

As a footnote to the foregoing narration the editor relates that "a little while ago a priest took Holy Communion to a sick lady who was lying in a garden hut or shelter. A robin came to the entrance of the hut and sang jubilantly as the priest administered the Holy Sacrament."

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"Children ought to make their First Communion at the soonest possible. They need to receive Holy Communion to be protected and fortified against the dangers of the world. Besides, no tabernacle is so beautiful to Our Lord as the innocent heart of children."

PIUS X.



## The Dearest

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Within a temple hushed and dim  
I knelt one eve at prayer,  
My heart the only human thought  
That met God's Presence there.

"Nearer Thy Heart, O Jesus, Lord!  
Nearer Thy Heart to be;  
What were the grief or gloom of life,  
If only near to Thee!"

There floated through the listening hush  
A voice so wondrous sweet,  
My yearning spirit more than knew  
I knelt at Jesus' Feet.

"My child, no sorrow deep and grand  
Has crowned thy sunny years;  
Not great thy trials and thy griefs,  
And few and swift thy tears.

"Poor feeble one! how couldst thou walk  
The stormy way apart  
Whereon they tread, the souls sublime,  
The nearest to My Heart ?

"I opened not this heart to thee  
On Thabor's gloried height,  
But in the gloom and woe that marked  
My Passion's bitter night.

“They were not first to know its love  
Who stood on Thabor’s side;  
But they who knelt on Golgotha,  
Beneath Me, crucified.

“And they who climb life’s Calvary,  
The path so dread, so drear,  
Will surely find My opened Heart,  
Will surely be most near.

“And not with flowery garlands bright  
I guard this sweetest rest,  
But with the thorny wreath of gore  
Its every vein is pressed,

“And so the dearest hearts of mine  
Are those, and those alone,  
Whom love has brought so near to Me  
The thorns have pierced their own.

“Not always will thy life be bright;  
And when the waiting years  
Shall lead thee up the darkened way  
The path of thorns and tears,

“Remember, child, each tear of thine  
Each grief I give to thee,  
Each pang that wounds thy heart will bring  
Thee nearer still to Me.”

M. E. HENRY.

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### For Him.

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We most gratefully extend sincere thanks to our kind subscribers for the many subscriptions received from them during January and February; and, cordially invite them to share our joy which is great, indeed, when we think that through their zeal our dear Lord will be better known and loved in the Blessed Sacrament.

We look upon the Sentinel's work as a real Apostolate destined to accomplish untold good, yet, we frankly acknowledge we can not accomplish all this good unaided. We may, indeed, with God's helps render the subject matter interesting, profitable, and fruitful for the salvation of souls; but to find readers, and many at that, we must depend on the active help of our devoted subscribers. Many have already loyally responded to the appeal we sent out at the beginning of the year, but, we are sorry to say, too many others took no notice and appear indifferent to any interest but their own. Might we ask those well-meaning but thoughtless ones to be a trifle more generous, and those who have already done so much, to still keep up the crusade, for the field to glean is vast and may yield a glorious harvest.

If discretion did not seal our lips, we might cite, as an incentive to spur you on, many eulogistic letters received from all parts; nevertheless discretion does not forbid us to tell you your zeal has born fruit, aye, and wonderful fruit too, in many an unexpected way. Among our readers are some non-Catholics, and not long ago a recent Convert sending us a list of subscribers said that the Sentinel had powerfully influenced his final decision.

So let us be brave even daring in our efforts to enlist new subscribers; let no obstacles, always to be reckoned with in every good work, deter us, for if we tackle them bravely they will disappear like mist before the sun. Moreover let us resolutely face the fatigue and real

sacrifices the work will entail; surely, our dear Lord's glory and the good of souls is worth some trouble, some personal sacrifice, besides, we know neither the trouble nor the sacrifices will be overlooked by the Eucharistic Christ, who is never outdone in generosity.

To work then and let us not be parsimonious with the good Master, when He is so generous, so liberal with us in the Blessed Sacrament. Let His expressed wish: "I have a great desire to be honored by men in the Sacrament of My Love", be incentive enough to make us take up the good work right away and carry it to a successful issue.

May our sweetest joy, our highest ambition be to make Him better known, better loved, and more loyally served by all, so that according to His own wish: He be honored by men in the Blessed Sacrament.

### ***"Come to Me."***

One may begin with the great St. Paul and come down through the ages of the early Fathers of the Church, and he will find a unanimous opinion concerning the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. It is the most consoling doctrine in the Catholic Church to all its members, and it is the one dogma that every one, calling themselves Christians because they believe in Scripture, should investigate for themselves. It is from out the Sacrament of the altar that the sweet message of Christ is given: "Come to Me all ye who labor and are burdened and I will refresh you."

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**ADORATION IN SPIRIT**

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Only an Incarnate Deity is capable of offering to God the adoration due to His sovereign Majesty. He is worthy of infinite homage, and that, no mere mortal can present, because no mortal can communicate to an action a value he does not himself possess. As the homage due to God includes the entire subjection of the creature's faculties to the Creator's will, together with a solemn recognition of His dominion and an unqualified consecration to His service, it must evidently be the oblation of an inferior nature. To be worthy of His Sovereign Majesty it must participate in His own infinity, and, consequently, it must be the offering of a being equal to Himself. These essential conditions were admirably combined in the homage of Jesus Christ; He adored in the person of a Man-God; He acknowledged Himself indebted to His Father for His human nature, and He consecrated His being irrevocably to the glory of the God-head.

In this sense it may be asserted that Jesus Christ is the only real adorer, a fact so indisputable that our homage acquires value in the eyes of God only because comprised in and inseparably united to that of His Divine Son. Christ represented the human race when He adored God in His own name and ours, and unless we are incorporated with Him, unless we are united to Him as members with their head, unless we participate in the supernatural influence derived from close connection with Him—unless, in fine, we adore God in and by Him our adoration will neither be glorious to the Almighty nor meritorious to ourselves. This fundamental principle of our faith proves the absolute necessity of union with Jesus Christ and the interest we have in cementing that union by every means in our power.

As the adoration of the Incarnate God alone was invested with the conditions essential to a perfect homage,

and as the value of ours depends on the degree of its assimilation with it, it is of extreme importance to consider its qualities, that we may endeavor to acquire some participation in them.

Jesus Christ adored *in spirit*—that is, His adoration was interior, founded on the knowledge of God and Himself, as also on the clear perception of what, as man, He owed to God. In Him the heart united with the understanding in voluntarily offering a homage as profound as His comprehension of the Divine dominion was perfect. This is to adore in spirit, or with all the powers of the soul and all the capacity of the heart. "God is a spirit, and they that adore Him must adore Him in spirit." The Jews imagined they adequately honored Him by immolating victims to His name, but in many passages of Scripture, He expressed His abhorrence of those ceremonial rites and declared that the "host of praise is that alone which glorifies Him".

Is not the same reproach applicable to the generality of Christians, who punctually observe the forms of divine worship, who adore God by their external attitude and bless Him with their lips, but who are meanwhile utterly ignorant of their obligation to adore in spirit? Exterior homage is of itself worthless, yet it is certain that none other will be offered to God except by such of His servants as cultivate an interior spirit. The soul may adore without giving expression to her sentiments by words or otherwise, and this species of silent homage is peculiarly appropriate to the pure Spirit who penetrates our secret thoughts and inmost feelings. The external practices which impose on men cannot deceive Him; the spirit by which they are dictated and vivified is alone of value in His eyes. It is incumbent on every Christian to enter into a minute self-examination on this point, considering how far the serious attention of the mind accompanies his prayers, and whether it is the heart, the lips, or the imagination which discharges this sacred duty.

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“WHAT IS BEST IN MAN.”

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After his return from the Western front, Mr. John Redmond thus described the work of the chaplains in the field:

“War is a terrible thing, and brings out many brutal acts, but war also very often brings out all that is best in man. No one could go, as I went, and see the Catholic chaplain and the Protestant chaplain and the Presbyterian chaplain working hand in hand with the true spirit of Christian brotherhood—no one could witness, as I did, the wave of religious emotion and enthusiasm which sways the troops of all religions, without admitting that, with all its horrors, war does bring out something that is noble in human nature. The priest and the clergymen are doing the noblest work, and many of the generals and commanders to whom I spoke said that, even apart altogether from their religious ministrations, each of them is a tower of strength, a tonic, and a rallying point for the regiment to which he is attached.”

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A WARNING

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What a sublime warning the Blessed Sacrament gives us not to judge by appearances! It is really, truly, and substantially Jesus Christ under the appearances of bread and wine, and we should do Him grievous wrong, were we to judge Him to be what to our sight and other senses He seems to be. Often enough we see only the trivial accidents, and not the gist or substance, of our neighbor's conduct, and we cannot truly tell what may possibly at least, if not probably, underlie his action. What faith bids us do in the case of the God-Man hidden in the Eucharist, Charity constrains us to do in the case of our fellowman. And this divine reminder is renewed upon our altars day by day as for our daily need.

### On the Hill of the Altar.

He has come, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with our grief. His own efforts and sufferings have won for ours a new power and an efficacy in our battles. We must remember that it is a law in our Lord's Kingdom that in the work of our own sanctification, as also in works of zeal for neighbor, we must sow in tears, if we are to reap in joy. As our Lord again said to Nicodemus: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up." In our weakness, in our discouragement, in our sorrows and our pain, it is the picture of "the Son of Man lifted up" that must make us strong, give us courage to cling to our ideals in the spiritual life. If we cling to aught else, if we cling to creatures, they will fail us and we shall drift far out to sea from our spiritual moorings. "Look on the face of thy Christ," but let it be His face covered with shame on the cross and tinged with blood, the face of the Man of sorrows "lifted up."

Nowhere is the Man of Sorrows "lifted up" as on the hill of the altar. Daily He is "lifted up" for our healing and our strengthening, "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert" for the saving of the people. Daily the nail-pierced hands are stretched out towards us, offering welcome, and those bruised lips are whispering: "My people, what have I done to thee? or in what have I grieved thee? Answer me." The best reply we can give is to steal frequently in the quiet of the dawn, or in the shadows of the evening, to His Tabernacle under the flickering light of the sanctuary lamp. In the sweet stillness that ever reigns about His Altar Home, we shall find light in darkness, and strength in weakness, as the timid Nicodemus did of old, as he cautiously made his way up the hallowed slopes of Olivet by night to the tent of the weary Master, who welcomed him with kindness and love—as He ever welcomes those who kneel within the shadow of His Sanctuary.

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## Harry Fletcher's First Communion.

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Harry Fletcher (I have taken the liberty to change his name) is a dear little child living in the South. From the very earliest years of his still early youth, he showed in every act the workings of divine grace in his pure and stainless soul. I dare say Harry will live and die with God's greatest gift unstained, unsullied, — I mean Baptismal innocence.

When the little fellow made his First Communion in a Convent, where his aunt is now Réverend Mother, he was between the age of seven and eight. His recollection and deep earnest devotion far outpast many a maturer communicant's, even in those hallowed walls. Shortly after the great event his aunt asked him, "Harry, what did you ask our dear Lord this morning?"

Turning his candid eyes up to meet those of the good Sister, the child answered: "oh auntie, I must not tell." He did not, nor did the Sister inquire further, for she knew that one of God's little ones' and God Himself were sharing a secret.

Two years elapsed. Mrs. Fletcher said to Harry, one day, "Harry, I believe I'll cut off your curls. You are getting to be a big boy now."

The child quickly answered, "Do, Mother, but you must save them."

"Why should I save them?" asked the mother surprised at the boy's earnestness.

"You might like to look at them when I am a priest!" the innocent little boy answered.

"Are you going to be a priest, Harry?"

"Mother, I am going to tell you a secret. When I made my First Communion, I asked God to make me a priest; but I also asked Him that if I could not be a good priest, not to let me become a priest at all! I never told any one my secret."

The Mother's eyes filled with tears as she clasped her beloved son to her heart, and now there are two innocent hearts, the son's and the mother's, uttering that sweet childish, yet manly prayer, that the Holy Ghost may keep this little fellow's heart pure and innocent that it may be a worthy guardian of the priestly treasures of the Saviour.

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With the Eucharist.

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Corporal Pierre Béland was killed on the field of honor. The following is an abstract from his last letter.

.....As you say, the best, in those critical times is prayer, is abandonment into God's hands. I think like you do. How consoling and restful it is after trying days to slip into some quiet little country church, away from the awful carnage, and there spend long moments close to the Tabernacle. You have the happiness of receiving Communion every Friday. To us Christians the Eucharist is our main support, our mighty strength, with It we can face the worst.

I am writing you on the eve of returning to the firing line to carry out important manœuvres.... Well, be sure, the full and complete sacrifice of my life is made, and if I must march ahead, I will until the end, until death, and that thanks to the strength imparted by the Eucharist.

Lately we have had some glorious feasts. Sunday Mass was offered in the open air. The General, Colonel, Officers in fact the whole regiment assisted and we had some fine music too. Coming from this patriotic and religious manifestation I thanked God for the trial laid upon us in the war; seems to me the moral good that will result therefrom is incalculable.



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### THE TEACHER.

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When our Blessed Saviour walked the earth in human guise His constant occupation was teaching. He began giving lessons the moment He was born, and deferred our redemption for more than thirty years just to show us in mean time by word and example the way to heaven. "Master" was the usual title given Him; for He taught with a persuasiveness and authority that commanded the attention of all.

It was those who were longest with Him, who watched and listened most attentively, that learned best the lessons He had to teach. His Blessed Mother, Saint Joseph were His most apt pupils.

The Apostles it took a long time to teach: "Are you also without understanding?" Yet, through their three years' training, though they did not realize it, they were slowly becoming more and more like their Teacher, and were gradually making their own the lessons He was always giving them.

It was not His intimate friends only who received instructions. Every passer-by, however humble his condition, was free to join a listening group by road or lake or hill and find in the Master's words new light on the conduct of life and on man's eternal destiny.

When our Blessed Lord ascended into Heaven, He did not close His school. Jesus does not change and He is still a teacher. Now, as of old, He is "teaching daily in the Temple." The Tabernacle is His master's chair. From there He is continuing the same course of instruction He began when He first wore flesh about Him. Jesus teaches from the altar now, even more forcibly than He taught from hillsides long ago, those lessons of obedience, meekness, and renunciation all men need. Now, however, He seems to make fuller provision for private pupils. He purposes meeting individual needs more now than formerly; so He adapts His instruction to the capacity of each pupil.

It is at Holy Communion that this private tutoring is done. There the individual soul "learns Christ." As it was formerly with the dull-hearted disciples, we here know Him in "the breaking of bread." For He scatters at Communion darkness of soul, and its "eyes are opened" to know Him and to know ourselves.

If we are too lazy to come to school at all, of course no progress will be made. Nor shall we advance much if we come only at wide intervals of time. If we wish really to succeed we shall come every day. All of us, alas, in whatever touches the salvation and perfection of our souls are such dull and inattentive scholars that even when we are sitting daily at the Master's feet many a needed lesson will escape us. What slow advancement, therefore, shall we make if we receive Communion only now and then!

Had we but really learned only half the lessons our Master has tried to teach us since we first began going to Communion, we should be a credit and a comfort to Him. As it is, we are so lazy, negligent and disorderly that we would be the despair of any less patient teacher. But this Teacher never loses heart or hope. He uses every artifice to draw out the best that is in us...

If we could but realize how much happier our lot is than was that of those He taught long ago in far-off Palestine, perhaps we should be more eager for frequent Communion. For the Syrians, during some three years, heard the Master teaching only now and then, at wide intervals of time and place, and, as a rule, in general instructions to mixed assembly. Besides our knowledge of all our Saviour's words and actions, which the Holy Spirit has deemed it well should come down to us in the Sacred Scriptures, we enjoy the opportunity at Communion time of hearing from Divine Wisdom, veiled in bread, the special lesson we need for each day, and this not for three years only but as long as we are willing to attend, by practising daily Communion, the private school of Jesus.

The more uninterrupted our attendance, the better we shall know our Teacher. And to know Him, after all, is

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the prime purpose of our being on this earth. For to know Him well is to avoid sin, to practise virtue, nay, to begin even in this life Heaven itself; for to "know Jesus Christ," we read in Holy Writ, "is life everlasting."

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GO TO THE ALTAR.

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God Himself has said: "Come to Me all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you;" and none can go to the Blessed Sacrament, with faith, with earnestness, and, above all, with love, without experiencing the infallibility of that divine promise. Go to the altar when you are in grief, and at the feet of Jesus you will find resignation, if not consolation; go to the Blessed Sacrament when you are beset with worries, doubts, and discouragement, and in the silence of the sanctuary you will remember that a faithful friend is near you, one who has said, "Behold! I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world". Go to the Holy Eucharist simply out of love; and oh! with what divine peace will your hidden God repay you, filling your soul to overflowing with the sense of His awful, yet most gentle Presence. Even if to try your faith and affection He occasionally withdraw all sensible consolation, so that you find yourself filled with distractions, and apparently deprived of all devotion, why should you fear? He is none the less there because He does not see fit to speak to you. Say to Him with Père Eymard, the Apostle of the Blessed Sacrament "O My God, when I loved Thee with tenderness I was very happy; now, my heart is cold and desolate... Well, I will love Thee more than the sweetness of Thy love! Does my heart tell me I do not love Thee? I will love Thee in spite of my heart—with my will".

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## RUSHING TO AND FROM MASS

The early Catholics were very much in earnest in their devotion to the Mass. A half-hour more or less seemed a small matter to them when they assembled to adore Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist. There is too much impatience in the congregation of today to have Mass quickly said and over and done with; and it is not by any means always because of pressing affairs outside; but a great many people simply let themselves get fidgety if they have to sit in church ten minutes longer than usual. Many young men rush out after the Communion part of the Mass to light a cigarette and wait for their friends to leave the church. This is not a sign of devotion to Holy Mass. It is not respectful to the Blessed Eucharist. The great majority of Catholics go to Mass only once a week; and too many of them begrudge an extra minute in the church on Sunday.

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**For Easter Day.**

Give me an Easter-tide within my heart,  
A resurrection from my tomb of sin.  
O Christ! let Thy great light this morn come in,  
And all the darkness of my night depart.  
Now, at the April thrill, when violets start,  
When Thy wide earth with new life would begin.  
What better time for me Thy love to win,  
To roll the stone back, finding where Thou art!  
Let my great morning dawn at last for me,  
And let me burst my sealed prison bars,  
Forgetting all my tears and sin-wrought scars  
On this white day of peace and jubilee.  
And let ascension lilies hear the song  
Of one who triumphed over sin and wrong!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

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